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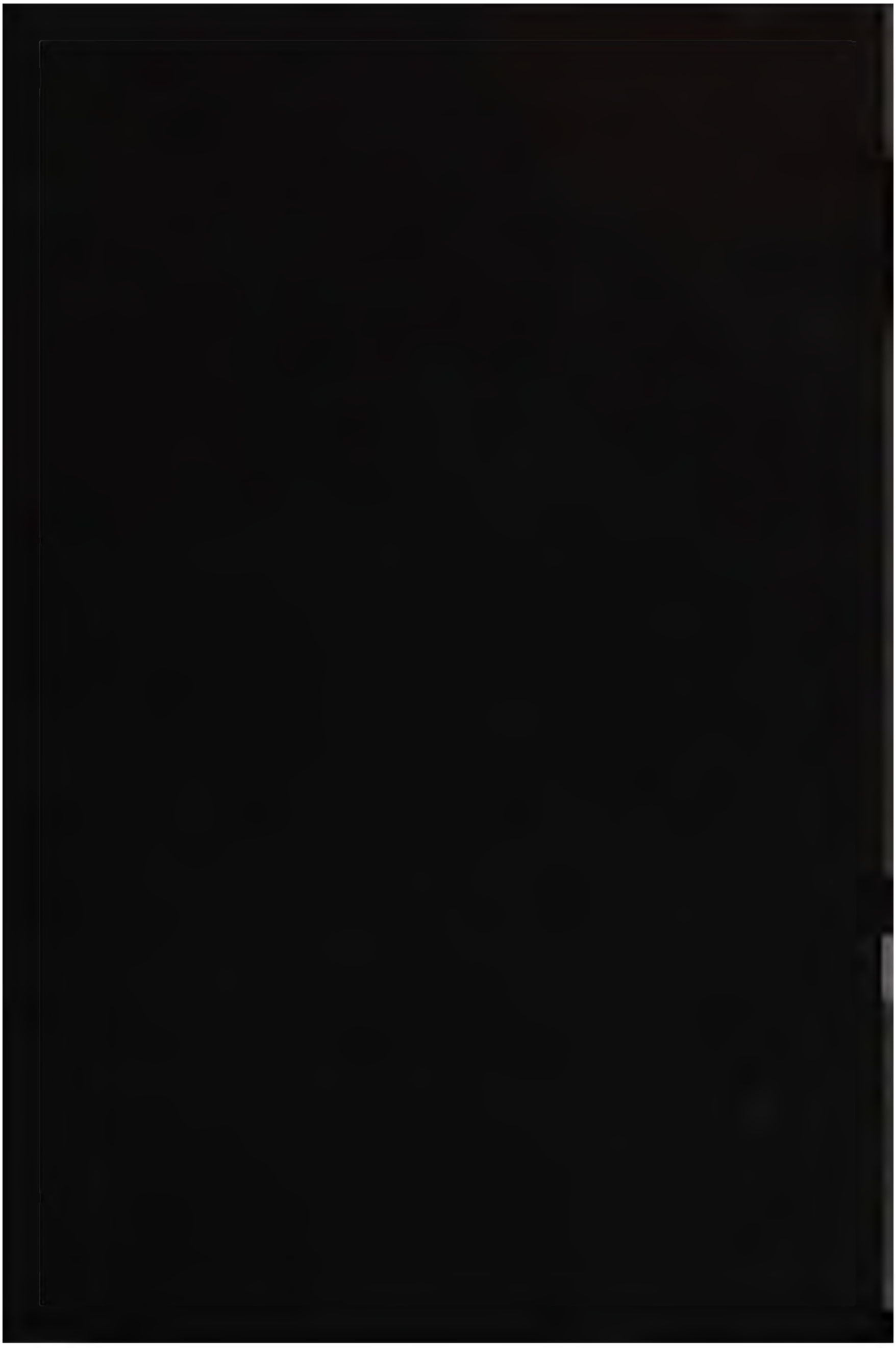

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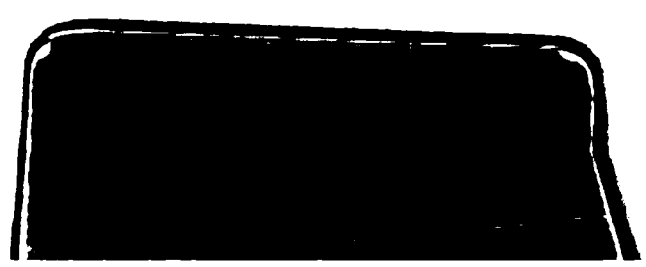

Songs for the Sanctuary:

OR

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

Christian Worship.

SELECTED BY

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

HARVARD COLLEGE
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The Lord's Prayer.

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME, THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.

The Ten Commandments.

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

HEAR also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The Beatitudes.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you,
And shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven:
For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

The Apostles' Creed.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;
And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. AMEN.

The Psalter;

or,

Selections from the Book of Psalms.

Arranged to be

Used in Public Worship.

Note.

The following selections from the Psalms are arranged to be read by the Minister and the People responsively, according to their original structure and design.

The lines printed in the Roman letter are to be read by the Minister.

The lines set inward from the margin, and printed in Italics, are to be read by the People.

The lines printed in small Capitals are to be read by the Minister and the People, together.

The Psalter.

LESSON 1.

Psalm I.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season;
His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
4 The ungodly are not so:
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Psalm II.

WHY do the heathen rage,
And the people imagine a vain thing?
2 The kings of the earth set themselves,
And the rulers take counsel together,
Against the Lord *and against his Anointed, saying,*
3 Let us break their bands asunder,
And cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh:
The LORD *shall have them in derision.*
5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath,
And vex them in his sore displeasure.
6 Yet have I set my king
Upon my holy hill of Zion.
7 I will declare the decree:
The LORD hath said unto me, Thou art my son;
This day have I begotten thee.
8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance,
And the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings:
Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
11 Serve the LORD with fear,
And rejoice with trembling.
12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way,
When his wrath is kindled but a little.
Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

PSALM III.

LORD, how are they increased that trouble me!
Many are they that rise up against me.
2 Many there be which say of my soul,
There is no help for him in God.
3 But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me;
My glory, and the lifter up of mine head.
4 I cried unto the LORD with my voice,
And he heard me out of his holy hill.
5 I laid me down and slept;
I awaked; for the LORD *sustained me.*
6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people,
That have set themselves against me round about.
7 Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God:
For thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone;
Thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.
8 Salvation belongeth unto the LORD;
Thy blessing is upon thy people.

LESSON 2.

PSALM IV.

{HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness:
Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress;
Have mercy upon me and hear my prayer.

2 O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame?
How long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?

3 But know that the LORD hath set apart him that is godly for himself:
The LORD *will hear when I call unto him.*

4 Stand in awe, and sin not:
Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

5 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness,
And put your trust in the LORD.

6 There may be many that say, Who will shew us any good?
LORD, *lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.*

7 Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
More than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.

8 I will both lay me down in peace and sleep:
For thou, LORD, *only makest me dwell in safety.*

PSALM V.

GIVE ear to my words, O LORD;
Consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God:
For unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O LORD;
In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness:
Neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight:
Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing:
The LORD *will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.*

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy:
And in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness, because of mine enemies;
Make thy way straight before my face.
9 For there is no faithfulness in their mouth; their inward part is very wickedness.
Their throat is an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.
10 Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall by their own counsels;
Cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.
11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice:
Let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them:
Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.
12 For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous;
With favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

LESSON 3.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD our LORD,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength,
Because of thine enemies,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honour.
6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:
7 All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
9 O LORD, our LORD,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM IX.

I WILL praise thee, O LORD, with my whole heart;
I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.

2 I will be glad and rejoice in thee:
I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.
3 When mine enemies are turned back,
They shall fall and perish at thy presence.
4 For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;
Thou satest in the throne judging right.
5 Thou hast rebuked the heathen, thou hast destroyed the wicked,
Thou hast put out their name for ever and ever.
6 O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end:
And thou hast destroyed cities; their memorial is perished with them.
7 But the LORD shall endure for ever;
He hath prepared his throne for judgment.
8 And he shall judge the world in righteousness,
He shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness.
9 The LORD also will be a refuge for the oppressed,
A refuge in times of trouble.
10 And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee:
For thou, LORD, *hast not forsaken them that seek thee.*
11 Sing praises to the LORD, which dwelleth in Zion:
Declare among the people his doings.
12 When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them:
He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.
13 Have mercy upon me, O LORD; consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me,
Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death:
14 That I may shew forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion:
I will rejoice in thy salvation.
15 The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made:
In the net which they hid is their own foot taken.
16 The LORD is known by the judgment which he executeth:
The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.
17 The wicked shall be turned into hell,
And all the nations that forget God.
18 For the needy shall not always be forgotten:
The expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.
19 Arise, O LORD; let not man prevail:
Let the heathen be judged in thy sight.
20 Put them in fear, O LORD:
That the nations may know themselves to be but men.

LESSON 4.

PSALM XV.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
And speaketh the truth in his heart.
3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his neighbour,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.
4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned;
But he honoureth them that fear the LORD.
He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.
5 *He that putteth not out his money to usury,*
Nor taketh reward against the innocent.
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

PSALM XVI.

PRESERVE me, O God:
For in thee do I put my trust.
2 O my soul, thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou art my LORD,
My goodness extendeth not to thee;
3 But to the saints that are in the earth,
And to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.
4 Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god:
Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer,
Nor take up their names into my lips.
5 The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:
Thou maintainest my lot.
6 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;
Yea, I have a goodly heritage.
7 I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel:
My reins also instruct me in the night seasons.
8 I have set the LORD always before me:
Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.
9 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth;
My flesh also shall rest in hope.
10 For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell;
Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

11 { Thou wilt show me the path of life :
In thy presence is fulness of joy ;
At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

PSALM XVII.

HEAR the right, O LORD, attend unto my cry ;
Give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.
2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence ;
Let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.
3 { Thou hast proved mine heart ; thou hast visited me in the night ;
Thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing :
I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.
4 Concerning the works of men,
By the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.
5 Hold up my goings in thy paths,
That my footsteps slip not.
6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God :
Incline thine ear unto me and hear my speech.
7 Shew thy marvellous loving kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee,
From those that rise up against them.
8 Keep me as the apple of the eye ;
Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,
9 From the wicked that oppress me,
From my deadly enemies, who compass me about.
10 They are enclosed in their own fat :
With their mouth they speak proudly.
11 They have now compassed us in our steps :
They have set their eyes bowing down to the earth ;
12 Like as a lion that is greedy of his prey,
And as it were a young lion lurking in secret places.
13 Arise, O LORD, disappoint him, cast him down ;
Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword :
14 { From men which are thy hand, O LORD, from men of the world,
Which have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure :
They are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes.
15 As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness :
I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

LESSON 5.

PSALM XVIII. 1–35.

I WILL love thee, O LORD, my strength.
2 *The* LORD *is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;*
My God, my strength, in whom I will trust;
My buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower,
3 I will call upon the LORD, who is worthy to be praised:
So shall I be saved from mine enemies.
4 The sorrows of death compassed me,
And the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.
5 The sorrows of hell compassed me about:
The snares of death prevented me.
6 In my distress I called upon the LORD,
And cried unto my God:
He heard my voice out of his temple,
And my cry came before him, even into his ears.
7 Then the earth shook and trembled;
{ *The foundations also of the hills moved*
And were shaken, because he was wroth.
8 { There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,
And fire out of his mouth devoured:
Coals were kindled by it.
9 He bowed the heavens also, and came down:
And darkness was under his feet.
10 And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly:
Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.
11 He made darkness his secret place;
His pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.
12 At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed,
Hail stones and coals of fire.
13 { The LORD also thundered in the heavens,
And the Highest gave his voice;
Hail stones and coals of fire.
14 Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them;
And he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them.
15 Then the channels of waters were seen,
And the foundations of the world were discovered,
At thy rebuke, O LORD,
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

16 He sent from above, he took me,
He drew me out of many waters.
17 He delivered me from my strong enemy,
And from them which hated me: for they were too strong for me.
18 They prevented me in the day of my calamity:
But the LORD *was my stay.*
19 He brought me forth also into a large place;
He delivered me, because he delighted in me.
20 The LORD rewarded me according to my righteousness:
According to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.
21 For I have kept the ways of the LORD,
And have not wickedly departed from my God.
22 For all his judgments were before me,
And I did not put away his statutes from me.
23 I was also upright before him,
And I kept myself from mine iniquity.
24 Therefore hath the LORD recompensed me according to my righteousness,
According to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.
25 With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful;
With an upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright;
26 With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure;
And with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward.
27 For thou wilt save the afflicted people;
But wilt bring down high looks.
28 For thou wilt light my candle;
The LORD *my God will enlighten my darkness.*
29 For by thee I have run through a troop;
And by my God have I leaped over a wall.
30 As for God, his way is perfect: the word of the LORD is tried:
He is a buckler to all those that trust in him.
31 For who is God save the LORD?
Or who is a rock save our God?
32 It is God that girdeth me with strength,
And maketh my way perfect.
33 He maketh my feet like hind's feet,
And setteth me upon my high places.
34 He teacheth my hands to war,
So that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.
35 { Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation:
And thy right hand hath holden me up,
And thy gentleness hath made me great.

LESSON 6.

PSALM XIX.

THE heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
2 Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
3 There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
4 Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
7 The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul:
The testimony of the LORD *is sure, making wise the simple.*
8 The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the LORD *is pure, enlightening the eyes.*
9 The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever:
The judgments of the LORD *are true and righteous altogether.*
10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.
11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.
12 *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*
13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight,
O LORD, *my strength, and my redeemer.*

PSALM XX.

THE LORD hear thee in the day of trouble;
The name of the God of Jacob defend thee;
2 Send thee help from the sanctuary,
And strengthen thee out of Zion:

3 Remember all thy offerings,
And accept thy burnt sacrifice;
4 Grant thee according to thine own heart,
And fulfil all thy counsel.
5 We will rejoice in thy salvation,
And in the name of our God we will set up our banners:
The LORD *fulfil all thy petitions.*
6 Now know I that the LORD saveth his anointed;
He will hear him from his holy heaven
With the saving strength of his right hand.
7 Some trust in chariots, and some in horses:
But we will remember the name of the LORD *our God.*
8 They are brought down and fallen:
But we are risen, and stand upright.
9 Save, LORD:
Let the king hear us when we call.

LESSON 7.

PSALM XXIII.

THE LORD is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
3 He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD *for ever.*

PSALM XXIV.

THE earth is the LORD'S and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
2 For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.
5 He shall receive the blessing from the LORD,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
6 This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.
7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
8 Who is this King of glory?
The LORD *strong and mighty, the* LORD *mighty in battle.*
9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of glory shall come in.
10 Who is this King of glory?
The LORD *of hosts, He is the King of glory.*

PSALM XXVII.

THE LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
The LORD *is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?*
2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up [my flesh,
They stumbled and fell.
3 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:
Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.
4 One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after;
That I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of the LORD, *and to inquire in his temple.*
5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion:
In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me;
He shall set me up upon a rock.
6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me:
Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.
7 Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice:
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
8 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face;
My heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, *will I seek.*

9 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger:
{ *Thou hast been my help;*
{ *Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.*
10 When my father and my mother forsake me,
Then the LORD *will take me up.*
11 Teach me thy way, O LORD
And lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.
12 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies:
For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.
13 I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.
14 *Wait on the* LORD:
Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart:
Wait, I say, on the LORD.

LESSON 8.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE unto the LORD, O ye mighty,
Give unto the LORD *glory and strength.*
2 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name;
Worship the LORD *in the beauty of holiness.*
3 The voice of the LORD is upon the waters:
The God of glory thundereth: the LORD *is upon many waters.*
4 The voice of the LORD is powerful;
The voice of the LORD *is full of majesty.*
5 The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars:
Yea, the LORD *breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.*
6 He maketh them also to skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.
7 { The voice of the LORD divideth the flames of fire.
8 { The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness;
The LORD *shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.*
9 { The voice of the LORD maketh the hinds to calve,
{ And discovereth the forests:
And in his temple doth every one speak of his glory.
10 The LORD sitteth upon the flood;
Yea, the LORD *sitteth King forever.*
11 The LORD will give strength unto his people;
The LORD *will bless his people with peace.*

Psalm XXXIII.

REJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous:
For praise is comely for the upright.
2 Praise the LORD with harp:
Sing unto him with the psaltery, and an instrument of ten strings.
3 Sing unto him a new song;
Play skilfully with a loud noise.
4 For the word of the LORD is right;
And all his works are done in truth.
5 He loveth righteousness and judgment:
The earth is full of the goodness of the LORD.
6 By the word of the LORD were the heavens made;
And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.
7 He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap:
He layeth up the depth in storehouses.
8 Let all the earth fear the LORD:
Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.
9 For he spake and it was done;
He commanded, and it stood fast.
10 The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought:
He maketh the devices of the people of none effect.
11 The counsel of the LORD standeth forever,
The thoughts of his heart to all generations.
12 Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD;
And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.
13 The LORD looketh from heaven;
He beholdeth all the sons of men.
14 From the place of his habitation he looketh
Upon all the inhabitants of the earth.
15 He fashioneth their hearts alike;
He considereth all their works.
16 There is no king saved by the multitude of a host:
A mighty man is not delivered by much strength.
17 An horse is a vain thing for safety:
Neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.
18 Behold, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him,
Upon them that hope in his mercy;
19 To deliver their soul from death,
And to keep them alive in famine.

20 Our soul waiteth for the LORD:
He is our help and our shield.
21 For our heart shall rejoice in him,
Because we have trusted in his holy name.
22 Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us,
According as we hope in thee.

LESSON 9.

PSALM XXXIV.

I WILL bless the LORD at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
2 My soul shall make her boast in the LORD:
The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
3 Oh magnify the LORD with me,
And let us exalt his name together.
4 I sought the LORD, and he heard me,
And delivered me from all my fears.
5 They looked unto him, and were lightened:
And their faces were not ashamed.
6 This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.
7 The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them.
8 Oh taste and see that the LORD is good:
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
9 Oh fear the LORD, ye his saints:
For there is no want to them that fear him.
10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
But they that seek the LORD *shall not want any good thing.*
11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of the LORD.
12 What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?
13 Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
14 Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.
15 The eyes of the LORD are upon the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.

16 The face of the LORD is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
17 The righteous cry, and the LORD heareth,
And delivereth them out of all their troubles.
18 The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous:
But the LORD *delivereth him out of them all.*
20 He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.
21 Evil shall slay the wicked:
And they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
22 The LORD redeemeth the soul of his servants;
And none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

PSALM XXXVI.

THE transgression of the wicked saith within my heart,
That there is no fear of God before his eyes.
2 For he flattereth himself in his own eyes,
Until his iniquity be found to be hateful.
3 The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit:
He hath left off to be wise, and to do good.
4 He deviseth mischief upon his bed;
He setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.
5 Thy mercy, O LORD, is in the heavens;
And thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.
6 { Thy righteousness is like the great mountains:
{ Thy judgments are a great deep:
O LORD, *thou preservest man and beast.*
7 How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God!
Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.
8 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;
And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.
9 For with thee is the fountain of life:
In thy light shall we see light.
10 Oh continue thy loving kindness unto them that know thee;
And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.
11 Let not the foot of pride come against me,
And let not the hand of the wicked remove me.
12 There are the workers of iniquity fallen:
They are cast down, and shall not be able to rise.

LESSON 10.

PSALM XXXVII, 1–11, 22–40.

FRET not thyself because of evil doers,
Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.
2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.
3 Trust in the LORD, and do good;
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.
4 Delight thyself also in the LORD;
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
5 Commit thy way unto the LORD;
Trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.
6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light,
And thy judgment as the noonday.
7 Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him:
Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way.
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:
Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.
9 For evil doers shall be cut off:
But those that wait upon the LORD, *they shall inherit the earth.*
10 For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.
11 But the meek shall inherit the earth;
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

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22 For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth;
And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.
23 The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD:
And he delighteth in his way.
24 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down,
For the LORD *upholdeth him with his hand.*
25 I have been young, and now am old;
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.
26 He is ever merciful, and lendeth;
And his seed is blessed.
27 Depart from evil, and do good;
And dwell for evermore.

28 For the LORD loveth judgment,
And forsaketh not his saints;
They are preserved forever:
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
29 The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell therein forever.
30 The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom,
And his tongue talketh of judgment.
31 The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.
32 The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him.
33 The LORD will not leave him in his hand,
Nor condemn him when he is judged.
34 { Wait on the LORD and keep his way,
{ And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.
35 I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green bay tree.
36 Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not:
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.
37 Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:
For the end of that man is peace.
38 But the transgressors shall be destroyed together:
The end of the wicked shall be cut off.
39 But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD:
He is their strength in the time of trouble.
40 And the LORD shall help them, and deliver them:
{ *He shall deliver them from the wicked,*
{ *And save them, because they trust in him.*

LESSON 11.

PSALM XLI.

BLESSED is he that considereth the poor:
The LORD *will deliver him in time of trouble.*
2 { The LORD will preserve him, and keep him alive;
{ And he shall be blessed upon the earth:
And thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

3 The LORD will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing:
Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.
4 I said, LORD, be merciful unto me:
Heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee.
5 Mine enemies speak evil of me,
When shall he die, and his name perish?
6 And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity:
His heart gathereth iniquity to itself;
When he goeth abroad, he telleth it.
7 All that hate me whisper together against me:
Against me do they devise my hurt.
8 An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him:
And now that he lieth he shall rise up no more.
9 Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted,
Which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.
10 But thou, O LORD, be merciful unto me, and raise me up,
That I may requite them.
11 By this I know that thou favourest me,
Because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.
12 And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity,
And settest me before thy face forever.
13 Blessed be the LORD God of Israel from everlasting,
And to everlasting. Amen and amen.

PSALM XLII.

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?
3 My tears have been my meat day and night,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
4 When I remember these things I pour out my soul in me:
For I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.
5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him
For the help of his countenance.
6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee,
From the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
8 Yet the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the daytime,
And in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.
9 I will say unto God, my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
10 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me;
While they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?
11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM XLIII.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:
Oh deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.
2 For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
3 Oh send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me;
Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles;
4 Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy:
Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.
5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope in God: for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

LESSON 12.

PSALM XLV.

MY heart is inditing a good matter:
I speak of the things which I have made touching the king:
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.
2 Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips:
Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.
3 Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty,
With thy glory and thy majesty.
4 And in thy majesty ride prosperously,
Because of truth and meekness and righteousness;
And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

5 Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies;
Whereby the people fall under thee.
6 Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever:
The sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.
7 Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness:
Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee
With the oil of gladness above thy fellows.
8 All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia,
Out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.
9 Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women:
Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir.
10 Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear;
Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;
11 So shall the king greatly desire thy beauty:
For he is thy LORD; *and worship thou him.*
12 And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift;
Even the rich among the people shall entreat thy favour.
13 The king's daughter is all glorious within:
Her clothing is of wrought gold.
14 She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework:
The virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.
15 With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought:
They shall enter into the king's palace.
16 Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,
Whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.
17 I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations:
Therefore shall the people praise thee, for ever and ever.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof
4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved:
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
7 The LORD of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.
8 Come, behold the works of the LORD,
What desolations he hath made in the earth.
9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariot in the fire.
10 Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.
11 The Lord of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

LESSON 13.

PSALM XLVII.

O H clap your hands, all ye people;
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.
2 For the LORD most high is terrible:
He is a great King over all the earth.
3 He shall subdue the people under us,
And the nations under our feet.
4 He shall choose our inheritance for us,
The excellency of Jacob whom he loved.
5 God is gone up with a shout,
The LORD *with the sound of a trumpet.*
6 Sing praises to God, sing praises:
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
7 For God is the King of all the earth:
Sing ye praises with understanding.
8 God reigneth over the heathen:
God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.
9 The princes of the people are gathered together,
Even the people of the God of Abraham:
For the shields of the earth belong unto God:
He is greatly exalted.

PSALM XLVIII.

GREAT is the LORD, and greatly to be praised
In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.
2 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion,
On the sides of the north, the city of the great King.
3 God is known in her palaces for a refuge.
4 *For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.*
5 They saw it, and so they marvelled;
They were troubled, and hasted away.
6 Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.
7 *Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.*
8 As we have heard, so have we seen
In the city of the LORD of hosts, in the city of our God:
God will establish it for ever.
9 We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God,
In the midst of thy temple.
10 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise, unto the ends of the earth:
Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
11 Let mount Zion rejoice,
Let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.
12 Walk about Zion, and go round about her:
Tell the towers thereof.
13 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces;
That ye may tell it to the generation following.
14 For this God is our God for ever and ever;
He will be our guide even unto death.

LESSON 14.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:
According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgres-
2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, [*sions.*
And cleanse me from my sin.
3 For I acknowledge my transgressions:
And my sin is ever before me.
4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done this evil in thy sight:

That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.
5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.
6 Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts:
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
8 Make me to hear joy and gladness;
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
9 Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
10 Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
11 Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
And uphold me with thy free Spirit.
13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
14 Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
15 O LORD, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou delightest not in burnt offering.
17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering.
Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

PSALM CXXX.

OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD.
2 LORD, *hear my voice:*
Let thine ears be attentive
To the voice of my supplications.

3 If thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities,
O LORD, *who shall stand?*
4 But there is forgiveness with thee,
That thou mayest be feared,
5 I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait,
And in his word do I hope.
6 My soul waiteth for the LORD, more than they that watch for the morning:
I say, more than they that watch for the morning.
7 Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD there is mercy,
And with him is plenteous redemption.
8 And he shall redeem Israel
From all his iniquities.

LESSON 15.

PSALM LV.

GIVE ear to my prayer, O God;
And hide not thyself from my supplication.
2 Attend unto me and hear me:
I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise;
3 Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked:
For they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me.
4 My heart is sore pained within me:
And the terrors of death are fallen upon me.
5 Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,
And horror hath overwhelmed me.
6 And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove!
For then would I fly away, and be at rest.
7 Lo, then would I wander far off,
And remain in the wilderness.
8 I would hasten my escape,
From the windy storm and tempest.
9 Destroy, O LORD, and divide their tongues:
For I have seen violence and strife in the city.
10 Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof:
Mischief, also, and sorrow are in the midst of it.
11 Wickedness is in the midst thereof:
Deceit and guile depart not from her streets.
12 For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then could I have borne it:
Neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me;
Then I would have hid myself from him:

13 But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.
14 { *We took sweet counsel together,*
{ *And walked unto the house of God in company.*
15 Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell:
For wickedness is in their dwellings, and among them.
16 As for me, I will call upon God;
And the LORD *shall save me.*
17 Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud:
And he shall hear my voice.
18 He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me:
For there were many with me.
19 God shall hear, and afflict them,
Even he that abideth of old.
Because they have no changes,
Therefore they fear not God.
20 He hath put forth his hands against such as be at peace with him:
He hath broken his covenant.
21 The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart:
His words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.
22 Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee:
He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.
23 But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction:
Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days;
BUT I WILL TRUST IN THEE.

LESSON 16.

PSALM LXI.

HEAR my cry, O God;
Attend unto my prayer.
2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
3 For thou hast been a shelter for me,
And a strong tower from the enemy.
4 I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever:
I will trust in the covert of thy wings.
5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows:
Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.
6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life:
And his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever:
Oh prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.
8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever,
That I may daily perform my vows.

PSALM LXII.

TRULY my soul waiteth upon God:
From him cometh my salvation.
2 He only is my rock and my salvation;
He is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.
3 How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you;
As a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.
4 They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies:
They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.
5 My soul, wait thou only upon God;
For my expectation is from him.
6 He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my defence; I shall not be moved.
7 In God is my salvation and my glory:
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.
8 Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him:
God is a refuge for us.
9 Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:
To be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.
10 Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:
If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.
11 God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this;
That power belongeth unto God.
12 Also unto thee, O LORD, belongeth mercy:
For thou renderest to every man according to his work.

PSALM LXIII.

O GOD, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee,
My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is:
2 To see thy power and thy glory,
So as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.
3 Because thy lovingkindness is better than life,
My lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live:
I will lift up my hands in thy name.
5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;
And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:
6 When I remember thee upon my bed,
And meditate on thee in the night watches.
7 Because thou hast been my help,
Therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.
8 My soul followeth hard after thee:
Thy right hand upholdeth me.
9 But those that seek my soul to destroy it,
Shall go into the lower parts of the earth.
10 They shall fall by the sword:
They shall be a portion for foxes.
11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory:
But the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

LESSON 17.

PSALM LXIV.

HEAR my voice, O God, in my prayer:
Preserve my life from fear of the enemy.
2 Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked;
From the insurrection of the workers of iniquity.
3 Who whet their tongue like a sword,
And bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words:
4 That they may shoot in secret at the perfect:
Suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not.
5 { They encourage themselves in an evil matter;
{ They commune of laying snares privily;
They say, Who shall see them?
6 They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search:
Both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart is deep.
7 But God shall shoot at them with an arrow;
Suddenly shall they be wounded.
8 So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves:
All that see them shall flee away.
9 And all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God;
For they shall wisely consider of his doing.
10 The righteous shall be glad in the LORD, and shall trust in him;
And all the upright in heart shall glory.

PSALM LXV.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:
And unto thee shall the vow be performed.
2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.
3 { *Iniquities prevail against me:*
{ *As for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.*
4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts:
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.
5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation;
Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.
6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:
7 { *Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves,*
{ *And the tumult of the people.*
8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.
9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it:
Thou greatly enrichest it,
With the river of God, which is full of water:
Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.
10 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly, thou settlest the furrows thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers, thou blessest the springing thereof.
11 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.
12 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:
And the little hills rejoice on every side.
13 The pastures are clothed with flocks;
{ *The valleys also are covered over with corn;*
{ *They shout for joy, they also sing.*

LESSON 18.

PSALM LXVI.

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:
2 *Sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.*
3 Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works!
Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

4 All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee;
They shall sing to thy name.
5 Come and see the works of God:
He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.
6 He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot:
There did we rejoice in him.
7 He ruleth by his power forever; his eyes behold the nations:
Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.
8 Oh bless our God, ye people,
And make the voice of his praise to be heard:
9 Which holdeth our soul in life,
And suffereth not our feet to be moved.
10 For thou, O God, hast proved us:
Thou hast tried us as silver is tried.
11 Thou broughtest us into the net;
Thou laidst affliction upon our loins.
12 { Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads;
{ We went through fire and through water:
But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.
13 I will go into thy house with burnt offerings:
I will pay thee my vows,
14 Which my lips have uttered,
And my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.
15 { I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings,
{ With the incense of rams:
I will offer bullocks with goats.
16 Come and hear, all ye that fear God,
And I will declare what he hath done for my soul.
17 I cried unto him with my mouth,
And he was extolled with my tongue.
18 If I regard iniquity in my heart,
The LORD *will not hear me:*
19 But verily God hath heard me;
He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
20 Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer,
Nor his mercy from me.

PSALM LXVII.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us:
And cause his face to shine upon us;
2 That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy saving health among all nations.
3 Let the people praise thee, O God;
Let all the people praise thee.
4 { Oh let the nations be glad and sing for joy:
{ For thou shalt judge the people righteously,
And govern the nations upon earth.
5 Let the people praise thee, O God,
Let all the people praise thee.
6 Then shall the earth yield her increase;
And God, even our own God, shall bless us.
7 GOD SHALL BLESS US;
AND ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH SHALL FEAR HIM.

LESSON 19.

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God arise, let his enemies be scattered:
Let them also that hate him flee before him.
2 As smoke is driven away, so drive them away:
{ *As wax melteth before the fire,*
{ *So let the wicked perish at the presence of God.*
3 But let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God:
Yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.
4 { Sing unto God, sing praises to his name:
{ Extol him that rideth upon the heavens,
By his name JAH, and rejoice before him.
5 A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows,
Is God in his holy habitation.
6 { God setteth the solitary in families:
{ He bringeth out those which are bound with chains:
But the rebellious dwell in a dry land.
7 O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people,
When thou didst march through the wilderness;
8 The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God;
Even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

9 Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain,
Whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.
10 Thy congregation hath dwelt therein:
Thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.
11 The LORD gave the word:
Great was the company of those that published it.
12 Kings of armies did flee apace:
And she that tarried at home divided the spoil.
13 { Though ye have lain among the pots,
{ Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver,
And her feathers with yellow gold.
14 When the Almighty scattered kings in it,
It was white as snow in Salmon.
15 The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan;
A high hill, as the hill of Bashan.
16 Why leap ye, ye high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in;
Yea, the LORD *will dwell in it for ever.*
17 The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels:
The LORD *is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.*
18 { Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive:
{ Thou hast received gifts for men;
Yea, for the rebellious also, that the LORD *God might dwell among them.*
19 Blessed be the LORD, who daily loadeth us with benefits,
Even the God of our salvation.
20 He that is our God is the God of Salvation;
And unto God the LORD *belong the issues from death.*
21 But God shall wound the head of his enemies,
And the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his trespasses.
22 The LORD said, I will bring again from Bashan,
I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea:
23 That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies,
And the tongue of thy dogs in the same.
24 They have seen thy goings, O God:
Even the goings of my God, my King, in the sanctuary.
25 The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after:
Among them were the damsels playing with timbrels.
26 Bless ye God in the congregations,
Even the LORD, *from the fountain of Israel.*
27 { There is little Benjamin with their ruler,
{ The princes of Judah and their council,
The princes of Zebulun, and the princes of Naphtali.

28 Thy God hath commanded thy strength:
Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.
29 Because of thy temple at Jerusalem
Shall kings bring presents unto thee.
30 Rebuke the company of spearmen, the multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the people,
Till every one submit himself with pieces of silver:
Scatter thou the people that delight in war.
31 Princes shall come out of Egypt;
Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.
32 Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth;
Oh sing praises unto the LORD;
33 To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old;
Lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice.
34 Ascribe ye strength unto God:
His excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds.
35 O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places:
The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people.
BLESSED BE GOD.

LESSON 20.

PSALM LXXII.

GIVE the king thy judgments, O God,
And thy righteousness unto the king's son.
2 He shall judge thy people with righteousness,
And thy poor with judgment.
3 The mountains shall bring peace to the people,
And the little hills, by righteousness.
4 He shall judge the poor of the people,
He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.
5 They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure
Throughout all generations.
6 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass:
As showers that water the earth.
7 In his days shall the righteous flourish;
And abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.
8 He shall have dominion also from sea to sea,
And from the river unto the ends of the earth.

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him;
And his enemies shall lick the dust.
10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:
The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.
11 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him:
All nations shall serve him.
12 For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth;
The poor also, and him that hath no helper.
13 He shall spare the poor and needy,
And shall save the souls of the needy.
14 He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence:
And precious shall their blood be in his sight.
15 And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba.
Prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.
16 { There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;
{ The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon:
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.
17 { His name shall endure for ever:
{ His name shall be continued as long as the sun:
And men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.
18 Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous things.
19 And blessed be his glorious name for ever:
And let the whole earth be filled with his glory.
AMEN, AND AMEN.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Judah is God known:
His name is great in Israel.
2 In Salem also is his tabernacle,
And his dwelling-place in Zion.
3 There brake he the arrows of the bow,
The shield, and the sword, and the battle.
4 { Thou art more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey.
5 { The stouthearted are spoiled,
{ *They have slept their sleep:*
{ *And none of the men of might have found their hands.*
6 At thy rebuke, O God of Jacob,
Both the chariot and horse are cast into a dead sleep.

7 Thou, even thou, art to be feared:
And who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry?
8 Thou didst cause judgment to be heard from heaven;
The earth feared, and was still,
9 When God arose to judgment,
To save all the meek of the earth.
10 Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee:
The remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.
11 Vow, and pay unto the LORD your God:
Let all that be round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared.
12 He shall cut off the spirit of princes:
He is terrible to the kings of the earth.

LESSON 21.

PSALM LXXX.

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadeth Joseph like a flock;
Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.
2 Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength,
And come and save us.
3 Turn us again, O God,
And cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.
4 O LORD God of hosts,
How long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?
5 Thou feedest them with the bread of tears;
And givest them tears to drink in great measure.
6 Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbors:
And our enemies laugh among themselves.
7 Turn us again, O God of hosts,
And cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.
8 Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt:
Thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it.
9 Thou preparedst room before it,
And didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.
10 The hills were covered with the shadow of it,
And the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.
11 She sent out her boughs unto the sea,
And her branches unto the river.

12 Why hast thou then broken down her hedges,
So that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?
13 The boar out of the wood doth waste it,
And the wild beast of the field doth devour it.
14 Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts:
Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine:
15 And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted,
And the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.
16 It is burned with fire, it is cut down:
They perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.
17 Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand,
Upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.
18 So will not we go back from thee:
Quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.
19 Turn us again, O LORD God of hosts,
Cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

PSALM LXXXI.

SING aloud unto God our strength;
Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.
2 Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel,
The pleasant harp with the psaltery.
3 Blow up the trumpet in the new moon,
In the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.
4 For this was a statute for Israel,
And a law of the God of Jacob.
5 This he ordained in Joseph for a testimony,
When he went out through the land of Egypt:
Where I heard a language that I understood not.
6 I removed his shoulder from the burden:
His hands were delivered from the pots.
7 Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee;
I answered thee in the secret place of thunder:
I proved thee at the waters of Meribah.
8 Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee:
O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me;
9 There shall no strange God be in thee:
Neither shalt thou worship any strange God.
10 I am the LORD thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt:
Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

11 But my people would not hearken to my voice;
And Israel would none of me.
12 So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust:
And they walked in their own counsels.
13 Oh that my people had hearkened unto me,
And Israel had walked in my ways!
14 I should soon have subdued their enemies,
And turned my hand against their adversaries.
15 The haters of the LORD should have submitted themselves unto him:
But their time should have endured for ever.
16 He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat:
And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.

LESSON 22.

PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW amiable are thy tabernacles,
O LORD *of hosts!*
2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD:
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.
3 Yea, the sparrow hath found a house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
Even thine altars, O LORD of hosts,
My King and my God.
4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
They will be still praising thee.
5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;
In whose heart are the ways of them,
6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well:
The rain also filleth the pools.
7 They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.
8 O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give ear, O God of Jacob.
9 Behold, O God our shield,
And look upon the face of thine anointed.
10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the LORD God is a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory:
No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
12 O LORD of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, thou hast been favourable unto thy land:
Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.
2 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people;
Thou hast covered all their sin.
3 Thou hast taken away all thy wrath:
Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.
4 Turn us, O God of our salvation,
And cause thine anger toward us to cease.
5 Wilt thou be angry with us for ever?
Wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?
6 Wilt thou not revive us again:
That thy people may rejoice in thee?
7 Shew us thy mercy, O LORD,
And grant us thy salvation.
8 I will hear what God the LORD will speak:
For he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints:
But let them not turn again to folly.
9 Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him;
That glory may dwell in our land.
10 Mercy and truth are met together;
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
11 Truth shall spring out of the earth;
And righteousness shall look down from heaven.
12 Yea, the LORD shall give that which is good;
And our land shall yield her increase.
13 Righteousness shall go before him;
And shall set us in the way of his steps.

LESSON 23.

PSALM LXXXVI.

BOW down thine ear, O LORD, hear me:
For I am poor and needy.

2 Preserve my soul; for I am holy:
O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

3 Be merciful unto me, O LORD:
For I cry unto thee daily.

4 Rejoice the soul of thy servant:
For unto thee, O LORD, *do I lift up my soul.*

5 For thou, LORD, art good, and ready to forgive;
And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

6 Give ear, O LORD, unto my prayer;
And attend to the voice of my supplications.

7 In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee:
For thou wilt answer me.

8 Among the Gods there is none like unto thee, O LORD;
Neither are there any works like unto thy works.

9 All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O LORD;
And shall glorify thy name.

10 For thou art great, and doest wondrous things:
Thou art God alone.

11 Teach me thy way, O LORD; I will walk in thy truth:
Unite my heart to fear thy name.

12 I will praise thee, O LORD my God, with all my heart:
And I will glorify thy name for evermore.

13 For great is thy mercy toward me:
And thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.

14 { O God, the proud are risen against me,
And the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul;
And have not set thee before them.

15 But thou, O LORD, art a God full of compassion, and gracious,
Longsuffering and plenteous in mercy and truth.

16 Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;
Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

17 { Shew me a token for good;
That they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed:
Because thou, LORD, *hast holpen me, and comforted me.*

Psalm LXXXVII.

HIS foundation is in the holy mountains.
2 The Lord loveth the gates of Zion,
More than all the dwellings of Jacob.
3 Glorious things are spoken of thee,
O city of God.
4 I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me:
Behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this man was born there.
5 And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her:
And the Highest himself shall establish her.
6 The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people,
That this man was born there.
7 As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there:
All my springs are in thee.

LESSON 24.

Psalm LXXXIX, 1–34.

I WILL sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever:
With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.
2 For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever:
Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.
3 I have made a covenant with my chosen,
I have sworn unto David my servant,
4 Thy seed will I establish for ever,
And build up thy throne to all generations.
5 And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord:
Thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.
6 For who in the heavens can be compared unto the Lord?
Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?
7 God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints,
And to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.
8 O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee?
Or to thy faithfulness round about thee?
9 Thou rulest the raging of the sea:
When the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.
10 Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain;
Thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.

11 The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine:
As for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.
12 The north and the south, thou hast created them:
Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.
13 Thou hast a mighty arm:
Strong is thy hand and high is thy right hand.
14 Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne:
Mercy and truth shall go before thy face.
15 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:
They shall walk, O LORD, *in the light of thy countenance.*
16 In thy name shall they rejoice all the day:
And in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.
17 For thou art the glory of their strength:
And in thy favour our horn shall be exalted.
18 For the LORD is our defence;
And the Holy One of Israel is our king.
19 Then thou spakest in vision to thy holy one, and saidst,
I have laid help upon one that is mighty;
I have exalted one chosen out of the people.
20 I have found David my servant;
With my holy oil have I anointed him:
21 With whom my hand shall be established:
Mine arm also shall strengthen him.
22 The enemy shall not exact upon him:
Nor the son of wickedness afflict him.
23 And I will beat down his foes before his face,
And plague them that hate him.
24 But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him:
And in my name shall his horn be exalted.
25 I will set his hand also in the sea,
And his right hand in the rivers.
26 He shall cry unto me, Thou art my father,
My God, and the rock of my salvation.
27 Also I will make him my firstborn,
Higher than the kings of the earth.
28 My mercy will I keep for him for evermore,
And my covenant shall stand fast with him.
29 His seed also will I make to endure for ever,
And his throne as the days of heaven.
30 If his children forsake my law,
And walk not in my judgments;

31 If they break my statutes,
And keep not my commandments;
32 Then will I visit their transgression with the rod,
And their iniquity with stripes.
33 Nevertheless my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him,
Nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.
34 My covenant will I not break,
Nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.

LESSON 25.

PSALM XC.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place,
In all generations.
2 { Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
3 Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.
5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up;
6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
7 For we are consumed by thine anger,
And by thy wrath we are troubled.
8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:
We spend our years as a tale that is told.
10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten:
And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
Yet is their strength labour and sorrow;
For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.
11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger?
Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.
12 So teach us to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Return, O LORD, how long?
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy:
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
15 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,
And the years wherein we have seen evil.
16 Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory unto their children.
17 And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us:
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
YEA, THE WORK OF OUR HANDS ESTABLISH THOU IT.

PSALM XCI.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
2 I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress:
My God; in him will I trust.
3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
And from the noisome pestilence.
4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust:
His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night;
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness:
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.
8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold,
And see the reward of the wicked.
9 Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge,
Even the Most High, thy habitation;
10 There shall no evil befall thee,
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways.
12 They shall bear thee up in their hands,
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:
The young lion, and the dragon, shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:
I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble;
I will deliver him and honour him.
16 With long life will I satisfy him,
And shew him my salvation.

LESSON 26.

PSALM XCV.

OH come, let us sing unto the LORD:
Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.
2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
3 For the LORD is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth:
The strength of the hills is his also.
5 The sea is his, and he made it:
And his hands formed the dry land.
6 Oh come let us worship and bow down:
Let us kneel before the LORD *our maker.*
7 For he is our God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.
8 To day if ye will hear his voice,
Harden not your heart, as in the provocation,
And as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:
9 When your fathers tempted me,
Proved me, and saw my work.
10 Forty years long was I grieved with this generation,
And said, It is a people that do err in their heart,
And they have not known my ways:
11 Unto whom I sware in my wrath
That they should not enter into my rest.

PSALM XCVI.

OH sing unto the LORD a new song:
Sing unto the LORD, *all the earth,*
2 Sing unto the LORD, bless his name;
Shew forth his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his glory among the heathen,
His wonders among all people.
4 For the LORD is great, and greatly to be praised:
He is to be feared above all gods.
5 For all the gods of the nations are idols:
But the LORD *made the heavens.*
6 Honour and majesty are before him:
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
7 Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people,
Give unto the LORD *glory and strength.*
8 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name:
Bring an offering, and come into his courts.
9 Oh worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness:
Fear before him, all the earth.
10 Say among the heathen that the LORD reigneth:
The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved:
He shall judge the people righteously.
11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad;
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.
12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein:
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice,
13 Before the LORD: for he cometh,
For he cometh to judge the earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness,
And the people with his truth.

LESSON 27.

PSALM XCVII.

THE LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice;
Let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.
2 Clouds and darkness are round about him:
Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.
3 And fire goeth before him,
And burneth up his enemies round about.
4 His lightnings enlightened the world:
The earth saw, and trembled.
5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the LORD,
At the presence of the LORD *of the whole earth.*

6 The heavens declare his righteousness,
And all the people see his glory.
7 Confounded be all they that serve graven images,
That boast themselves of idols:
Worship him, all ye gods.
8 Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced,
Because of thy judgments, O LORD.
9 For thou, LORD, art high above all the earth:
Thou art exalted far above all gods.
10 Ye that love the LORD, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints;
He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.
11 Light is sown for the righteous,
And gladness for the upright in heart.
12 Rejoice in the LORD, ye righteous;
And give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.

OH sing unto the LORD a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:
His right hand and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.
2 The LORD hath made known his salvation:
His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.
3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.
4 Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth:
Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.
5 Sing unto the LORD with the harp;
With the harp, and the voice of a psalm.
6 With trumpets, and sound of cornet,
Make a joyful noise before the LORD, *the King.*
7 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
8 Let the floods clap their hands:
Let the hills be joyful together,
9 Before the LORD; for he cometh to judge the earth;
With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

LESSON 28.

PSALM XCIII.

THE LORD reigneth,
He is clothed with majesty;
The LORD is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself.
The world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.
2 Thy throne is established of old:
Thou art from everlasting.
3 The floods have lifted up, O LORD, the floods have lifted up their voice.
The floods lift up their waves.
4 The LORD on high is mightier than the noise of many waters,
Yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.
5 Thy testimonies are very sure:
Holiness becometh thine house, O LORD, *for ever.*

PSALM XCIX.

THE Lord reigneth; let the people tremble:
He sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.
2 The LORD is great in Zion;
And he is high above all the people.
3 Let them praise thy great and terrible name;
For it is holy.
4 The king's strength also loveth judgment; thou dost establish equity,
Thou executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.
5 Exalt ye the LORD our God,
And worship at his footstool; for he is holy.
6 { Moses and Aaron among his priests,
{ And Samuel among them that call upon his name;
They called upon the LORD, *and he answered them.*
7 He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar:
They kept his testimonies, and the ordinance that he gave them.
8 Thou answeredst them, O LORD our God:
{ *Thou wast a God that forgavest them,*
{ *Though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions.*
9 Exalt the LORD our God, and worship at his holy hill;
For the LORD *our God is holy.*

Psalm C.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
2 *Serve the* Lord *with gladness: come before his presence with singing.*
3 Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
5 For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting;
And his truth endureth to all generations.

LESSON 29.

Psalm CII.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord,
And let my cry come unto thee.
2 Hide not thy face from me
In the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me:
In the day when I call answer me speedily.
3 For my days are consumed like smoke,
And my bones are burned as a hearth.
4 My heart is smitten, and withered like grass;
So that I forget to eat my bread.
5 By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.
6 I am like a pelican of the wilderness:
I am like an owl of the desert.
7 I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop.
8 Mine enemies reproach me all the day;
And they that are mad against me are sworn against me.
9 For I have eaten ashes like bread,
And mingled my drink with weeping.
10 Because of thine indignation and thy wrath:
For thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down.
11 My days are like a shadow that declineth;
And I am withered like grass.
12 But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever;
And thy remembrance unto all generations.

13 Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion.
For the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come.
14 For thy servants take pleasure in her stones,
And favour the dust thereof.
15 So the heathen shall fear the name of the LORD,
And all the kings of the earth thy glory.
16 When the LORD shall build up Zion,
He shall appear in his glory.
17 He will regard the prayer of the destitute,
And not despise their prayer.
18 This shall be written for the generation to come,
And the people which shall be created shall praise the LORD.
19 For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary;
From heaven did the LORD *behold the earth;*
20 To hear the groaning of the prisoner;
To loose those that are appointed to death;
21 To declare the name of the LORD in Zion,
And his praise in Jerusalem;
22 When the people are gathered together,
And the kingdoms, to serve the LORD.
23 He weakened my strength in the way;
He shortened my days.
24 I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days:
Thy years are throughout all generations.
25 Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth:
And the heavens are the work of thy hands.
26 They shall perish, but thou shalt endure:
Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment;
As a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:
27 *But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.*
28 The children of thy servants shall continue,
And their seed shall be established before thee.

LESSON 30.

PSALM CIII.

BLESS the LORD, O my soul:
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
2 Bless the LORD, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;
5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
6 The LORD executeth righteousness,
And judgment for all that are oppressed.
7 He made known his ways unto Moses,
His acts unto the children of Israel.
8 The LORD is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.
9 He will not always chide:
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins;
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
11 For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
12 As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
13 Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the LORD *pitieth them that fear him.*
14 For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.
15 As for man, his days are as grass:
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
17 But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,
And his righteousness unto children's children;
18 To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his commandments to do them.
19 The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens;
And his kingdom ruleth over all.
20 Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength,
That do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
21 Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts;
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
22 Bless the LORD, all his works in all places of his dominion:
Bless the LORD, *O my soul.*

LESSON 31.

PSALM CIV.

BLESS the LORD, O my soul. O LORD my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.
2 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
3 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:
Who maketh the clouds his chariot:
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
4 Who maketh his angels spirits;
His ministers a flaming fire:
5 Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be removed for ever.
6 Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment:
The waters stood above the mountains.
7 At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.
8 They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys,
Unto the place which thou hast founded for them.
9 Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.
10 He sendeth the springs into the valleys,
Which run among the hills.
11 They give drink to every beast of the field:
The wild asses quench their thirst.
12 By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation,
Which sing among the branches.
13 He watereth the hills from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
14 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man:
That he may bring forth food out of the earth;
15 *And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,*
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.
16 The trees of the LORD are full of sap;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;
17 Where the birds make their nests:
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

18 The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats;
And the rocks for the conies.
19 He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
20 Thou makest darkness, and it is night:
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
21 The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
22 The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together,
And lay them down in their dens.
23 Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labour until the evening.
24 O LORD, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all:
The earth is full of thy riches.
25 So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable,
Both small and great beasts.
26 There go the ships:
There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.
27 These wait all upon thee;
That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
28 That thou givest them they gather:
Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.
29 Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled:
Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.
30 Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created:
And thou renewest the face of the earth.
31 The glory of the LORD shall endure for ever:
The LORD *shall rejoice in his works.*
32 He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth:
He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.
33 I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live:
I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.
34 My meditation of him shall be sweet:
I will be glad in the LORD.
35 Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth,
And let the wicked be no more.
Bless thou the LORD, O my soul.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 32.

Psalm CV.

OH give thanks unto the LORD; call upon his name;
Make known his deeds among the people.
2 Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him:
Talk ye of all his wondrous works.
3 Glory ye in his holy name:
Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the LORD.
4 Seek the LORD, and his strength:
Seek his face evermore.
5 Remember his marvellous works that he hath done;
His wonders, and the judgments of his mouth;
6 O ye seed of Abraham his servant,
Ye children of Jacob his chosen.
7 He is the LORD our God:
His judgments are in all the earth.
8 He hath remembered his covenant for ever,
The word which he commanded to a thousand generations.
9 Which covenant he made with Abraham,
And his oath unto Isaac;
10 And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law,
And to Israel for an everlasting covenant:
11 Saying, Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan,
The lot of your inheritance:
12 When they were but a few men in number;
Yea, very few, and strangers in it.
13 When they went from one nation to another,
From one kingdom to another people;
14 He suffered no man to do them wrong:
Yea, he reproved kings for their sakes;
15 Saying, Touch not mine anointed,
And do my prophets no harm.
16 Moreover he called for a famine upon the land:
He brake the whole staff of bread.
17 He sent a man before them,
Even Joseph, who was sold for a servant:
18 Whose feet they hurt with fetters:
He was laid in iron:

19 Until the time that his word came:
The word of the LORD *tried him.*
20 The king sent and loosed him:
Even the ruler of the people, and let him go free.
21 He made him lord of his house,
And ruler of all his substance:
22 To bind his princes at his pleasure;
And teach his senators wisdom.
23 Israel also came into Egypt;
And Jacob sojourned in the land of Ham.
24 And he increased his people greatly;
And made them stronger than their enemies.
25 He turned their heart to hate his people,
To deal subtilely with his servants.
26 He sent Moses, his servant;
And Aaron whom he had chosen.
27 They shewed his signs among them,
And wonders in the land of Ham.
28 He sent darkness, and made it dark;
And they rebelled not against his word.
29 He turned their waters into blood,
And slew their fish.
30 Their land brought forth frogs in abundance.
In the chambers of their kings.
31 He spake, and there came divers sorts of flies,
And lice in all their coasts.
32 He gave them hail for rain,
And flaming fire in their land.
33 He smote their vines also, and their fig trees;
And brake the trees of their coasts.
34 He spake, and the locusts came,
And caterpillars, and that without number,
35 And did eat up all the herbs in their land,
And devoured the fruit of their ground.
36 He smote also all the firstborn in their land,
The chief of all their strength.
37 He brought them forth also with silver and gold:
And there was not one feeble person among their tribes.
38 Egypt was glad when they departed:
For the fear of them fell upon them.
39 He spread a cloud for a covering;
And fire to give light in the night.

40 The people asked, and he brought quails,
And satisfied them with the bread of heaven.
41 He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out;
They ran in the dry places like a river.
42 For he remembered his holy promise,
And Abraham, his servant.
43 And he brought forth his people with joy,
And his chosen with gladness:
44 And gave them the lands of the heathen:
And they inherited the labour of the people;
45 That they might observe his statutes,
And keep his laws.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 33.

PSALM CVII.

OH give thanks unto the LORD, for he is good:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
2 Let the redeemed of the LORD say so,
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;
3 And gathered them out of the lands,
From the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.
4 They wandered in the wilderness, in a solitary way;
They found no city to dwell in.
5 Hungry and thirsty,
Their soul fainted in them.
6 Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble,
And he delivered them out of their distresses.
7 And he led them forth by the right way,
That they might go to a city of habitation.
8 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
9 For he satisfieth the longing soul,
And filleth the hungry soul with goodness.
10 Such as sit in darkness and the shadow of death,
Being bound in affliction and iron;
11 Because they rebelled against the words of God,
And contemned the counsel of the Most High:

12 Therefore he brought down their heart with labour;
They fell down, and there was none to help.
13 Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble,
And he saved them out of their distresses.
14 He brought them out of darkness, and the shadow of death,
And brake their bands in sunder.
15 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
16 For he hath broken the gates of brass,
And cut the bars of iron in sunder.
17 Fools, because of their transgression,
And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.
18 Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat;
And they draw near unto the gates of death.
19 Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble,
And he saveth them out of their distresses.
20 He sent his word, and healed them,
And delivered them from their destructions.
21 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
22 And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And declare his works with rejoicing.
23 They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
24 These see the works of the LORD,
And his wonders in the deep.
25 For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
26 They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths;
Their soul is melted because of trouble.
27 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wit's end.
28 Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble,
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.
29 He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
30 Then are they glad because they be quiet;
So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.
31 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

32 Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people,
And praise him in the assembly of the elders.
33 He turneth rivers into a wilderness,
And the watersprings into dry ground;
34 A fruitful land into barrenness,
For the wickedness of them that dwell therein.
35 He turneth the wilderness into a standing water,
And the dry ground into watersprings.
36 And there he maketh the hungry to dwell,
That they may prepare a city for habitation;
37 And sow the fields, and plant vineyards,
Which may yield fruits of increase.
38 He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly;
And suffereth not their cattle to decrease.
39 Again, they are minished and brought low,
Through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.
40 He poureth contempt upon princes,
And causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.
41 Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction,
And maketh him families like a flock.
42 The righteous shall see it, and rejoice:
And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.
43 Whoso is wise, and will observe these things,
Even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the LORD.

LESSON 34.

PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye the LORD. I will praise the LORD with my whole heart,
In the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.
2 The works of the LORD are great,
Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
3 His work is honourable and glorious:
And his righteousness endureth for ever.
4 He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:
The LORD *is gracious and full of compassion.*

5 He hath given meat unto them that fear him:
He will ever be mindful of his covenant.
6 He hath shewed his people the power of his works,
That he may give them the heritage of the heathen.
7 The works of his hands are verity and judgment;
All his commandments are sure.
8 They stand fast for ever and ever,
And are done in truth and uprightness.
9 He sent redemption unto his people:
He hath commanded his covenant forever:
Holy and reverend is his name.
10 The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom:
A good understanding have all they that do his commandments:
HIS PRAISE ENDURETH FOR EVER.

PSALM CXII.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Blessed is the man that feareth the LORD,
That delighteth greatly in his commandments.
2 His seed shall be mighty upon earth:
The generation of the upright shall be blessed.
3 Wealth and riches shall be in his house:
And his righteousness endureth for ever.
4 Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness:
He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.
5 A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth;
He will guide his affairs with discretion.
6 Surely he shall not be moved for ever:
The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.
7 He shall not be afraid of evil tidings:
His heart is fixed, trusting in the LORD.
8 His heart is established, he shall not be afraid,
Until he see his desire upon his enemies.
9 He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor:
His righteousness endureth for ever;
His horn shall be exalted with honour.
10 The wicked shall see it, and be grieved;
He shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away:
The desire of the wicked shall perish.

PSALM CXIII.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise, O ye servants of the LORD,
Praise the name of the LORD.
2 Blessed be the name of the LORD,
From this time forth and for evermore.
3 From the rising of the sun, unto the going down of the same,
The LORD'S *name is to be praised.*
4 The LORD is high above all nations,
And his glory above the heavens.
5 Who is like unto the LORD our God,
Who dwelleth on high,
6 Who humbleth himself to behold
The things that are in heaven, and in the earth!
7 He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,
And lifteth the needy out of the dunghill;
8 That he may set him with princes,
Even with the princes of his people.
9 He maketh the barren woman to keep house,
And to be a joyful mother of children.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Israel went out of Egypt,
The house of Jacob from a people of strange language;
2 Judah was his sanctuary,
And Israel his dominion.
3 The sea saw it, and fled:
Jordan was driven back.
4 The mountains skipped like rams,
And the little hills like lambs.
5 What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest?
Thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?
6 Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams;
And ye little hills, like lambs?
7 Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the LORD,
At the presence of the God of Jacob;

8 Which turned the rock into a standing water,
The flint into a fountain of waters.

Psalm CXV.

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory,
For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.
2 Wherefore should the heathen say,
Where is now their God?
3 But our God is in the heavens:
He hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.
4 Their idols are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands.
5 They have mouths, but they speak not:
Eyes have they, but they see not:
6 They have ears, but they hear not:
Noses have they, but they smell not:
7 They have hands, but they handle not:
Feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.
8 They that make them are like unto them;
So is every one that trusteth in them.
9 O Israel, trust thou in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
10 O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
11 Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
12 The Lord hath been mindful of us: he will bless us;
He will bless the house of Israel;
He will bless the house of Aaron.
13 He will bless them that fear the Lord,
Both small and great.
14 The Lord shall increase you more and more,
You and your children.
15 Ye are blessed of the Lord
Which made heaven and earth.
16 The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's:
But the earth hath he given to the children of men.
17 The dead praise not the Lord,
Neither any that go down into silence.

18 But we will bless the LORD,
From this time forth, and for evermore.
PRAISE THE LORD.

LESSON 36.

PSALM CXVIII.

OH give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:
Because his mercy endureth for ever.
2 Let Israel now say,
That his mercy endureth for ever.
3 Let the house of Aaron now say,
That his mercy endureth for ever.
4 Let them now that fear the LORD say,
That his mercy endureth for ever.
5 I called upon the LORD in distress:
The LORD *answered me, and set me in a large place.*
6 The LORD is on my side; I will not fear:
What can man do unto me?
7 The LORD taketh my part with them that help me:
Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.
8 It is better to trust in the LORD
Than to put confidence in man.
9 It is better to trust in the LORD
Than to put confidence in princes.
10 All nations compassed me about:
But in the name of the LORD *will I destroy them.*
11 They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about:
But in the name of the LORD *I will destroy them.*
12 { They compassed me about like bees;
They are quenched as the fire of thorns:
For in the name of the LORD *I will destroy them.*
13 Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall:
But the LORD *helped me.*
14 The LORD is my strength and song,
And is become my salvation.
15 The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous:
The right hand of the LORD *doeth valiantly.*
16 The right hand of the LORD is exalted:
The right hand of the LORD *doeth valiantly.*

17 I shall not die, but live,
And declare the works of the LORD.
18 The LORD hath chastened me sore:
But he hath not given me over unto death.
19 Open to me the gates of righteousness:
I will go into them, and I will praise the LORD:
20 This gate of the LORD,
Into which the righteous shall enter.
21 I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me,
And art become my salvation.
22 The stone which the builders refused
Is become the head stone of the corner.
23 This is the LORD'S doing;
It is marvellous in our eyes.
24 This is the day which the LORD hath made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it.
25 Save now, I beseech thee, O LORD:
O LORD, *I beseech thee, send now prosperity.*
26 Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the LORD:
We have blessed you out of the house of the LORD.
27 God is the LORD, which hath shewed us light:
Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.
28 Thou art my God, and I will praise thee:
Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.
29 Oh give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:
For his mercy endureth for ever.

LESSON 37.

PSALM CXIX, 97–128.

OH how love I thy law!
It is my meditation all the day.
98 Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemi
For they are ever with me.
99 I have more understanding than all my teachers:
For thy testimonies are my meditation.
100 I understand more than the ancients,
Because I keep thy precepts.
101 I have refrained my feet from every evil way,
That I might keep thy word.

102 I have not departed from thy judgments:
For thou hast taught me.
103 How sweet are thy words unto my taste!
Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!
104 Through thy precepts I get understanding:
Therefore I hate every false way.
105 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And a light unto my path.
106 I have sworn, and I will perform it,
That I will keep thy righteous judgments.
107 I am afflicted very much:
Quicken me, O LORD, *according unto thy word.*
108 Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O LORD,
And teach me thy judgments.
109 My soul is continually in my hand:
Yet do I not forget thy law.
110 The wicked have laid a snare for me:
Yet I erred not from thy precepts.
111 Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever:
For they are the rejoicing of my heart.
112 I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes
Alway, even unto the end.
113 I hate vain thoughts:
But thy law do I love.
114 Thou art my hiding place and my shield:
I hope in thy word.
115 Depart from me, ye evil doers:
For I will keep the commandments of my God.
116 Uphold me according unto thy word, that I may live:
And let me not be ashamed of my hope.
117 Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe:
And I will have respect unto thy statutes continually.
118 Thou hast trodden down all them that err from thy statutes:
For their deceit is falsehood.
119 Thou puttest away all the wicked of the earth like dross:
Therefore I love thy testimonies.
120 My flesh trembleth for fear of thee;
And I am afraid of thy judgments.
121 I have done judgment and justice:
Leave me not to mine oppressors.

122 Be surety for thy servant for good:
Let not the proud oppress me.
123 Mine eyes fail for thy salvation,
And for the word of thy righteousness.
124 Deal with thy servant according unto thy mercy,
And teach me thy statutes.
125 I am thy servant; give me understanding,
That I may know thy testimonies.
126 It is time for thee, LORD, to work:
For they have made void thy law.
127 Therefore I love thy commandments
Above gold; yea, above fine gold.
128 Therefore I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right;
And I hate every false way.

LESSON 38.

PSALM CXIX, 129–160.

129 Thy testimonies are wonderful:
Therefore doth my soul keep them.
130 The entrance of thy words giveth light;
It giveth understanding unto the simple.
131 I opened my mouth, and panted:
For I longed for thy commandments.
132 Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me,
As thou usest to do unto those that love thy name.
133 Order my steps in thy word:
And let not any iniquity have dominion over me.
134 Deliver me from the oppression of man:
So will I keep thy precepts.
135 Make thy face to shine upon thy servant;
And teach me thy statutes.
136 Rivers of waters run down mine eyes,
Because they keep not thy law.
137 Righteous art thou, O LORD,
And upright are thy judgments.
138 Thy testimonies that thou hast commanded are righteous
And very faithful.
139 My zeal hath consumed me,
Because mine enemies have forgotten thy words.

140 Thy word is very pure:
Therefore thy servant loveth it.
141 I am small and despised:
Yet do not I forget thy precepts.
142 Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness,
And thy law is the truth.
143 Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me:
Yet thy commandments are my delights.
144 The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting:
Give me understanding, and I shall live.
145 I cried with my whole heart; hear me, O LORD:
I will keep thy statutes.
146 I cried unto thee; save me,
And I shall keep thy testimonies.
147 I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried:
I hoped in thy word.
148 Mine eyes prevent the night watches,
That I might meditate in thy word.
149 Hear my voice, according unto thy lovingkindness:
O LORD, *quicken me according to thy judgment.*
150 They draw nigh that follow after mischief:
They are far from thy law.
151 Thou art near, O LORD;
And all thy commandments are truth.
152 Concerning thy testimonies, I have known of old
That thou hast founded them for ever.
153 Consider mine affliction, and deliver me:
For I do not forget thy law.
154 Plead my cause, and deliver me:
Quicken me according to thy word.
155 Salvation is far from the wicked:
For they seek not thy statutes.
156 Great are thy tender mercies, O LORD:
Quicken me according to thy judgments.
157 Many are my persecutors and mine enemies;
Yet do I not decline from thy testimonies.
158 I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved;
Because they kept not thy word.
159 Consider how I love thy precepts:
Quicken me, O LORD, *according to thy lovingkindness.*
160 Thy word is true from the beginning:
And every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.

LESSON 39.

PSALM CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh from the LORD,
Which made heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5 The LORD is thy keeper:
The LORD *is thy shade upon thy right hand.*
6 The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
7 The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.
8 The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM CXXII.

I WAS glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the LORD.
2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.
3 *Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:*
4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the LORD,
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the
5 For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.
6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
7 Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
8 For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
9 Because of the house of the LORD our God,
I will seek thy good.

PSALM CXXIII.

UNTO thee I lift up mine eyes,
O thou that dwellest in the heavens.
2 Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters,
And as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress;
So our eyes wait upon the LORD our God,
Until that he have mercy upon us.
3 Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us:
For we are exceedingly filled with contempt.
4 Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease,
And with the contempt of the proud.

PSALM CXXV.

THEY that trust in the LORD shall be as Mount Zion,
Which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.
2 As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,
So the LORD *is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever.*
3 For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;
Lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.
4 Do good, O LORD, unto those that be good,
And to them that are upright in their hearts.
5 As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways,
The LORD *shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity.*
BUT PEACE SHALL BE UPON ISRAEL.

LESSON 40.

PSALM CXXXIII.

BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity.
2 { It is like the precious ointment upon the head,
That ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard:
That went down to the skirts of his garments;
3 As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion:
For there the LORD *commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.*

Psalm CXXXIV.

BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord,
Which by night stand in the house of the Lord.
2 Lift up your hands in the sanctuary,
And bless the Lord.
3 The Lord, that made heaven and earth,
Bless thee out of Zion.

Psalm CXXXV.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the name of the Lord;
Praise him, O ye servants of the Lord.
2 Ye that stand in the house of the Lord,
In the courts of the house of our God,
3 Praise the Lord; for the Lord is good:
Sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.
4 For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself,
And Israel for his peculiar treasure.
5 For I know that the Lord is great,
And that our Lord *is above all gods.*
6 Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth,
In the seas, and all deep places.
7 { He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth;
{ He maketh lightnings for the rain;
He bringeth the wind out of his treasuries.
8 Who smote the firstborn of Egypt,
Both of man and beast.
9 Who sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, O Egypt,
Upon Pharaoh, and upon all his servants.
10 Who smote great nations, and slew mighty kings;
11 { *Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan,*
{ *And all the kingdoms of Canaan:*
12 And gave their land for a heritage,
A heritage unto Israel his people.
13 Thy name, O Lord, endureth for ever;
And thy memorial, O Lord, *throughout all generations.*
14 For the Lord will judge his people,
And he will repent himself concerning his servants.
15 The idols of the heathen are silver and gold,
The work of man's hands.

16 They have mouths, but they speak not;
Eyes have they, but they see not;
17 They have ears, but they hear not;
Neither is there any breath in their mouths.
18 They that make them are like unto them:
So is every one that trusteth in them.
19 Bless the LORD, O house of Israel:
Bless the LORD, *O house of Aaron:*
20 Bless the LORD, O house of Levi;
Ye that fear the LORD, *bless the* LORD.
21 Blessed be the LORD out of Zion,
Which dwelleth at Jerusalem.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 41.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

I WILL praise thee with my whole heart:
Before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.
2 I will worship toward thy holy temple,
And praise thy name,
For thy lovingkindness and for thy truth:
For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.
3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me,
And strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.
4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O LORD,
When they hear the words of thy mouth.
5 Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the LORD:
For great is the glory of the LORD.
6 Though the LORD be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly:
But the proud he knoweth afar off.
7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me.
Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies,
And thy right hand shall save me.
8 The LORD will perfect that which concerneth me:
Thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for ever:
Forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Psalm CXXXIX.

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.
2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising:
Thou understandest my thought afar off.
3 Thou compassest my path and my lying down,
And art acquainted with all my ways.
4 For there is not a word in my tongue,
But lo, O LORD, *thou knowest it altogether.*
5 Thou hast beset me behind and before,
And laid thine hand upon me.
6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.
7 Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
9 If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
10 Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me;
Even the night shall be light about me.
12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee;
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
13 For thou hast possessed my reins:
Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
14 I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:
Marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.
15 My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret,
And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.
16 Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect;
And in thy book all my members were written,
Which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.
17 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!
How great is the sum of them!
18 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:
When I awake, I am still with thee.
19 Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God!
Depart from me, therefore, ye bloody men.

20 For they speak against thee wickedly,
And thine enemies take thy name in vain.
21 Do not I hate them, O LORD, that hate thee?
And am I not grieved with those that rise up against thee?
22 I hate them with perfect hatred:
I count them mine enemies.
23 Search me, O God, and know my heart:
Try me, and know my thoughts:
24 And see if there be any wicked way in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

LESSON 42.

PSALM CXLIV.

BLESSED be the LORD my strength,
Which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight:
2 My goodness, and my fortress;
My high tower, and my deliverer;
My shield, and he in whom I trust;
Who subdueth my people under me.
3 LORD, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him!
Or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!
4 Man is like to vanity:
His days are as a shadow that passeth away.
5 Bow thy heavens, O LORD, and come down:
Touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.
6 Cast forth lightning, and scatter them:
Shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.
7 Send thine hand from above; rid me, and deliver me out of great waters,
From the hand of strange children;
8 Whose mouth speaketh vanity,
And their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.
9 I will sing a new song unto thee, O God:
Upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.
10 It is he that giveth salvation unto kings:
Who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword.

11 Rid me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children,
Whose mouth speaketh vanity,
And their right hand is a right hand of falsehood:
12 That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth;
That our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace;
13 That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store;
That our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets:
14 That our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out:
That there be no complaining in our streets.
15 Happy is that people, that is in such a case:
Yea, happy is that people whose God is the LORD.

PSALM CXLV.

I WILL extol thee, my God, O king;
And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.
2 Every day will I bless thee;
And I will praise thy name for ever and ever.
3 Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised;
And his greatness is unsearchable.
4 One generation shall praise thy works to another,
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
5 I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty,
And of thy wondrous works.
6 And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts:
And I will declare thy greatness.
7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness,
And shall sing of thy righteousness.
8 The LORD is gracious, and full of compassion;
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
9 The LORD is good to all:
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
10 All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD;
And thy saints shall bless thee.
11 They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,
And talk of thy power;
12 To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,
And the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

13 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
14 The LORD upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.
15 The eyes of all wait upon thee;
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
16 Thou openest thine hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
17 The LORD is righteous in all his ways,
And holy in all his works.
18 The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon him,
To all that call upon him in truth.
19 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him,
He also will hear their cry, and will save them.
20 The LORD preserveth all them that love him:
But all the wicked will he destroy.
21 My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD:
And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

LESSON 43.

PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE ye the LORD.
Praise the LORD, *O my soul.*
2 While I live will I praise the LORD:
I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.
3 Put not your trust in princes,
Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.
4 His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth;
In that very day his thoughts perish.
5 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,
Whose hope is in the LORD *his God:*
6 Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is:
Which keepeth truth for ever:
7 Which executeth judgment for the oppressed:
Which giveth food to the hungry.
The LORD looseth the prisoners:
8 *The* LORD *openeth the eyes of the blind:*
The LORD raiseth them that are bowed down:
The LORD *loveth the righteous:*

9 The LORD preserveth the strangers: he relieveth the fatherless and the widow:
But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.
10 The LORD shall reign forever,
Even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXLVII.

PRAISE ye the LORD: for it is good to sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.
2 The LORD doth build up Jerusalem:
He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.
3 He healeth the broken in heart,
And bindeth up their wounds.
4 He telleth the number of the stars;
He calleth them all by their names.
5 Great is our LORD, and of great power:
His understanding is infinite.
6 The LORD lifteth up the meek:
He casteth the wicked down to the ground.
7 Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving;
Sing praise upon the harp unto our God.
8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
9 He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.
10 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:
He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.
11 The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear him,
In those that hope in his mercy.
12 Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God, O Zion.
13 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates;
He hath blessed thy children within thee.
14 He maketh peace in thy borders,
And filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.
15 He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth:
His word runneth very swiftly.
16 He giveth snow like wool:
He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

17 He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?
18 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.
19 He sheweth his word unto Jacob,
His statutes and his judgments unto Israel.
20 He hath not dealt so with any nation:
And as for his judgments, they have not known them.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 44.

PSALM CXLVIII.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.
2 Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his hosts.
3 Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
4 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters that be above the heavens.
5 Let them praise the name of the LORD:
For he commanded, and they were created.
6 He hath also stablished them for ever and ever:
He hath made a decree which shall not pass.
7 Praise the LORD from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps:
8 Fire, and hail; snow, and vapour;
Stormy wind fulfilling his word:
9 Mountains, and all hills;
Fruitful trees, and all cedars:
10 Beasts, and all cattle;
Creeping things, and flying fowl:
11 Kings of the earth, and all people;
Princes, and all judges of the earth:
12 Both young men, and maidens:
Old men, and children:
13 Let them praise the name of the LORD: for his name alone is excellent;
His glory is above the earth and heaven.

14 He also exalteth the horn of his people,
The praise of all his saints;
Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.
Praise ye the LORD.

PSALM CXLIX.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Sing unto the LORD a new song,
And his praise in the congregation of saints.
2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made him:
Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.
3 Let them praise him in the dance:
Let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.
4 For the LORD taketh pleasure in his people:
He will beautify the meek with salvation.
5 Let the saints be joyful in glory:
Let them sing aloud upon their beds.
6 Let the high praises of God be in their mouth,
And a two-edged sword in their hand;
7 To execute vengeance upon the heathen,
And punishments upon the people;
8 To bind their kings with chains,
And their nobles with fetters of iron;
9 To execute upon them the judgment written:
This honour have all his saints.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CL.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise God in his sanctuary:
Praise him in the firmament of his power.
2 Praise him for his mighty acts:
Praise him according to his excellent greatness.
3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:
Praise him with the psaltery and harp.
4 Praise him with the timbrel and dance:
Praise him with stringed instruments and organs.
5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals:
Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
6 Let everything that hath breath praise the LORD.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

[NOTE.—A few Lessons are added from the Messianic prophecies of Isaiah—similar to the Psalms in their poetical structure, and equally appropriate for responsive reading.]

LESSON 45.

ISAIAH XI, 1–9.

AND there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse,
And a Branch shall grow out of his roots:
2 And the Spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him,
The spirit of wisdom and understanding,
The spirit of counsel and might,
The spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the LORD;
3 And shall make him of quick understanding,
In the fear of the LORD:
And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes,
Neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:
4 But with righteousness shall he judge the poor,
And reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.
And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth,
And with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.
5 And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins,
And faithfulness the girdle of his reins.
6 The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
And the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together;
And a little child shall lead them.
7 And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together;
And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
8 And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp,
And the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.
9 They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain,
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, *as the waters cover the sea.*

ISAIAH XLII, 1–12.

BEHOLD my servant, whom I uphold;
Mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth;
I have put my Spirit upon him;
He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

2 He shall not cry, nor lift up,
Nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.
3 A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not que
He shall bring forth judgment unto truth.
4 He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the e
And the isles shall wait for his law.
5 Thus saith God the LORD,
He that created the heavens, and stretched them out;
He that spread forth the earth,
And that which cometh out of it;
He that giveth breath unto the people upon it,
And spirit to them that walk therein:
6 I the LORD have called thee in righteousness,
And will hold thine hand, and will keep thee,
And give thee for a covenant of the people,
For a light of the Gentiles;
7 To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison,
And them that sit in darkness, out of the prison-house.
8 I am the LORD: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to ano
Neither my praise to graven images.
9 Behold the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declar
Before they spring forth I tell you of them.
10 Sing unto the LORD a new song,
And his praise from the end of the earth,
Ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein;
The isles, and the inhabitants thereof.
11 Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice,
The villages that Kedar doth inhabit:
Let the inhabitants of the rock sing,
Let them shout from the top of the mountains.
12 Let them give glory unto the LORD,
And declare his praise in the islands.

LESSON 46.

ISAIAH LXI, 1–7.

THE Spirit of the LORD GOD is upon me;
Because the LORD *hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the m*
He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted,
To proclaim liberty to the captives,
And the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

2 To proclaim the acceptable year of the LORD,
And the day of vengeance of our God;
To comfort all that mourn;
3 To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion,
To give unto them beauty for ashes,
The oil of joy for mourning,
The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;
That they might be called trees of righteousness;
The planting of the LORD, *that he might be glorified.*
4 And they shall build the old wastes,
They shall raise up the former desolations,
And they shall repair the waste cities,
The desolations of many generations.
5 And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks,
And the sons of the alien shall be your ploughmen and your vine-dressers.
6 But ye shall be named the Priests of the LORD:
Men shall call you the Ministers of our God:
Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles,
And in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.
7 For your shame ye shall have double;
And for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion;
Therefore in their land they shall possess the double:
Everlasting joy shall be upon them.

ISAIAH LV, 1–13.

HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,
And he that hath no money: come ye, buy, and eat;
Yea, come, buy wine and milk,
Without money and without price.
2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?
And your labour for that which satisfieth not?
Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good,
And let your soul delight itself in fatness.
3 Incline your ear, and come unto me;
Hear, and your soul shall live:
And I will make an everlasting covenant with you,
Even the sure mercies of David.
4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people,
A leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,
And nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee,
Because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel;
For he hath glorified thee.
6 Seek ye the LORD while he may be found,
Call ye upon him while he is near:
7 Let the wicked forsake his way,
And the unrighteous man his thoughts:
And let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him;
And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.
8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
Neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD.
9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth,
So are my ways higher than your ways,
And my thoughts than your thoughts.
10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven,
And returneth not thither,
But watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud,
That it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:
11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth;
It shall not return unto me void,
But it shall accomplish that which I please,
And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.
12 For ye shall go out with joy,
And be led forth with peace:
The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,
And all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.
13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,
And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:
And it shall be to the LORD for a name,
For an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

LESSON 47.

ISAIAH XL, 1–13, 22–31.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.
2 *Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her,*
That her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned:
For she hath received of the LORD'S *hand double for all her sins.*

3 The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the LORD,
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
4 Every valley shall be exalted,
And every mountain and hill shall be made low;
And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough places plain:
5 And the glory of the LORD shall be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together:
For the mouth of the LORD *hath spoken it.*
6 The voice said, Cry.
And he said, What shall I cry?
All flesh is grass,
And all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:
7 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:
Because the spirit of the LORD bloweth upon it:
Surely the people is grass.
8 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:
But the word of our God shall stand for ever.
9 O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain;
O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength:
Lift it up, be not afraid;
Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!
10 Behold the LORD GOD will come with strong hand,
And his arm shall rule for him:
Behold his reward is with him,
And his work before him.
11 He shall feed his flock like a shepherd:
He shall gather the lambs with his arm,
And carry them in his bosom,
And shall gently lead those that are with young.
12 Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand,
And meted out heaven with the span,
And comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure,
And weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?
13 Who hath directed the Spirit of the LORD,
Or being his counsellor hath taught him?

* * * * * *

22 It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth,
And the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers;

That stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain,
And spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in:
23 That bringeth the princes to nothing;
He maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.
24 Yea, they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown:
Yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth:
And he shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither,
And the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.
25 To whom then will ye liken me,
Or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One.
26 Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these thi
That bringeth out their host by number:
He calleth them all by names, by the greatness of his might,
For that he is strong in power; not one faileth.
27 Why sayest thou, O Jacob,
And speakest, O Israel,
My way is hid from the LORD,
And my judgment is passed over from my God?
28 Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting (
The LORD, *the Creator of the ends of the earth,*
Fainteth not, neither is weary?
There is no searching of his understanding.
29 He giveth power to the faint;
And to them that have no might he increaseth strength.
30 Even the youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall:
31 But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength;
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run, and not be weary;
And they shall walk, and not faint.

LESSON 48.

ISAIAH LX, 1–20.

ARISE, shine: for thy light is come,
And the glory of the LORD *is risen upon thee.*
2 For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the people:

But the LORD shall arise upon thee,
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.
3 And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.
4 { Lift up thine eyes round about, and see:
{ All they gather themselves together,
They come to thee:
Thy sons shall come from far,
And thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.
5 Then thou shalt see, and flow together,
And thine heart shall fear and be enlarged;
Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted into thee,
The forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.
6 { The multitude of camels shall come unto thee,
{ The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah:
All they from Sheba shall come:
They shall bring gold and incense;
And they shall shew forth the praises of the LORD.
7 All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee;
The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:
They shall come up with acceptance on mine altar,
And I will glorify the house of my glory.
8 Who are these that fly as a cloud,
And as the doves to their windows?
9 Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first,
To bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them,
Unto the name of the LORD thy God,
And to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee.
10 And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls,
And their kings shall minister unto thee;
For in my wrath I smote thee,
But in my favour have I had mercy on thee.
11 Therefore thy gates shall be open continually;
They shall not be shut day nor night;
That men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles
And that their kings may be brought.
12 For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish:
Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.
13 The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,
The fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together,

To beautify the place of my sanctuary;
And I will make the place of my feet glorious.
14 The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee:
And all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet;
And they shall call thee The city of the LORD,
The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.
15 Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated,
So that no man went through thee,
I will make thee an eternal excellency,
A joy of many generations.
16 Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles,
And shalt suck the breast of kings:
And thou shalt know that I the LORD am thy Saviour,
And thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob.
17 For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver,
And for wood brass, and for stones iron;
I will also make thy officers peace,
And thine exactors righteousness.
18 Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,
Wasting nor destruction within thy borders;
But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation,
And thy gates Praise.
19 The sun shall be no more thy light by day,
Neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee:
But the LORD shall be unto thee an everlasting light,
And thy God thy glory.
20 Thy sun shall no more go down;
Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself;
For the LORD shall be thine everlasting light,
And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

THE HISTORY and purpose of the following Collection of Hymns and Tunes may be sufficiently set forth in a few words. It has been prepared by a PASTOR; for the use, primarily, of the Church to which it is his privilege to minister, in their public and private worship of Almighty God. The book is offered to the Christian public, in the thought that what has thus been compiled for one congregation may, perhaps, be found acceptable and made useful in others like it.

The PLAN here adopted has had for its purpose the settlement, in some measure, of that annoying difference of opinion, which holds place in many quarters, concerning artistic and congregational singing. A compromise has been attempted on this point. About two-thirds of the Hymns are set to music, the remainder left free. It is proposed that in each service two Hymns shall be given out among those accompanied with Tunes, and one among the others. This one, not occurring in any fixed place, but given at will for opening, closing, or elsewhere, the Choir are expected to adapt to any music in this Collection or out of it, at their own pleasure, and sing without interference or help. The remaining Hymns they are expected to lead the Congregation in singing to the Music which is in sight. All the people are cordially invited to take unrestrained part in this portion of Divine Worship.

In most cases, a choice of Tunes is presented. A known or old piece has been printed near a fresher or new one. It does not, therefore, follow that a Hymn is always to be sung to the Tune under which it exactly stands. Mere mechanical reasons may have forced its location there, when, perhaps, the fitter music for its sentiment will be found across on the opposite page.

The compiler presents the humble result, of what has been to him very serious labor, to his own beloved people, and to the Church at large, with unaffected pleasure, in the simple hope that it may be used by our Divine Redeemer in building up His chosen in the most holy faith; and that it may be so accompanied by the grace of His Spirit—would that it might be even so honored!—as to be as the sound of silver bells calling those who know not our Lord to His most joyful feasts of love. So may it advance, in its own measure, the worship of our KING, till our eyes shall see Him in His beauty, and behold the land that is very far off!

BROOKLYN. N. Y., *March 1st, 1865.*

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

s much was written as an Introduction to this Hymn and Tune Book seven
;o.
ing most of the intervening time, I have been away from my own country,
tian work over the sea. Perhaps no surprise has been to me on my return
onderful than to find that nearly *two thousand* Churches were already em-
in the offices of divine worship, the Collection I had so unostentatiously
The distribution of upwards of *two hundred thousand* copies all over the
s been without even my personal observation.
n success is unmistakable; and for so extraordinary a welcome I am truly
to God and to his people.
eemed to me that the least I could do was to put the pages at once into as
form as possible. The electrotype plates were quite worn with nearly a
of a million impressions. These I have made new from beginning to end.
hymns only I have ventured to add, the last on the list. The names of all
wn authors have been given. Forty or more pieces of excellent music have
serted. These are all the changes I could make, without destroying the uni-
of the editions. In practical use, no difference will be perceived. Some
re altered in numbers; but the Indexes follow not pages, but hymns.
ew edition has also been prepared for Chapel use; more portable, and more
in the selection of music. It contains six hundred hymns only. This I
en able to enrich with some of the favorite tunes, which employ choruses and
. The advantage of having a Manual for singing the same in general form
Sanctuary and the Lecture-room, must be apparent to all.
e more I commit the work of my hands to the kindness and charity of my
n. Twenty years ago, I used to repeat to myself a little verse of Robert

"Ev'n then a wish—(I mind its power)—
A wish, that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast;
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang, at least!"

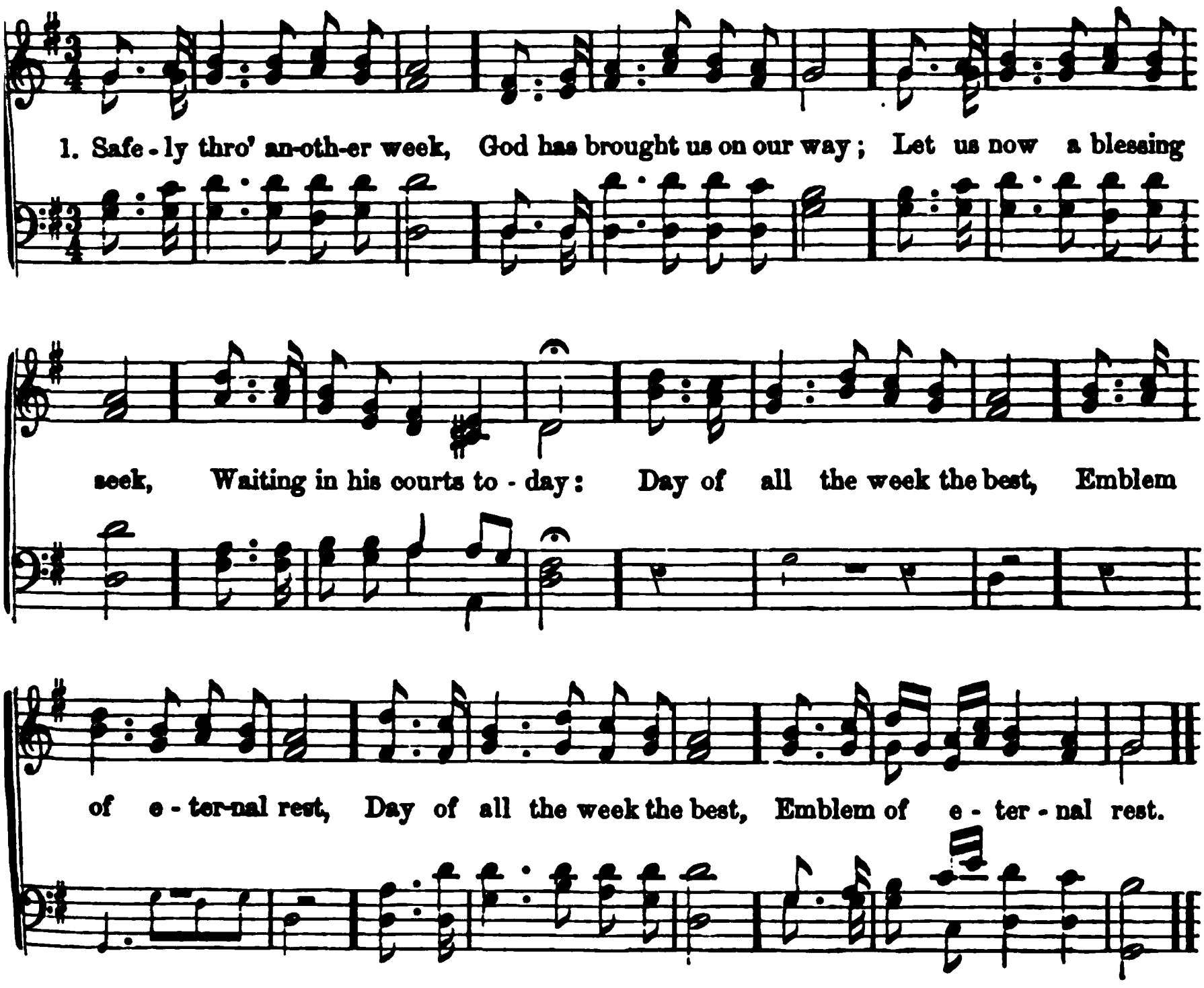
had no dream, when I threw together these hymns and tunes for dear old
friends to sing, that God's good Providence was opening the way for the
nt of my early desire, in some measure, and would accept my work for his
ople in his own worship.
ace be within thy walls, O Jerusalem, and prosperity within thy palaces!
brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee!"

CHAS. S. ROBINSON.

MORIAL CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY,
September 15th, 1872.

SONGS FOR THE SANCTUARY.

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines.



I *Isa. 58 : 13.* NEWTON.

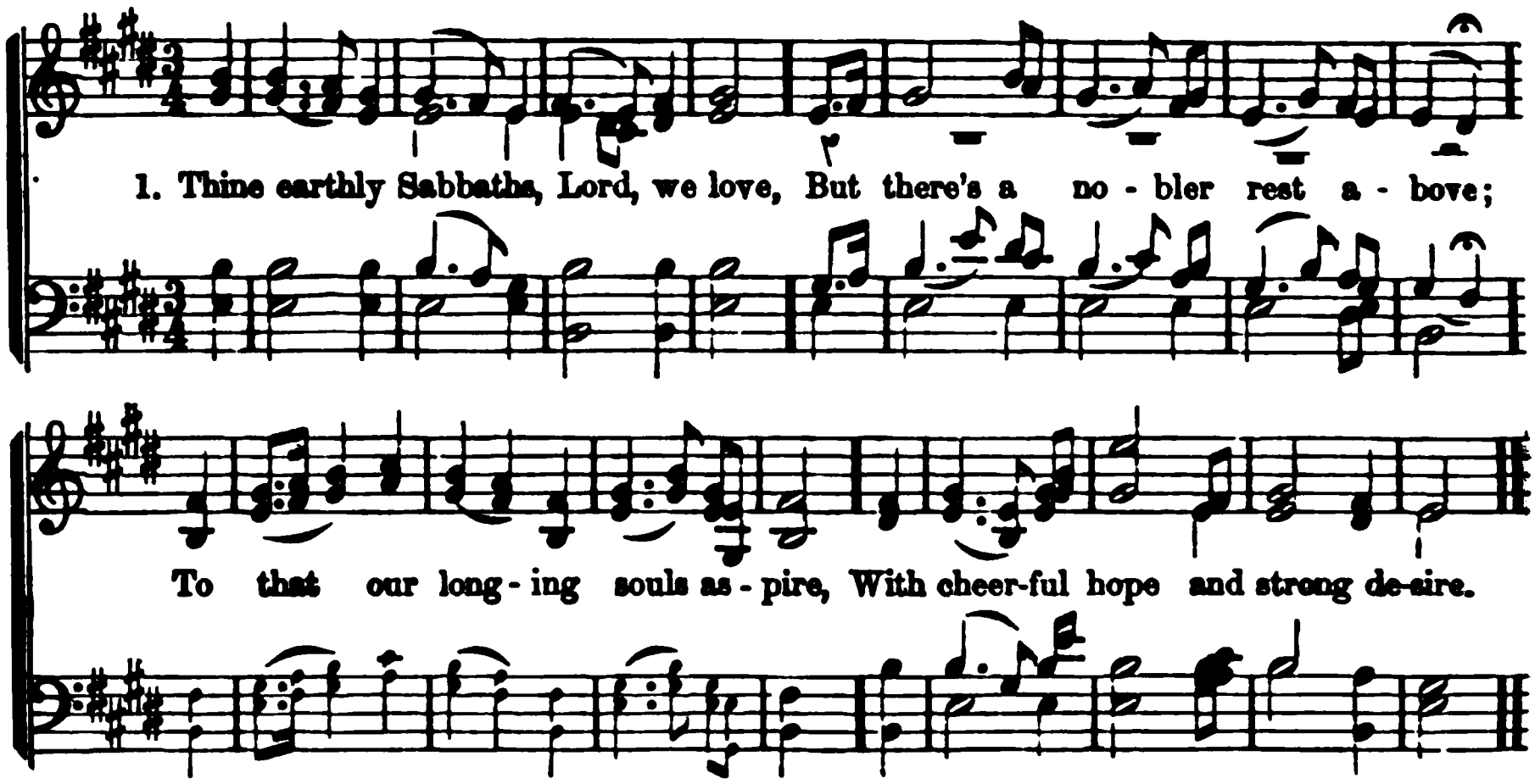
SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures now;
Let thy victories abound,—
Unrepenting souls subdue:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.

SPOHR. L. M.



2 *Heb. 4 : 9.* DODDRIDGE.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

3 *Eph. 3 : 19.* WATTS.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

4 *Ps. 5 : 3.* ANON.

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought through all the day.

3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

5 *Phil. 4 : 7.* EDMESTON.

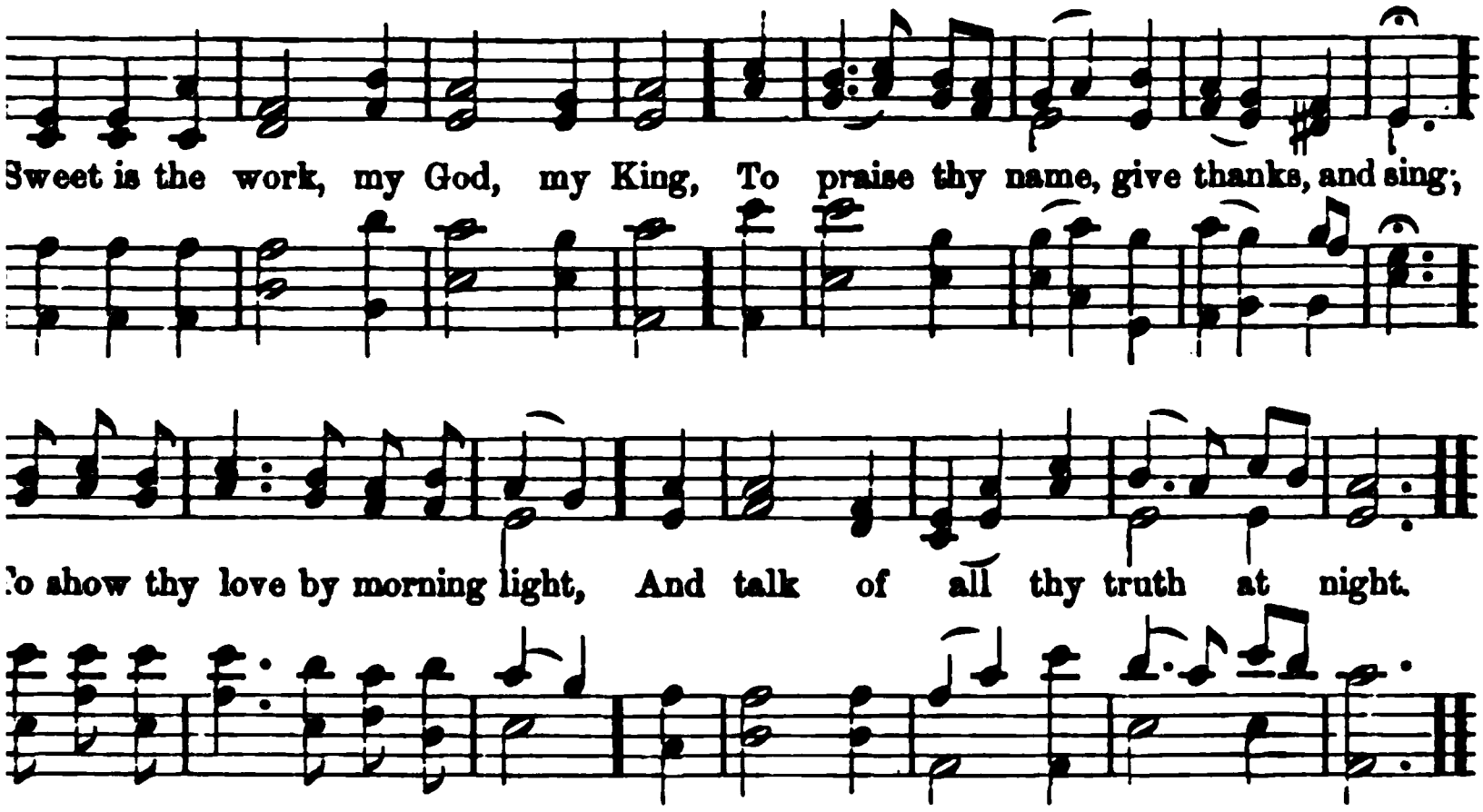
SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

MIGDOL. L. M.



Ps. 92. WATTS.

is the work, my God, my King,
ise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
w thy love by morning light,
lk of all thy truth at night.

is the day of sacred rest;
rtal care shall seize my breast;
y my heart in tune be found,
avid's harp of solemn sound!

art shall triumph in my Lord,
less his works and bless his word;
orks of grace, how bright they
ine!
cep thy counsels! how divine!

shall share a glorious part,
grace hath well refined my heart,
esh supplies of joy are shed,
oly oil to cheer my head.

hall I see, and hear, and know
esired or wished below;
ery power find sweet employ,
eternal world of joy.

Ps. 84. WATTS.

leasant, how divinely fair,
l of hosts, thy dwellings are!
ong desire my spirit faints,
et the assemblies of thy saints.

re the saints who sit on high
l thy throne of majesty;
ightest glories shine above,
ll their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

8 *Ps. 116: 7.* STENNETT.

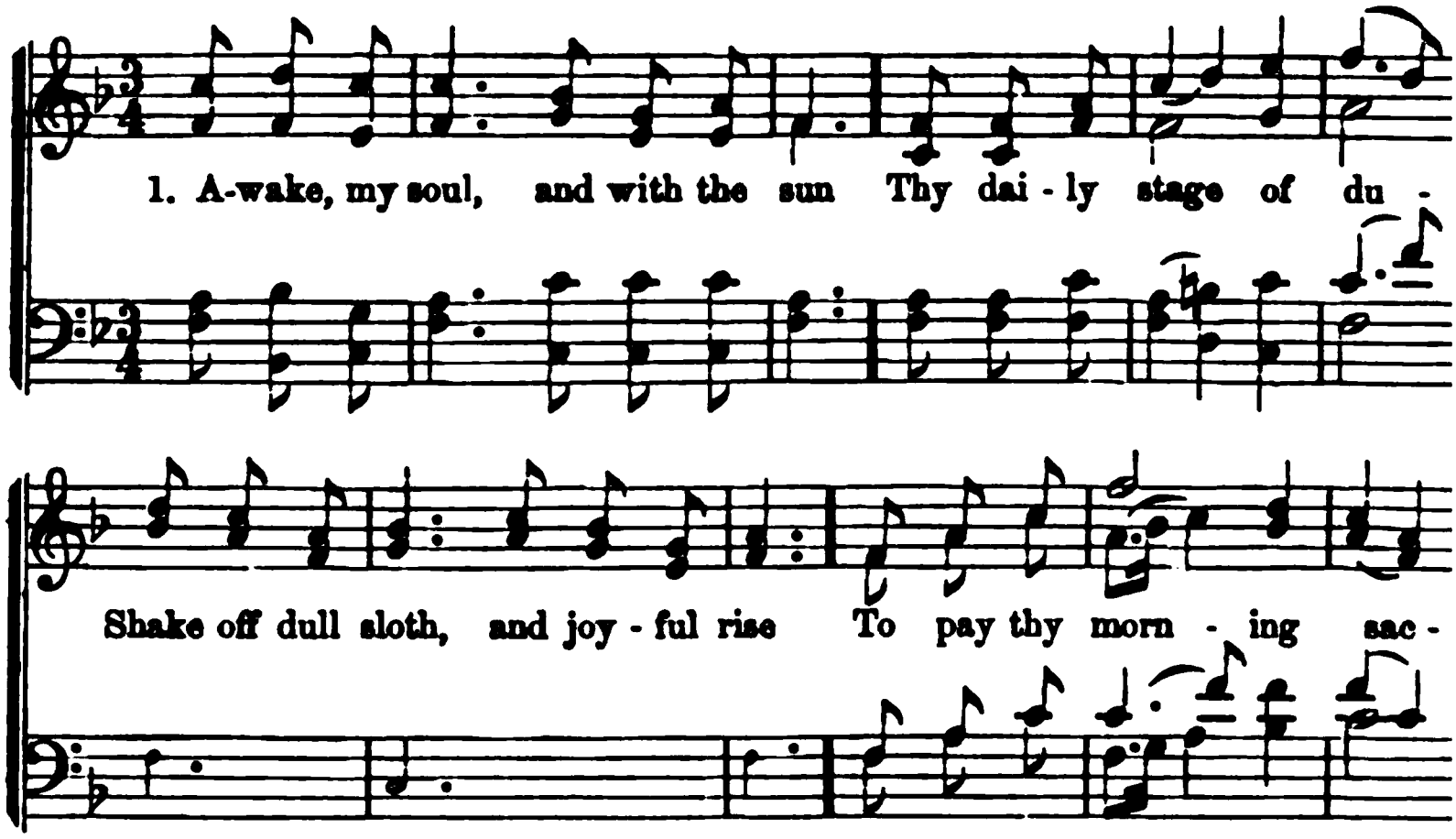
ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blessed.

2 Oh, that our tho'ts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

LOWRY. L. M.



9 *Ps. 5.* KEN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 *Ps. 84.* WATTS.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our
God is our shield, he guards
From all the assaults of hell
From foes without, and foes

4 All needful grace will God b
And crown that grace with g
He gives us all things, and w
No real good from upright sc

5 O God, our King, whose sove
The glorious hosts of heaven
Display thy grace, exert thy
Till all on earth thy name ad

11 *Ps. 57.*

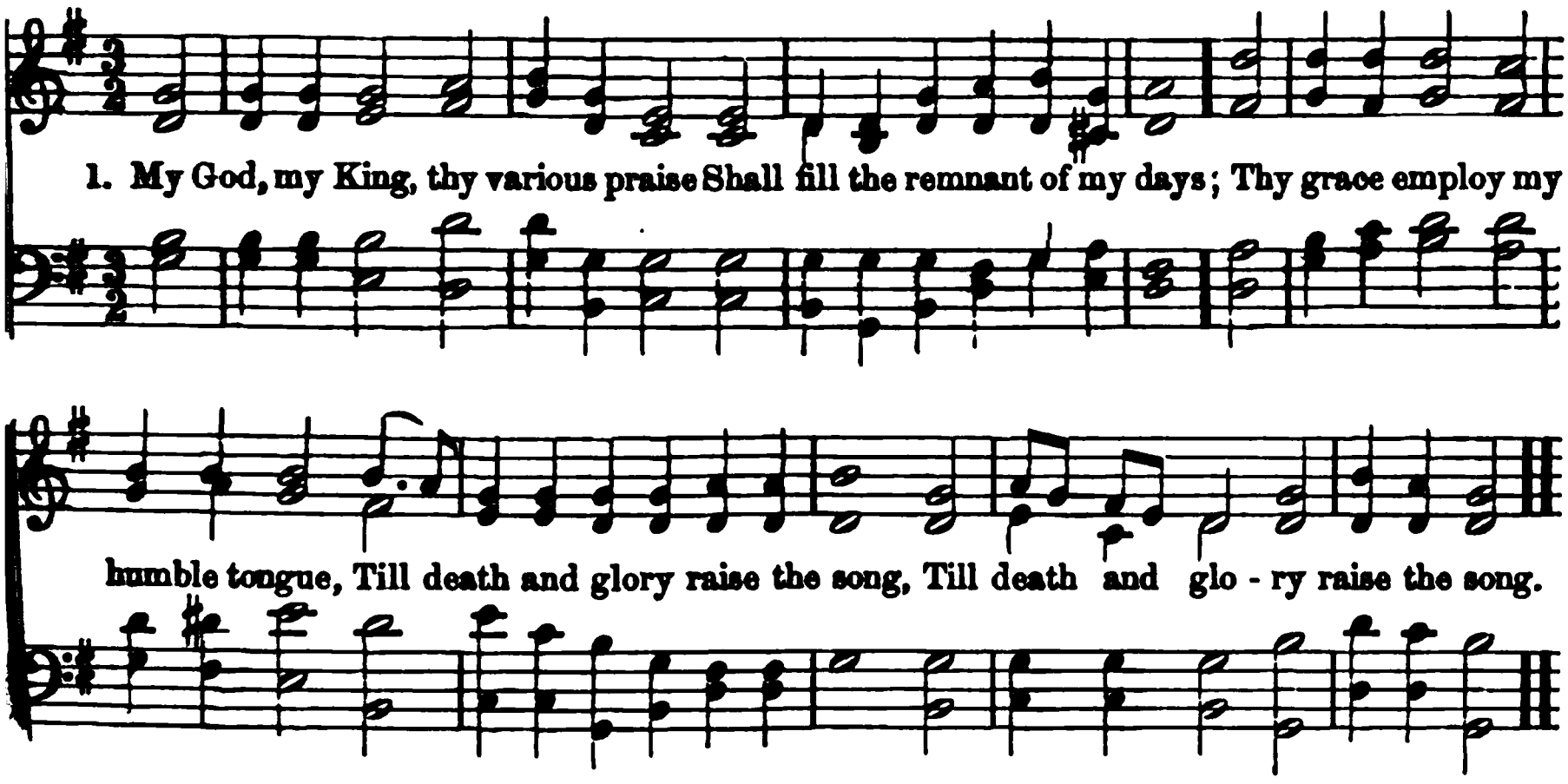
ETERNAL God, celestial King
Exalted be thy glorious name
Let hosts in heaven thy prais
And saints on earth thy love

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my
I rest my hope on thee alone
I'll spread thy sacred truths a
To all mankind thy love mak

3 Awake, my tongue! awake,
With morning's earliest dawn
Let songs of joy my soul insp
And swell your music to the

4 With those who in thy grace
To thee I'll raise my thankful
While every land, the earth a
Shall hear, and in thy name

ROLLAND. L. M.



12 *Ps. 145.* WATTS.

My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

13 *Ps. 34 : 8.* DODDRIDGE.

Triumphant Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams unceasing flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's work its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh, give to every human heart
To taste, and see how good thou art;
With grateful love and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

14 *Ps. 95.* TATE & BRADY.

Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

15 *Ps. 106.* TATE & BRADY.

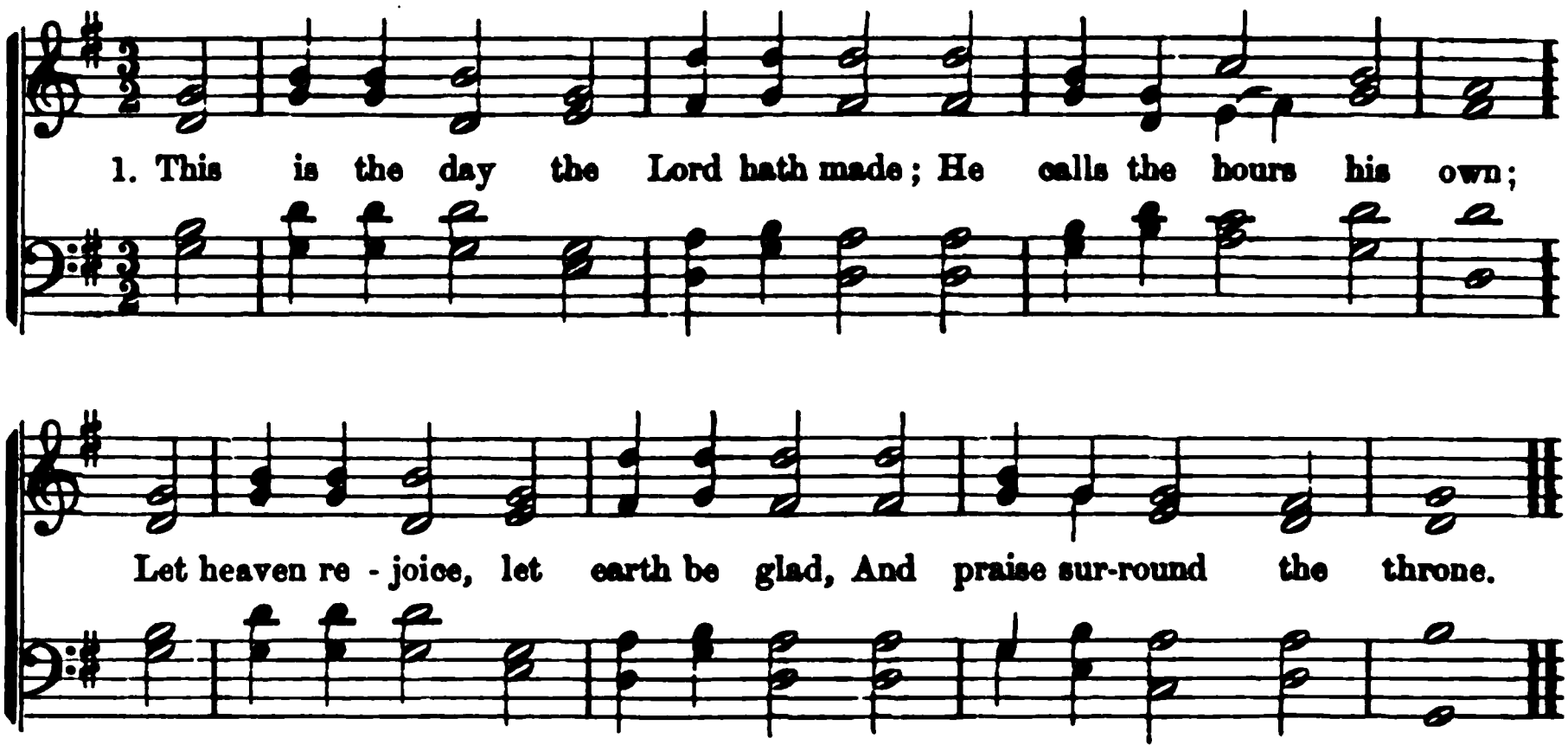
Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love:
His mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

MARLOW. C. M.



16 *Ps. 118.* WATTS.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

17 *Ps. 63.* WATTS.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

18 *Matt. 28: 7.* WATTS.

BLEST morning! whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

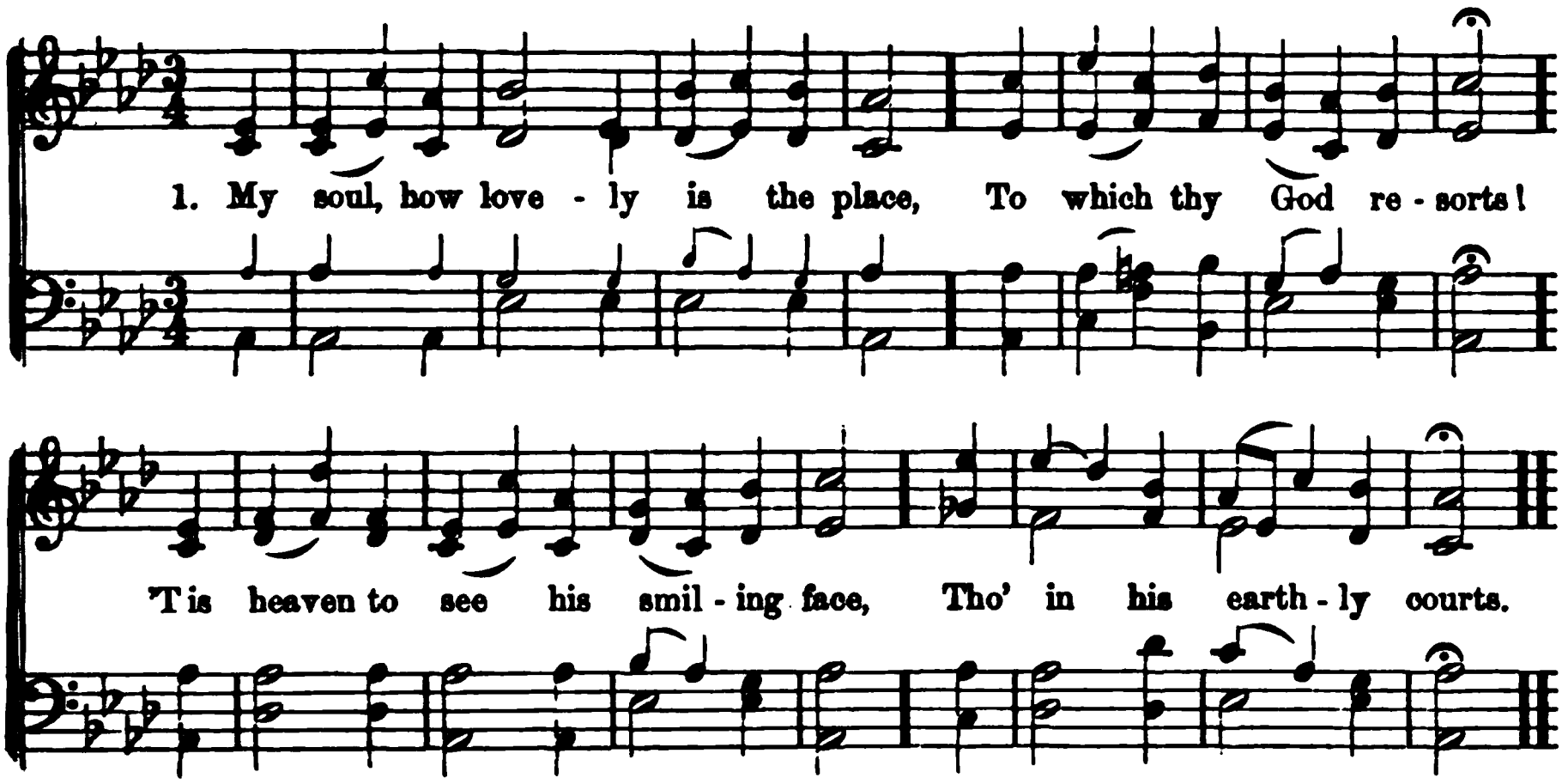
2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord, in vain;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

CHURCH. C. M.



19 *Ps. 84.* WATTS.

MY soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

20 *Ps. 31 : 20.* COWPER.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

21 *Lev. 19 : 30.* BROWNE.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

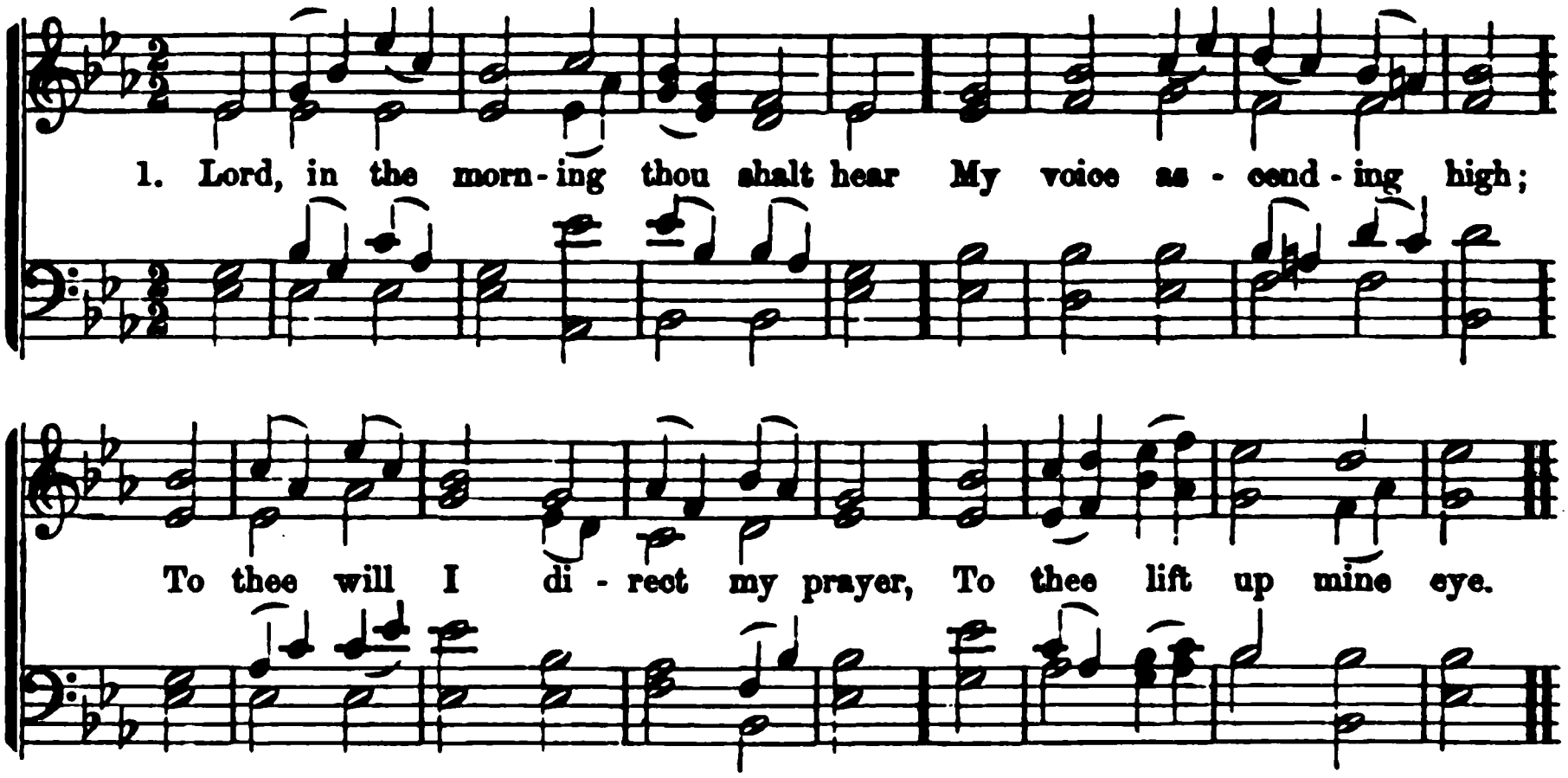
2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;—

5 Where we in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

WARWICK. C. M.



22 *Ps. 5.* WATTS.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

23 *Ps. 122.* LYTE.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

24 *Ps. 36 : 9.* WESLEY

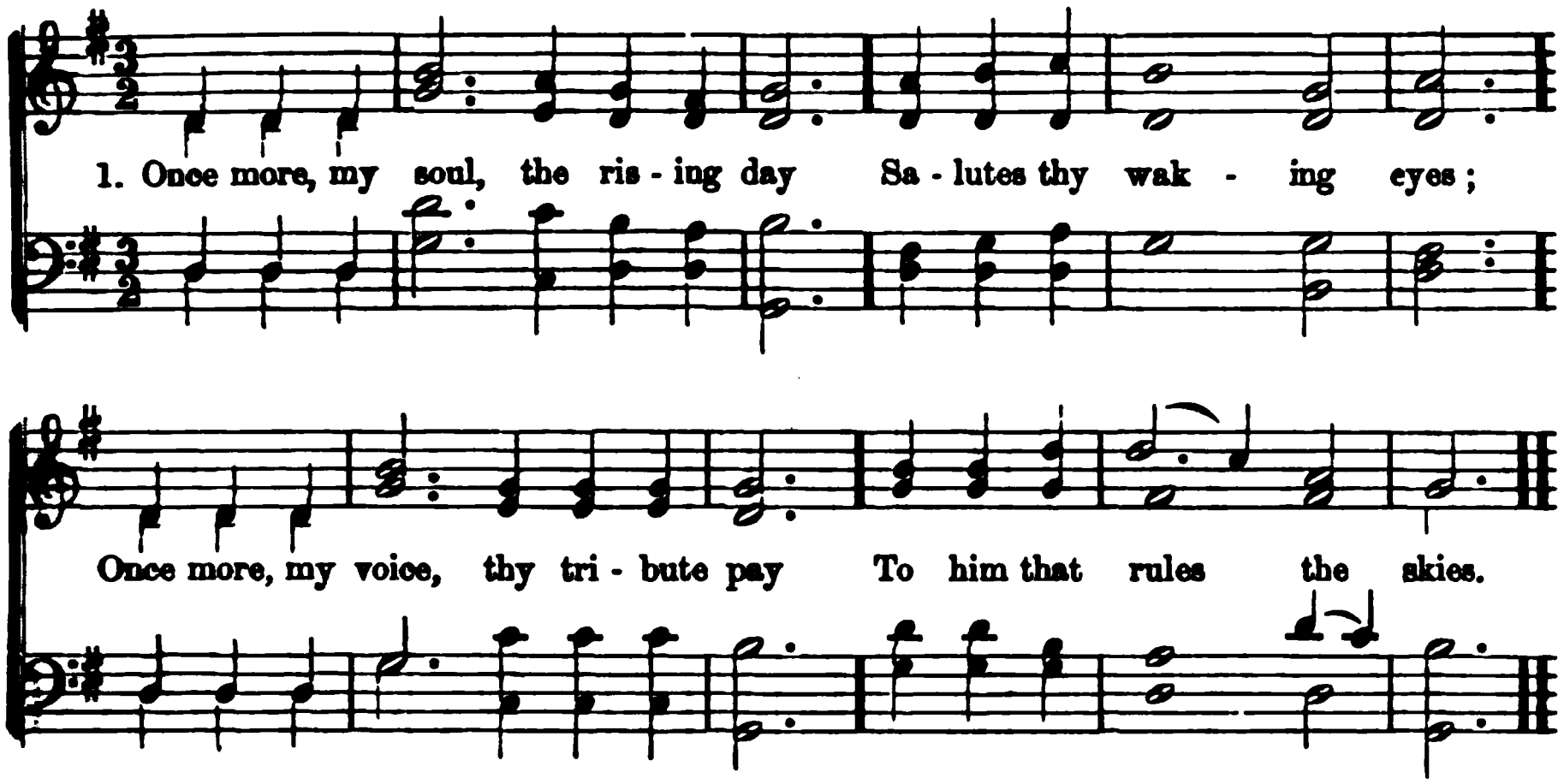
ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light, in thy light, oh, may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.

4 On me thy promised peace bestow,
The peace by Jesus given;—
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

AVONDALE. C. M.



25 *Ps. 3 : 5.* WATTS.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

26 *Ps. 122.* WATTS.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say:
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

27 *Ps. 84 : 2.* STEELE.

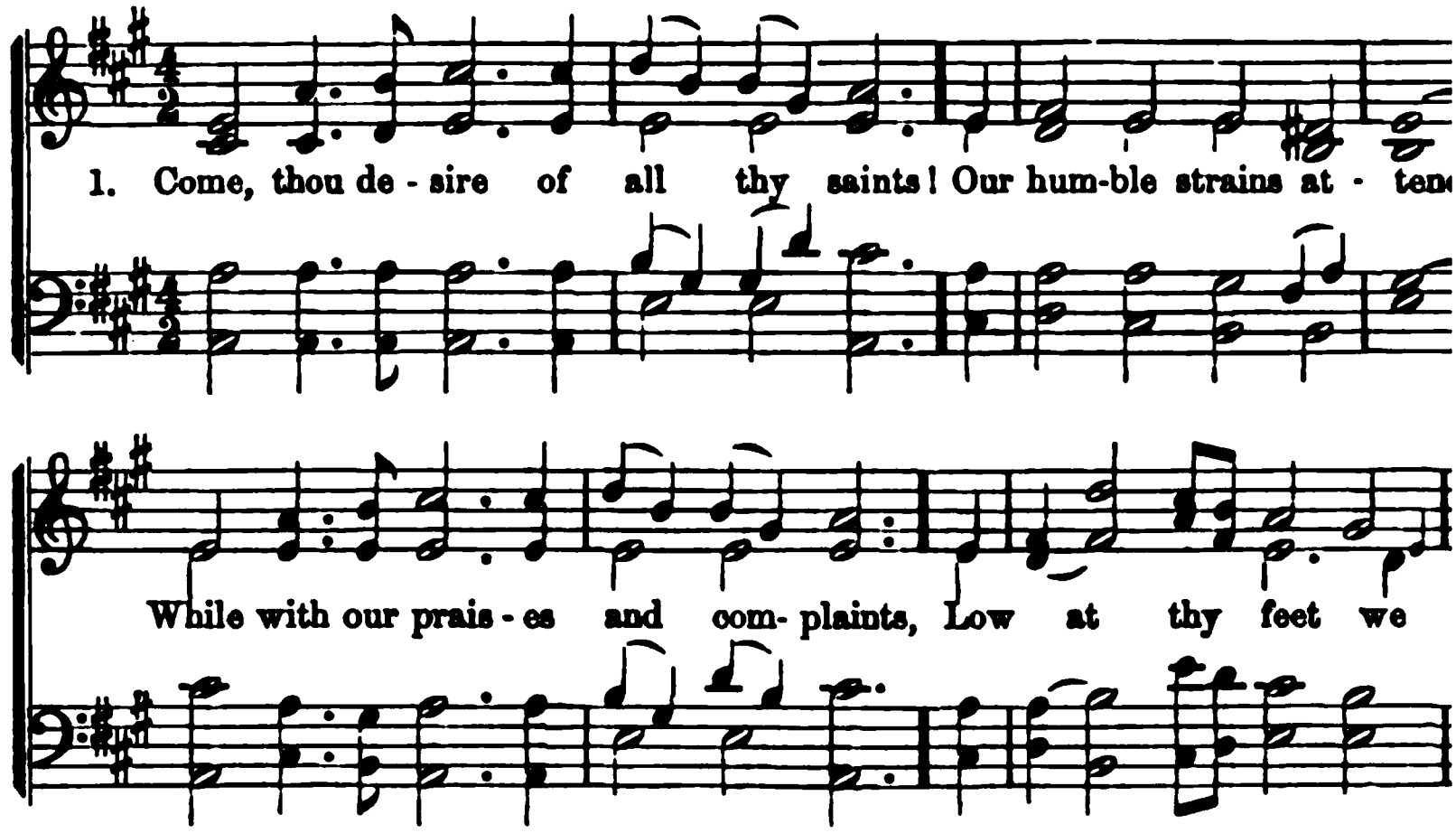
COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 When in his earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And with their voice to sing.

4 Oh, for the day, the glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN. C. M.



28 *Hag. 2: 7.* STEELE.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

29 *Ps. 132: 8.* WATTS.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept ou
Here let thy praise be spre
Bless the provisions of thy h
And fill thy poor with bres

4 Here let the Son of David re
Let God's Anointed shine
Justice and truth his court m
With love and power divi

5 Here let him hold a lasting t
And as his kingdom grows
Fresh honors shall adorn his
And shame confound his f

30 *Luke 24: 1.*

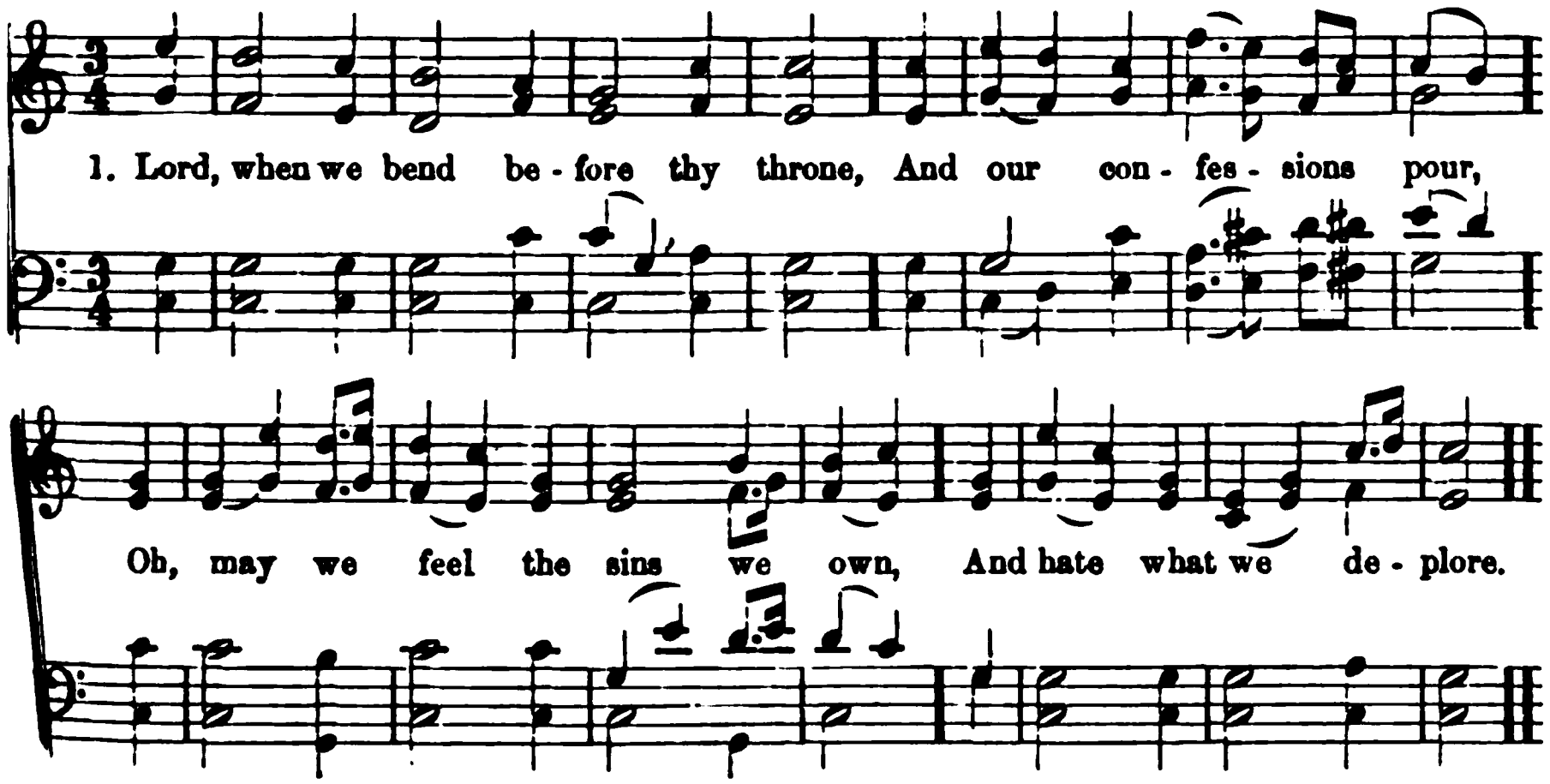
BLEST day of God! most c
bright,
The first, the best of days,
The laborer's rest, the saint's
The day of prayer and pra

2 My Saviour's face made thee
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God ap
For, Lord, the day is thine
Help me to spend it in thy f
And thus to make it mine.

BEMERTON. C. M.



31 *Ps. 66 : 18.* CARLYLE.

LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our heart 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

32 *Acts 2 : 3.* HEBER.

SPIRIT of truth! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

4 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, and hope, and love.

33 *Rev. 5 : 13.* WATTS

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

34 *Luke 24 : 29.* ANON

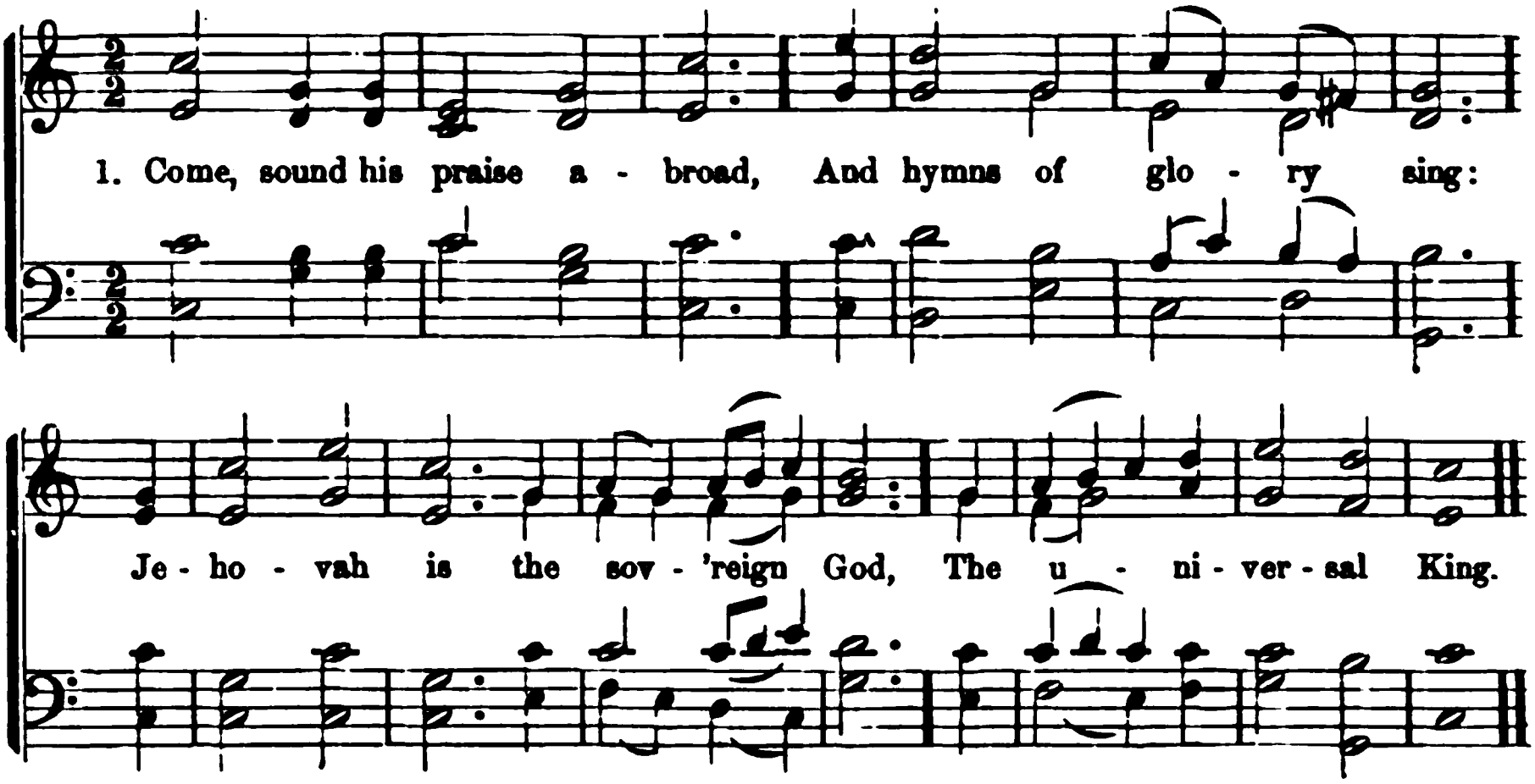
GOD of the sun-light hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night, in deeper sable clad,—
If aught were dark to thee!

2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw thy love depart.

3 But, tho' the gathering gloom may hide
Those gentle rays awhile,
Yet they who in thy house abide,
Shall ever share thy smile.

4 Then let creation's volume close,
Though every page be bright;
On thine, still open, we repose
With more intense delight.

SILVER STREET. S. M.



35 *Ps. 95.* WATTS.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

36 *Ps. 48.* WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion, God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright hath his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,—
Our eyes have often seen,—
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

37 *Ps. 63.* WATTS.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

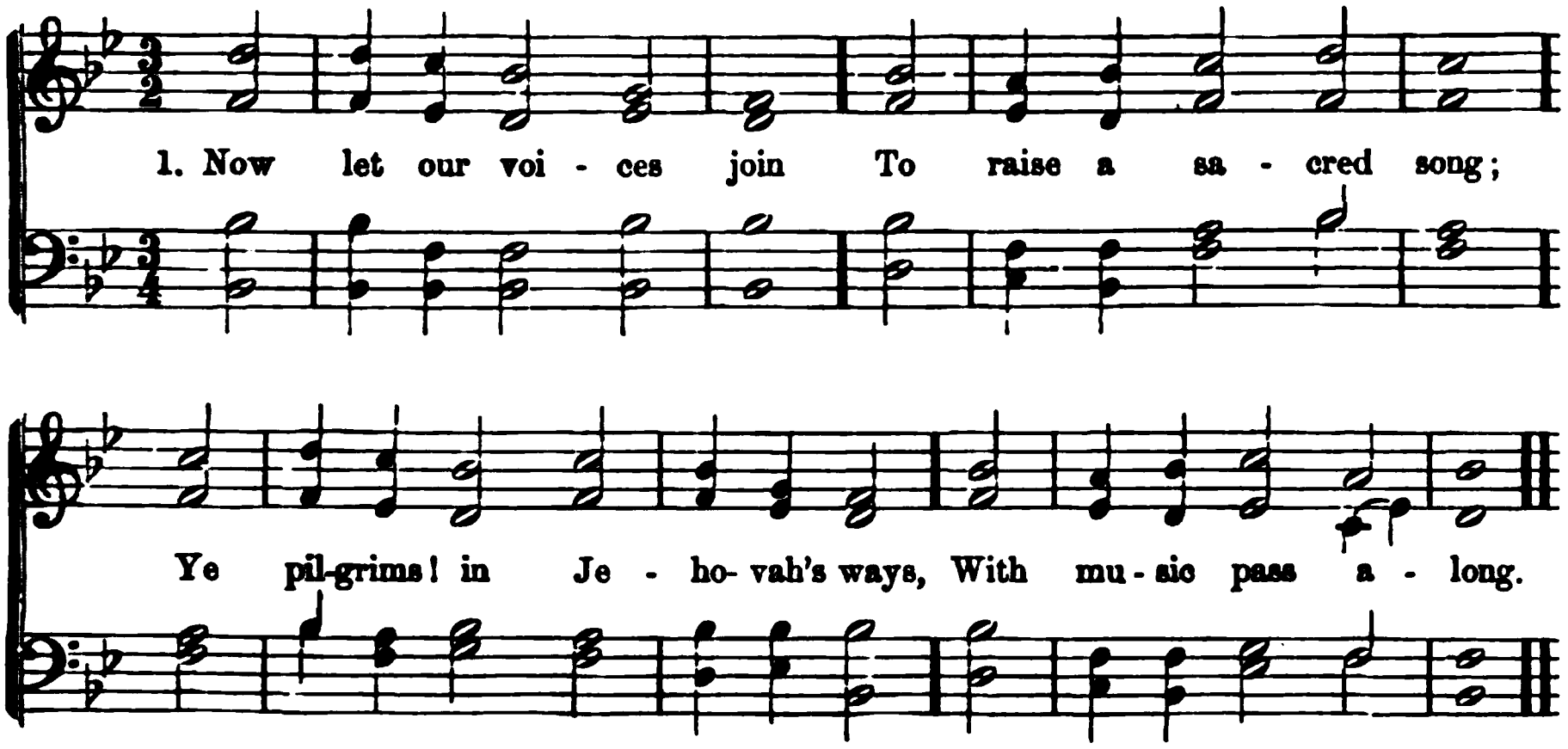
2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

STATE STREET. S. M.



38 *Ps. 76 : 2.* DODDRIDGE.

Now let our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way,—
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

39 *Isa. 6 : 6.* MONTGOMERY.

O THOU above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear thy holy name,
And laud, and magnify!

2 Oh, for the living flame
From thine own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

40 *1 John 4 : 8.* JERVIS.

WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

41 *Acts 17 : 24.* BULFINCH.

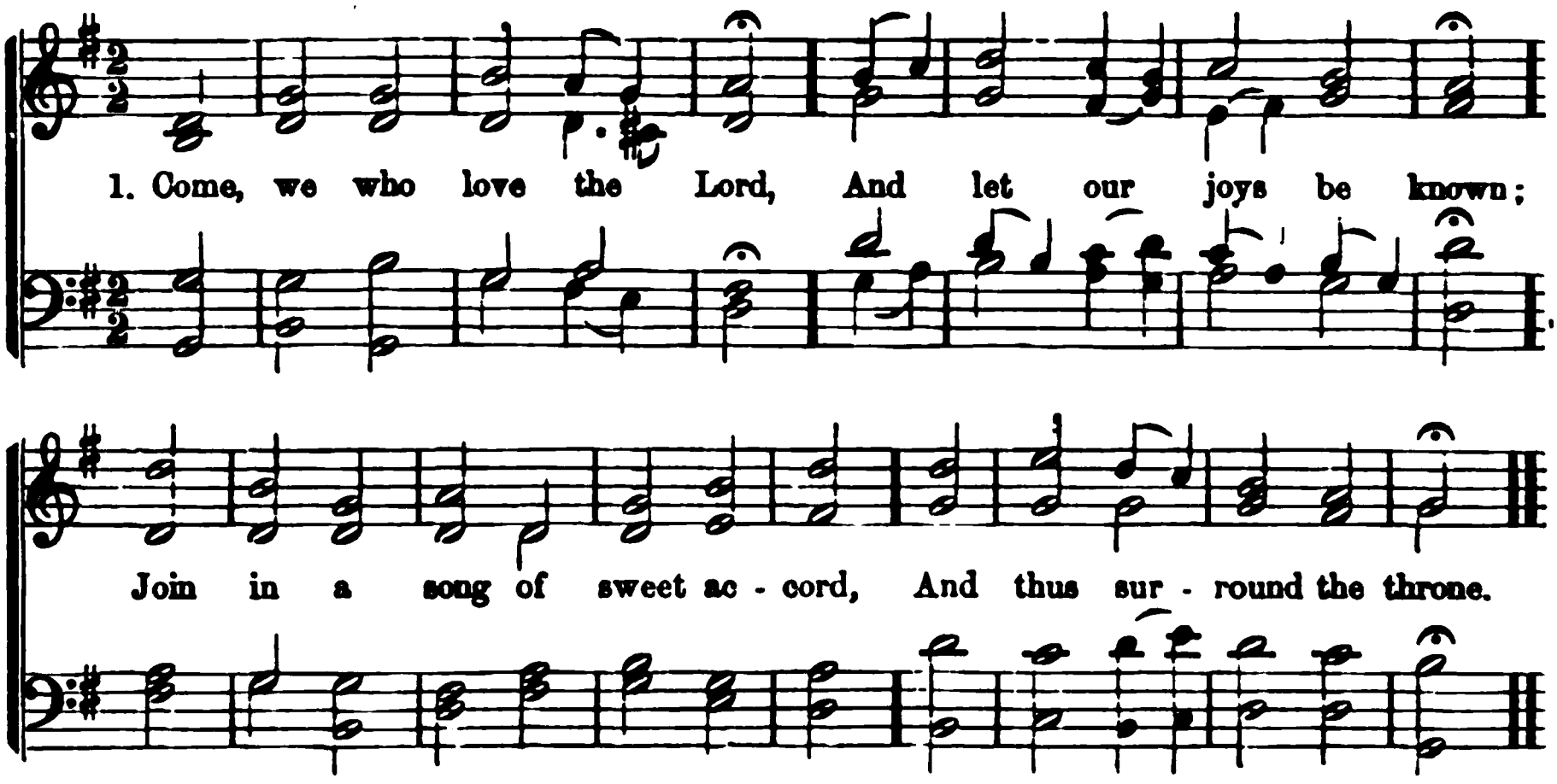
LORD, in this sacred hour
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of thine eternity.

4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



42 *Jas. 5 : 13.* WATTS.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

43 *Ps. 84.* WATTS.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

44 *Rev. 15 : 3, 4.* HAMMON

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

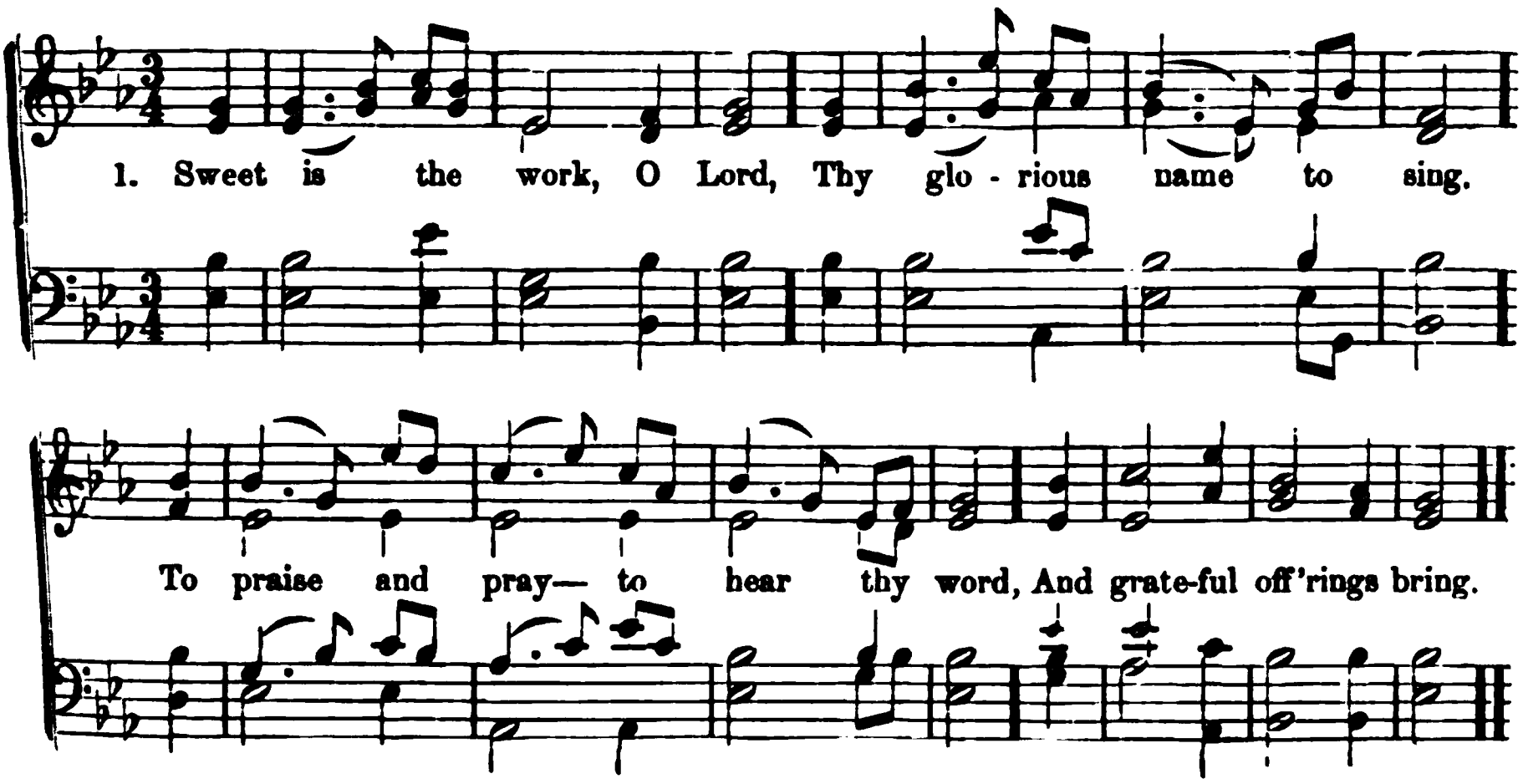
2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing, how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blesséd children! come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

WRIGHT. S. M.



45 *Ps. 92.* AUBER.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

46 *Ps. 19.* WATTS.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

[illegible] is thy word!
[illegible] judgments just!
[illegible] promise, Lord,
[illegible] surely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

47 *Ps. 117.* WATTS.

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light, and evening shade,
Shall be exchanged no more.

48 *Ps. 63: 2.* STENNETT.

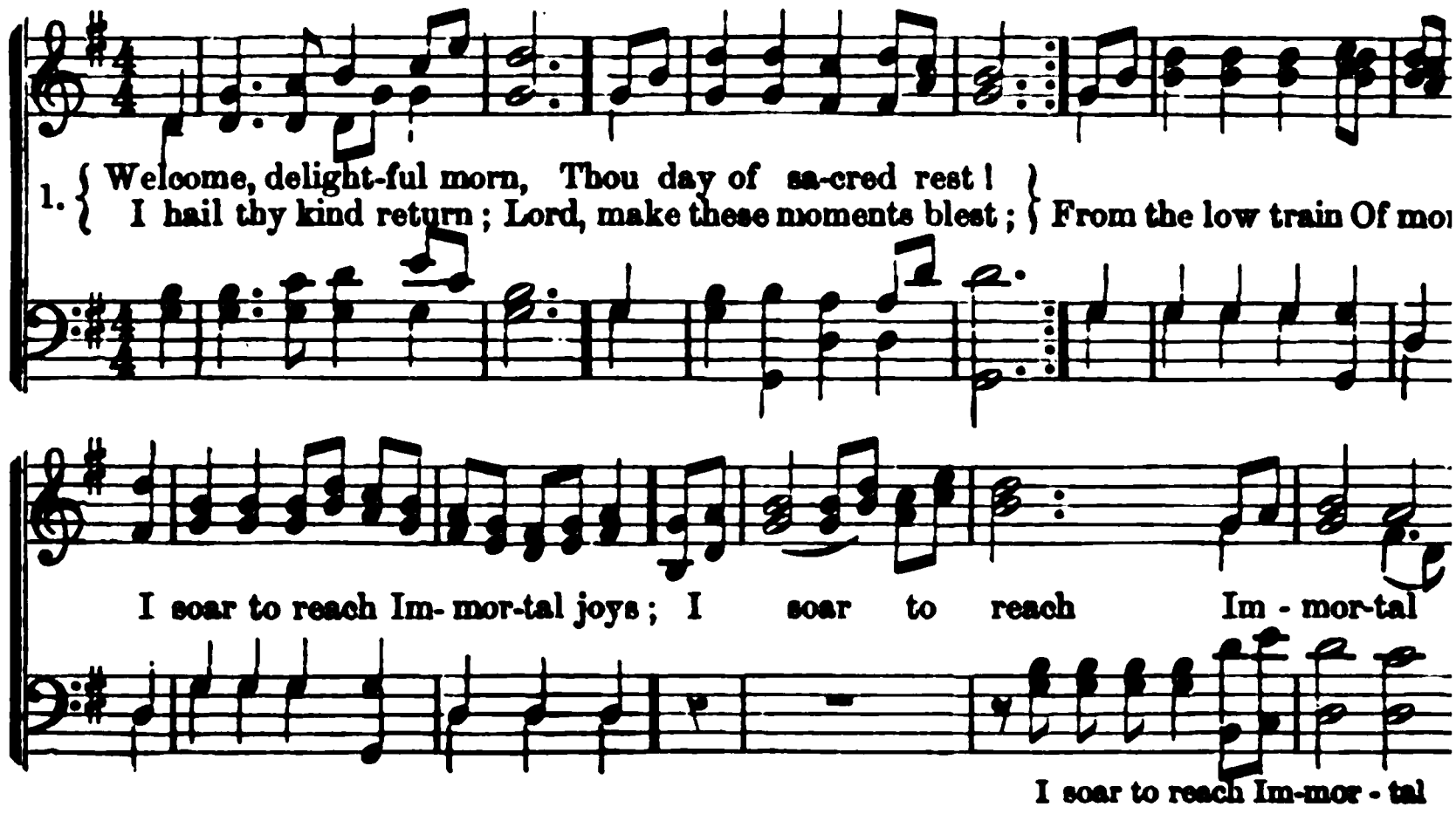
How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

LISCHER. H. M.



49 *Ps. 132: 8.* HAYWARD.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train | I soar to reach
Of mortal toys, | Immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

50 *Acts 7: 49.* COTTERILL.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay!
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once wa
Through endless years to live and

51 *Ps. 84.*

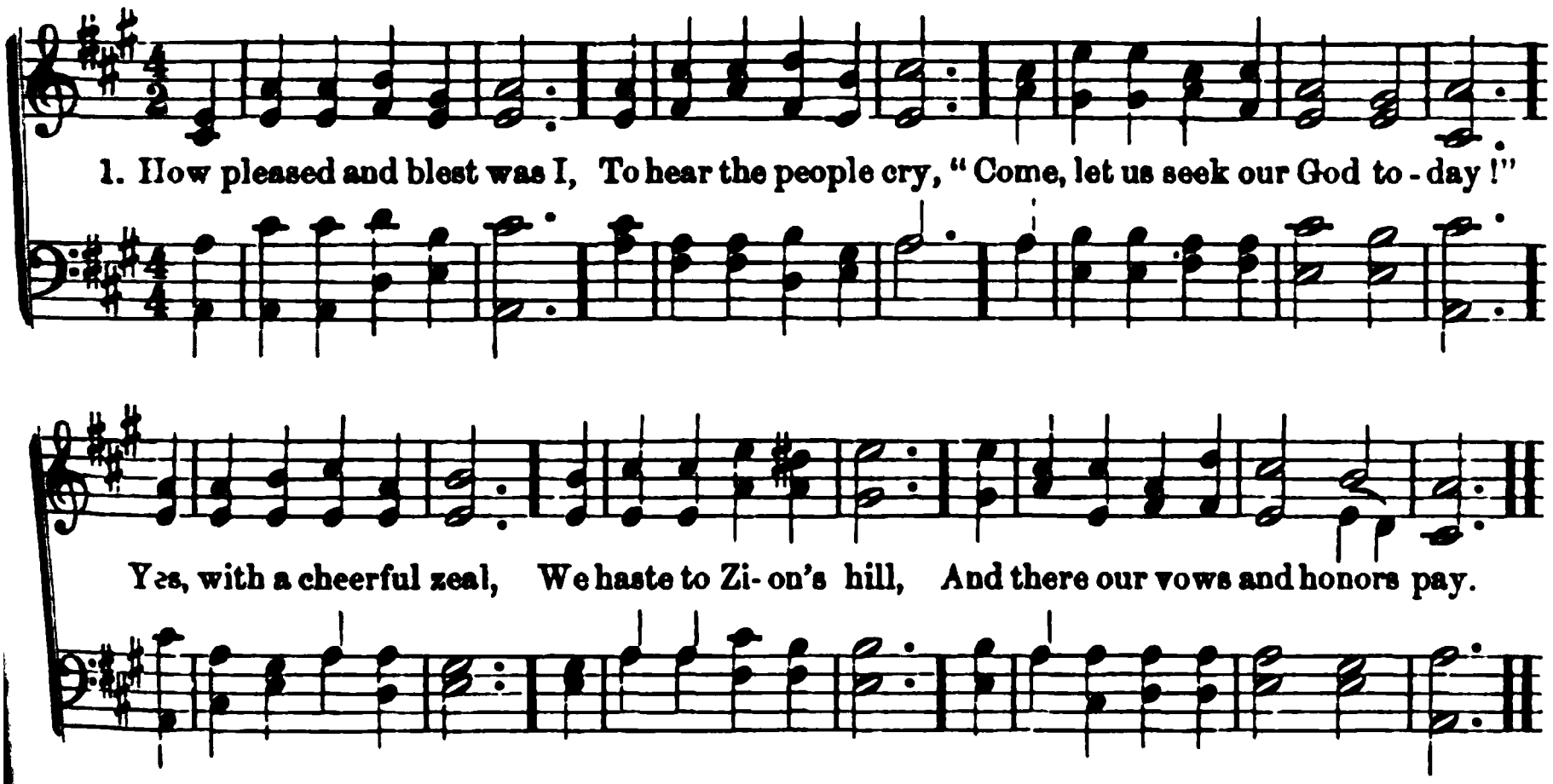
LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode | With warm
My heart aspires, | To see my G

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest:
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints | To rise and
With equal zeal, | Among thy

3 Oh, happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hea
Oh, happy men that pay
Their constant service there
They praise thee still; | That love t
And happy they | To Zion's h

4 They go from strength to stre
Through this dark vale of
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears
Oh, glorious seat, | Shall thither
When God our King | Our willing

DALSTON. S. P. M.



52 *Ps. 122.* WATTS.

How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
While walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

53 *Rev. 5 : 11.* J. SWAIN

'Tis heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow
In Zion, where his name is known:
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before his throne!

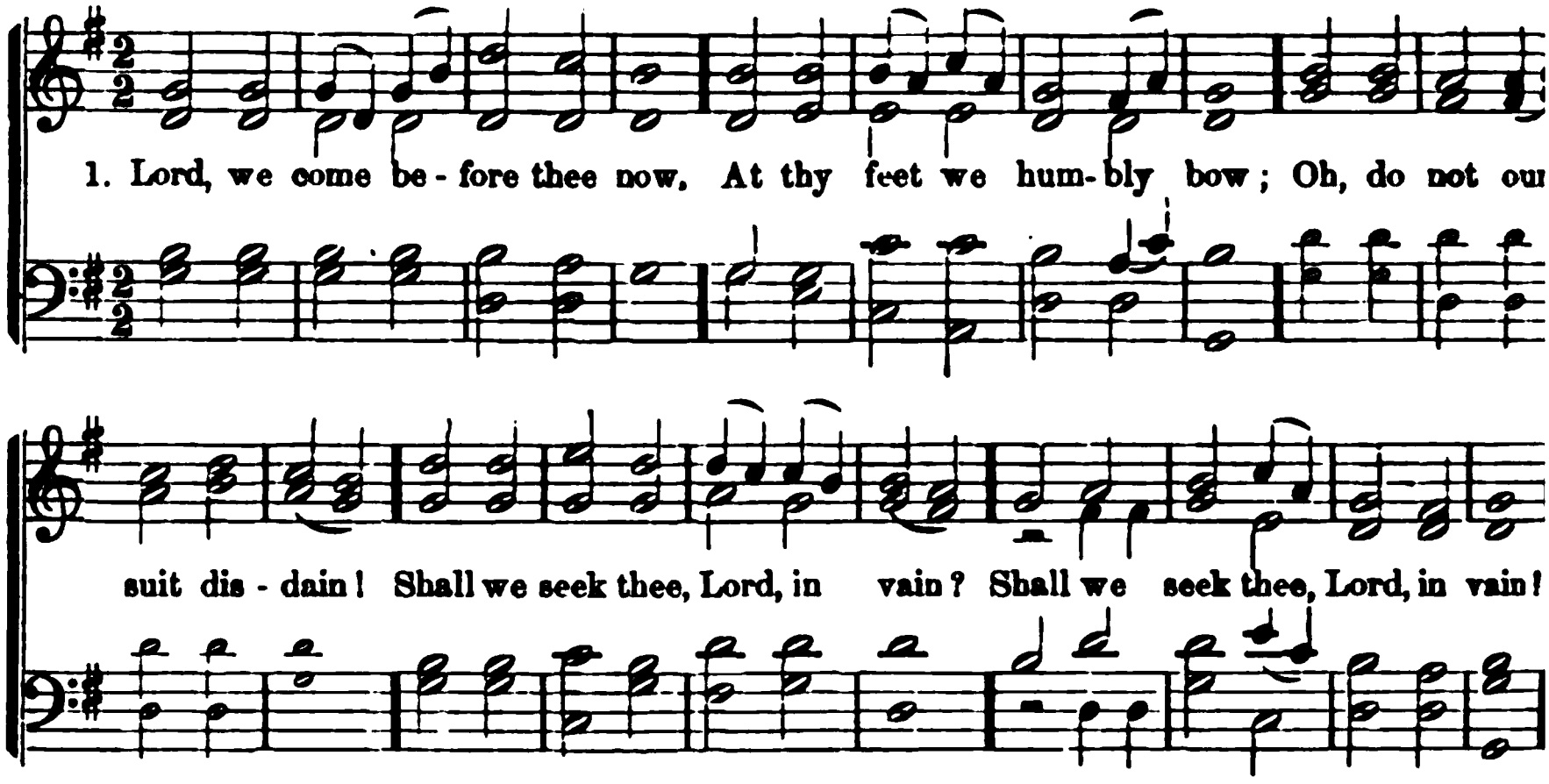
2 When we adore him there,
We shall be void of fear,
Nor faith, nor hope, nor patience need:
Love will absorb us quite,
Love, in the midst of light,
On God's eternal love shall feed.

3 Oh, what sweet company
We then shall hear and see!
What harmony will there abound!
When souls unnumbered sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice is found!

4 With everlasting joy,
Such as will never cloy,
We shall be filled, nor wish for more;
Bright as meridian day,
Calm as the evening ray,
Full as a sea without a shore.

5 Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be my home;
And may I never thence remove,
Till from the church below
To that on high I go,
And there commune in perfect love.

HENDON. 7s.



54 *Gen. 32 : 26.* HAMMOND.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

55 *Ps. 23.* MERRICK.

To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

56 *Ps. 29 : 2.* MONTGOMERY

To thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

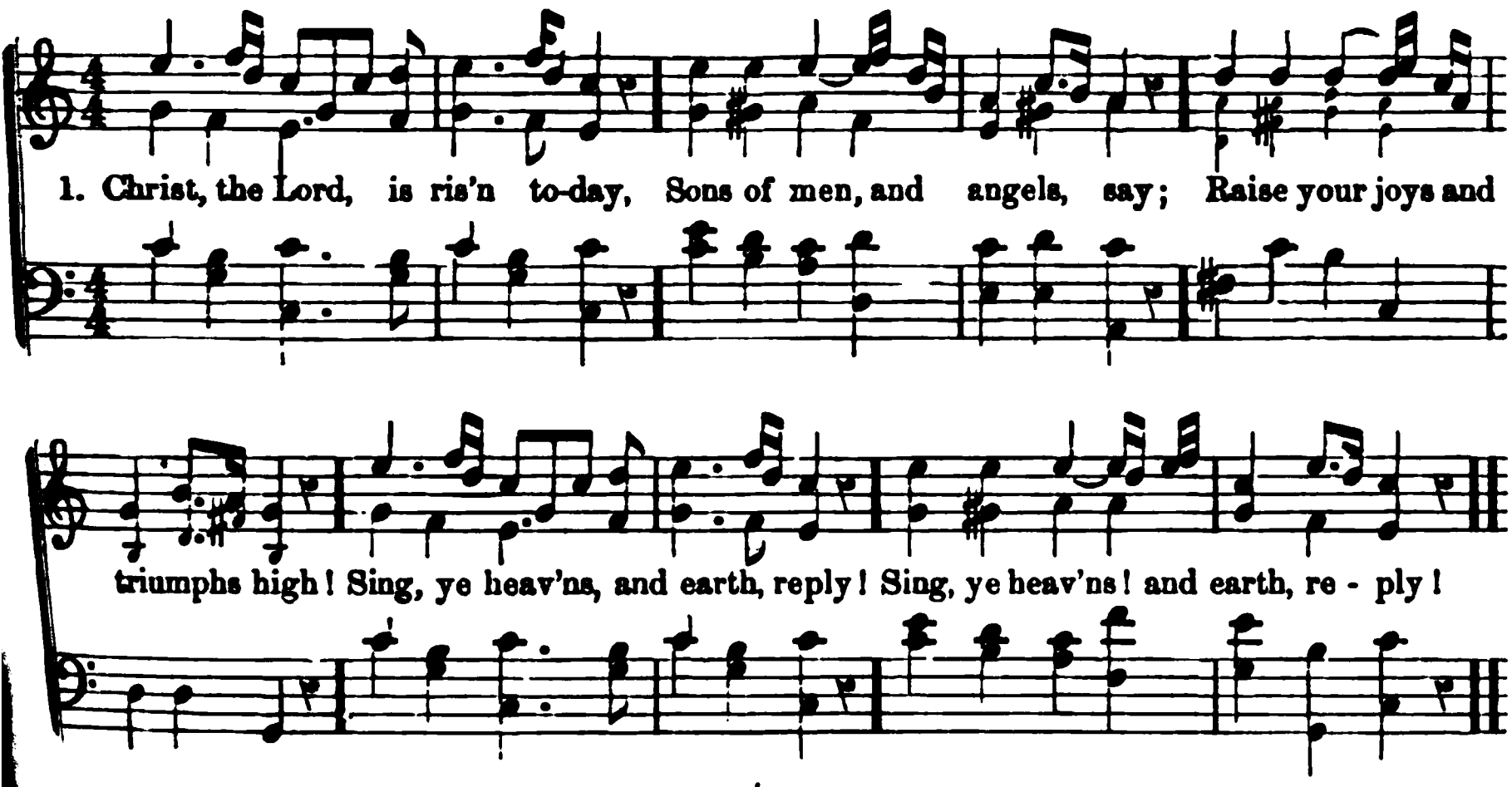
2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
'We have walked with God to-day.'

MOZART. 7s.



57 *Luke 24 : 34.* C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

58 *1 Pet. 1 : 18, 19.* MADAN.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise, and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your sinful fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,—
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of the Lord's redeeming love.

59 *Phil. 4 : 4.* KELLY.

JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the seasons be;
Let us sing, for well we may:
Jesus! we will sing of thee.

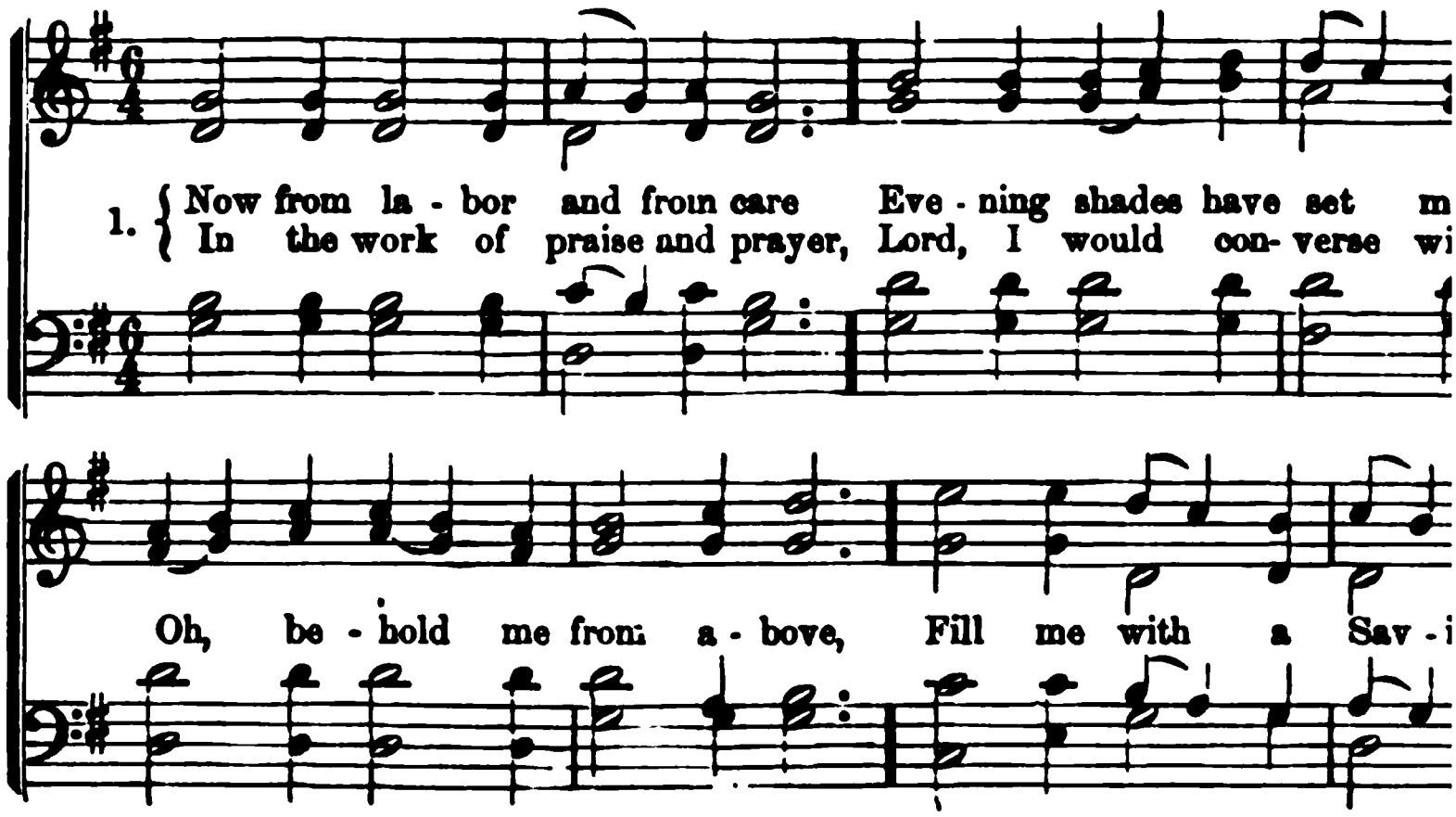
2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee our Saviour, thee our King!

3 Joyful are we now to own,
Rapture thrills us as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.

4 'T is thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee—
All we have, and hope to have,
All we are, and hope to be.

5 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blesséd here and everywhere;
Blesséd now and evermore!

HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.



60 *Ps. 141 : 2.* HASTINGS.

Now, from labor and from care,
  Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
  Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
  Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
  But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine forevermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
  For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
  For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh! accept my song of praise.

61 *Gen. 2 : 3.* ELLIOTT.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
  Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
  From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

2 Great Creator! who this day
  From thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own thy sway
  Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone!

3 Saviour! who this day didst
  The dark prison of the to
Bid my slumbering soul awa
  Shine through all its sin a
Let me, from my bonds set
Rise from sin, and live to th

4 Blessèd Spirit! Comforter!
  Sent this day from Christ
Lord, on me thy gifts confe
  Cleanse, illumine, sanctify
All thine influence shed abr
Fill me with the peace of G

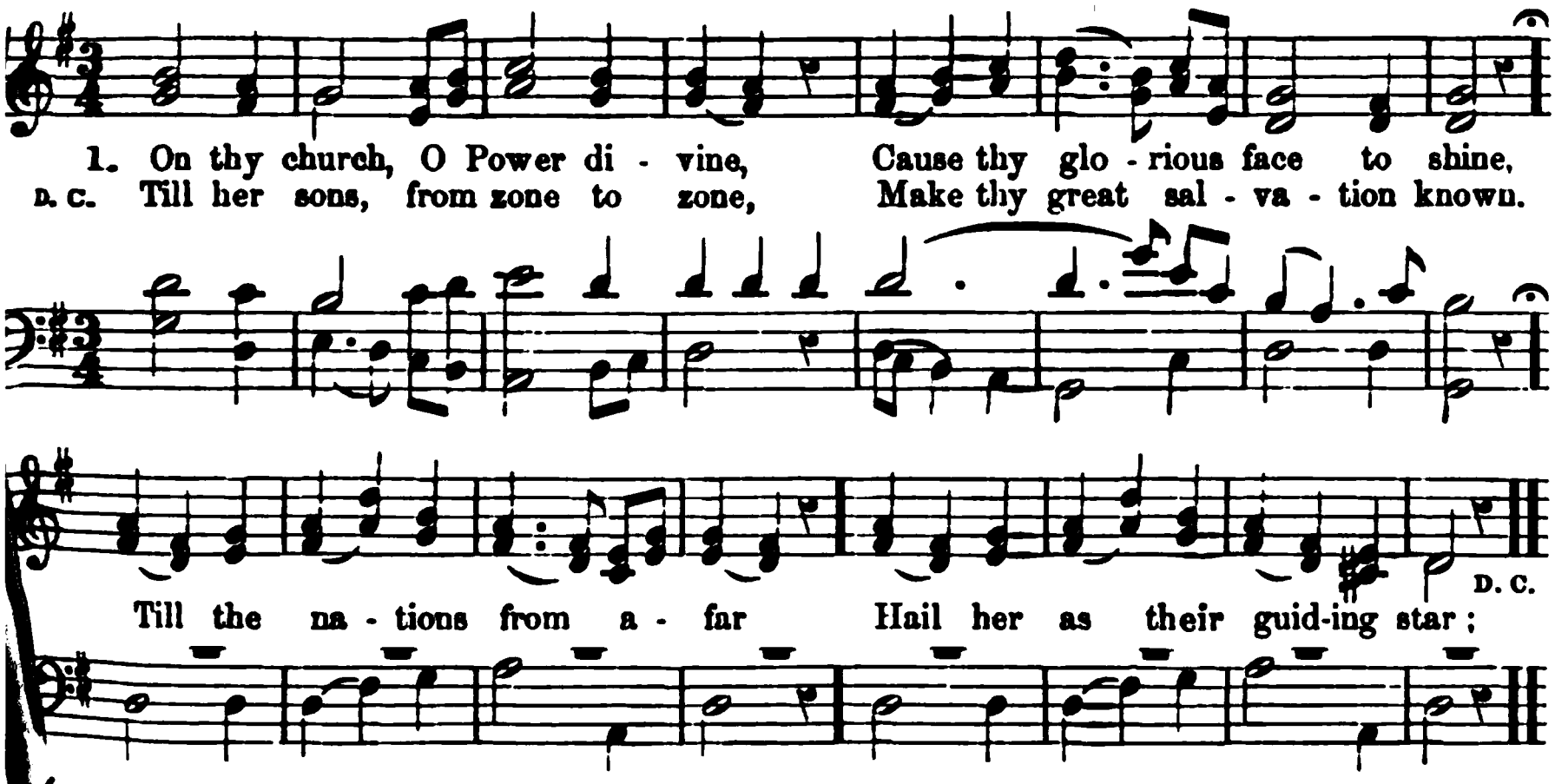
62 *2 Pet. 1 : 19.*

CHRIST, whose glory fills the
  Christ, the true, the only
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
  Triumph o'er the shades
Day-spring from on high, be
Day-star in my heart appear

2 Dark and cheerless is the m
  If thy light is hid from m
Joyless is the day's return,
  Till thy mercy's beams I
Till they inward light impar
Warmth and gladness to my

3 Visit, then, this soul of min
  Pierce the gloom of sin a
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
  Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself displ
Shining to the perfect day.

HULLAH. 7s. 6 lines.



63 *Ps. 67.* AUBER.

On thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

64 *Zech. 14: 9.* HASTINGS.

In this calm impressive hour,
Let my prayer ascend on high;
God of mercy! God of power!
Hear me, when to thee I cry:
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ, thy Son.

With the morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.

Oh, what joy that word affords,
"Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;"
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Send thy Gospel-heralds forth;
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

65 *Ps. 67.* LYTE.

God of mercy, God of grace!
Show the brightness of thy face
Shine upon us, Saviour! shine;
Fill thy church with light divine;
And thy saving health extend
To the earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

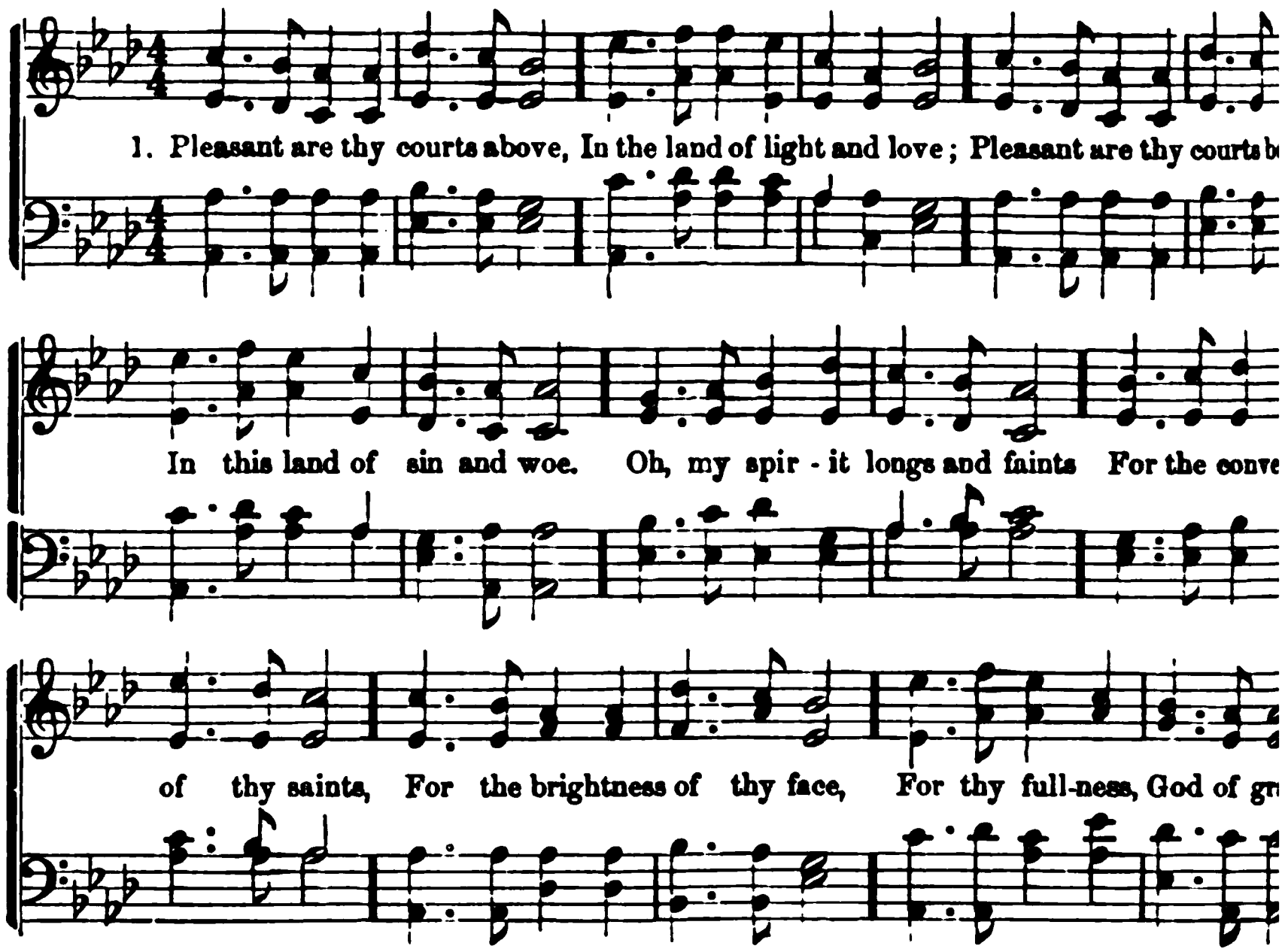
3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford:
God to man his blessings give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

66 *Ps. 42.* MONTGOMERY

As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, oh, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

MESSIAH. 7s. D.



67 *Ps. 84.* LYTE.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fullness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

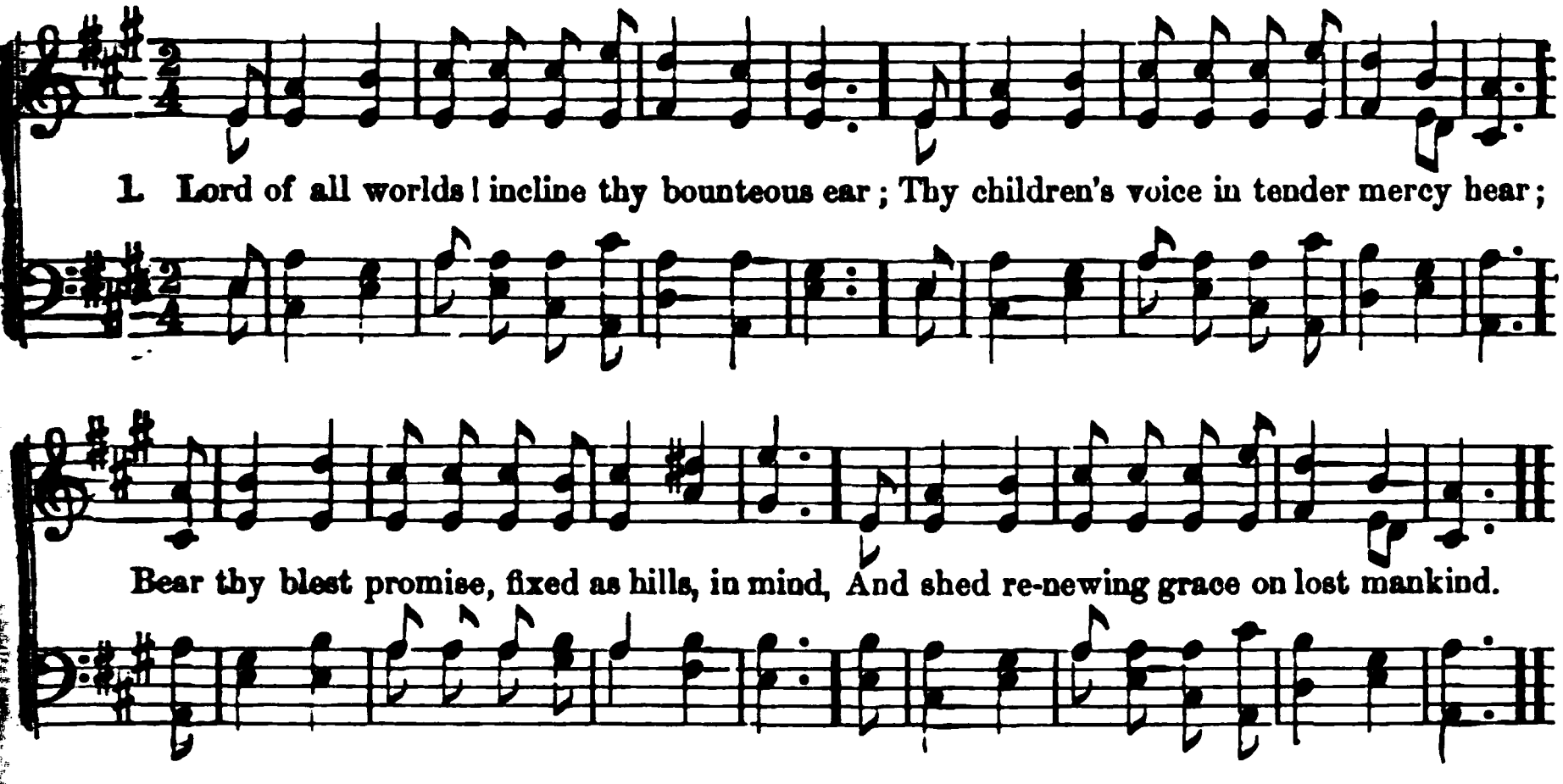
4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through this world of si
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shed, oh, shed them, Lord, on me.

68 *John 1 : 4.* C. W

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart;
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Set us free from all our sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

SAVANNAH. 10s.



69 *Isa. 49 : 16.* DWIGHT.

LORD of all worlds! incline thy bounteous ear;
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man and scourged by thee no more.

3 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn;
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious Name be one,
And one pure worship hail the eternal Son.

70 *Gen. 2 : 3.* MASON.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

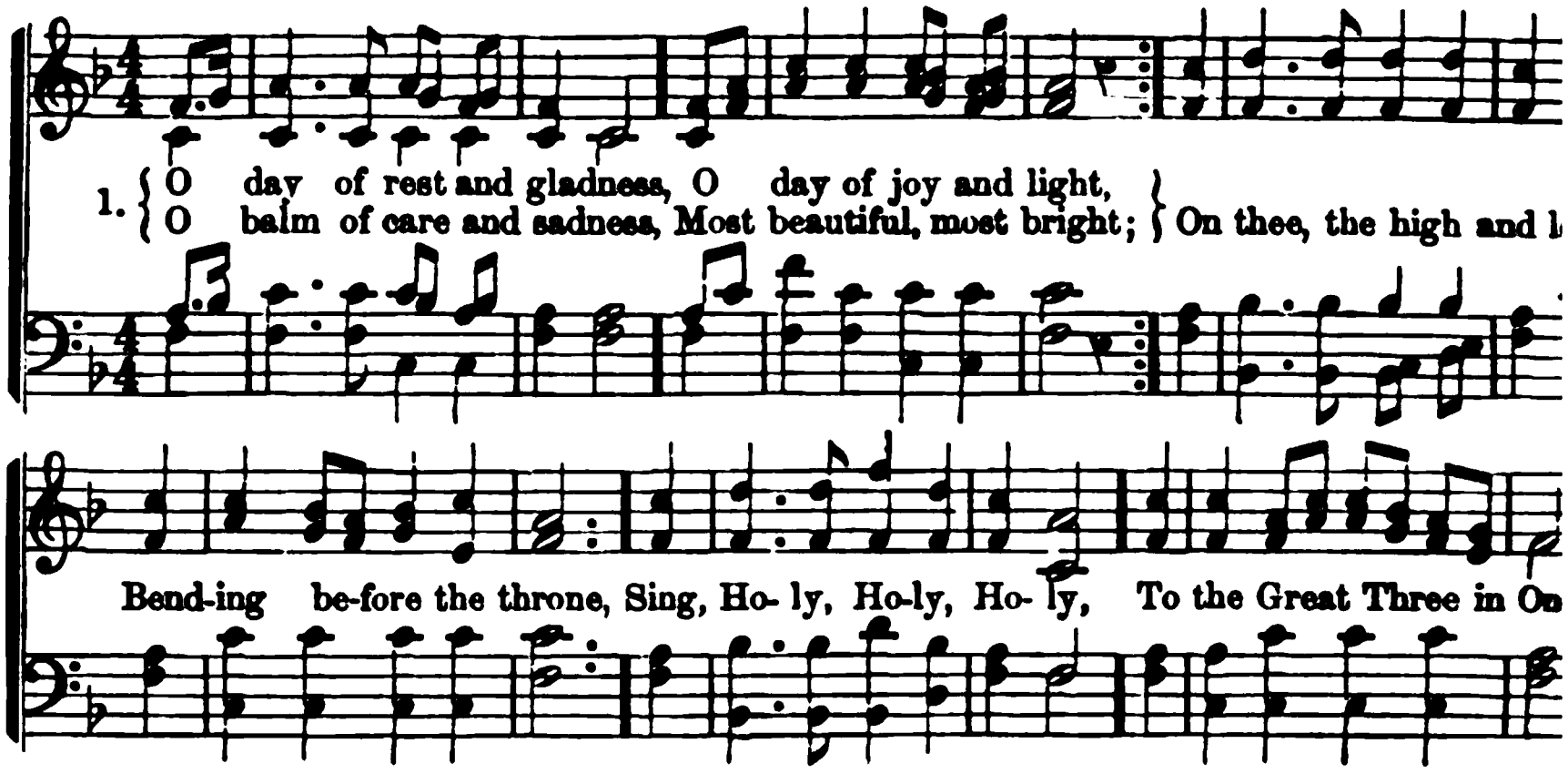
71 *Ex. 20 : 10.* BROWN.

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast!
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes;
Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s.



72 *Isa. 58 : 13, 14.* WORDSWORTH.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth:
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

73 *Ps. 100 : 4.* RAY PA

THINE holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to thee!
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdra
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

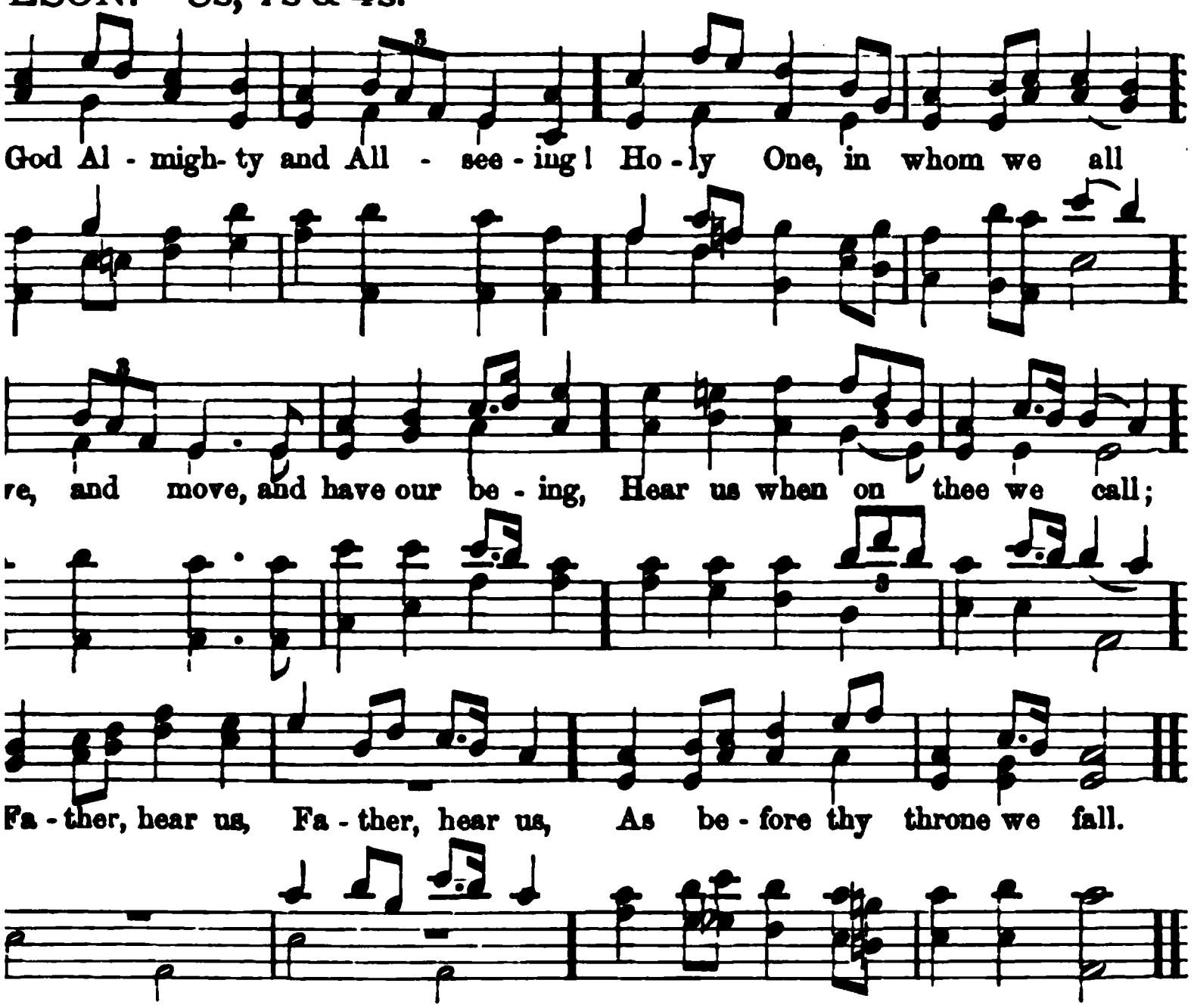
2 We join to sing thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

74 *Heb. 4 : 9.* DA

FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 What though we are but strangers
And sojourners below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go?
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

LSON. 8s, 7s & 4s.



Jas. 1 : 17. PIERPONT.

nighty and All-seeing!
)ne, in whom we all
l move, and have our being,
ıs when on thee we call;
ather, hear us,
:ore thy throne we fall.

)od art thou the Giver;
and wandering ones are we;
ever, yea, forever,
presence would we be;
)h, be near us,
ve wander not from thee.

Heb. 12 : 1. KELLY.

ame, O Lord, assembling,
hy people, now draw near;
to rejoice with trembling;
, and let thy servants hear;
lear with meekness—
thy word with godly fear.

ır days on earth are lengthened,
ve give them, Lord, to thee;
by hope, and daily strengthened,
ve run, nor weary be,
ill thy glory
ıst cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure forevermore.

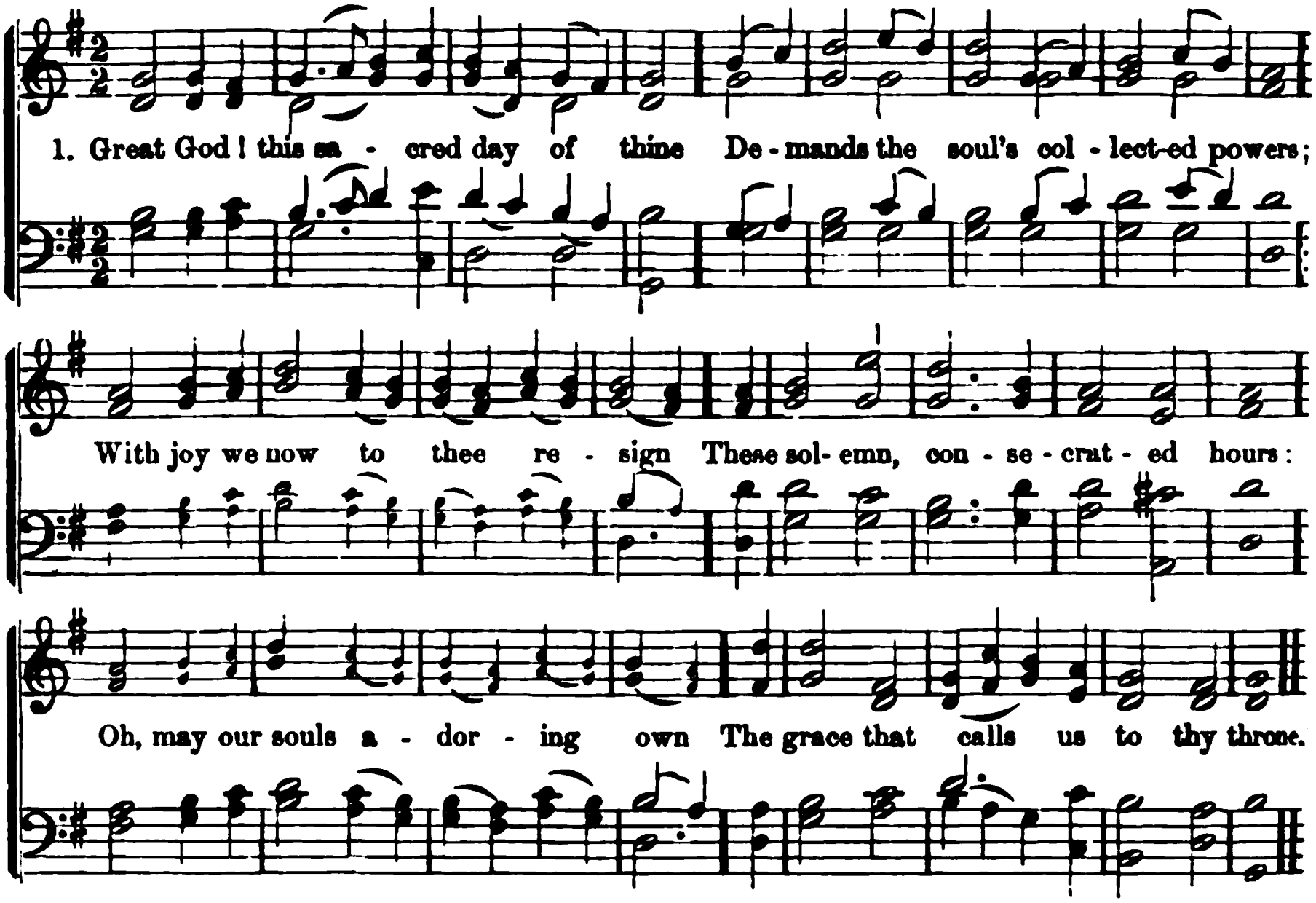
77 *Heb. 10 : 25.* ANON.

WELCOME, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blesséd Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame:
Blesséd Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer:
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

ADMAH. L. M. 6 lines.



78 *Isa. 57 : 15.* STEELE.

GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
With joy we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
Oh, may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
Oh, may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
Oh, may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

79 *Ps. 19.* MONTGOMERY.

THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare;
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfill;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song.
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

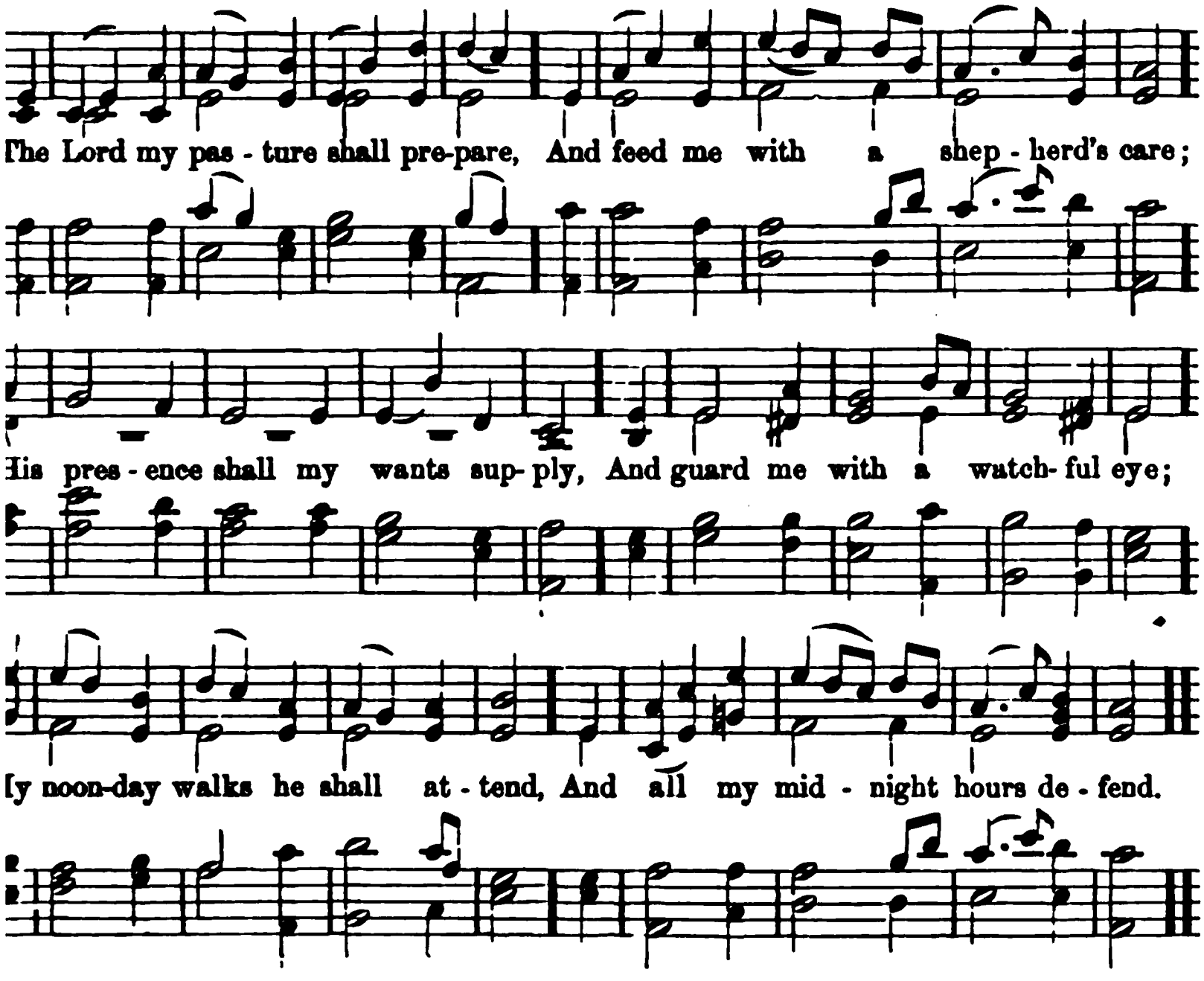
3 While these transporting visions shine,
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

80 *Ps. 84 : 3.* HEBER.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world its hope and fear
Father, we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

ROWNELL. L. M. 6 lines.



Ps. 23. ADDISON. 82 *Ps. 74 : 16, 17.* MOORE.

ord my pasture shall prepare,
ed me with a shepherd's care;
esence shall my wants supply,
ard me with a watchful eye;
nday walks he shall attend,
l my midnight hours defend.

in the sultry glebe I faint,
he thirsty mountain pant,
ile vales, and dewy meads,
ary, wandering steps he leads;
peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
he verdant landscape flow.

n in the paths of death I tread,
gloomy horrors overspread,
adfast heart shall fear no ill,
on, O Lord, art with me still;
endly rod shall give me aid,
ide me through the dreadful shade.

n in a bare and rugged way,
h devious, lonely wilds I stray,
esence shall my pains beguile:
rren wilderness shall smile,
sudden greens and herbage
ned;
reams shall murmur all around.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

83 L. M. *Gen. 28 : 17.* Raffles.

Blest hour! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts—
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven!

84 7s. *Col. 3 : 16.* Burder.

Sweet the time, exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they joy to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour 's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

85 S. M. *Matt. 21 : 13.* Taylor.

Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there—
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

86 C. M. *Isa. 56 : 7.* Newton.

Again our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
We bow within thy house of prayer;
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which vail thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
To aid our feeble praise.

87 C. M. *Isa. 60 : 1.* Barbauld.

Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
Oh, what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand voices join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

88 8s, 7s & 4. *Hab. 2 : 20.* MONTGOMERY.

GOD is in his holy temple;
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit;
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our God, appear!

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice, and sinners, tremble;
Each prepare his God to meet;
Lowly, lowly
Bow, adoring, at his feet.

89 C. P. M. *Ps. 122.* MERRICK.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore!
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Ev'n now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angelic forms—a glorious train—
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

90 C. M. *Ps. 11 : 1.* MOORE.

THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

2 But high she shoots, thro' air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To hold my course to thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

91 C. M. *Ps. 51 : 16, 17.* BARBAULD

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

92 L. M. *Gen. 28 : 16.* J. WESLEY.

Lo, God is here!—let us adore!
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill!
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

93 S. M. *Eph. 6 : 10.* LYTE

SING to the Lord our Might,—
With holy fervor sing!
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

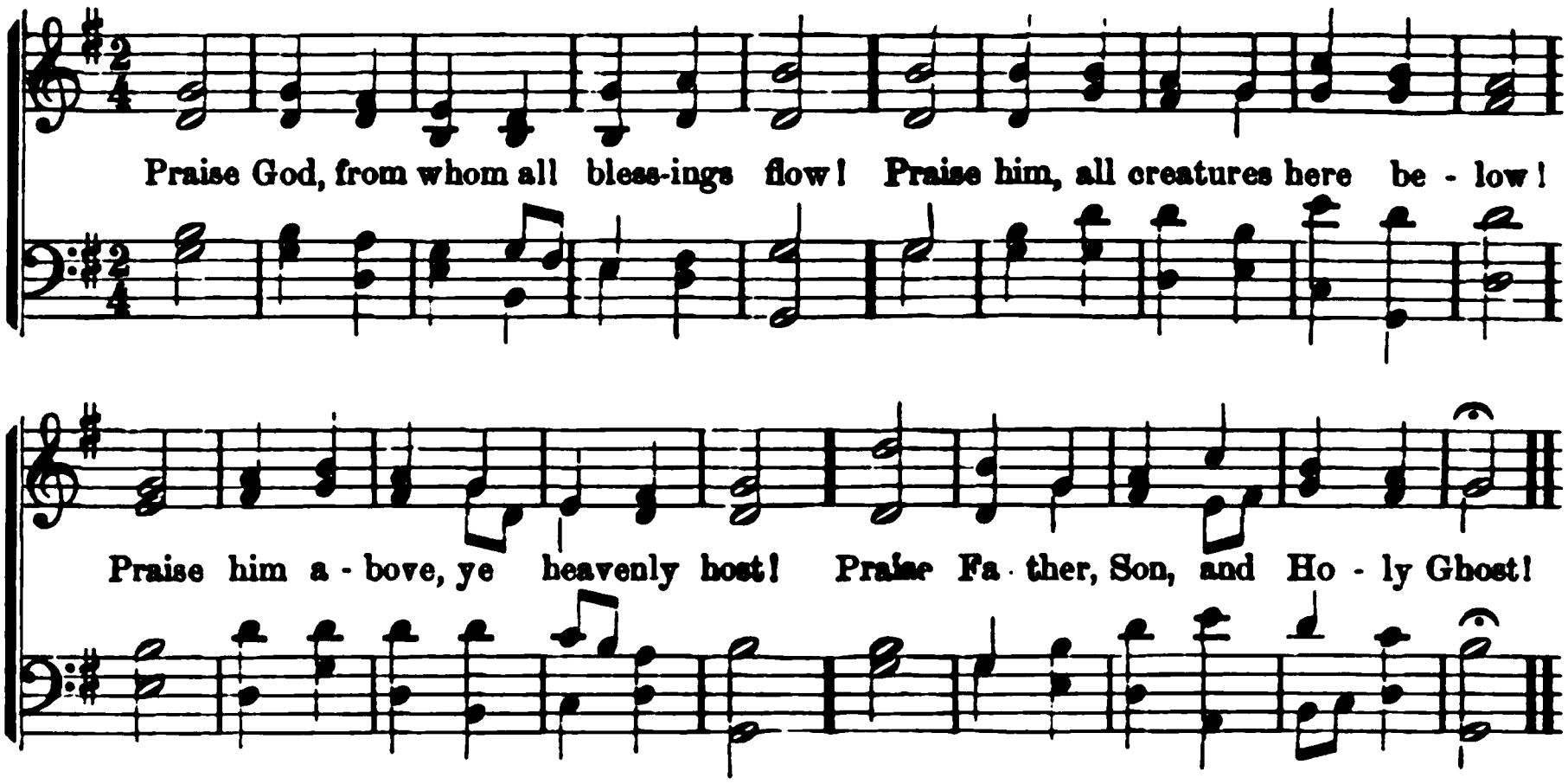
2 This is his sacred house;
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbath still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 And we, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is now as near his fold
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he that Israel then supplied,
Will keep his Israel still.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



94 *Ps. 100.* WATTS.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work—and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good—the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace—his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

95 *Ps. 99.* WATTS.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
Yet love reveals a smiling face,
And truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join,
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

96 *Ps. 117.* WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

97 *Ps. 100.* KETHE.

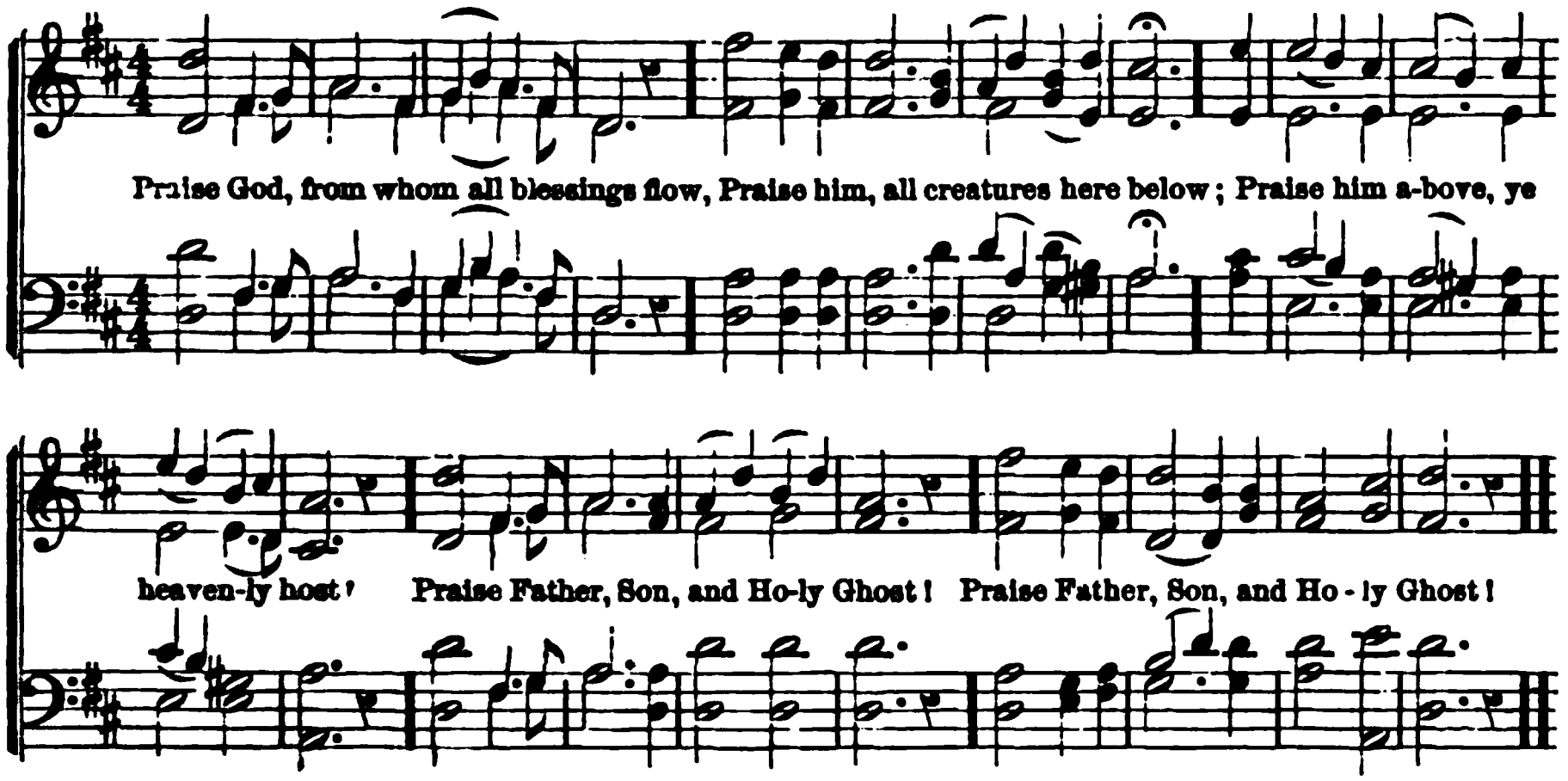
ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh, enter, then, his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

LONG. L. M.



98 *Ps. 148.* WATTS.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell!
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

3 Jehovah—'t is a glorious word!
Oh, may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

99 *Isa. 51 : 9.* SHRUBSOLE.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

100 *Ps. 104.* WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord! What tongue can frame,
An honor equal to his name?
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise!

2 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word;
And clouds, and storms, and fire obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway.

3 Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine;
Thy praise shall still our breath employ
Till we shall rise to endless joy.

101 *Ps. 29.* WATTS.

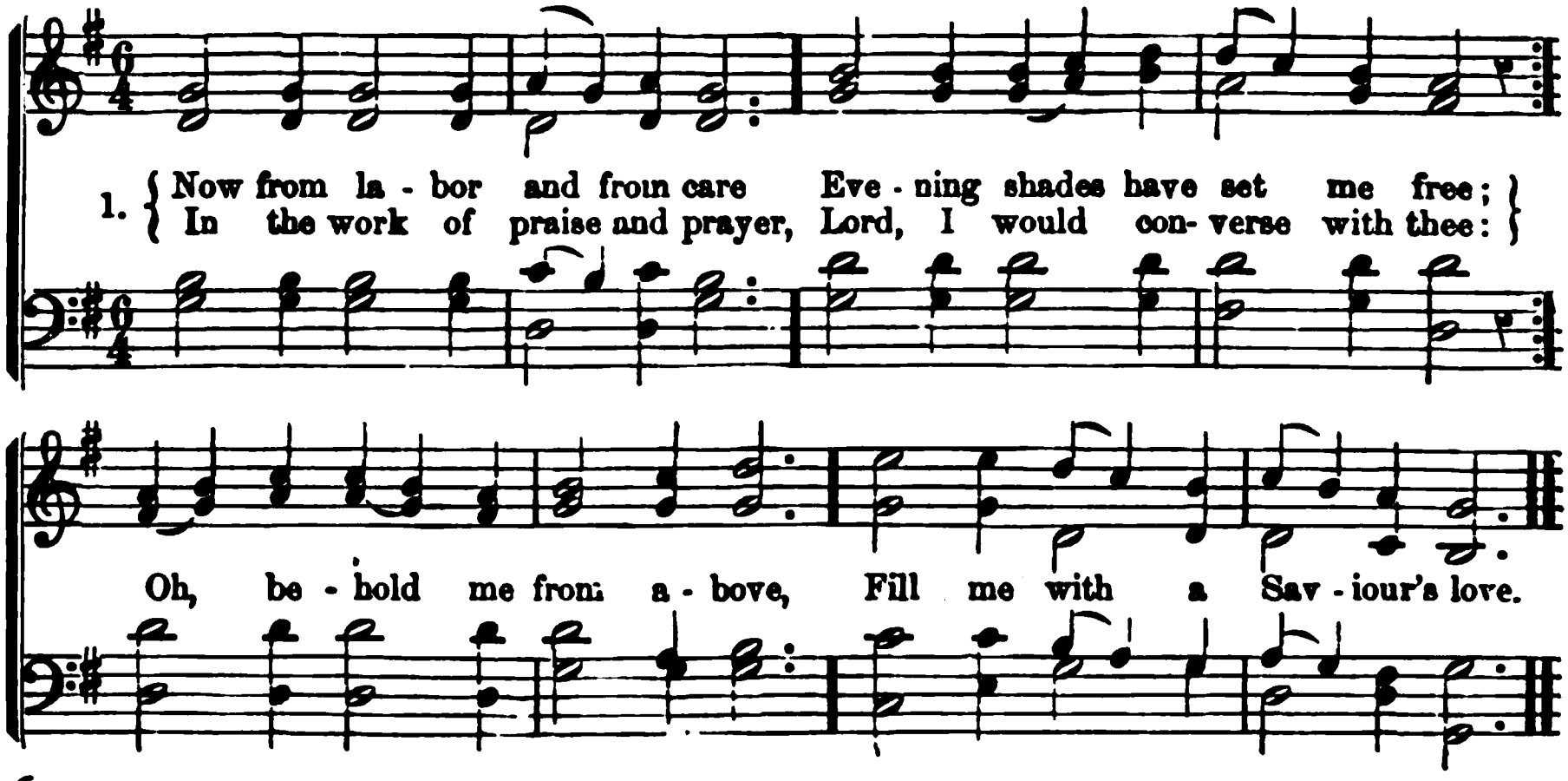
GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
O'er all the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood;
The Thunderer reigns forever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts:
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts

HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.



60 *Ps. 141 : 2.* HASTINGS.

Now, from labor and from care,
  Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
  Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
  Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
  But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine forevermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
  For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
  For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh! accept my song of praise.

61 *Gen. 2 : 3.* ELLIOTT.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
  Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
  From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

2 Great Creator! who this day
  From thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own thy sway
  Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone!

3 Saviour! who this day didst break
  The dark prison of the tomb;
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
  Shine through all its sin and gloom:
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee.

4 Blesséd Spirit! Comforter!
  Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
  Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All thine influence shed abroad,
Fill me with the peace of God.

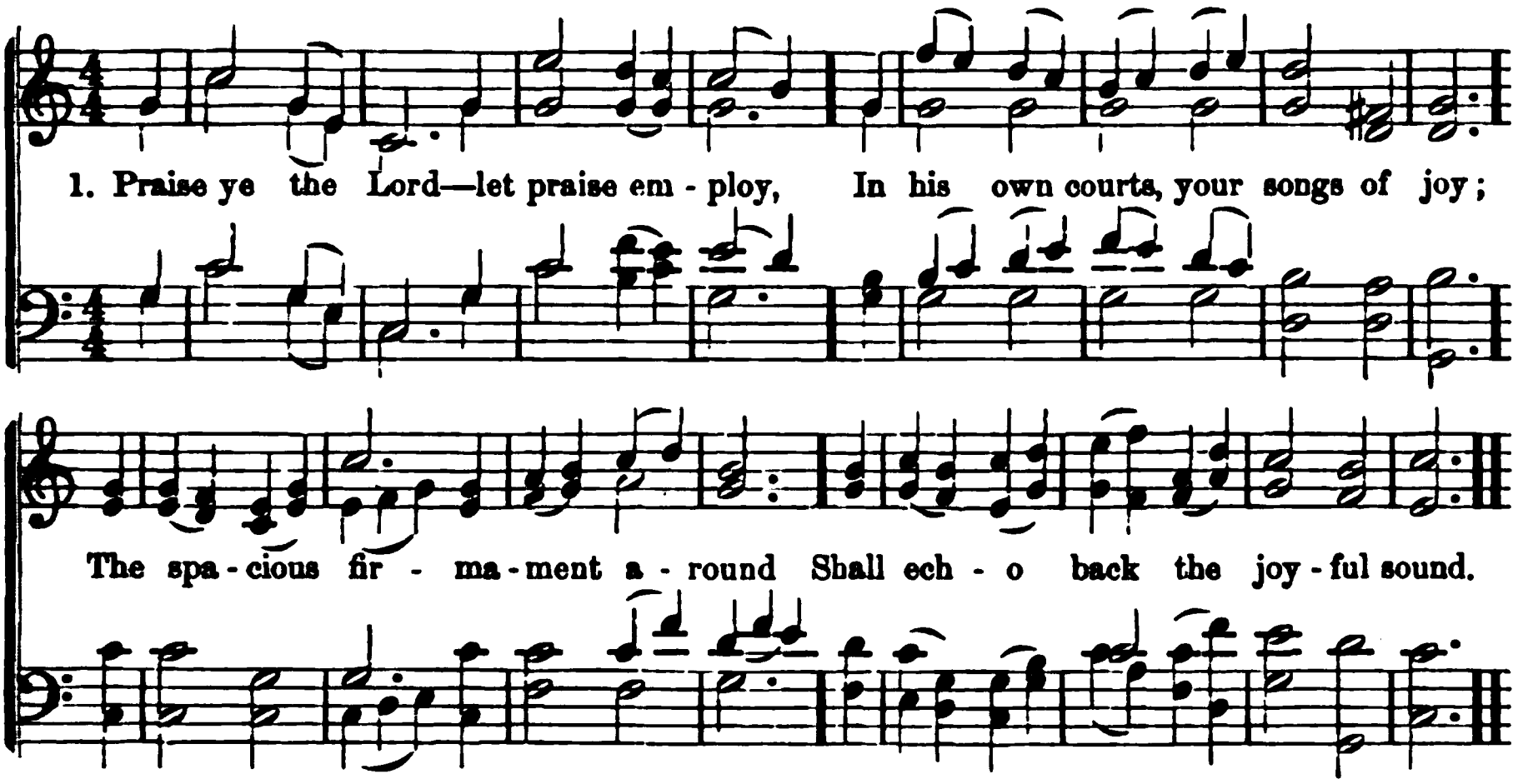
62 *2 Pet. 1 : 19.* C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
  Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
  Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
  If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
  Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
  Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
  Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

OCTAVIUS. L. M.



105 *Ps. 150.* STEELE.

PRAISE ye the Lord—let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works—how bright they shine!
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord!

106 *Ps. 103.* WATTS.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

107 *Rev. 19 : 6.* CONDER.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains,
Ye saints, your God, your Father reigns!
One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,—
The Lord omnipotent is King!

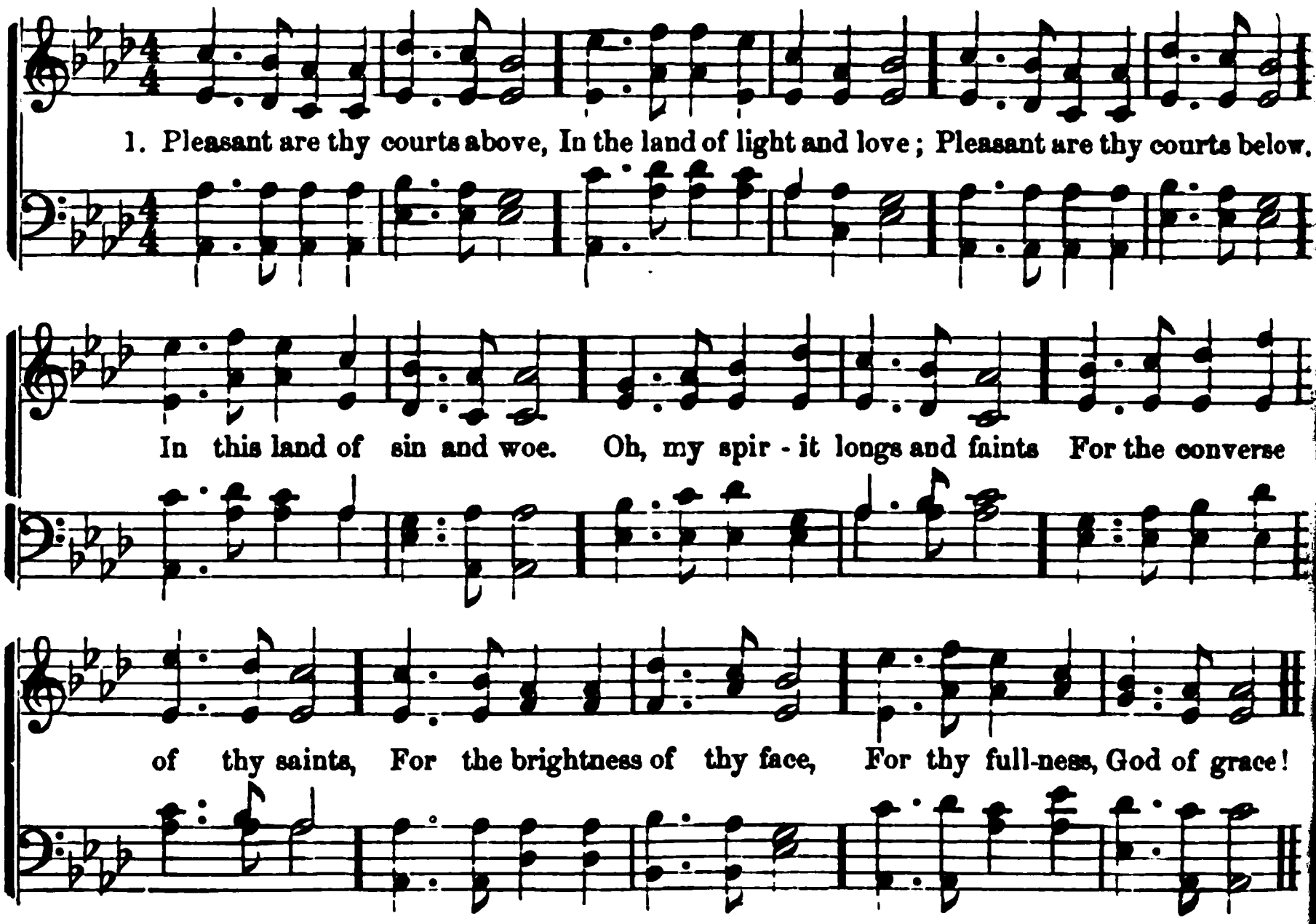
108 *Heb. 1 : 1.* NEEDHAM.

AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing:
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

3 But in redemption, oh, what grace!
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright:
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

MESSIAH. 7s. D.



67 *Ps. 84.* LYTE.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fullness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

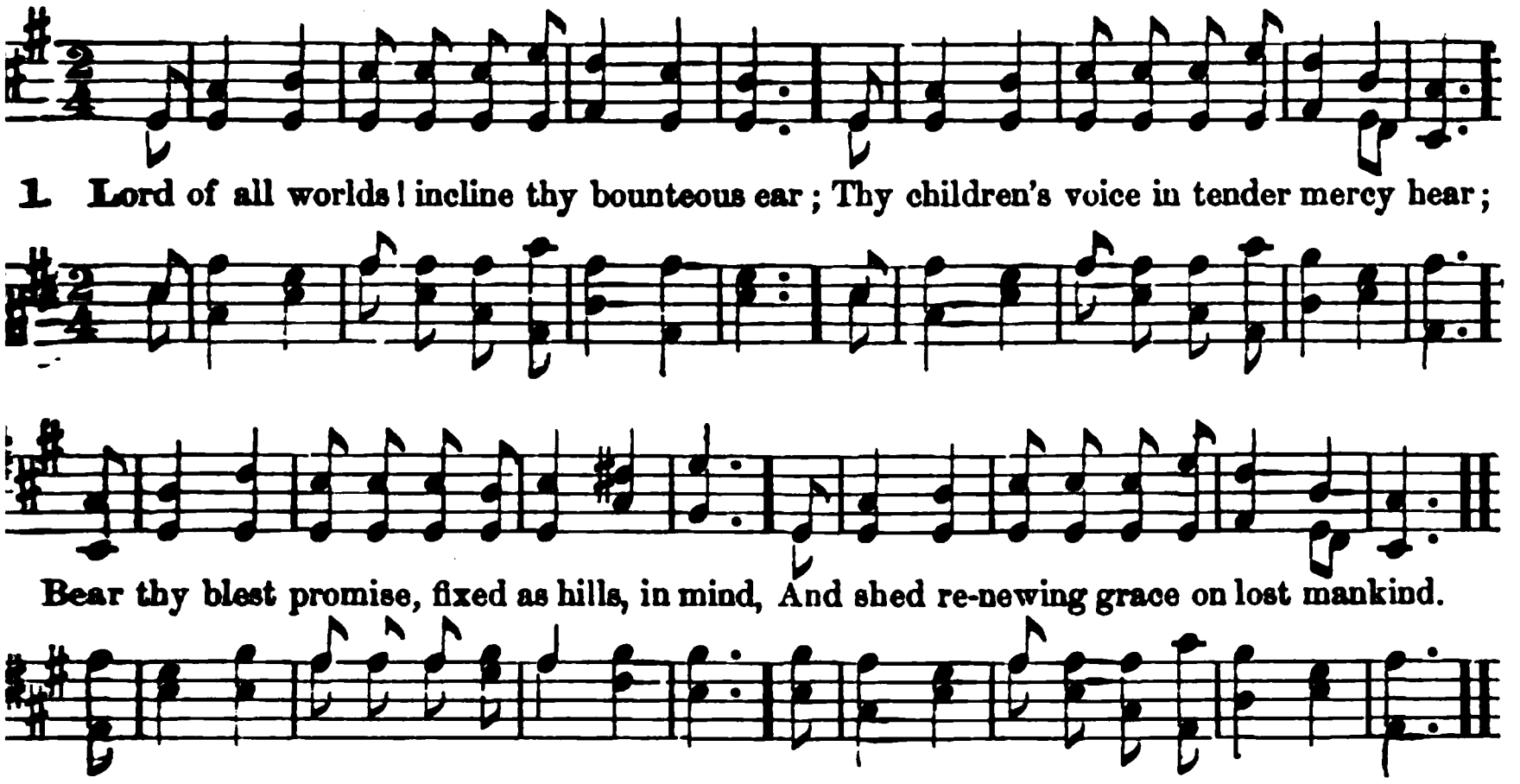
4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shed, oh, shed them, Lord, on me.

68 *John 1 : 4.* C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart;
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Set us free from all our sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

SAVANNAH. 10s.



Isa. 49 : 16. DWIGHT.

LORD of all worlds! incline thy bounteous ear;
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man and scourged by thee no more.

Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn;
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious Name be one,
And one pure worship hail the eternal Son.

70 *Gen. 2 : 3.* MASON.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

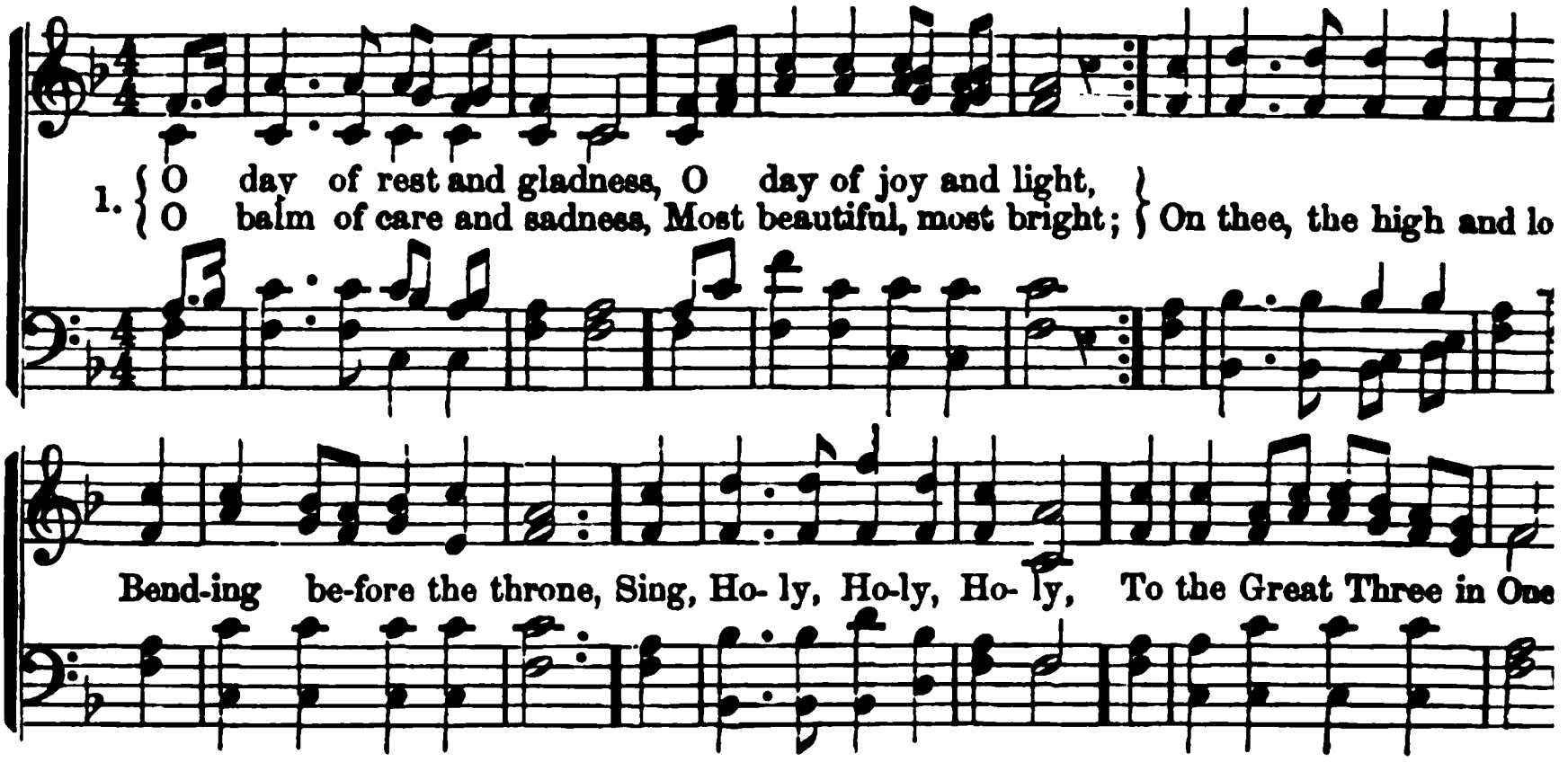
71 *Ex. 20 : 10.* BROWN.

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast!
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes;
Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s.



72 *Isa. 58 : 13, 14.* WORDSWORTH.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth:
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

73 *Ps. 100 : 4.* RAY PAL

THINE holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to thee!
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

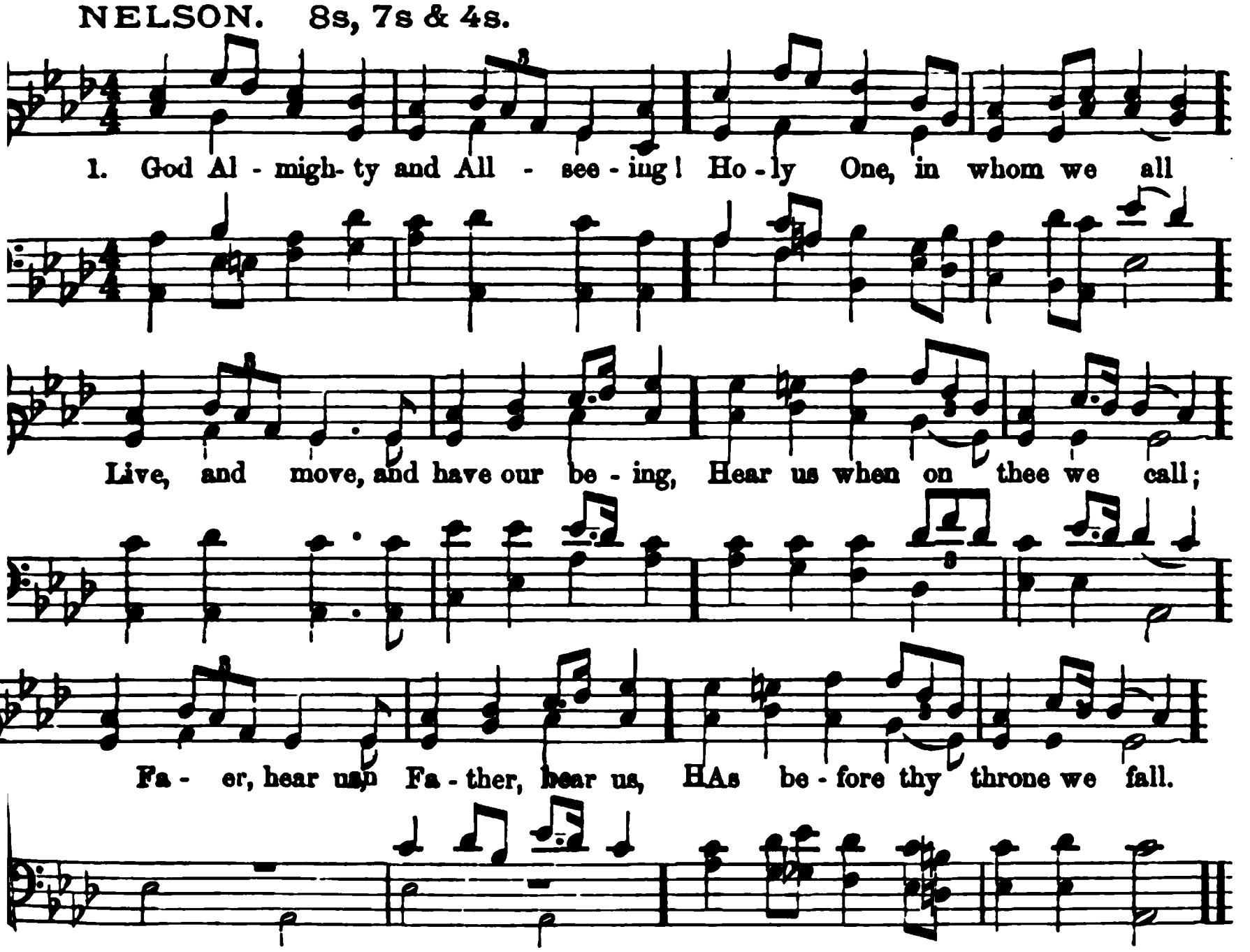
2 We join to sing thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

74 *Heb. 4 : 9.* DA

FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 What though we are but strangers
And sojourners below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go?
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

NELSON. 8s, 7s & 4s.



75 *Jas. 1 : 17.* PIERPONT.

God Almighty and All-seeing!
Holy One, in whom we all
Live, and move, and have our being,
Hear us when on thee we call;
Father, hear us,
As before thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art thou the Giver;
Weak and wandering ones are we;
Then forever, yea, forever,
In thy presence would we be;
Oh, be near us,
That we wander not from thee.

76 *Heb. 12 : 1.* KELLY.

In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure forevermore.

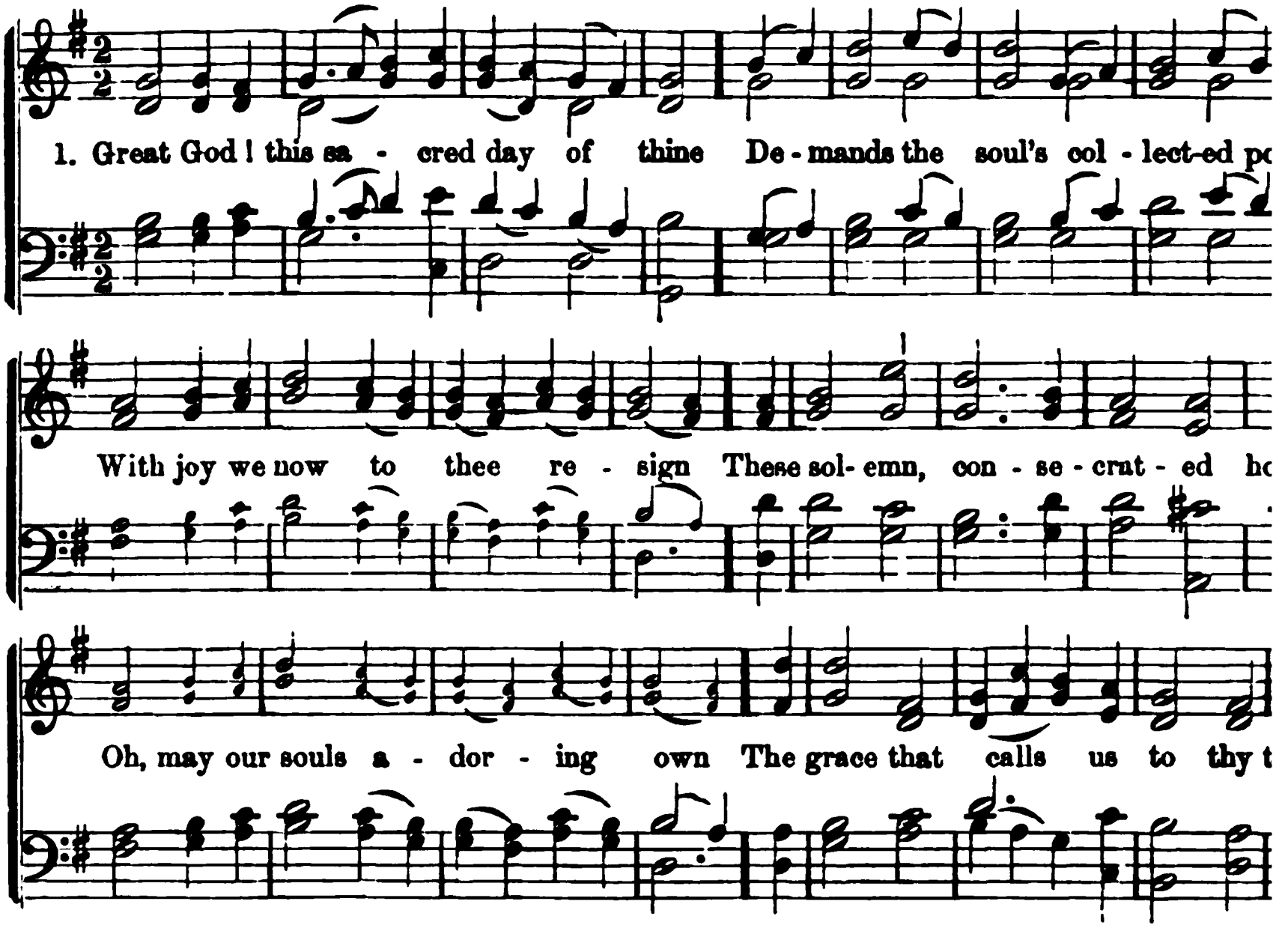
77 *Heb. 10 : 25.* ANON.

WELCOME, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blesséd Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame:
Blesséd Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer:
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

ADMAH. L. M. 6 lines.



78 *Isa. 57 : 15.* STEELE.

GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
With joy we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
Oh, may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
Oh, may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
Oh, may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

79 *Ps. 19.* MONTGOMERY.

THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare;
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfill;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

2 Though voice nor sound inform th
Well known the language of their
When one by one the stars appear
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

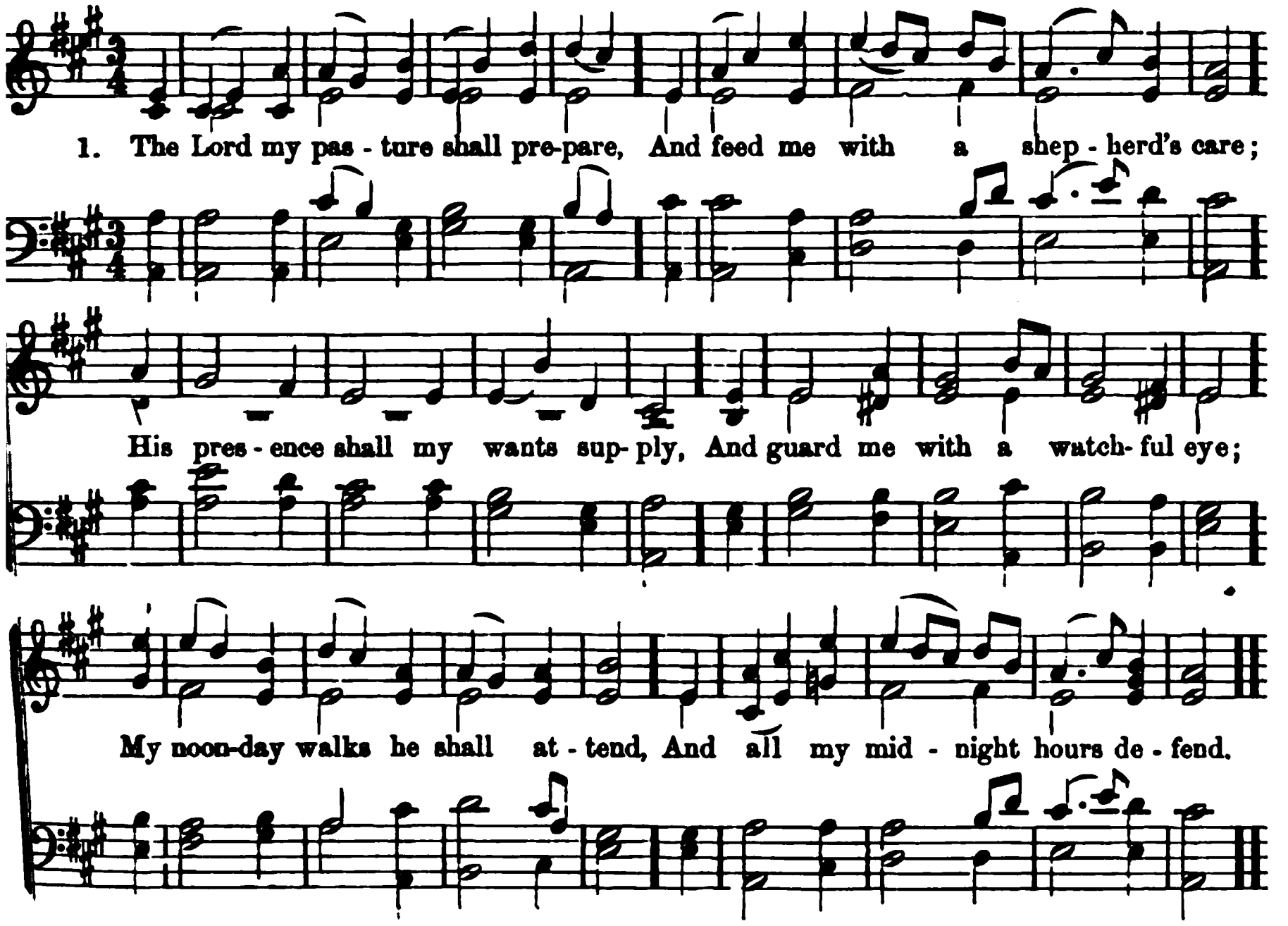
3 While these transporting visions sl
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending s
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

80 *Ps. 84 : 3.*

FORTH from the dark and stormy s
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly
Forth from the world its hope and
Father, we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak thy grace we pra
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away

2 Long have we roamed in want and
Long have we sought thy rest in v
Wildered in doubt, in darkness los
Long have our souls been tempest-to
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away

BROWNELL. L. M. 6 lines.



81 *Ps. 23.* ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.

82 *Ps. 74: 16, 17.* MOORE.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

83 L. M. *Gen. 28 : 17.* Raffles.

Blest hour! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts—
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven!

84 7s. *Col. 3 : 16.* Burder.

Sweet the time, exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they joy to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour 's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

85 S. M. *Matt. 21 : 13.* Taylor.

Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there—
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling t
dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices ra
Let not your hearts his praise
Who gives the power to pr

86 C. M. *Isa. 56 : 7.*

Again our earthly cares we le
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we co
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of thy peopl
Thy presence now display;
We bow within thy house of
Oh! give us hearts to pray

3 The clouds which vail thee fron
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear ari
The message of thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting
The humble mind, bestow
And shine upon us from on h
To make our graces grow.

5 Show us some token of thy l
Our fainting hopes to raise
And pour thy blessing from a
To aid our feeble praise.

87 C. M. *Isa. 60 : 1.*

Again the Lord of life and l
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the n
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh, what a night was that wl
A guilty world in gloom!
Oh, what a sun which broke t
Triumphant from the tomb

3 This day be grateful homage
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every h
And praise on every tongu

4 Ten thousand thousand voices
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from
On nations yet unborn.

88 8s, 7s & 4. *Hab. 2 : 20.* MONTGOMERY.

GOD is in his holy temple;
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit;
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our God, appear!

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice, and sinners, tremble;
Each prepare his God to meet;
Lowly, lowly
Bow, adoring, at his feet.

89 C. P. M. *Ps. 122.* MERRICK.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore!
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Ev'n now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angelic forms—a glorious train—
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

90 C. M. *Ps. 11 : 1.* MOORE.

THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

2 But high she shoots, thro' air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To hold my course to thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

91 C. M. *Ps. 51 : 16, 17.* BARBAULD

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

92 L. M. *Gen. 28 : 16.* J. WESLEY.

Lo, God is here!—let us adore!
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill!
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

93 S. M. *Eph. 6 : 10.* LYTE

SING to the Lord our Might,—
With holy fervor sing!
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

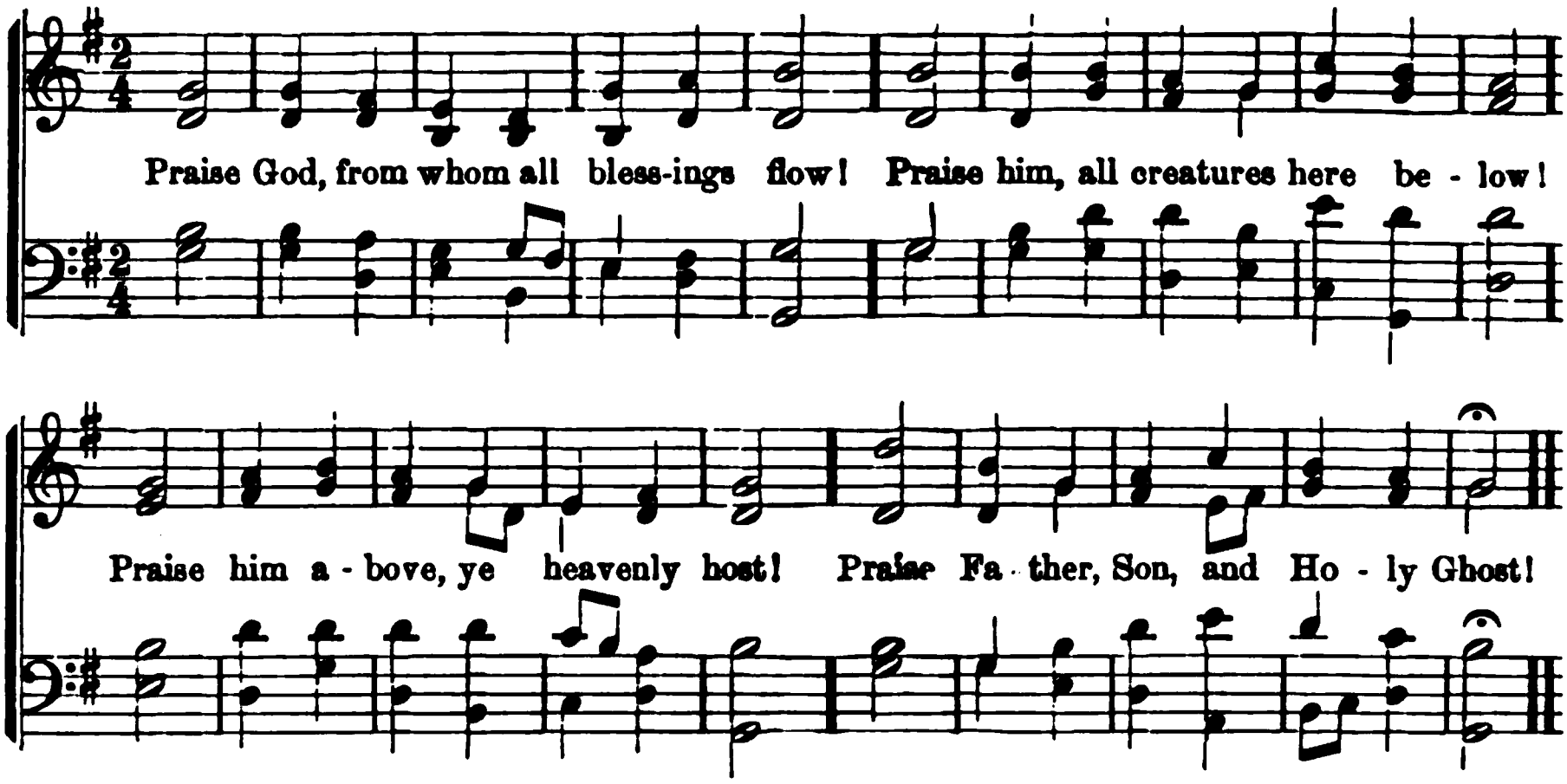
2 This is his sacred house;
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbath still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 And we, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is now as near his fold
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he that Israel then supplied,
Will keep his Israel still.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



94 *Ps. 100.* WATTS.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work—and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good—the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace—his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

95 *Ps. 99.* WATTS.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
Yet love reveals a smiling face,
And truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join,
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

96 *Ps. 117.* WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

97 *Ps. 100.* KETHE.

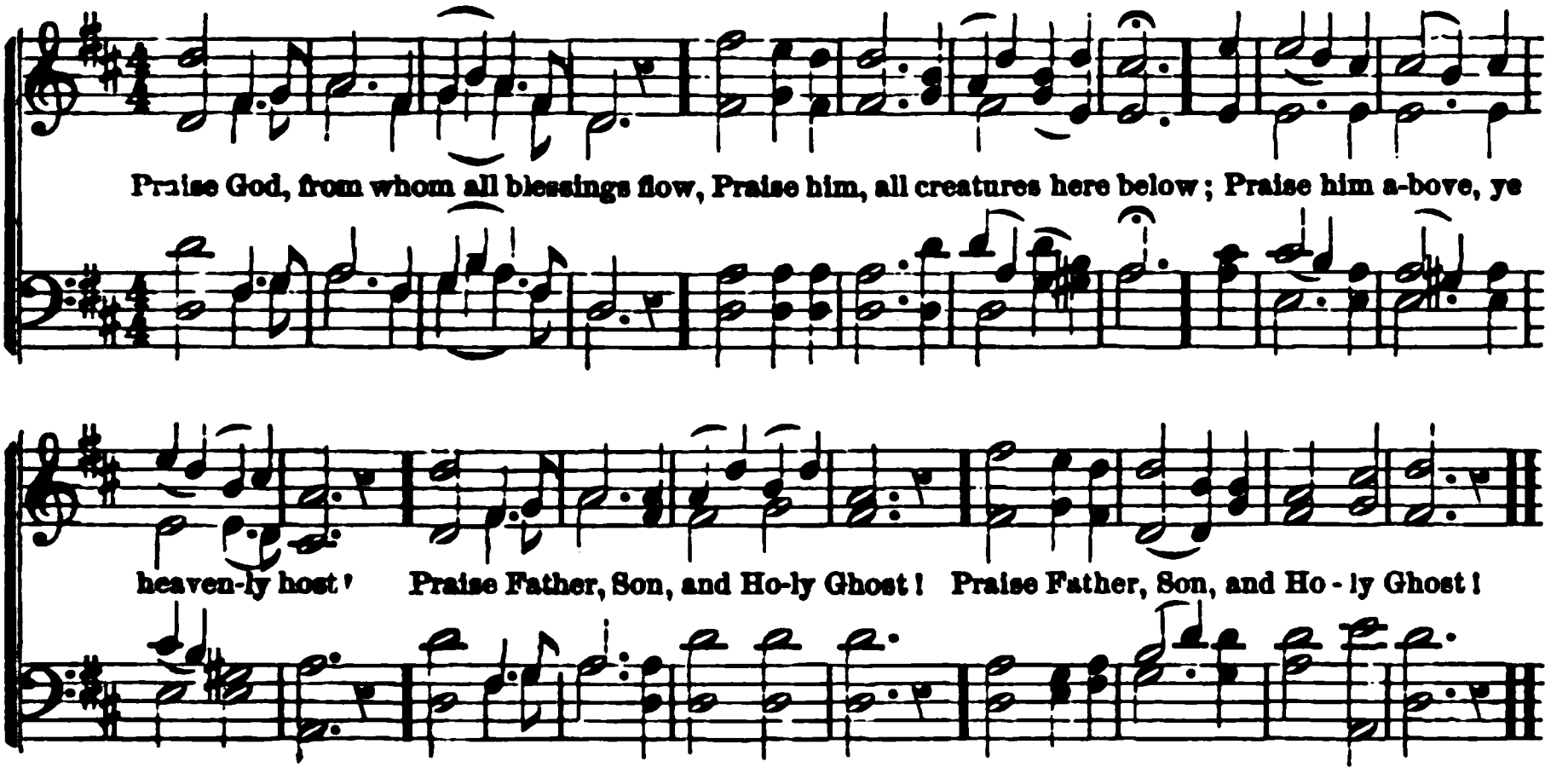
ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh, enter, then, his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

LONG. L. M.



98 *Ps. 148.* WATTS.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell!
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

3 Jehovah—'t is a glorious word!
Oh, may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

99 *Isa. 51 : 9.* SHRUBSOLE.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

100 *Ps. 104.* WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord! What tongue can frame,
An honor equal to his name!
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise!

2 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word;
And clouds, and storms, and fire obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway.

3 Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine;
Thy praise shall still our breath employ
Till we shall rise to endless joy.

101 *Ps. 29.* WATTS.

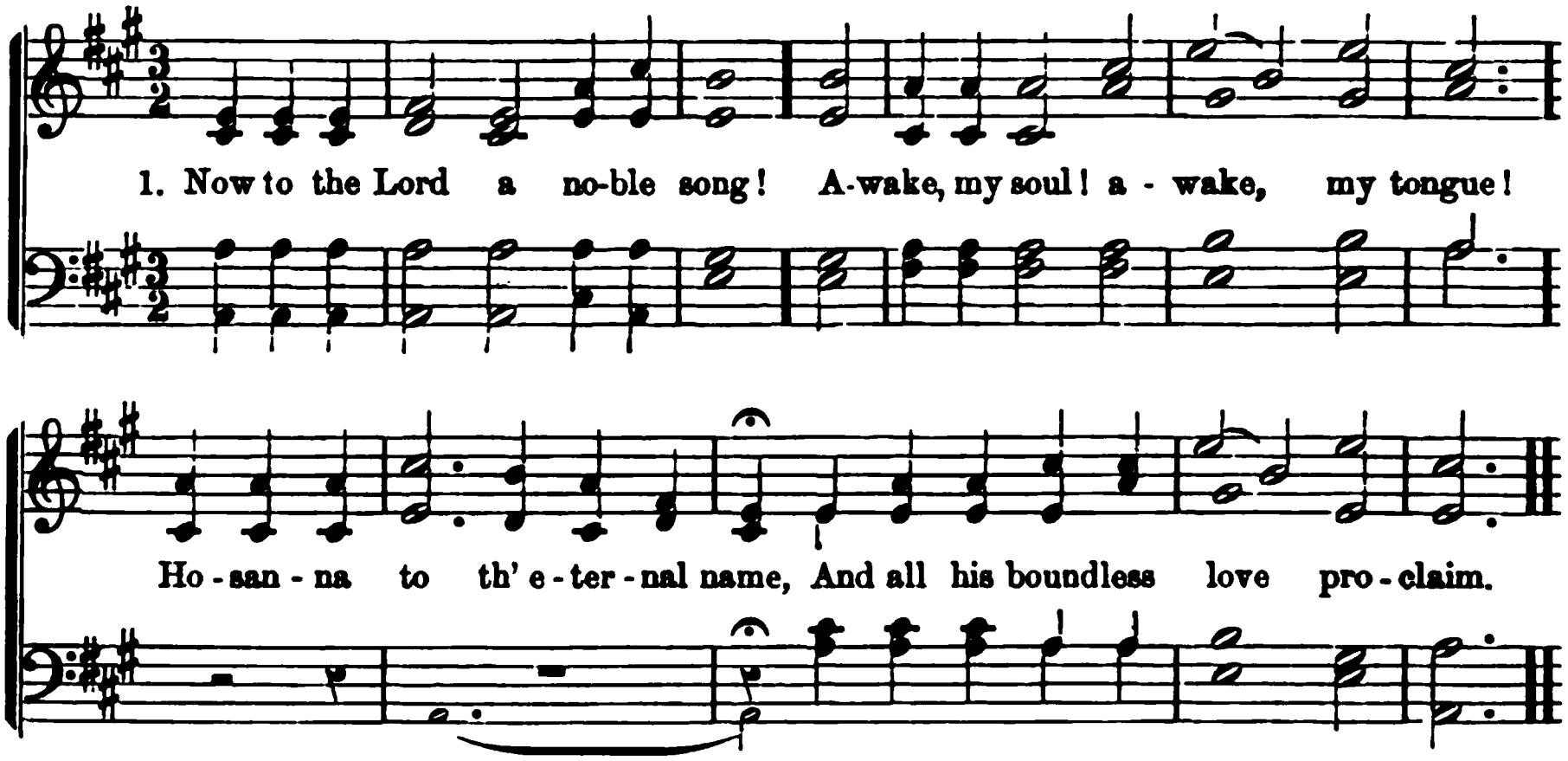
GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
O'er all the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood;
The Thunderer reigns forever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts:
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts

WARE. L. M.



102 *Heb. 1 : 2.* WATTS.

Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unvails his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

103 *Ps. 36.* WATTS.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There, mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

104 "Te Deum." ANON.

LORD God of Hosts, by all adored!
Thy name we praise with one accord;
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.

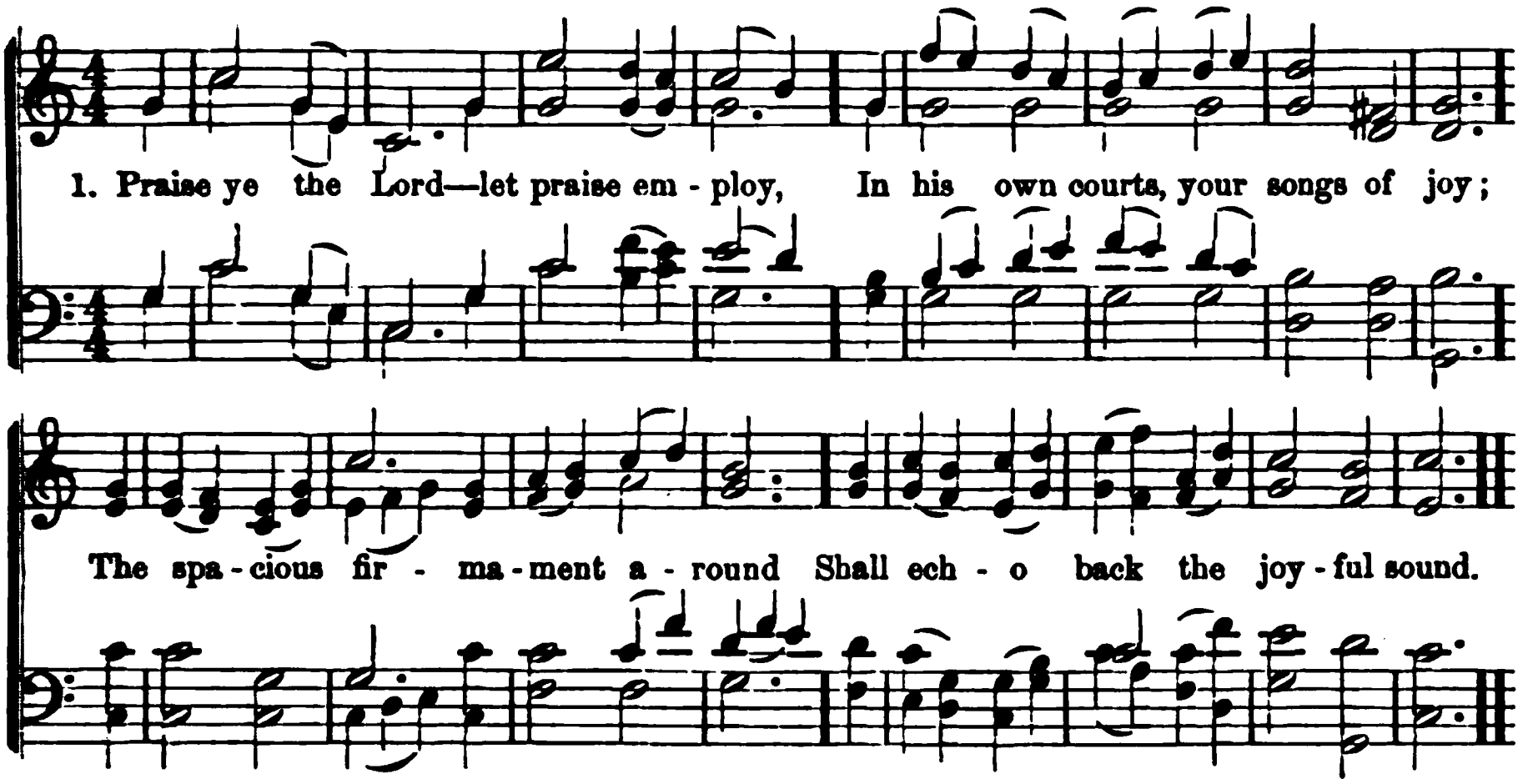
2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song,
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast.

4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

OCTAVIUS. L. M.



105 *Ps. 150.* STEELE.

PRAISE ye the Lord—let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works—how bright they shine!
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord!

106 *Ps. 103.* WATTS.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

107 *Rev. 19: 6.* CONDER.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains,
Ye saints, your God, your Father reigns!
One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,—
The Lord omnipotent is King!

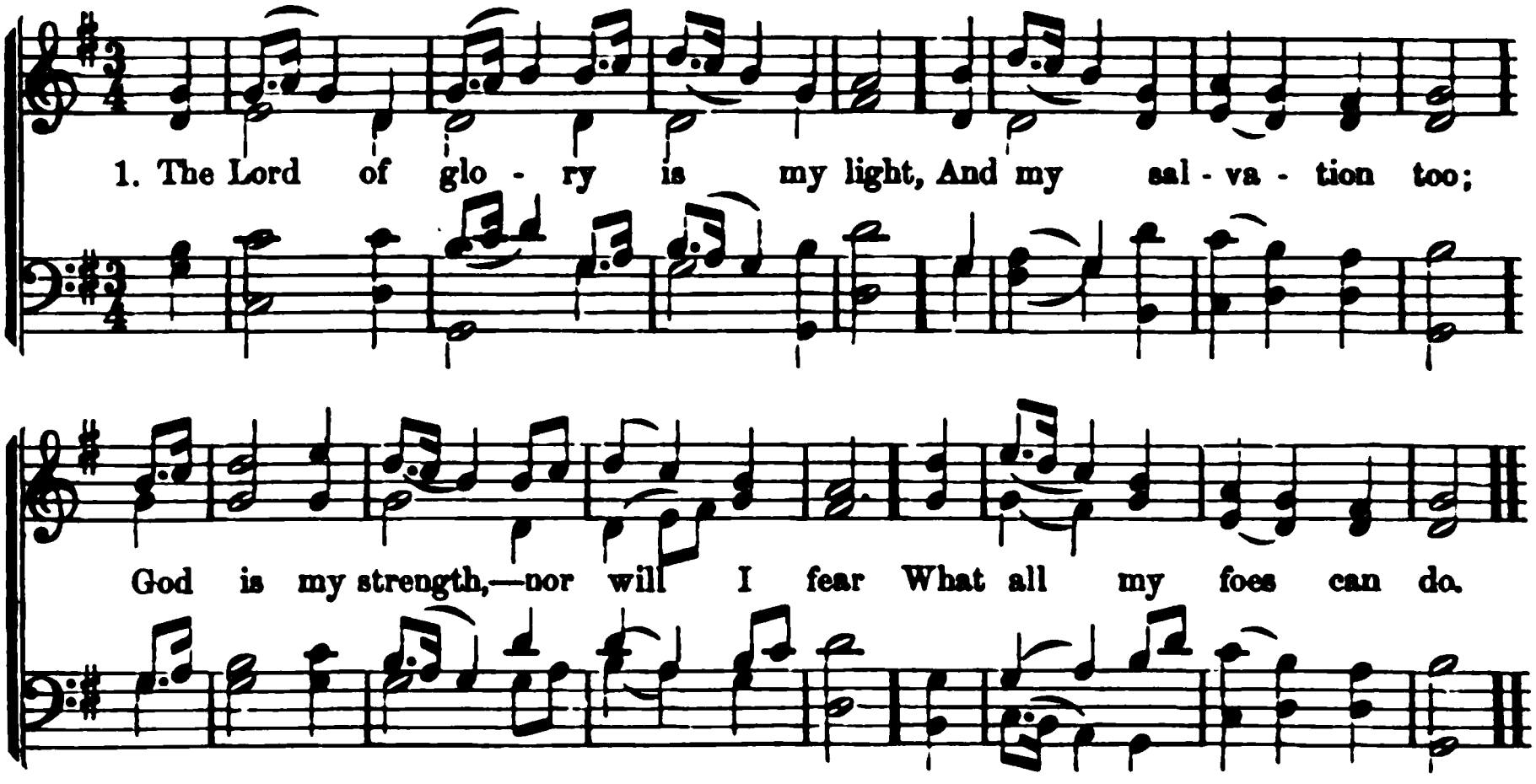
108 *Heb. 1: 1.* NEEDHAM.

AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing:
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

3 But in redemption, oh, what grace!
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright:
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.



109 *Ps. 27.* WATTS.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation, too;
God is my strength,—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,
Oh! grant me an abode,
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

110 *Isa. 40 : 9.* WARDLAW.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

111 *Ps. 23.* SCOTCH.

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

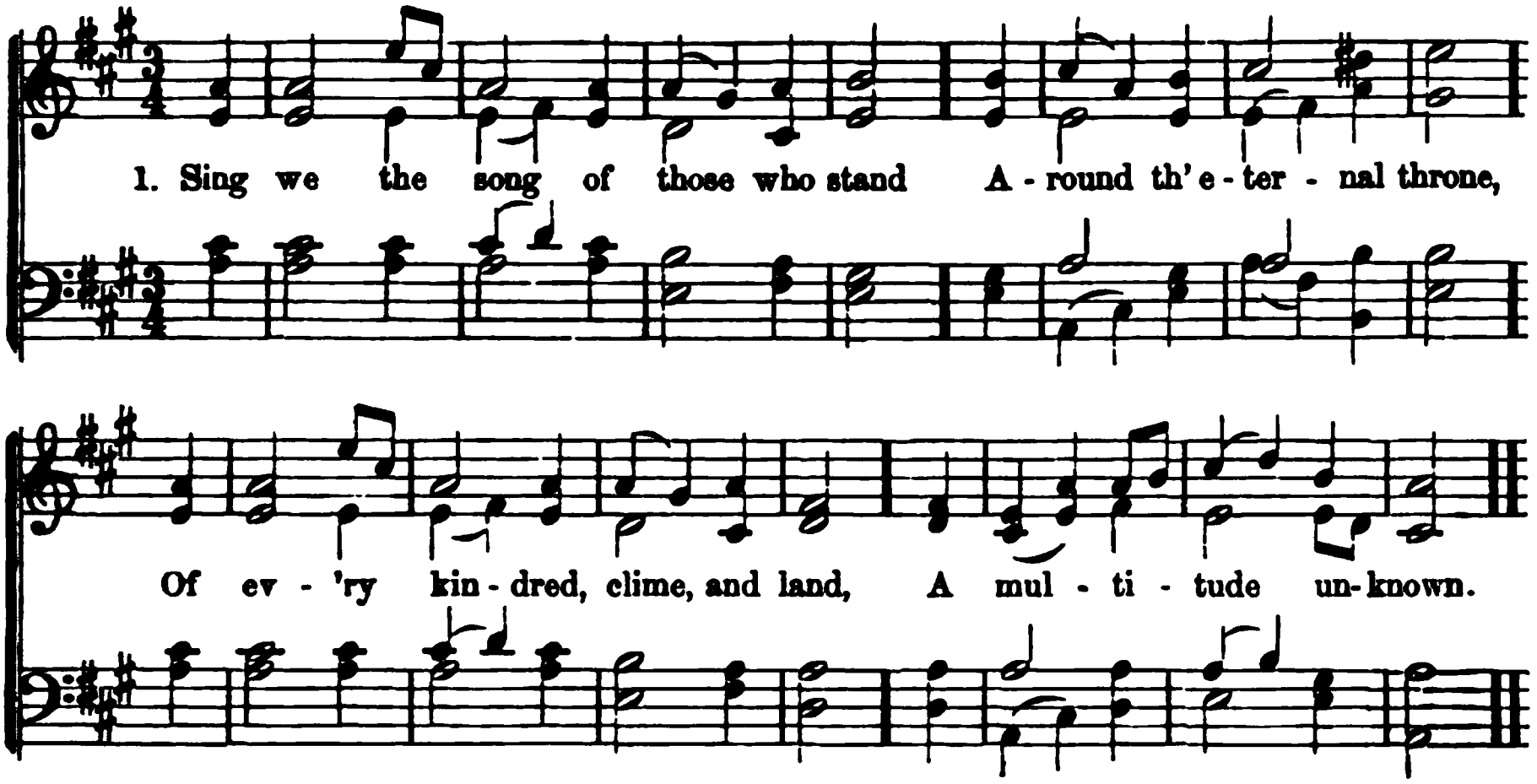
2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

OAKSVILLE. C. M.



112 *Rev. 5 : 12.* MONTGOMERY.

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrims' throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church Triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love!"

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!"

113 *Ps. 148.* WATTS.

PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir!
In heavenly heights above,
With harp and voice, and soul of fire,
Burning with perfect love.

2 Shine to his glory, worlds of light!
Ye million suns of space;
Ye moons and glistening stars of night,
Running your mystic race.

3 Shout to Jehovah, surging main!
In deep eternal roar:
Let wave to wave resound the strain,
And shore reply to shore.

4 Storm, lightning, thunder, hail, and snow,
Wild winds that keep his word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.

5 And round the wide world let it roll,
Whilst man shall lead it on;
Join, every ransomed human soul,
In glorious unison.

114 *John 15 : 15.* HEGINBOTHAM.

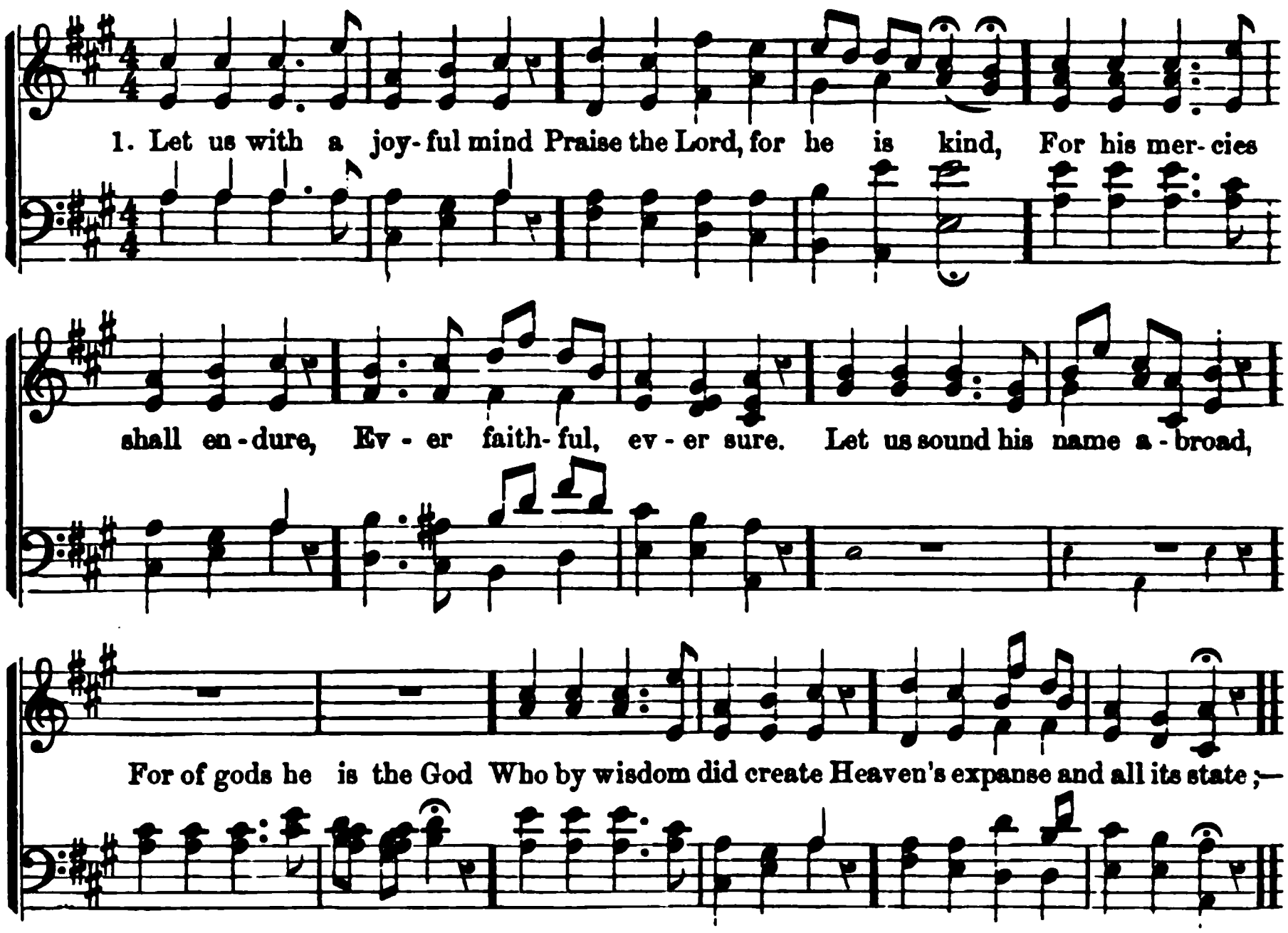
COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall we join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls us his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

PERRY. 7s. D.



115 *Ps. 136.* MILTON.

LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state ;—

2 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main ;
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light :
Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day his course to run ;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need ;
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye ;
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

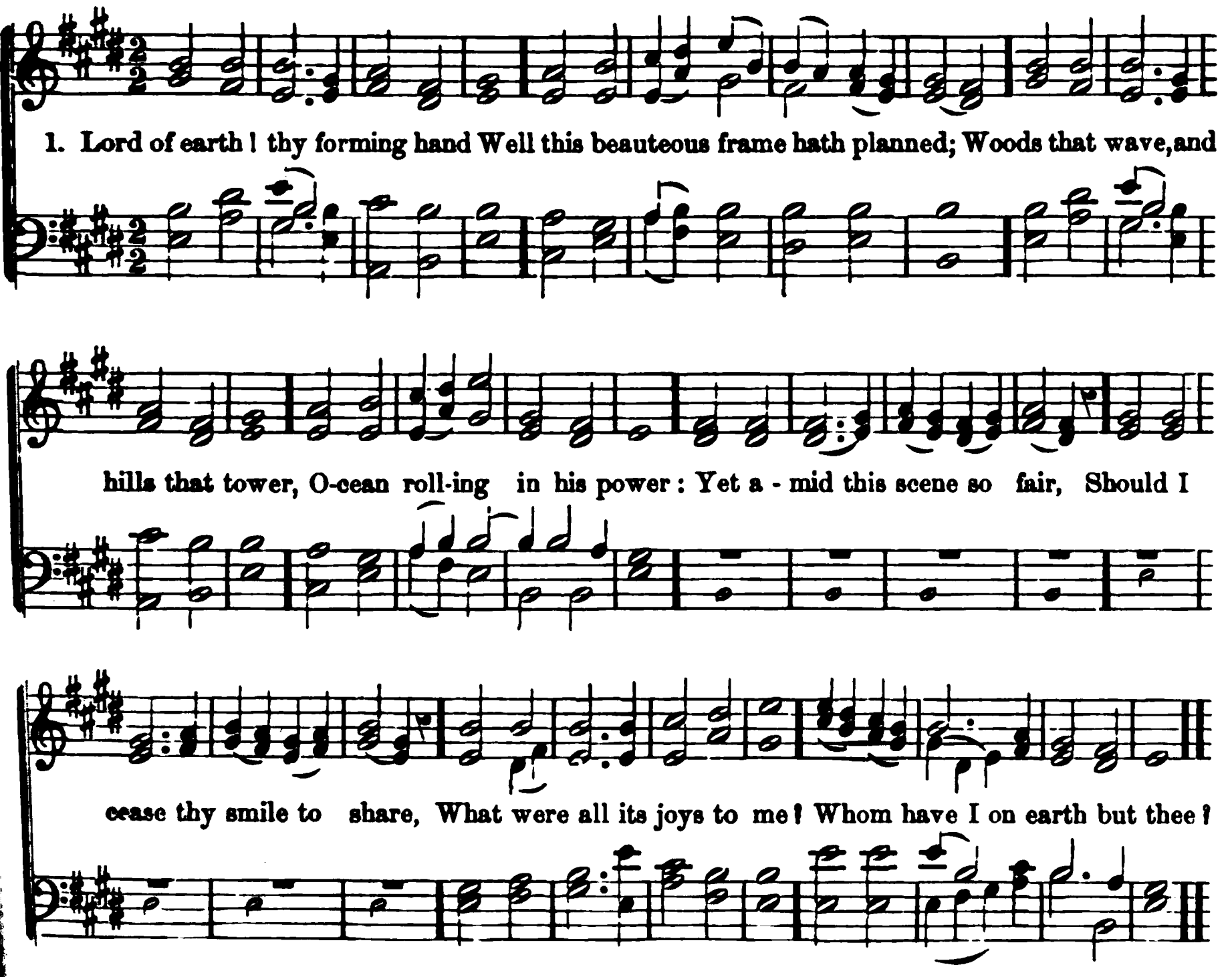
116 *Isa. 6 : 3.* MONTGOMERY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts ! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

2 Holy, holy, holy ! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore :
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

3 Holy, holy, holy ! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King :
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

ONIDO. 7s. D.



117 *Ps. 73 : 25.* GRANT.

LORD of earth! thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power:
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign
Parted hands shall meet again:
Oh, that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

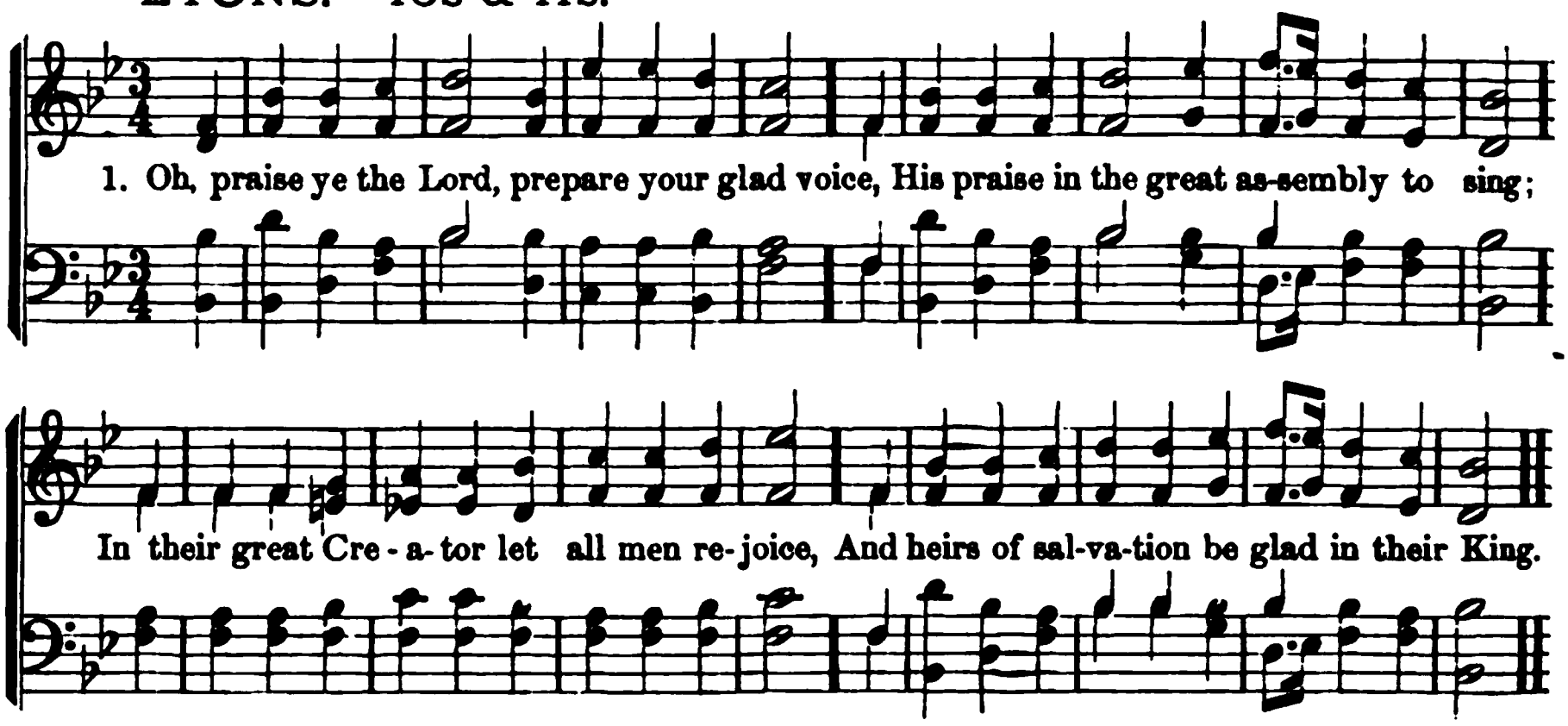
3 Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest:
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child:—
Oh! should once thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

118 *Ps. 65 : 1.* BARBAULD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

LYONS. 10s & 11s.



119 *Ps. 111.* TATE & BRADY.

OH, praise ye the Lord; prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

120 *Ps. 18 : 11.* GRANT.

OH, worship the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

121 *Rev. 7 : 10.* C. WESLEY.

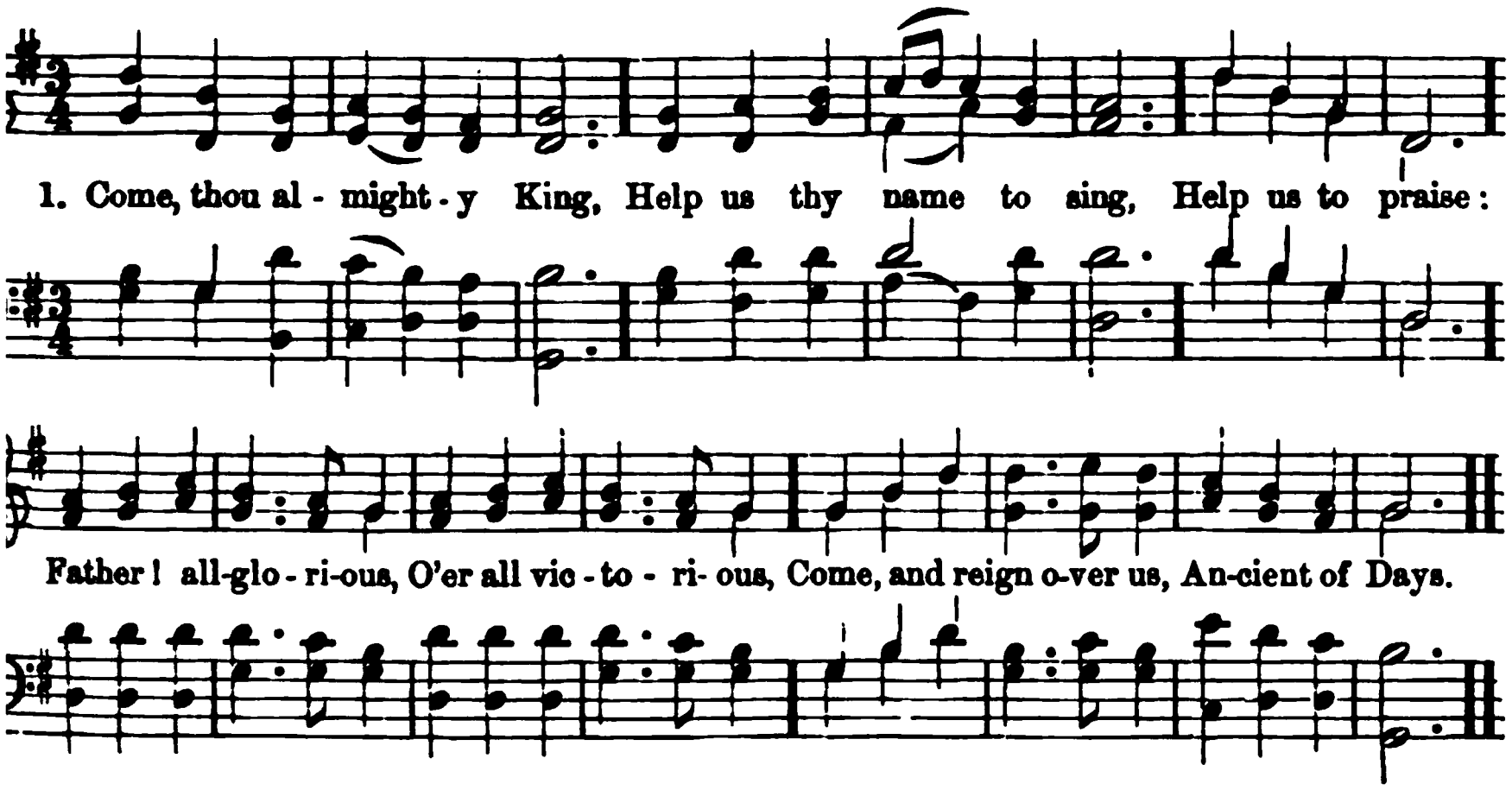
YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.



122 *1 John 5 : 7.* C. WESLEY.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

123 *Acts 17: 28.* HASTINGS.

GOD of the morning ray,
God of the rising day,
Glorious in power!
In thee we live and move,
And thus we daily prove
Thy condescending love
Each passing hour.

2 God of our feeble race,
God of redeeming grace,
Spirit all-blest!
Our own eternal Friend,
Thy guardian influence lend,
From every snare defend—
In thee we rest.

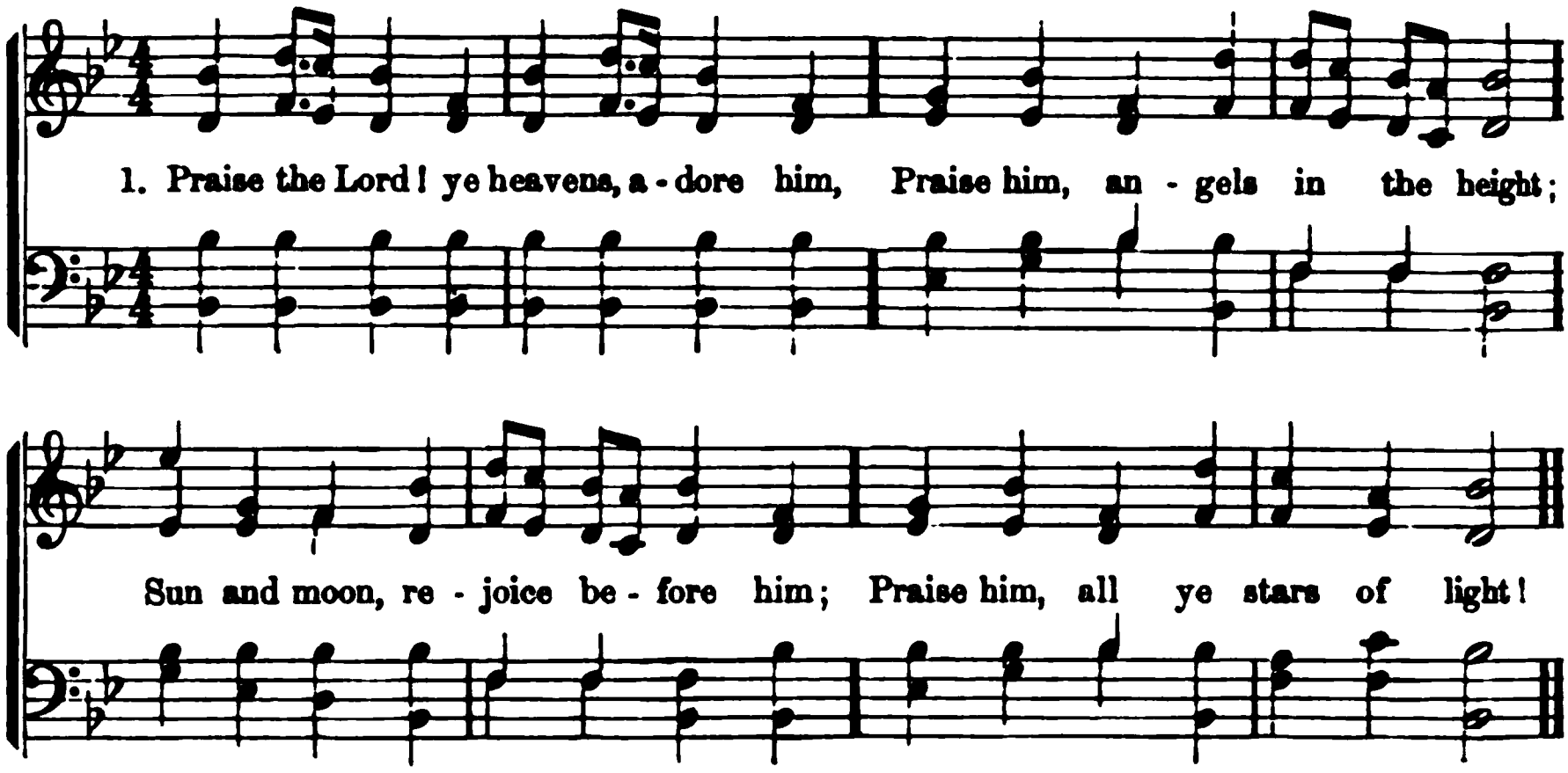
124 *Ps. 150.* GOODE.

PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise you sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose;
Praise ye the Lord.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



125 *Ps. 148.* MANT.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord—for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord—for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

126 *1 Chron. 29: 10-13.* ONDERDONK.

BLEST be thou, O God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord!
Blest thy majesty forever!
Ever be thy name adored.

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honor,
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord, to thee, thou God of mercy,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy name, forever glorious,
Ever we address our praise!

127 *Matt. 6: 10.* R. OSLER

WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to thy name;
Young and old, their thanks expressing,
Join thy goodness to proclaim:—

2 As the hosts of heaven adore thee,
We, too, bow before thy throne;
As the angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

128 *Jude 24.* R. W.

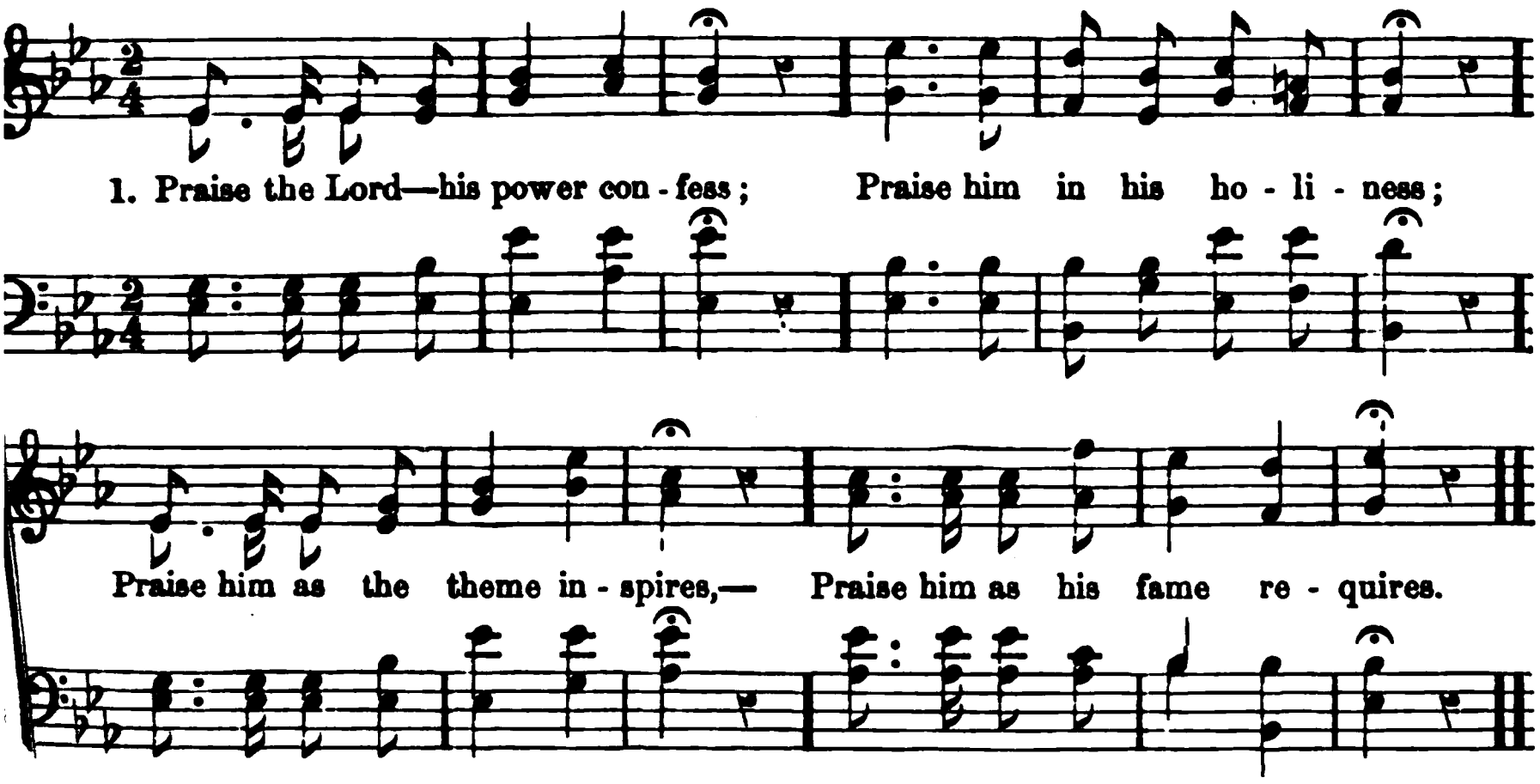
CEASELESS praise be to the Father,
By whose power and grace we live;
Who, our wayward souls to gather,
Did his Well-belovéd give.

2 To the Son be praise unending,
Who, our ruined souls to save,
From his heavenly throne descending,
Hasted to the cross and grave.

3 To the Holy Spirit render
Grateful, everlasting praise;
Who, long-striving, patient, tender,
Waits our souls from death to raise.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One Jehovah, we adore!
May we all thy peace inherit,
Saved by thee forevermore.

TELEMANN'S CHANT. 7s.



129 *Ps. 150.* WRANGHAM.

Praise the Lord—his power confess;
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires,—
Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite, in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord of righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light,
In his praise your hearts unite;
While the stream of song is poured,
Praise and magnify the Lord.

130 *"Te Deum."* MILLARD.

God eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at thy feet we fall:
All the world doth worship thee;
We amidst the throng would be.

2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
With thy prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine.

4 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them thy cross would bear.

5 All thy church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;—
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own!

131 *Ps. 113.* CONDER

All his servants, join to sing
God our Saviour and our King;
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

2 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens his throne;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

3 Yet to view the heavens he bends;
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

4 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower;
Set the meanest high in power.

5 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name, forever praise.

132 7s & 6s. *Ps. 150.* C. Wesley.

Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show!
Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name;
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
The Prince of peace proclaim!
Praise him, every tuneful string;
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King:
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven, on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.

133 8s & 7s. *Ps. 107: 31.* Fawcett.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine!

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

5 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

134 S. M. D. *Ps. 118.* W

See, what a living stone
The builders did refuse:
Yet God hath built his church there
In spite of envious Jews.
The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

2 The work, O Lord! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine:
This day did Jesus rise.
This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made:
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

3 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints!—he comes to bl
Salvation from your God.
We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer, on thine altar, Lord!
Our sacrifice of praise.

135 11s. *Rev. 19: 16.* A

Oh, join ye the anthems of triumph t
rise
From the throne of the blest, from
hosts of the skies;
Alleluia, they sing, in rapturous stra
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipot
reigns!

2 He gave to the light its beneficent wir
He controlleth the councils of sen
and kings;
From his throne in the clouds the li
nings are hurled,
And he ruleth the factions that r
through the world.

3 Rejoice, ye that love him; his po
cannot fail;
His omnipotent goodness shall su
prevail;
The triumph of evil will shortly
passed,
The omnipotent King shall conque
last.

136 L. M. *Ps. 100.* WATTS.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High, as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

137 11s & 8s. *Ps. 100.* MONTGOMERY.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth;
With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

138 7s. *Col. 3:16.* MONTGOMERY.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he,
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

139 S. P. M. *Ps. 93.* WATTS.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear
And sing thine everlasting love.

140 11s & 8s. *Ps. 145 : 3.* ANON.

THE Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven, adore him,
And ye who tread this earthly ball;
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
And shout his praise who made you all.

2 The Lord is great; his majesty how glorious!
Resound his praise from shore to shore;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious,
He rules and reigns forevermore.

3 The Lord is great; his mercy how abounding!
Ye angels, strike your golden chords;
Oh, praise our God, with voice and harp resounding,
The King of kings and Lord of lords!

141 11s. *Ps. 29.* MONTGOMERY.

GIVE glory to God in the highest; give praise,
Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways;
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

2 At the voice of the Lord the strong cedars are bowed,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurled;
The voice of the Lord, from the dark-bosomed cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

3 The voice of the Lord, through the calm of the wood,
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its caves;
The Lord sitteth king on the turbulent flood;
The winds are his servants,—his servants the waves.

4 The Lord is the strength of his people; the Lord
Gives health to his chosen, and peace evermore;
Then throng to his temple, his glory record;
But oh, when he speaketh—in silence adore!

142 7s. *Ps. 92.* SAM

THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move!
Oh, how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song!

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows;—

3 Notes to heaven's high mansions rais
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

4 From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are!

5 Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

143 H. M. *Ps. 93.* WATTS

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand,
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grac

3 Through all his perfect work,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs;
Strong is the arm—and shall fulfill
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend!
I love his name, I love his word;
Join, all my powers, and praise the L

. P. M. *Ps. 96.* WATTS.

l on earth their voices raise,
g the great Jehovah's praise,
bless his holy name:
›ry let the heathen know,
›nders to the nations show,
saving grace proclaim.

med the globe, he built the sky,
de the shining worlds on high,
reigns in glory there:
ams are majesty and light;
auties, how divinely bright!
dwelling-place, how fair!

the great day, the glorious hour,
earth shall feel his saving power,
›ations fear his name:
hall the race of men confess
auty of his holiness,—
saving grace proclaim.

M. 6l. "In Excelsis." ANON.

›ry be to God on high:
be on earth as in the sky;
will to men! We bow the knee,
aise, we bless, we worship thee;
'e thee thanks, thy name we sing,
›ty Father! Heavenly King!

l, the sole begotten Son,
ore the crimes which we had done;
the Father, who wast slain
e away the sins of men;
b of God, whose blood was spilt
the world, and all its guilt;—

nercy on us, through thy blood;
e our prayer, O Lamb of God!
›u art holy; thou alone,
l's right hand, upon his throne,
›is glory, art adored,
hee, O Holy Ghost, ONE LORD.

M. *Ps. 29.* MARCH.

›L God! Eternal King!
r of heaven and earth beneath!
hee our hopes, our comforts spring;
›ee we live, and move, and breathe.

›rd brought forth the flaming sun,
changeful moon, the starry host;
e appointed course they run,
in the final ruin lost.

3 Thy sway is known below, above,
And full of majesty thy voice;
And as it speaks, in wrath or love,
The nations tremble or rejoice.

4 The final, awful hour is near,
Time paces on with ceaseless tread,
When opening graves that voice shall hear,
And render up the sleeping dead.

5 Oh, in that great decisive day,
May we be found in Christ, and stand,
While flaming worlds shall melt away,
Accepted, owned, at thy right hand!

147 L. M. *John 4: 21-23.* PIERPONT.

O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

2 Not now, on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophets' harp was strung!
To thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

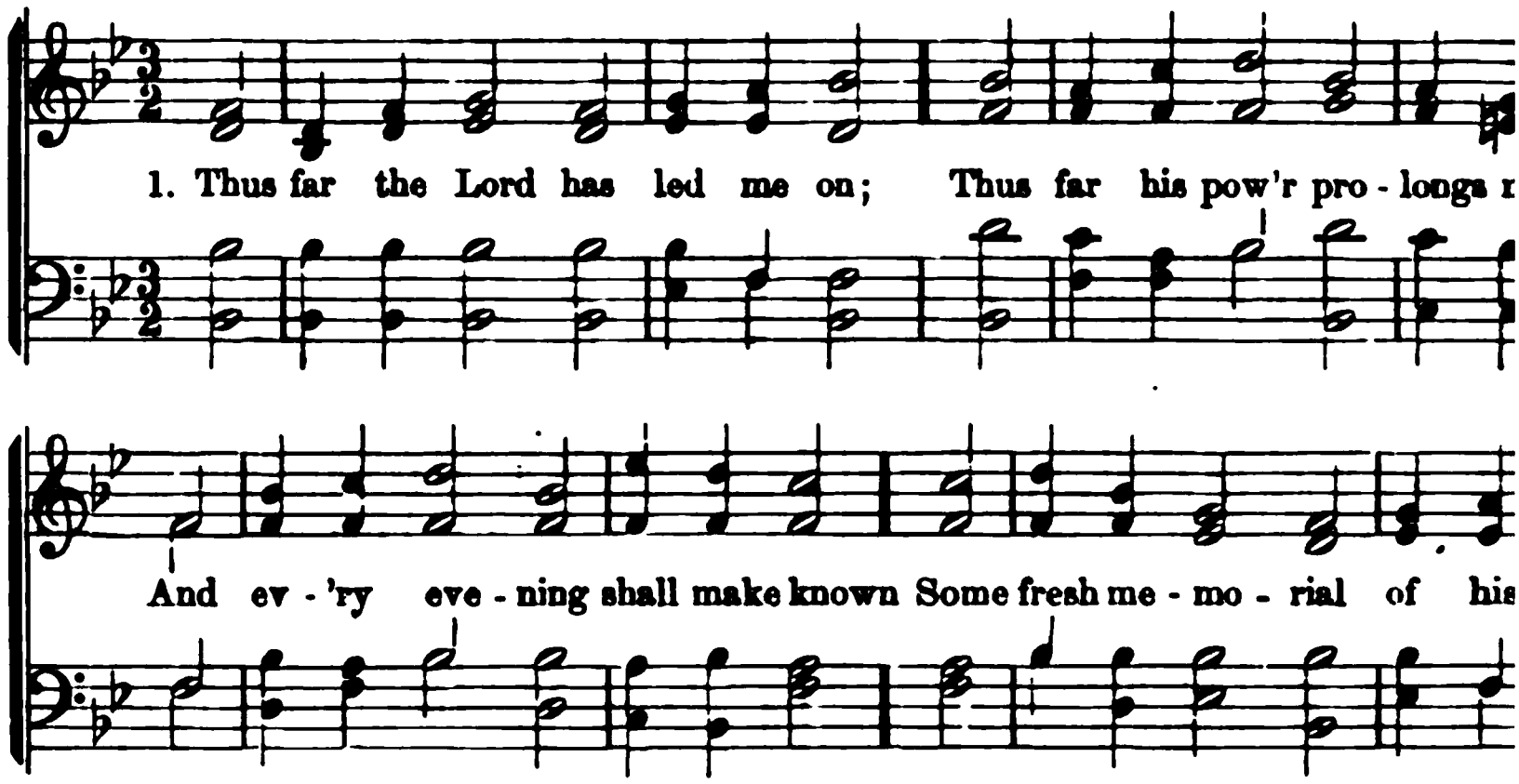
148 S. M. *Ps. 99.* WATTS.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His Church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

3 How holy is his name!
How fearful is his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

HEBRON. L. M.



149 *Ps. 4 : 8.* WATTS.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

150 *Eph. 5 : 19.* HEBER.

LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
Grant that we all may meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

151 *Jer. 3 : 15.*

DISMISS us with thy blessing, I
Help us to feed upon thy word
All that has been amiss, forgiv
And let thy truth within us liv

2 Though we are guilty, thou art
Wash all our works in Jesus' b
Give every burdened soul relea
And bid us all depart in peace.

152 *Ps. 19 : 14.*

WHILE now upon this Sabbath
Thy house, Almighty God, we
'T is sweet, as sinks the setting
To think on all our duties done

2 Oh! evermore may all our blis
Be peaceful, pure, divine like t
And may each Sabbath, as it
Fit us for joys beyond the skie

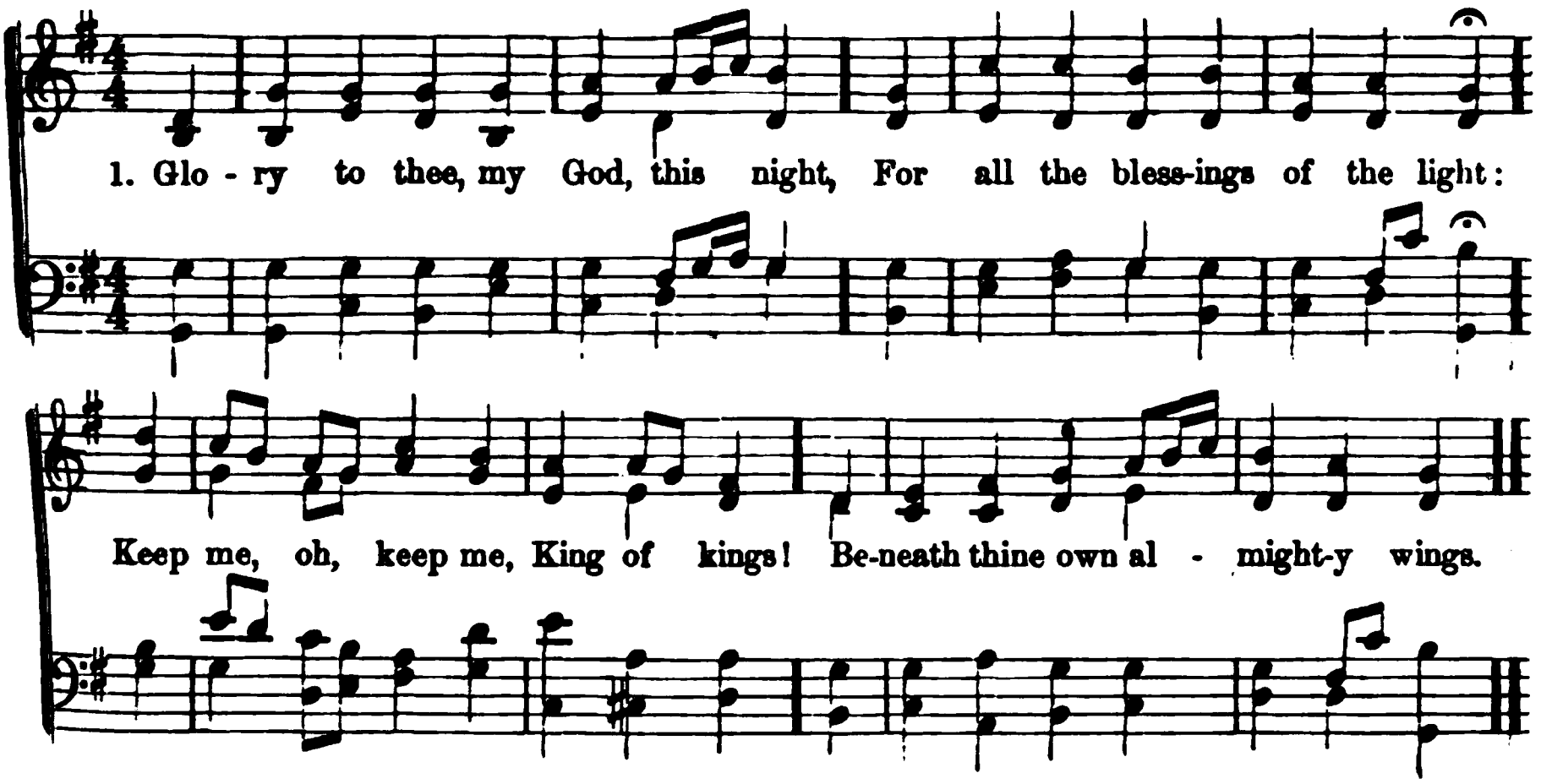
153 *Jas. 1 : 27.*

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle sh
Thy grace, once more, O God, v
From folly and from sin to sav

2 May the great truths we here ha
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms de
And all our souls from error k

3 Oh! may the influence of this
Long as our memory with us s
And as a constant guardian pr
To guide us to our home abov

EVENING HYMN. L. M.



154 *Ps. 17 : 8.* KEN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Be thou my guardian, while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

6 Lord, let my soul forever share,
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love!

155 *Phil. 4 : 7.* NEWTON.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

156 *Ps. 35 : 18.* MONTGOMERY.

MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions, this day, before thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed.

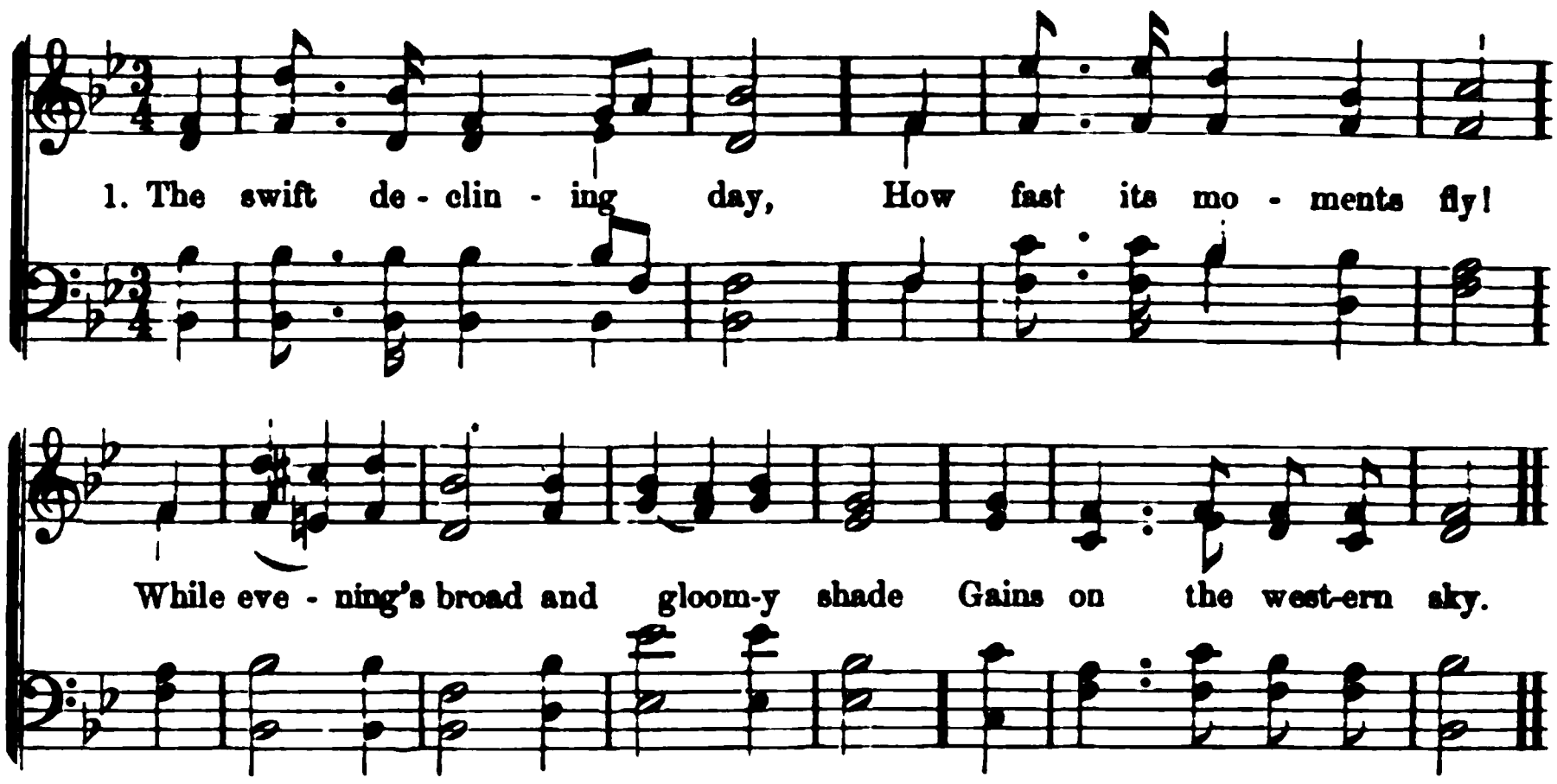
2 Soon as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath, all round the world, to keep.

3 From east to west, the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, when evening stretched her shade,
The stars came out to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh:
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

5 Yet one prayer more!—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord:
Fulfill thy promise to thy Son;
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

BRADEN. S. M.



157 *Eccl. 9 : 10.* DODDRIDGE.

THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

158 *Jude 24, 25.* WATTS.

To God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

159 *Luke 24 : 29.* NEALE.

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

160 *Rom. 16 : 27.* R. T. FITCH.

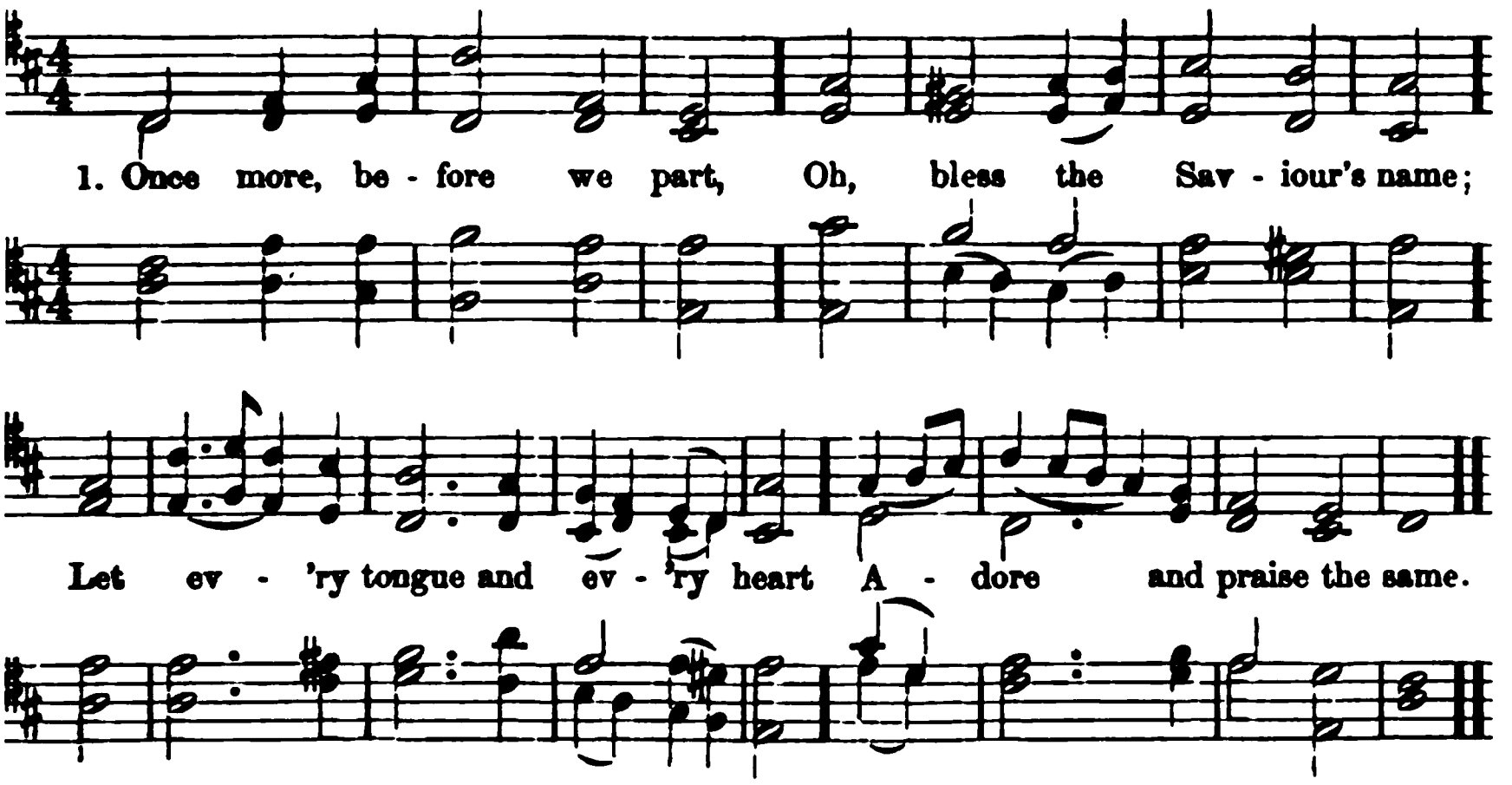
LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

WATCHMAN. S. M.



I *Hos. 6 : 3.* HART.

NCE more, before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name;
et every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

ord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
Ve met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

till on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
till to go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

62 *Matt. 13 : 8.* ANON.

God of the prophets' power!
God of the gospel's sound!
Move glorious on,—send out thy voice
To all the nations round.

With hearts and lips unfeigned,
We bless thee for thy word;
We praise thee for the joyful news,
Which our glad ears have heard.

Oh, may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and holy joy
In all our hearts appear.

4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.

5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy
At heaven's great harvest-home.

163 *Matt. 6 : 9-13.* MONTGOMERY

Our Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

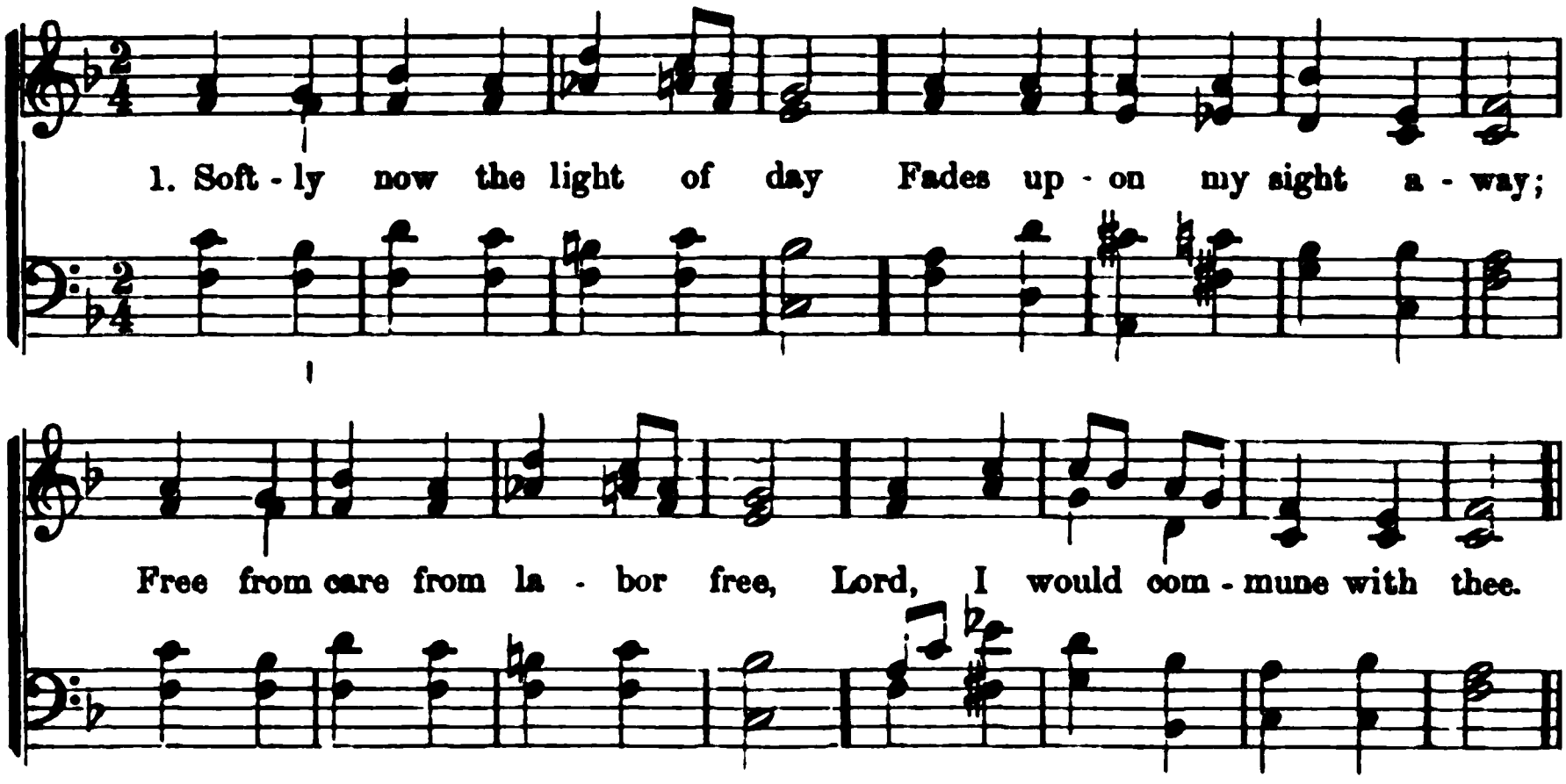
2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

SEYMOUR. 7s.



164 *Ps. 4 : 8.* DOANE.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

165 *Isa. 26 : 3.* NEWTON.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 Then if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

166 *Ps. 121 : 4.* ANON

THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

167 *1 Cor. 2 : 4.* KELL

FATHER, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh, may sinners hear thy call,
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine:
Give the gospel great success,
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Father, bid the world rejoice,
Send, oh, send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it and return to God.

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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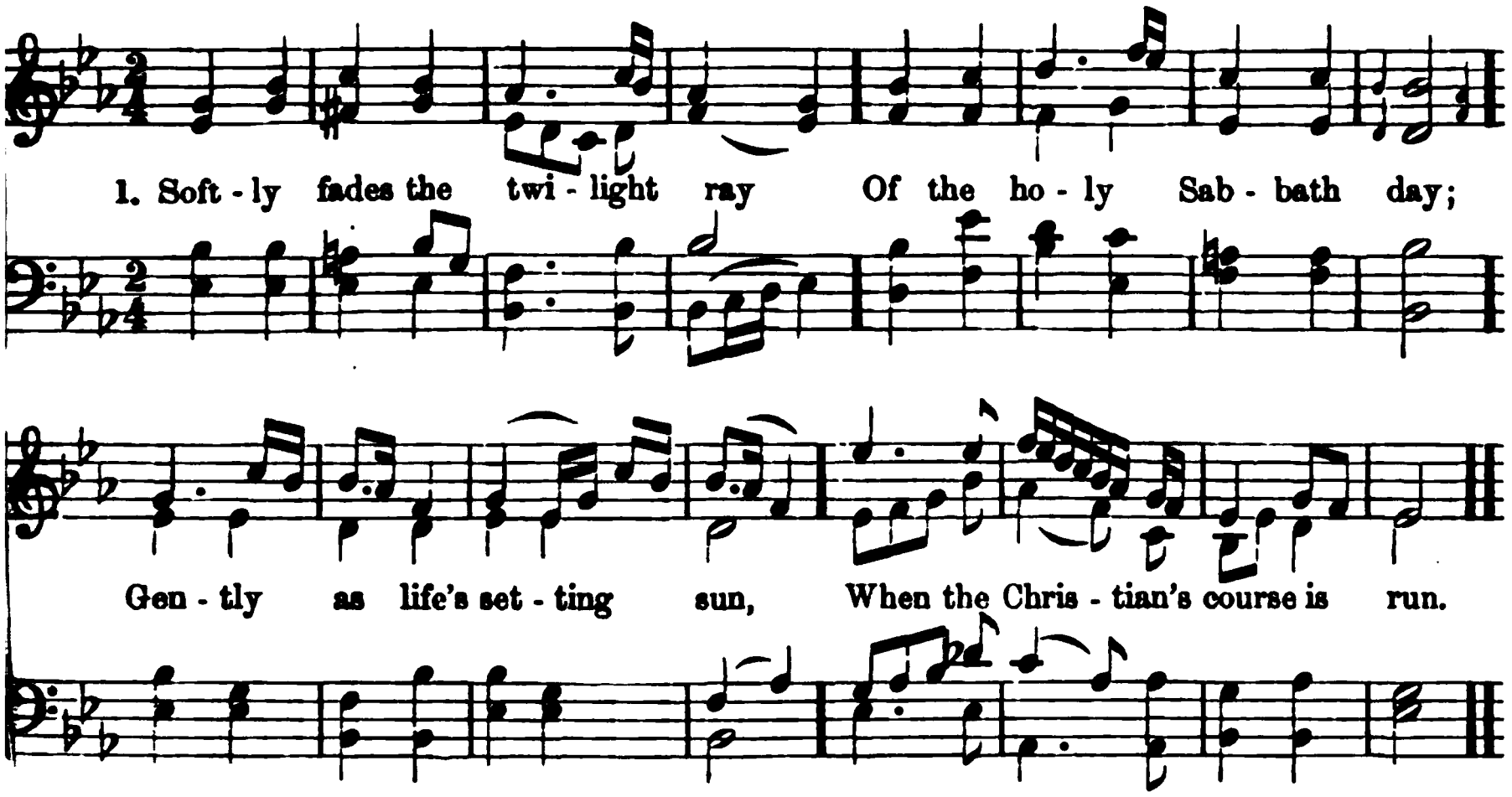


168 *Phil. 4 : 7.* S. F. Smith.

Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

169 *Ps. 36 : 9.* Anon.

Father of our spirits! hear
Faith's effectual, fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal;
Let us now the answer feel.

2 Life of all that lives below!
Let thy Spirit in us flow;
Let us all thy life receive,
From thee, in thee, ever live.

170 *Heb. 13 : 20.* Newton.

Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight,
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night!

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

171 *Heb. 13 : 14, 15.* Montgomery.

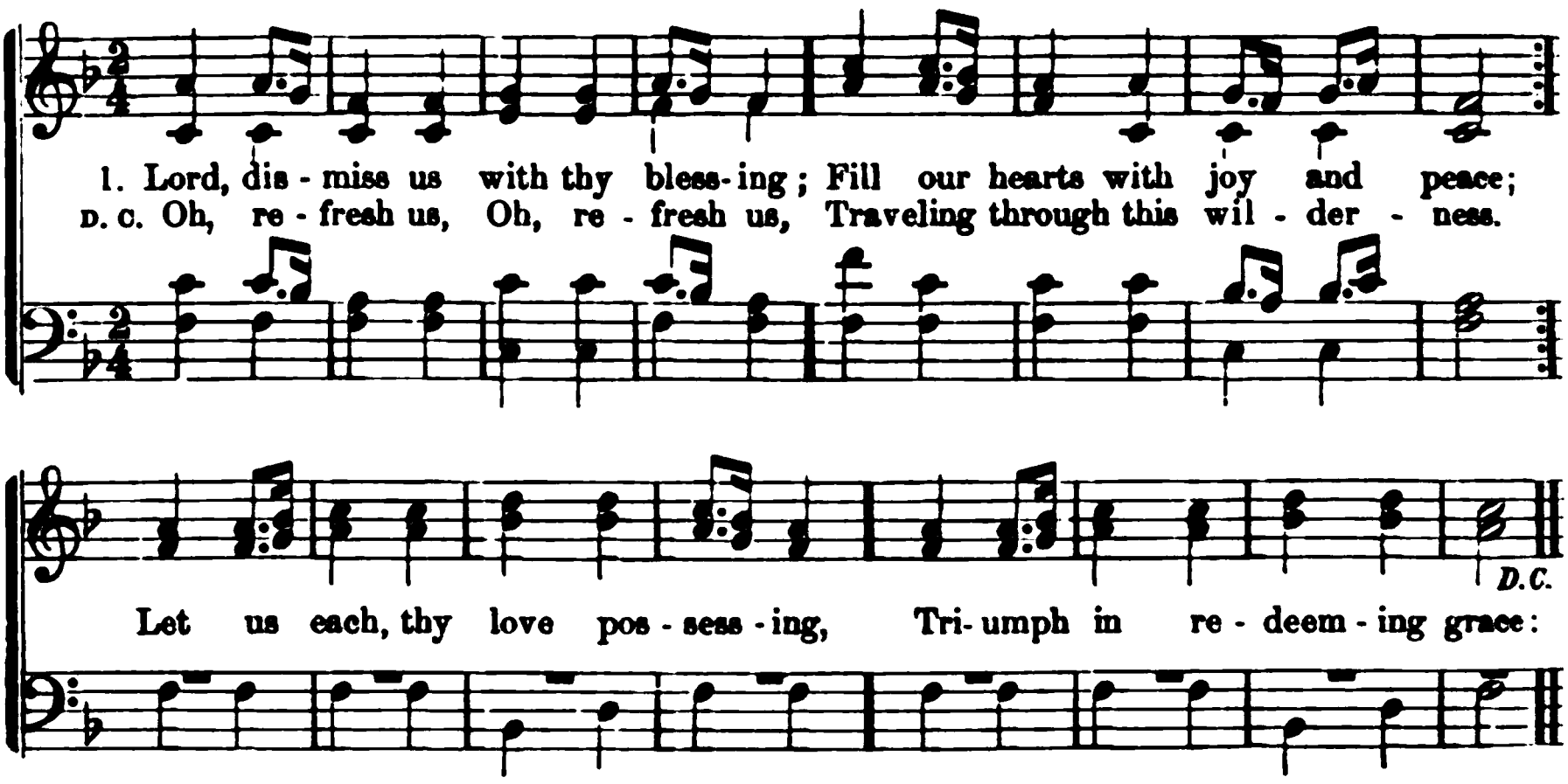
For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.



172 *Phil. 1 : 11.* SHIRLEY.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

173 *1 Cor. 3 : 6.* EVANS.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

174 *2 Pet. 3 : 11.* KELLY.

GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go!
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our best and lasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

175 *Ps. 18 : 35.* HASTINGS.

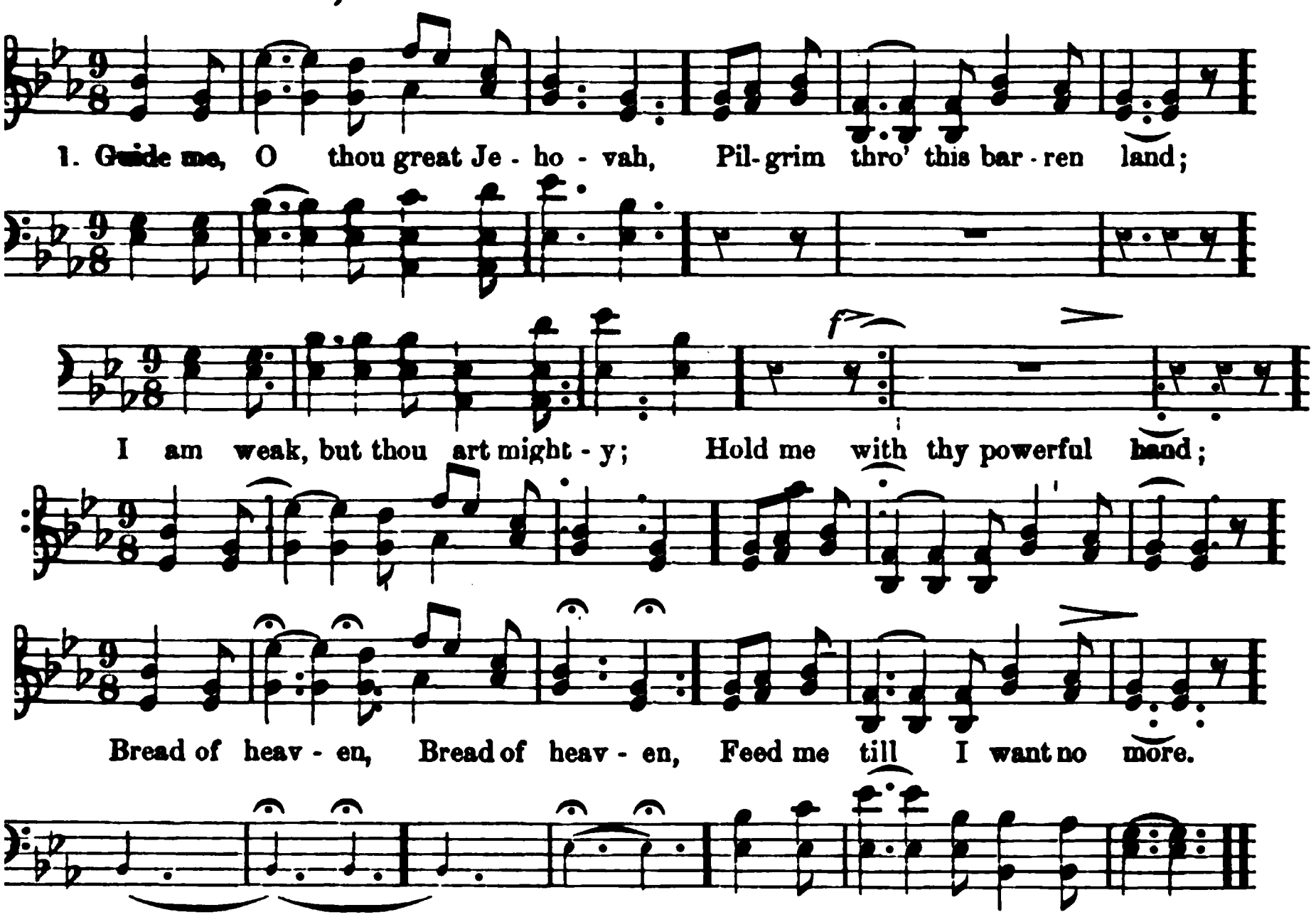
GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Thro' the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,—
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s & 4s.



76 *Ex. 14: 19.* W. WILLIAMS.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

177 *1 Cor. 3: 21.* EDMESTON.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, feed us, keep us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

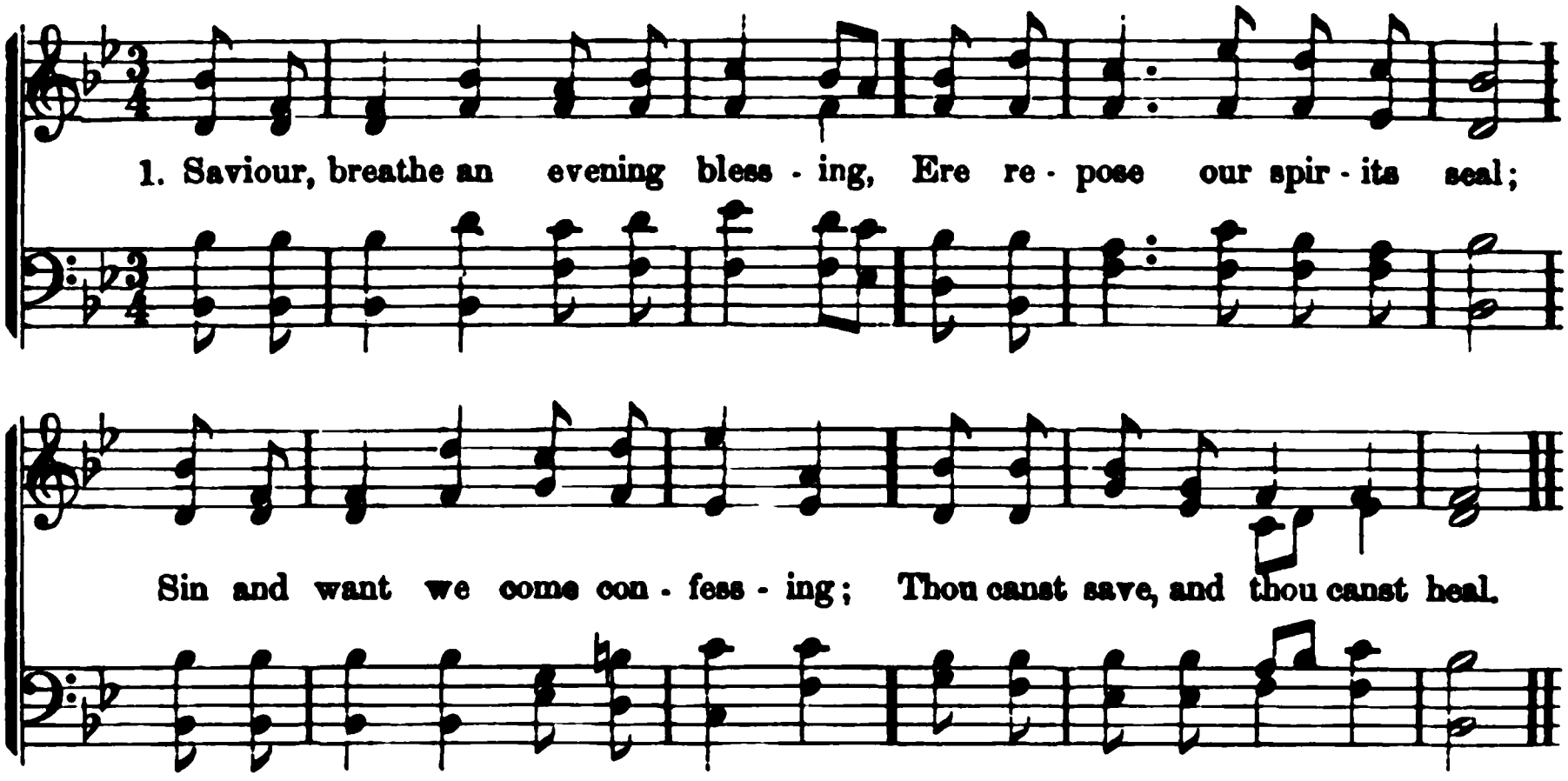
3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

178 *Ps. 91: 11.* ANON.

Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; oh, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see;
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



179 *Ps. 4 : 8.* EDMESTON.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

180 *Jer. 3 : 15.* SMYTH.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

3 Praise the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

181 *Ps. 23 : 2.* BICKERSTETH.

HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

182 *2 Cor. 13 : 14.* NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

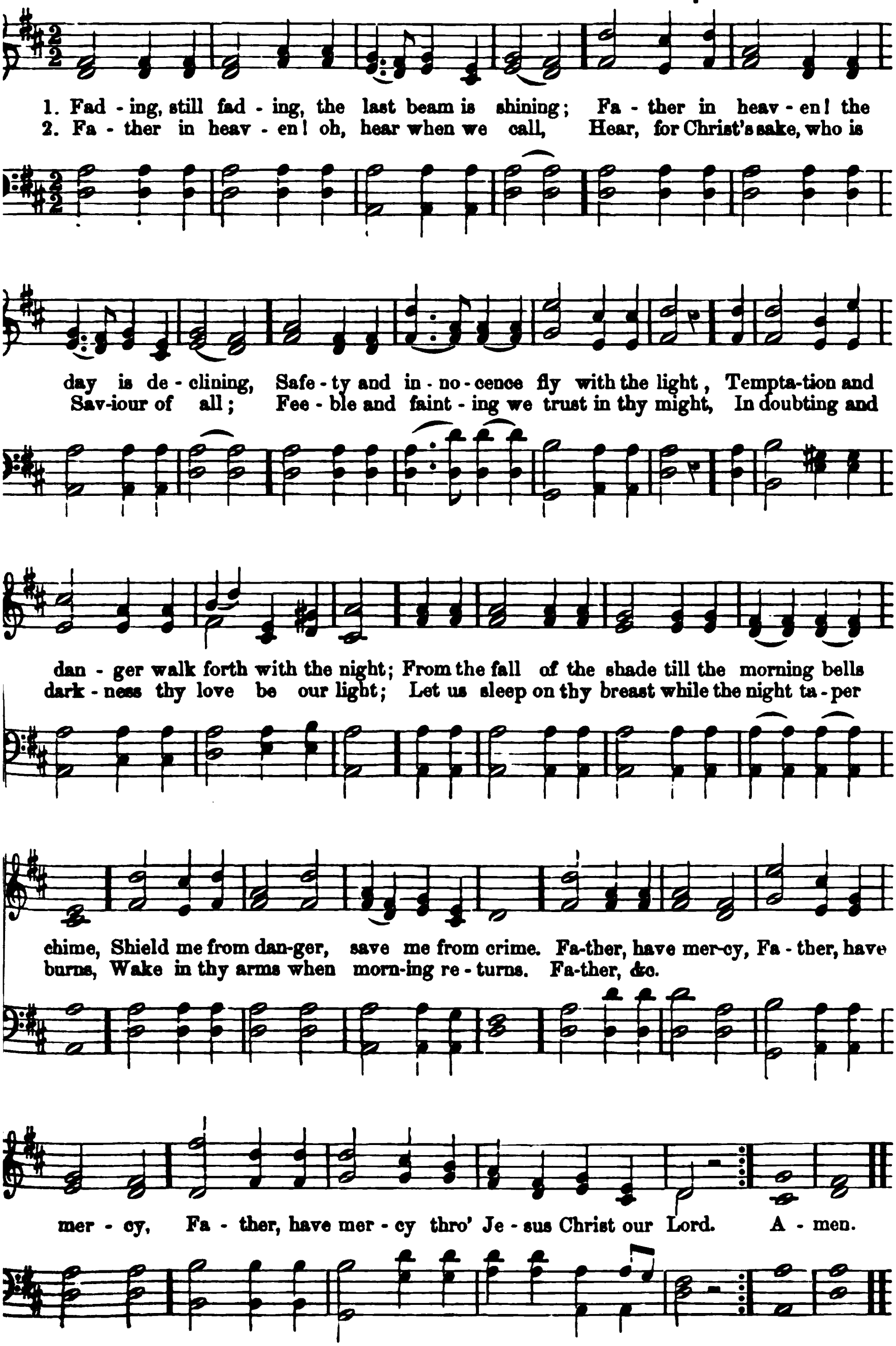
183 *Ps. 139 : 12.* ROBBINS.

Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light!

2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing!

LAST BEAM. P. M. HYMN 184 ANON.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining; Fa - ther in heav - en! the day is de - clining, Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light, Tempta-tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from dan-ger, save me from crime. Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy,
2. Fa - ther in heav - en! oh, hear when we call, Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Sav-iour of all; Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in thy might, In doubting and dark - ness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night ta - per burns, Wake in thy arms when morn-ing re - turns. Fa-ther, &c.



185 C. M. *Matt. 13 : 8.* CAWOOD.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ or man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as thy precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

186 8s & 7s. *Ps. 29 : 11.* ANON.

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2 Have we wandered? oh, forgive us;
Have we wished from truth to rove?
Turn, oh, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us thee to love.

187 C. M. *Matt. 13 : 8.* HEBER.

O GOD! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blessed,
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast,—

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And thorns of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply;
That truth, in earthly furrows sown,
May ripen in the sky.

188 L. M. *1 John 1 : 5.* AN

O GOD, the Light of all that live,
Unmoved, who dost all motion swa
The times and seasons who dost give
And thro' its changes guide the da

2 At eventide let there be light;
So may our souls no sunset see,
And death to us the portal bright
To an eternal morning be.

3 This grace on thy redeemed confer,
O Father blessed, who, with the S
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Forever reignest, Three in One!

189 8s, 7s & 4. *Luke 11 : 13.* COLESWORT

WHILE we lowly bow before thee,
Wilt thou, gracious Saviour, hear!
We are poor and needy sinners,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
Gracious Saviour,
Make us humble and sincere.

2 Fill us with thy Holy Spirit;
Sanctify us by thy grace;
Oh, incline us more to love thee,
And in dust our souls abase.
Hear us, Saviour,
And unvail thy glorious face.

3 None in vain did ever ask thee
For the Spirit of thy love;
Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us;
Grant an answer from above;
Blesséd Saviour,
Hear and answer from above.

190 C. M. *Ps. 89.* WA

BLEST are the souls that hear and kn
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

191 L. P. M. *Ps. 19.* WATTS.

I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, that has the furnace passed,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

192 H. M. *Isa. 55: 10, 11.* ANON.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain!
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more."

193 C. M. *Ps. 119: 9.* WATTS.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 This volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies,
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

194 7s. *Ps. 119: 105.* BURTON.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to tell me what I am;—

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
Mine to punish or reward;—

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;—

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Oh, thou holy book divine!
Precious treasure thou art mine!

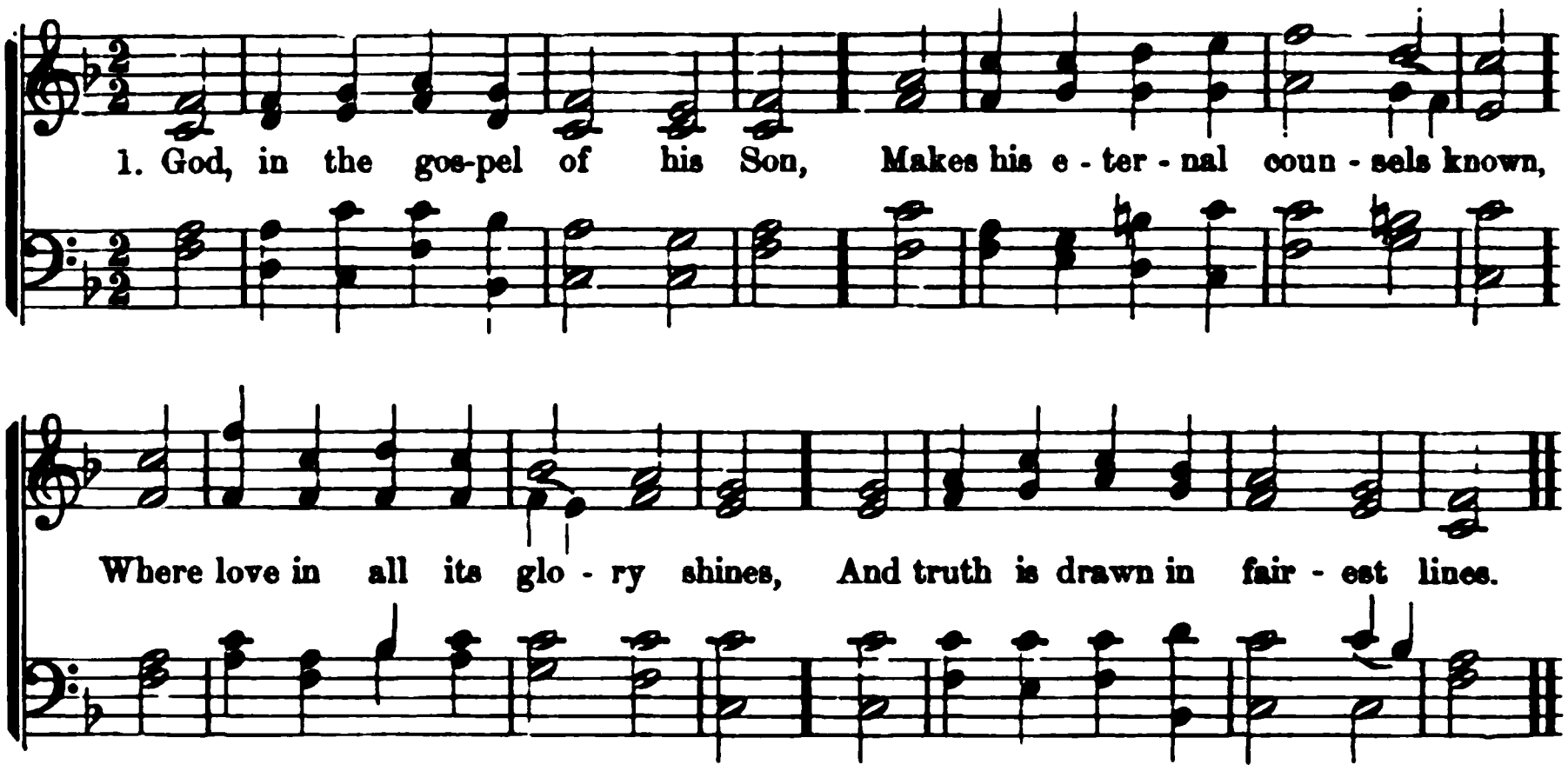
195 L. M. *2 Pet. 1: 21.* WATTS.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.



196 *2 Cor. 4 : 3.* BEDDOME.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here, shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh! grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

197 *Ps. 19.* WATTS.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

198 *Ps. 19.* WATTS.

GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Oh, bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

199 *Ps. 19.* GRANT.

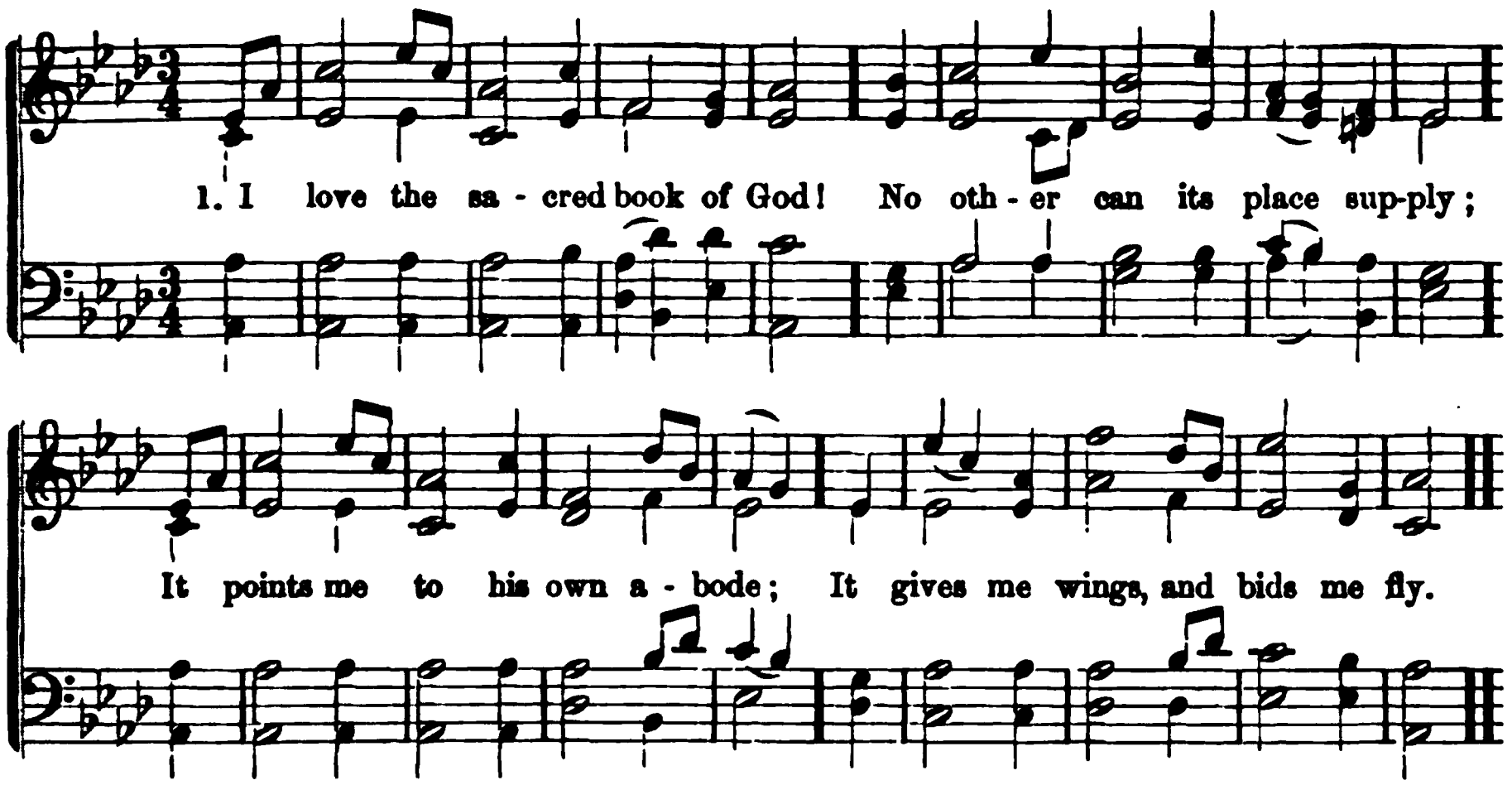
THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;—

4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

WILLINGTON. L. M.



200 *Rev. 10 : 2.* KELLY.

I LOVE the sacred Book of God!
No other can its place supply;
It points me to his own abode;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Sweet Book! in thee my eyes discern
The very image of my Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 In thee I read my title clear
To mansions that will ne'er decay;—
Dear Lord, oh, when wilt thou appear,
And bear thy prisoner away?

4 While I am here, these leaves supply
His place, and tell me of his love;
I read with faith's discerning eye,
And gain a glimpse of joys above.

5 I know in them the Spirit breathes
To animate his people here;
Oh, may these truths prove life to all,
Till in his presence we appear!

201 *1 Thes. 1 : 5.* HEGINBOTHAM.

Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blesséd word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 Here what delightful truths I read!
Here I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Here lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, oh, let my song,
Thro' endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

202 *Ps. 138 : 2.* BOWRING.

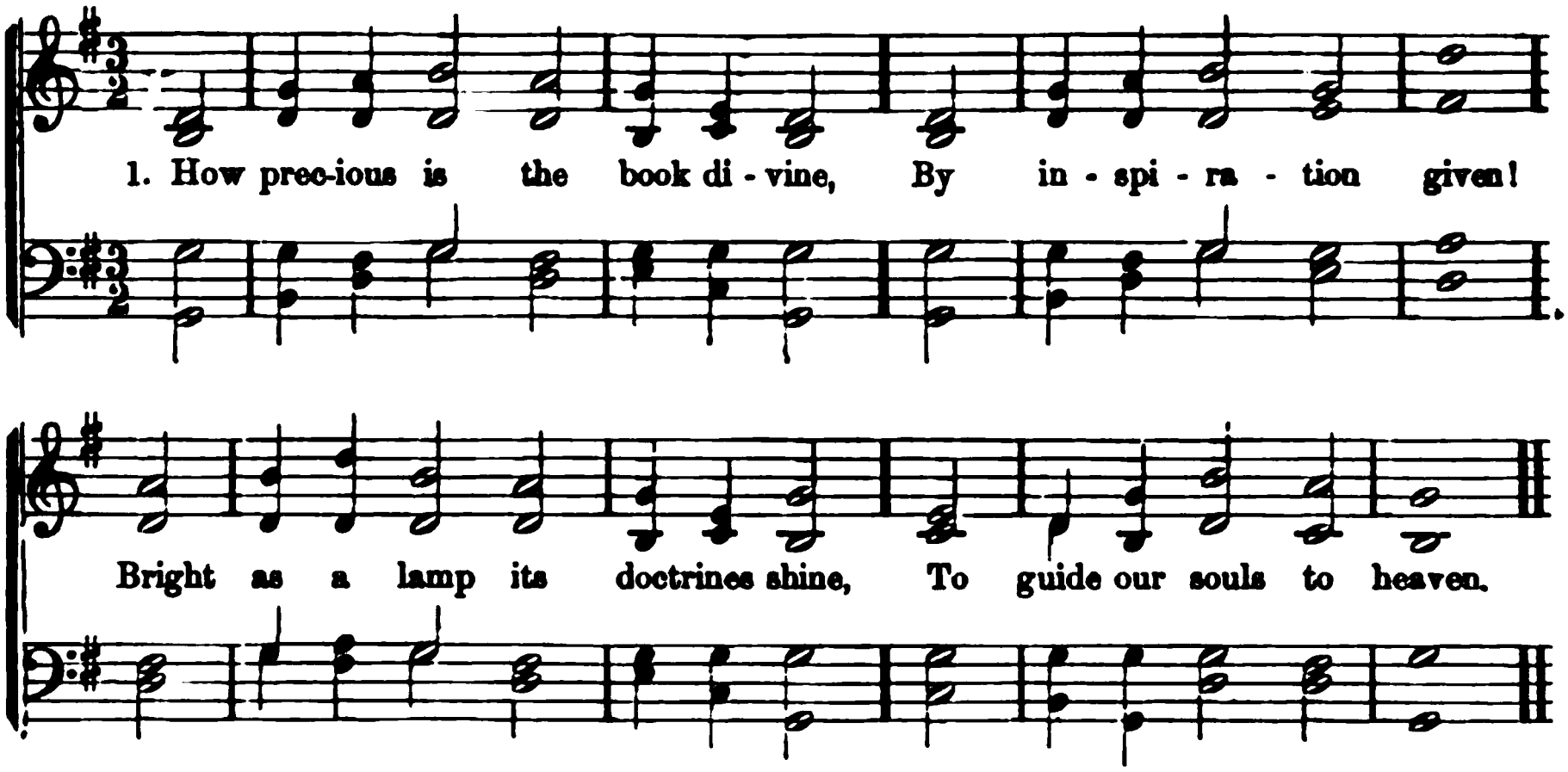
UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

KNOX. C. M.



203 *Ps. 119.* FAWCETT.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

204 *Titus 2 : 11.* STEELE.

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant thro' the shades of night
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

205 *Ps. 119.* WATTS.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin!
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

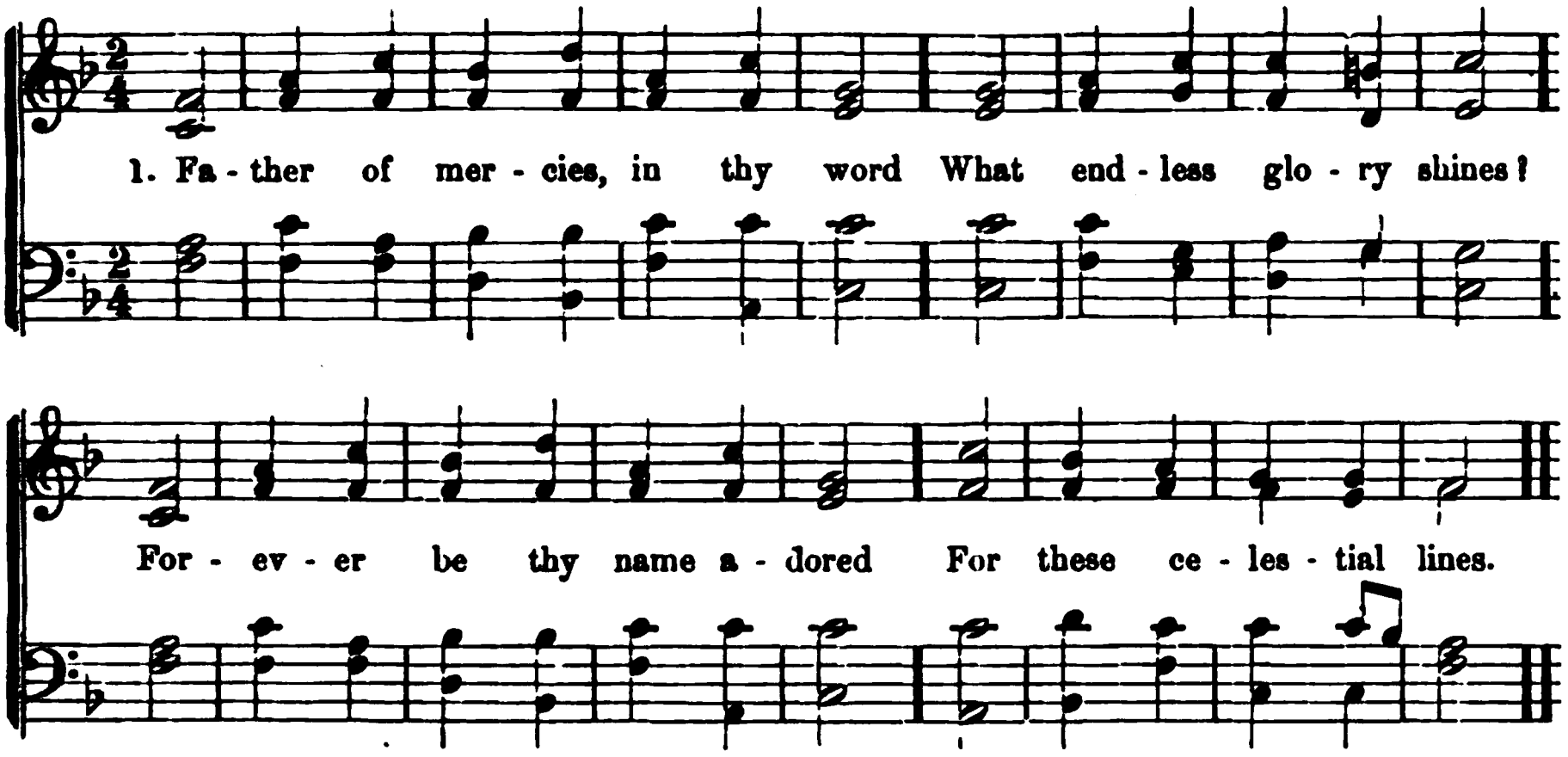
2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

YORK. C. M.



206 *Ps. 19 : 7.* STEELE.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

207 *Ps. 119.* WATTS.

OH, how I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

208 *Ps. 119.* COWPER.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

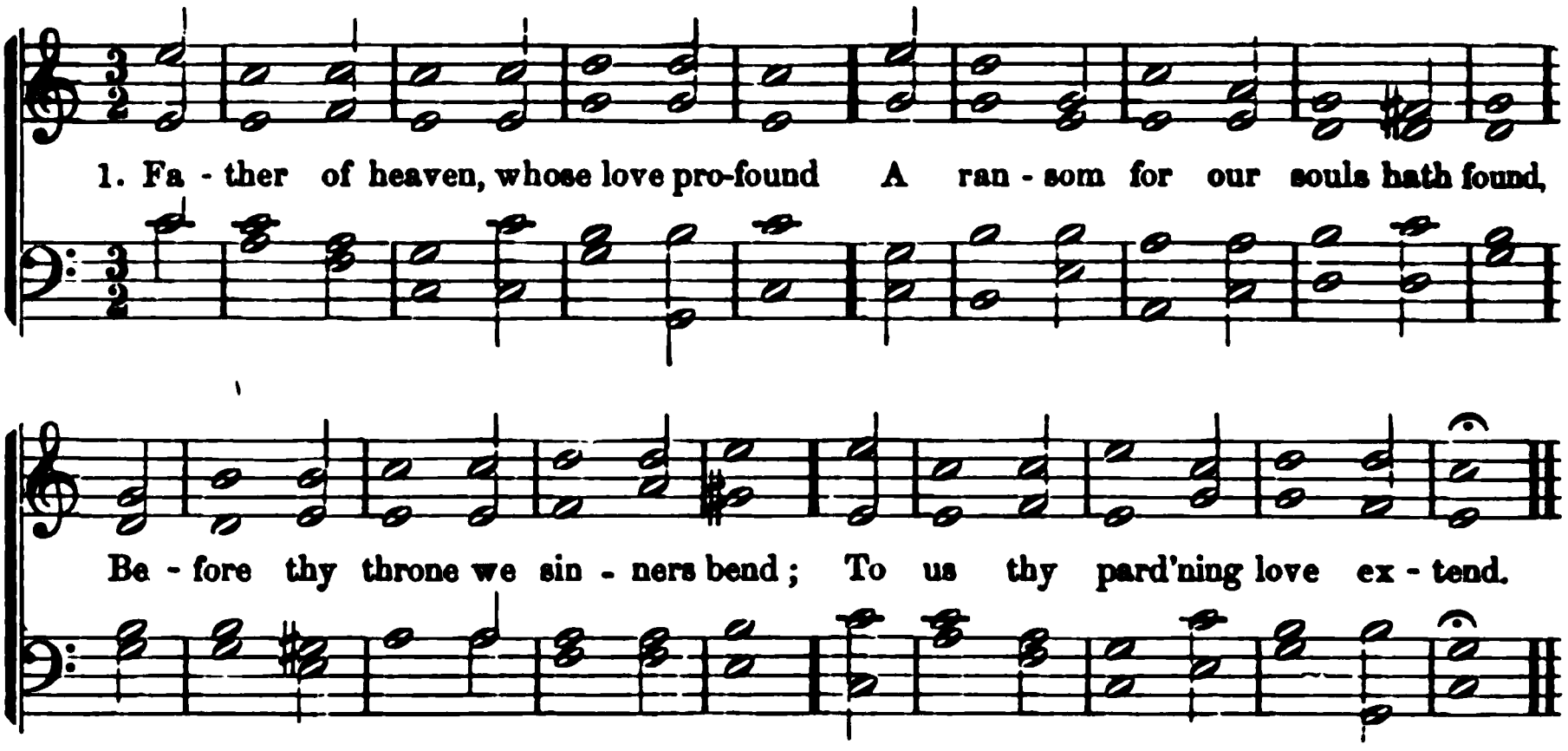
2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

JUDGMENT. L. M.



209 Trinity. COOPER.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!—
Mysterious Godhead!—Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

210 Unsearchableness.—*Job 11 : 7.* ANON.

WITH deepest reverence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown!
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God! to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find
The eternal, uncreated mind?
Nor men, nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.

3 That power we trace on every side;
Oh! may thy wisdom be our guide!
And while we live, and when we die,
May thine almighty love be nigh.

211 Faithfulness. WATTS.

OH, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

2 Then, should the earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

212 Omniscience.—*Ps. 139.* WATTS.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through:
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

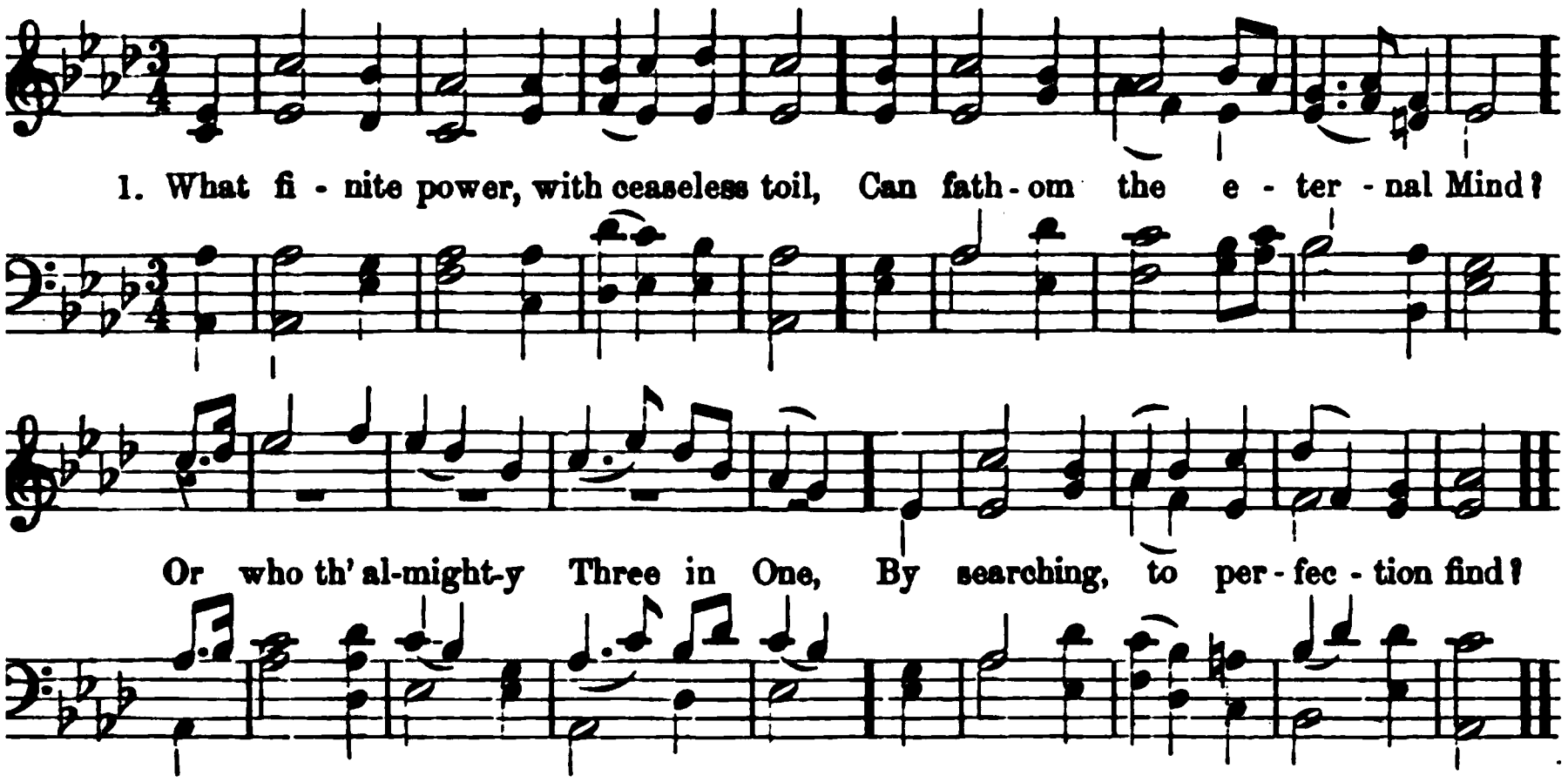
2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

SEASONS. L. M.



213 **Unsearchableness.**—*Job 11 : 7, 8.* E. SCOTT.

WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal Mind?
Or who the almighty Three in One,
By searching, to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious, their adoring songs;
The laboring tho't sinks down, opprest,
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

214 **Trinity.** EASTBURN.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
Forever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!

2 O Jesus! Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!

3 O Holy Spirit! from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstacy and love,
Thy praises ring thro' earth and heaven!

4 O God Triune! to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

215 **Sovereignty.**—*Rom. 9 : 20.* WATTS.

MAY not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

2 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?

3 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust!

4 But, O my soul! if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

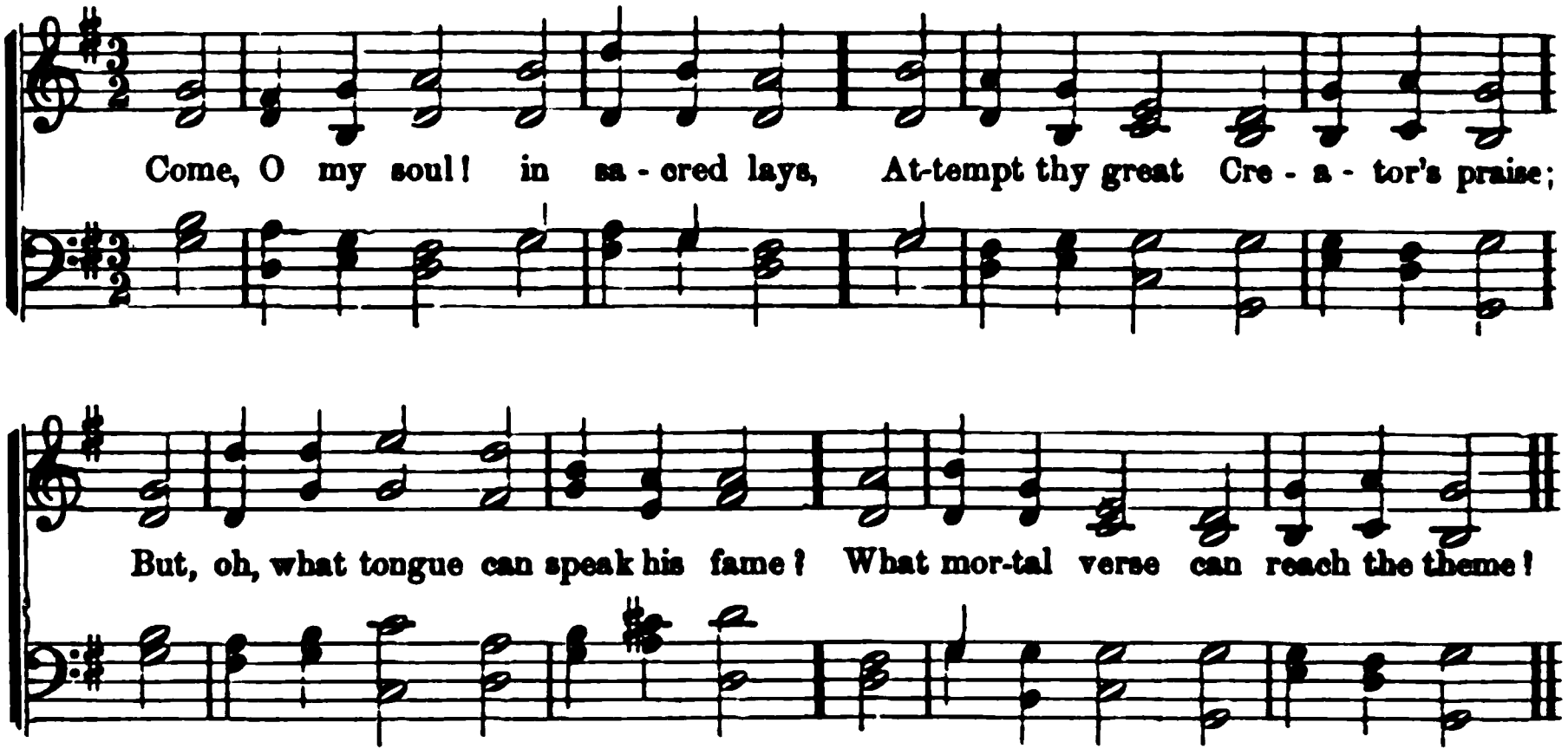
216 **Long-suffering.**—*Luke 13 : 6.* ANON.

GOD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



217 Glory.—*Ps. 104 : 2.* BLACKLOCK.

COME, O my soul! in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

218 Majesty.—*Ps. 68.* WATTS.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known;
Israel is his peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

219 Omnipresence. STERLING.

THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
Oh, grant that we may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand!

2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.

3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow
Till life from thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being, save by thee!

220 Mystery.—*Ps. 46 : 10.* DODDRIDGE.

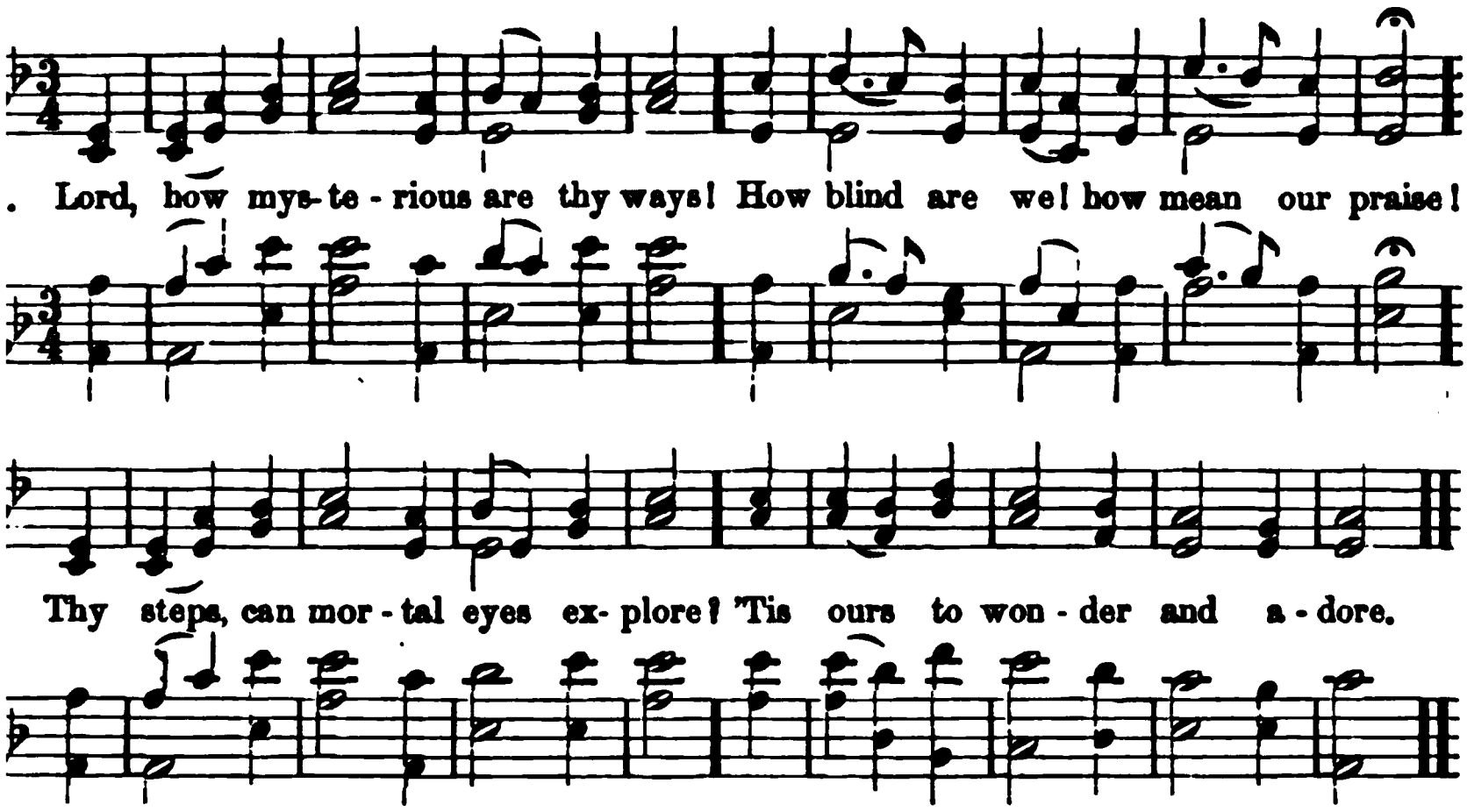
WAIT, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul! submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

LOUVAN. L. M.



Incomprehensibleness. STEELE.

, how mysterious are thy ways!
blind are we! how mean our praise!
steps, can mortal eyes explore?
ours to wonder and adore.

God! I would not ask to see
t in my coming life shall be;
gh for me if love divine,
ngth through every cloud shall shine.

larkness and distress my share?
let me trust thy guardian care;
ht and bliss attend my days,
let my future hours be praise.

his my soul desires to know,
iis my only wish below,
Christ be mine;—this great request
t, bounteous God, and I am blest!

Perfections.—*Ps. 103.* WATTS.

Lord! how wondrous are his ways!
firm his truth! how large his grace!
akes his mercy for his throne,
thence he makes his glories known.

half so high his power hath spread
starry heavens above our head,
is rich love exceeds our praise,
eds the highest hopes we raise.

half so far has nature placed
rising morning from the west,
is forgiving grace removes
daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
Or, if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 His everlasting love is sure
To all his saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

223 **Omnipresence.** HOLMES.

LORD of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

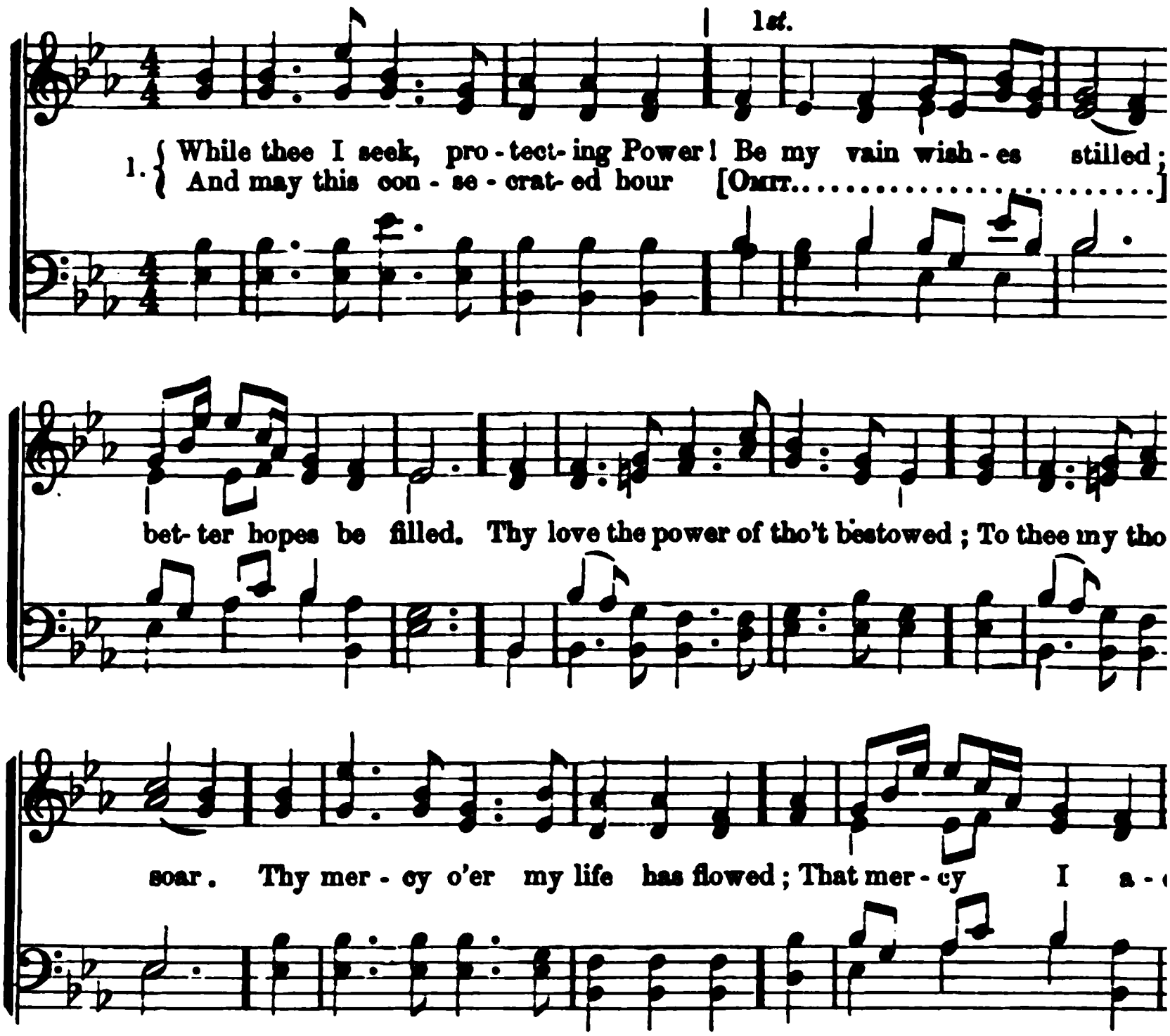
2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.



224 **Providence.** **Williams.**

While thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see
My steadfast heart shall know n
That heart will rest on thee.

225 **Providence.**

When all thy mercies, O my Go
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm l
In wonder, love, and praise.
Ten thousand thousand precious
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with jo

2 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant world
The glorious theme renew.
Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise!

226 Beneficence. ANON.

WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks, with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dews away,
Bright tear-drops of the night—
My heart, O Lord! forgets to rove,
But rises gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in thee.

2 When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still, to my Father and my Friend,
My wishes are addressed.
Though tears may dim my hours of joy,
And bid my pleasures flee,
Thou reign'st where grief cannot annoy;
I will be glad in thee.

3 And ev'n when midnight's solemn gloom
Above, around is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.
I dream of that fair land, O Lord!
Where all thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

227 In Nature. MONTGOMERY.

GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.
He bows the heavens; the mountains stand
A highway for our God;
He walks amid the desert land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.

2 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, Jehovah's voice
Is heard among the trees.
In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,—
The breath of life and health.

3 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!

228 "Our Father." HEGINBOTHAM.

FATHER of mercies! God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

2 In all thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

3 Through every period of my life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
Then may I close my eyes in death,
Redeemed from anxious fear;
For death itself, my God, is life,
If thou art with me there.

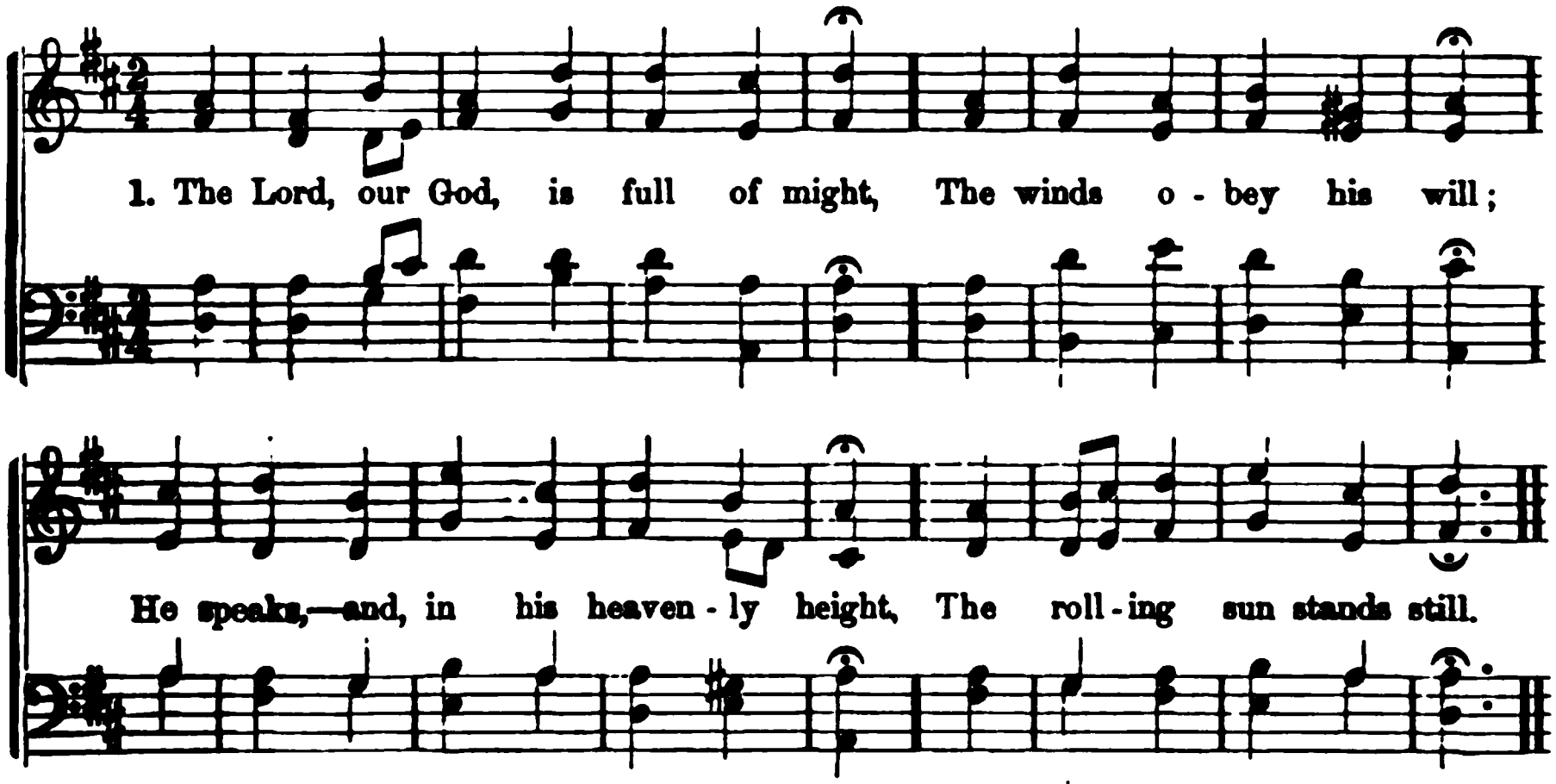
229 Watchful Care.—*Ps. 107.* ADDISON

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.
In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

2 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

3 In midst of dangers. fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we 'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.



230 **Almighty Power.** H. K. White.

The Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

231 **Omnipotence.**—*Isa. 12 : 4.* Watts.

The Lord, how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

4 On angels, with unveiled face
His glory beams above;
On men, he looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

232 **Providence.** Watts.

Keep silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

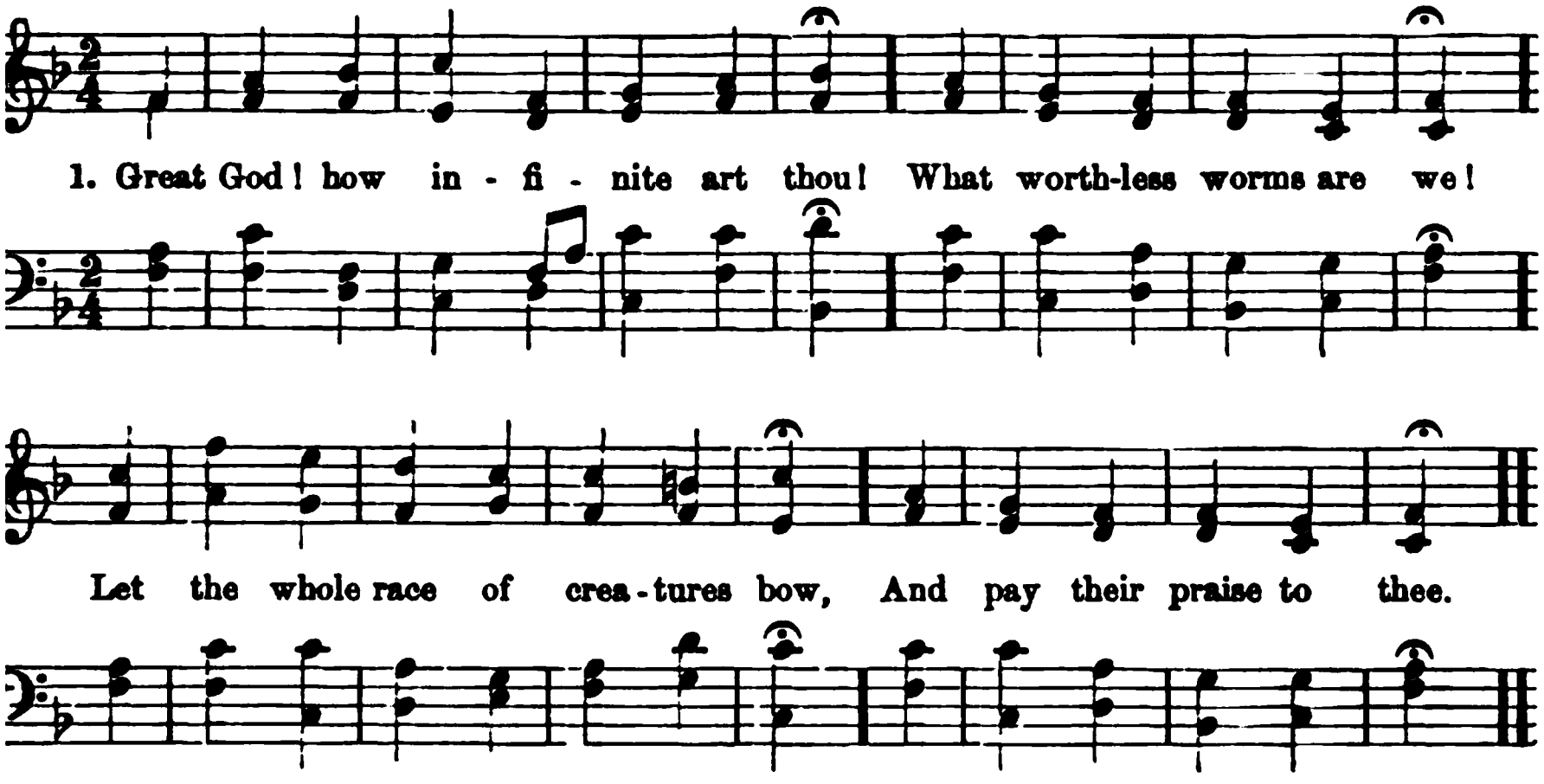
2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh! may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

DUNDEE. C. M.



33 Eternity.—*Ps. 90 : 1.* WATTS.

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears—
Great God! there 's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

34 Majesty.—*Isa. 6 : 3.* TATE, *tr.*

O GOD! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To thee, all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

235 In the Universe. WATTS.

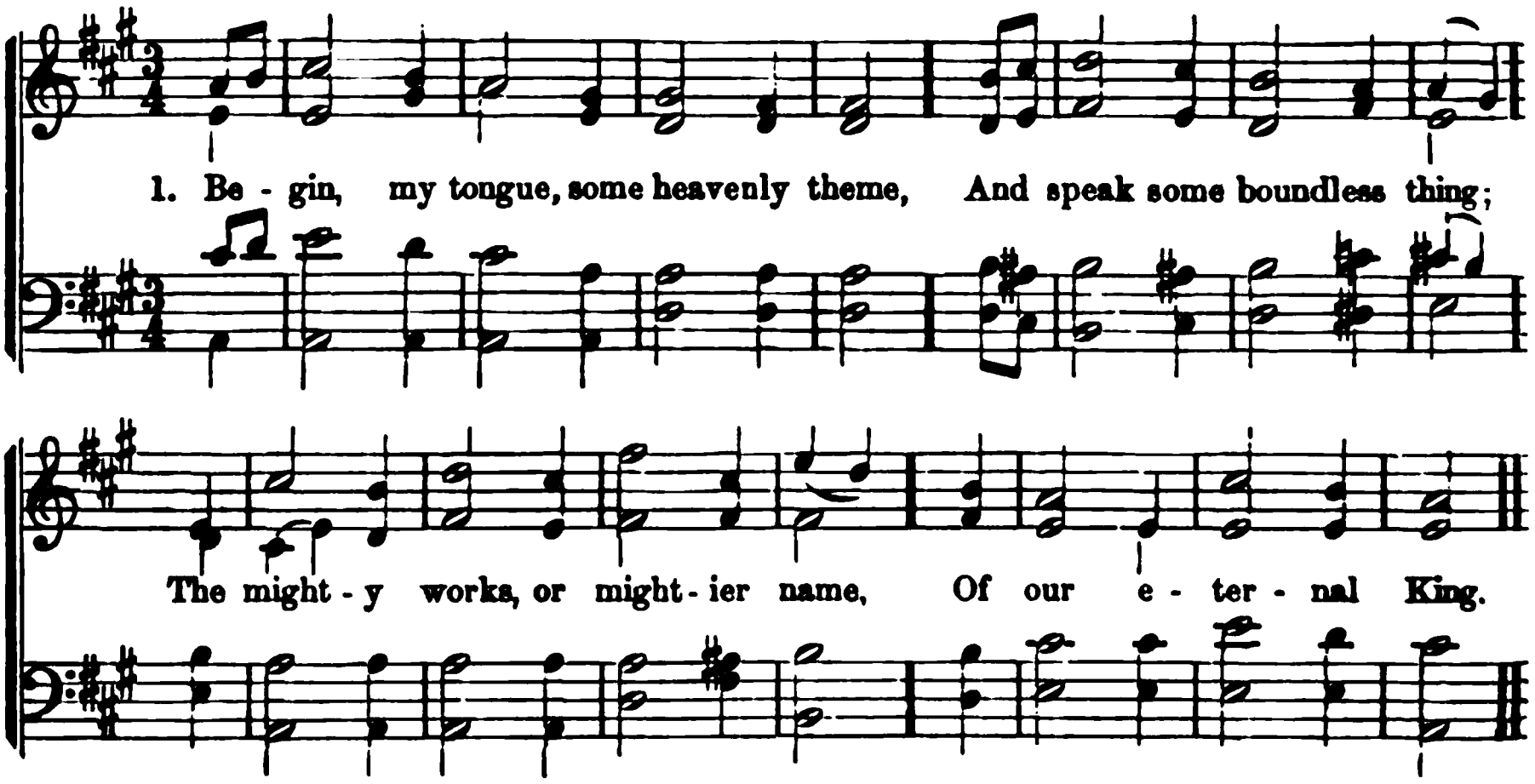
ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 How wide thy hand hath spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

4 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

MANOAH. C. M.



236 Faithfulness.—*Ps. 36 : 5.* WATTS.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

237 Providence. COWPER.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

238 Lord of All. H. K. WHITE.

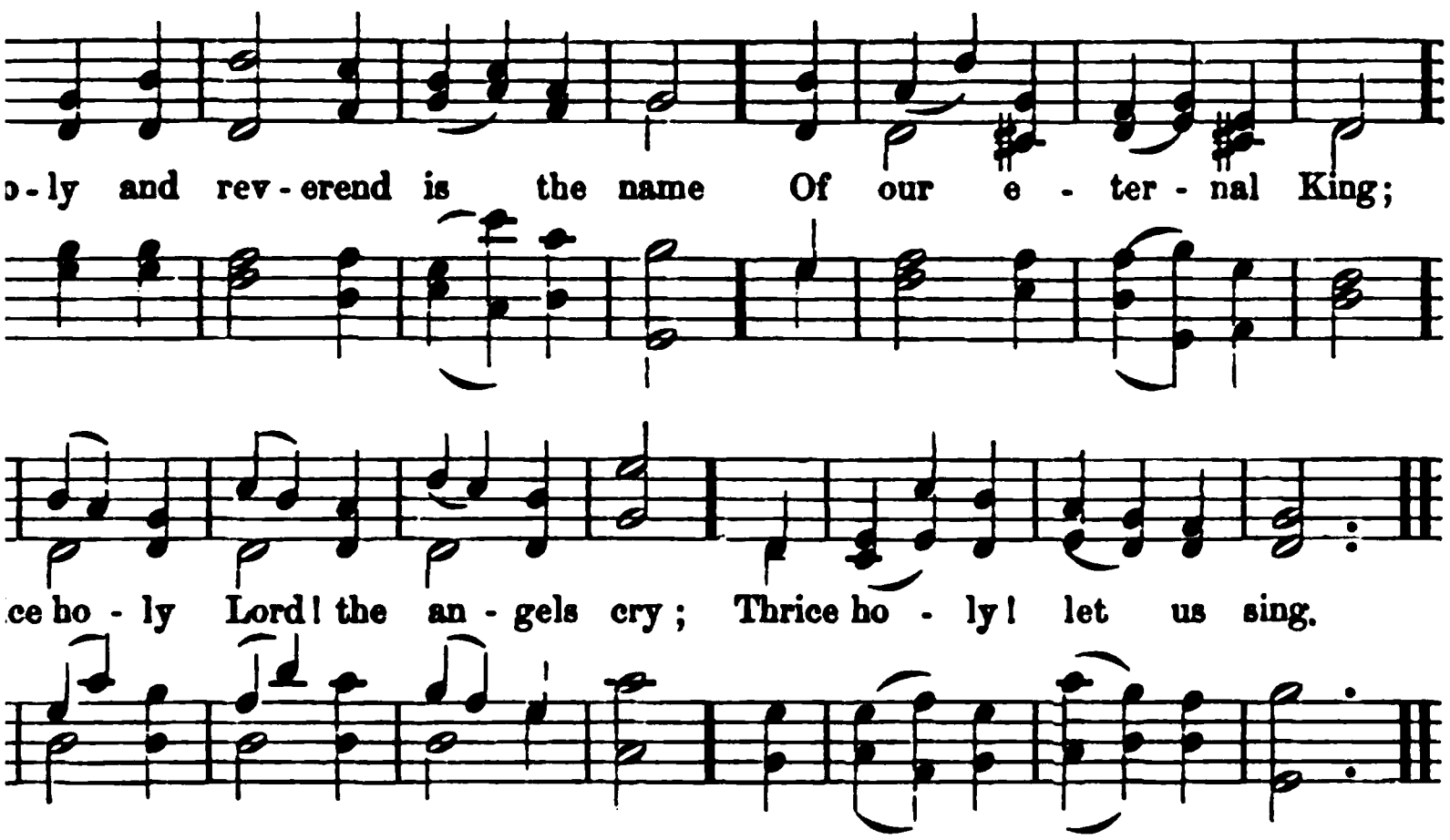
THE Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He smiles, we live! he frowns, we die!
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

4 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

[ESTERFIELD. C. M.



Holiness.—*Ps. 111 : 9.* NEEDHAM.

ıd reverend is the name
r eternal King;
oly Lord! the angels cry;
: holy! let us sing.

pest reverence of the mind,
) my soul! to God;
ı thy hands a holy heart
ı sublime abode.

:red awe pronounce his name,
ı words nor thoughts can reach;
ı heart shall please him more
the best forms of speech.

ly God! preserve our souls
all pollution free;
: in heart are thy delight,
hey thy face shall see.

rfections.—*Ps. 77 : 11-14.* WATTS.

ıe almighty power of God,
nade the mountains rise,
ead the flowing seas abroad,
ıuilt the lofty skies.

e wisdom that ordained
ın to rule the day;
ın shines full at his command,
ll the stars obey.

e goodness of the Lord,
illed the earth with food;
od the creatures with his word,
hen pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

241 In the Winds.—*Isa. 27 : 8.* DODDRIDGE.

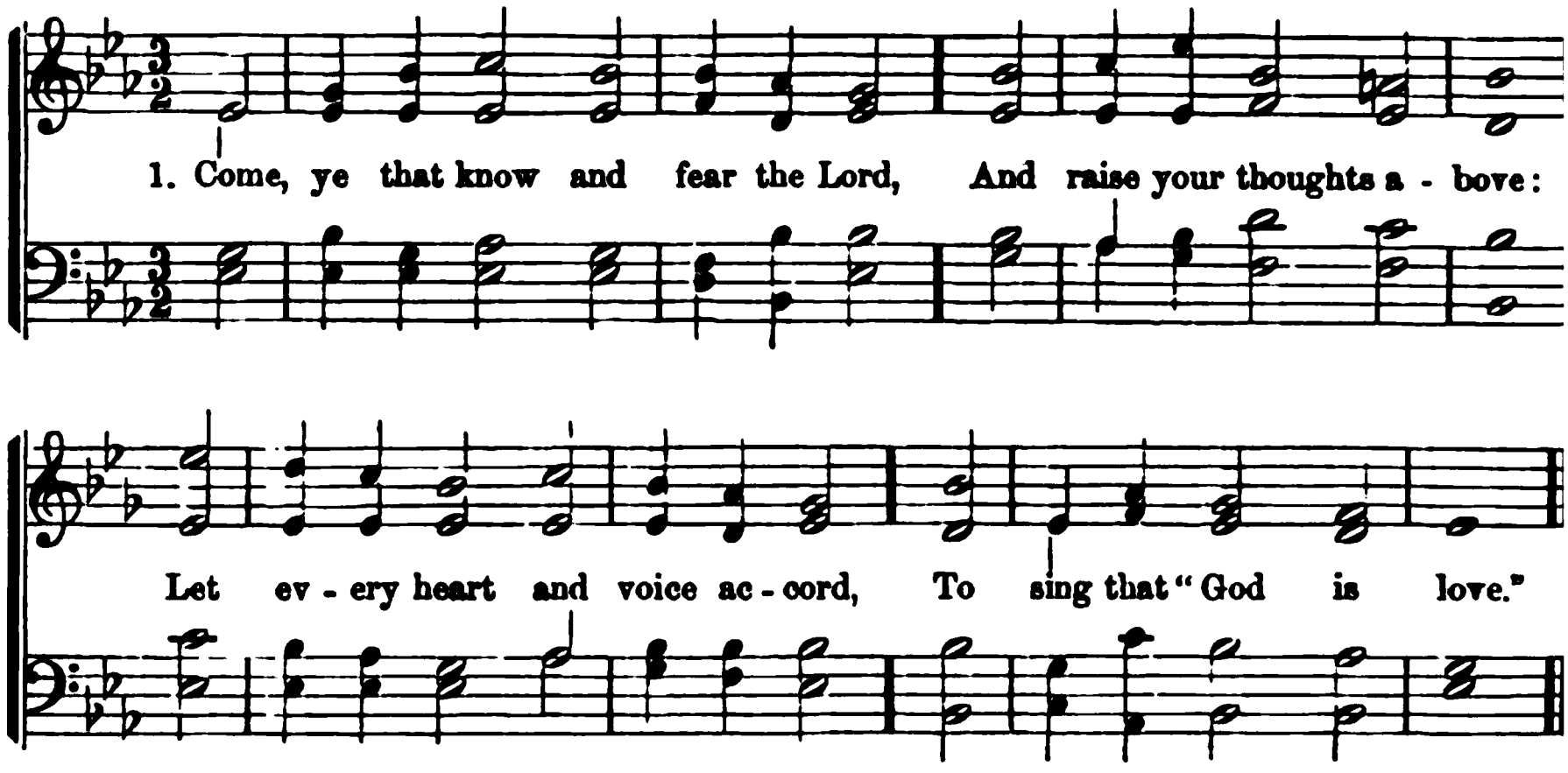
GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

DOWNS. C. M.



242 Love.—*1 John 4 : 8.* BURDER.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—"God is love."

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

243 Grace.—*Isa. 61 : 10.* WATTS.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far this heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace:
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

244 Mercy.—*Ps. 116.* WATTS.

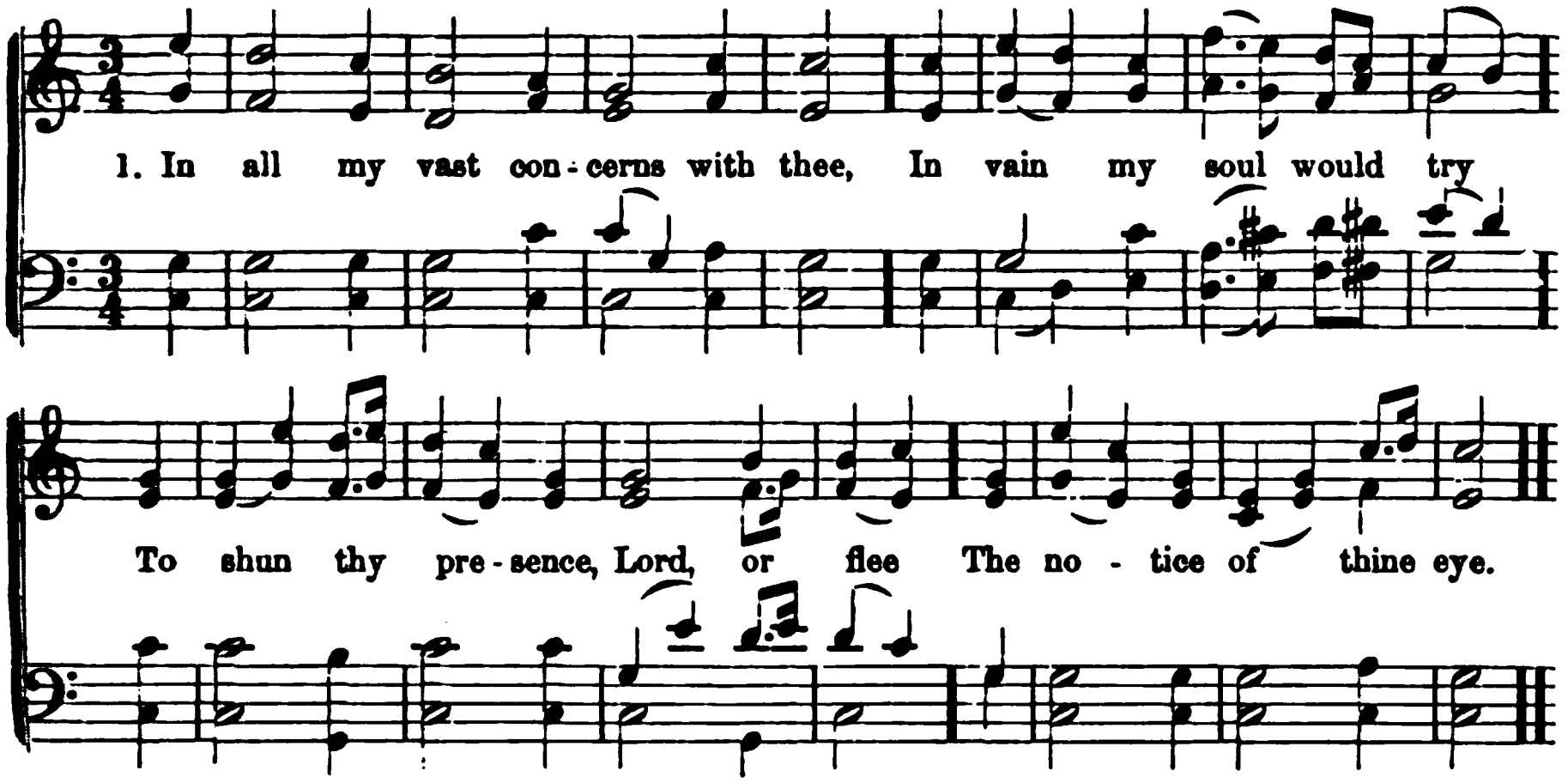
WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight—
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord! I devote to thee.

BEMERTON. C. M.



245 Omnipresence.—*Ps. 139.* WATTS.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

246 Omniscience.—*Ps. 139.* THOMSON.

JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

247 Mystery.—*1 Cor. 13: 12.* FAWCETT.

THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 As, through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

3 'T is but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

4 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

248 C. M. Eternity.—*Ps. 90.* Watts.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust:
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

249 C. M. Nature and Grace. Watts.

Father! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And, on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 Oh! may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

250 C. M. 6l. Omnipresence. Conder.

Beyond, beyond the boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God! art nigh:—

2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after thee in vain—
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain;
Thy messenger—the stormy wind;
Thy path—the trackless main.

3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth thy praise—
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways;
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in the noon-day blaze.

4 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere?

5 Oh, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though vailed from sight,
There doth his Spirit rest:
Oh, come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

251 L. M. Eternity. Doddridge.

Great Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
Before the moth we sink to dust.

3 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;—

4 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

VARINA. C. M. 6 lines.

1. Beyond, beyond the boundless sea, A-bove that dome of sky, Further than thought itself can flee,

Thy dwelling is on high: Yet dear the aw - ful thought to me, That thou, my God! art nigh.

NOEL. C. M.

1. Fa - ther! how wide thy glo - ry shines! How high thy won - ders rise!

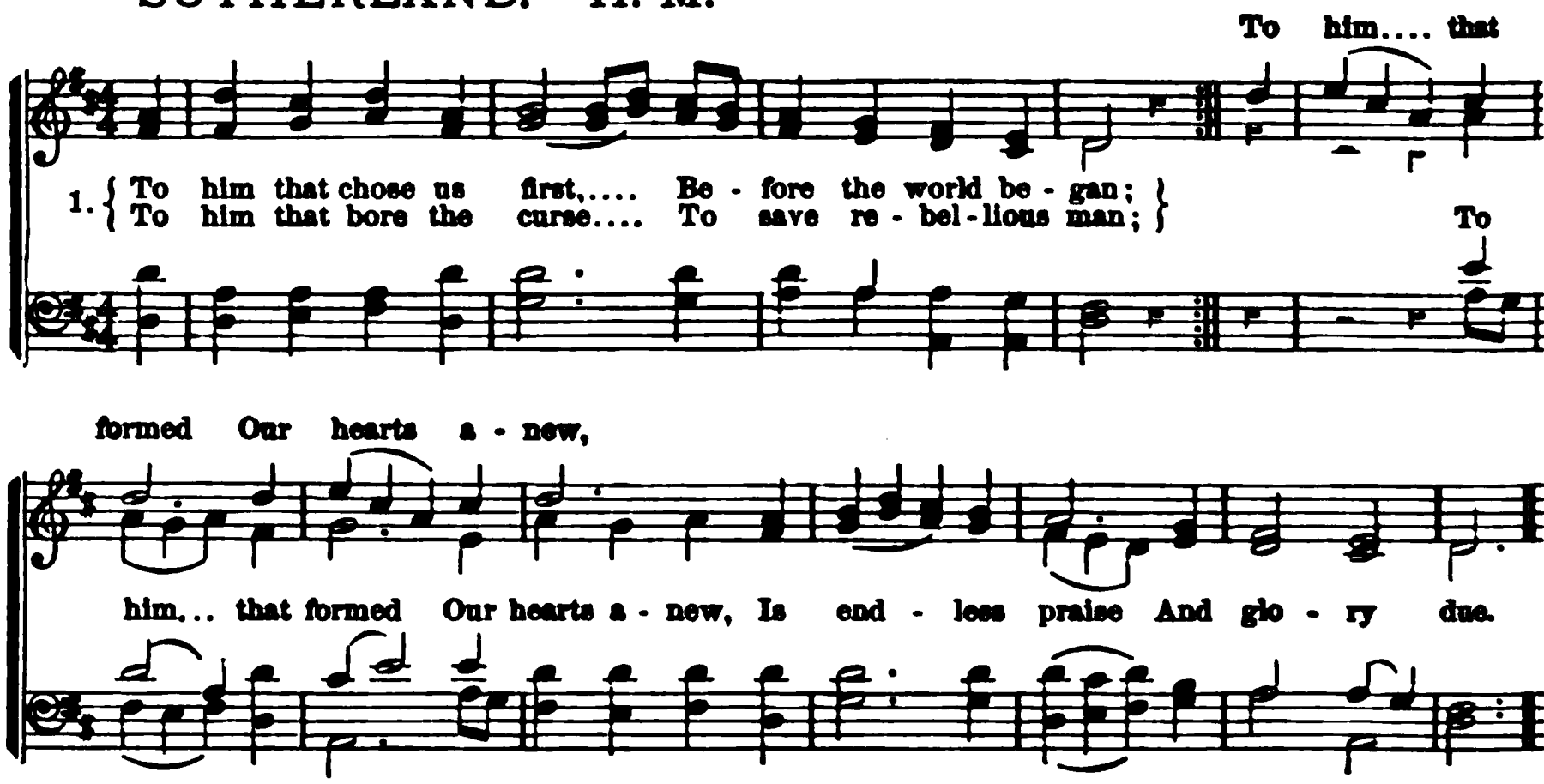
Known through the earth by thou - sand signs, By thousand through the skies.

FAVORITE CHANT. L. M.

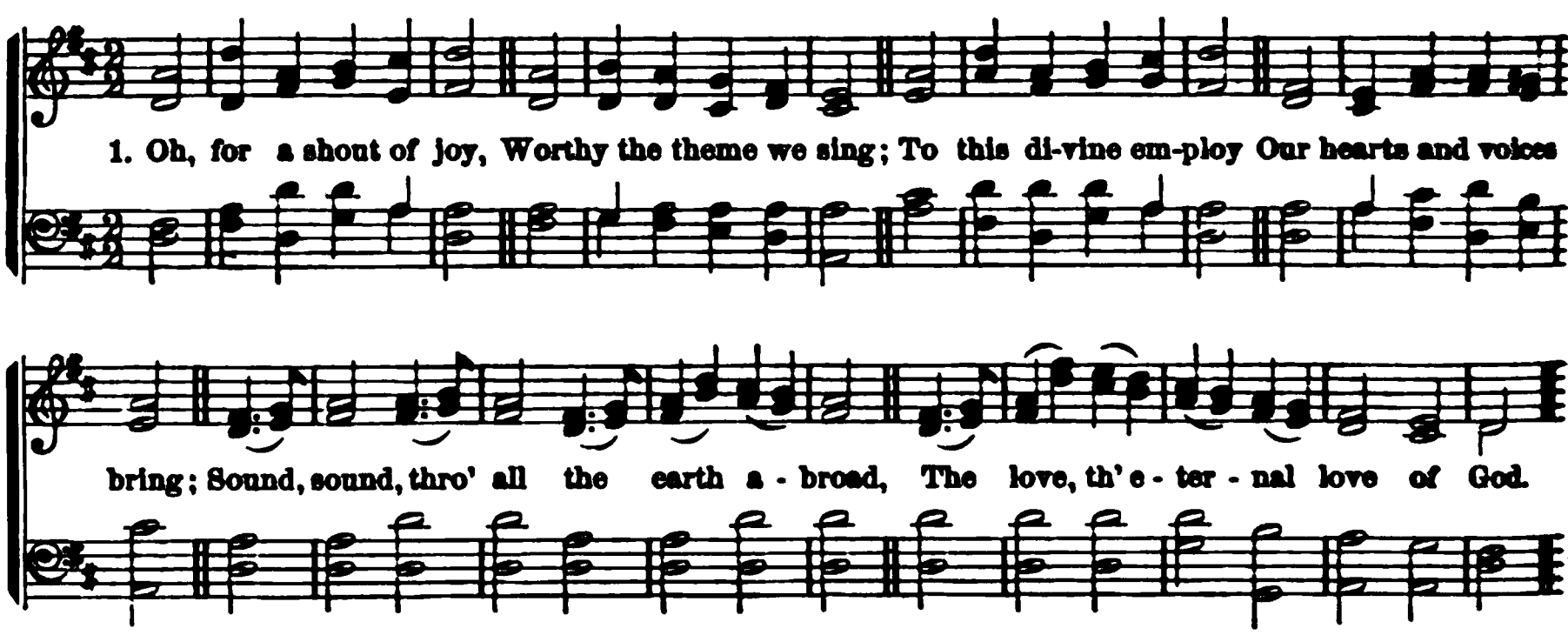
1. Great Form-er of this va - rious frame, Our souls a - dore thine aw - ful name,

And bow and trem-ble, while they praise The An-cient of e - ter - nal days.

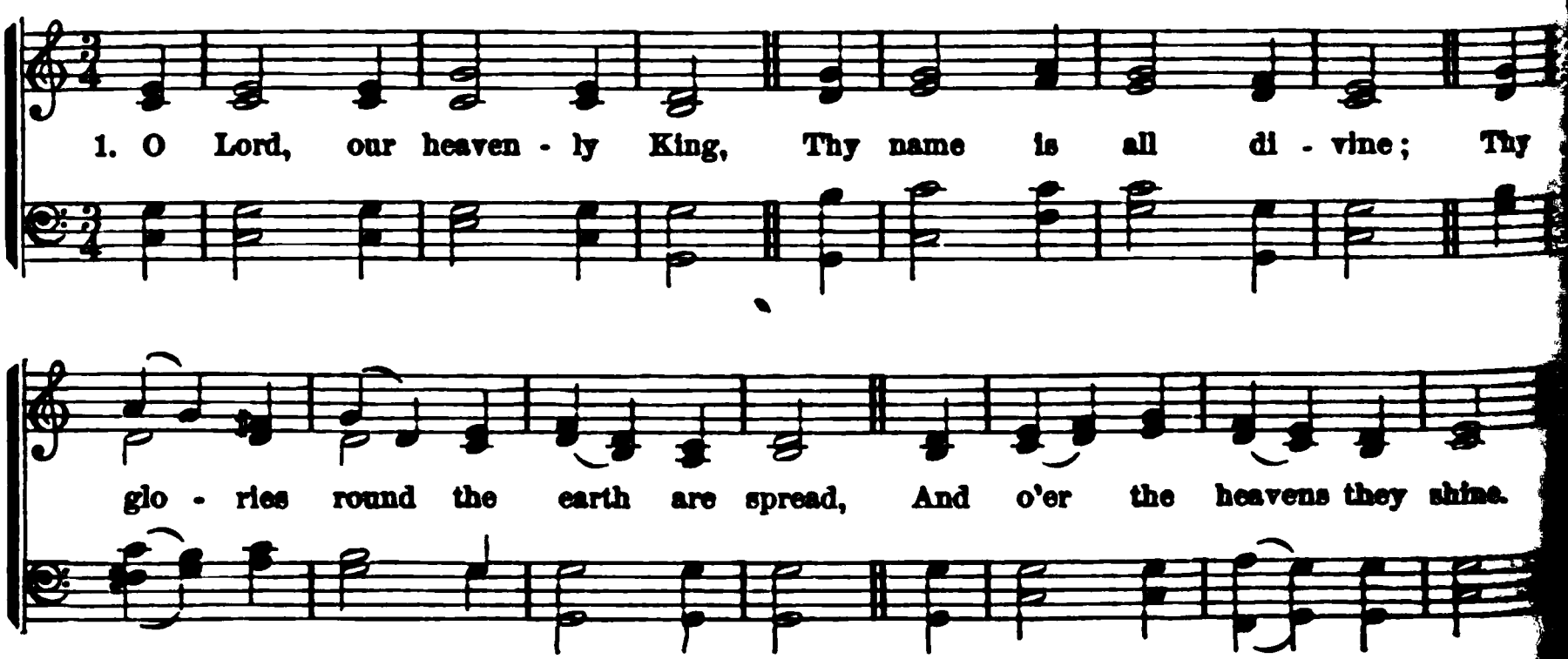
SUTHERLAND. H. M.



HADDAM. H. M.



ZEUNER'S. S. M.



2 H. M. Love.—*Eph. 3 : 17.* YOUNG.

H, for a shout of joy,
Worthy the theme we sing;
› this divine employ
Our hearts and voices bring;
ıd, sound, thro' all the earth abroad,
love, the eternal love of God.

nnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
r bow at thy right hand,
And pay their homage there;
strive in vain with loudest chord,
ound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

et sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
every age and place,
Have sung the mystery,—
e told in strains of sweet accord,
love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

ıough earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
ıe weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
through an endless age record
love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

3 S. M. Condescension.—*Ps. 8.* WATTS.

LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
hy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

hen I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
ord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

ord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
ext to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

low rich thy bounties are,
And wondrous are thy ways;
f dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
hy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

254 H. M. Trinity.—*John 15 : 16.* WATTS.

To him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that formed | Is endless praise
Our hearts anew, | And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs,
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address | With equal praise
The Spirit's name | And zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One;
Thus heaven shall raise | When earth and time
His honors high, | Grow old and die.

255 C. M. D. In the Seasons.—*Ps. 147.* WATTS.

WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters vail the sky.
He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

3 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

256 L. M. Trinity. BAKER.

BLEST Trinity! from mortal sight
Vailed in thine own eternal light!
We thee confess, in thee believe;
To thee with loving hearts we cleave.

2 O Father! thou most Holy One!
O God of God! Eternal Son!
O Holy Ghost! thou Love Divine!
To join them both is ever thine.

3 The Father is in God the Son,
And with the Father he is one;
In both the Spirit doth abide,
And with them both is glorified.

4 Eternal Father! thee we praise;
To thee, O Son! our hymns we raise;
O Holy Ghost! we thee adore!
One mighty God forevermore.

257 C. P. M. Love. MOORE.

MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distill!
In every vernal beam it glows,
It breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile in every vale.

4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

5 Then let the love that makes me blest
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude,
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good!

258 7s. In Creation.—*Ps. 148.* MONTGOMERY.

HERALDS of creation! cry,—
"Praise the Lord—the Lord most high!"
Heaven and earth obey the call,
Praise the Lord—the Lord of all.

2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded—nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,—
Spirits perfected in love!
Sun and moon! your anthems raise;
Sing, ye stars! your Maker's praise.

259 L. M. Being.—*Heb. 11 : 6.* STEELE.

THERE is a God!—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See! from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before him, and adore.

260 C. M. Majesty.—*Ps. 18.* STERNHOLD.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.

4 The Lord will give his people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And he will bless his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

5 Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone;
Give worship to his majesty,
Upon his holy throne.

261 S. M. Grace.—*Ps. 103.* Montgomery.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind:
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole!
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!

262 C. L. M. In Nature. Muhlenberg.

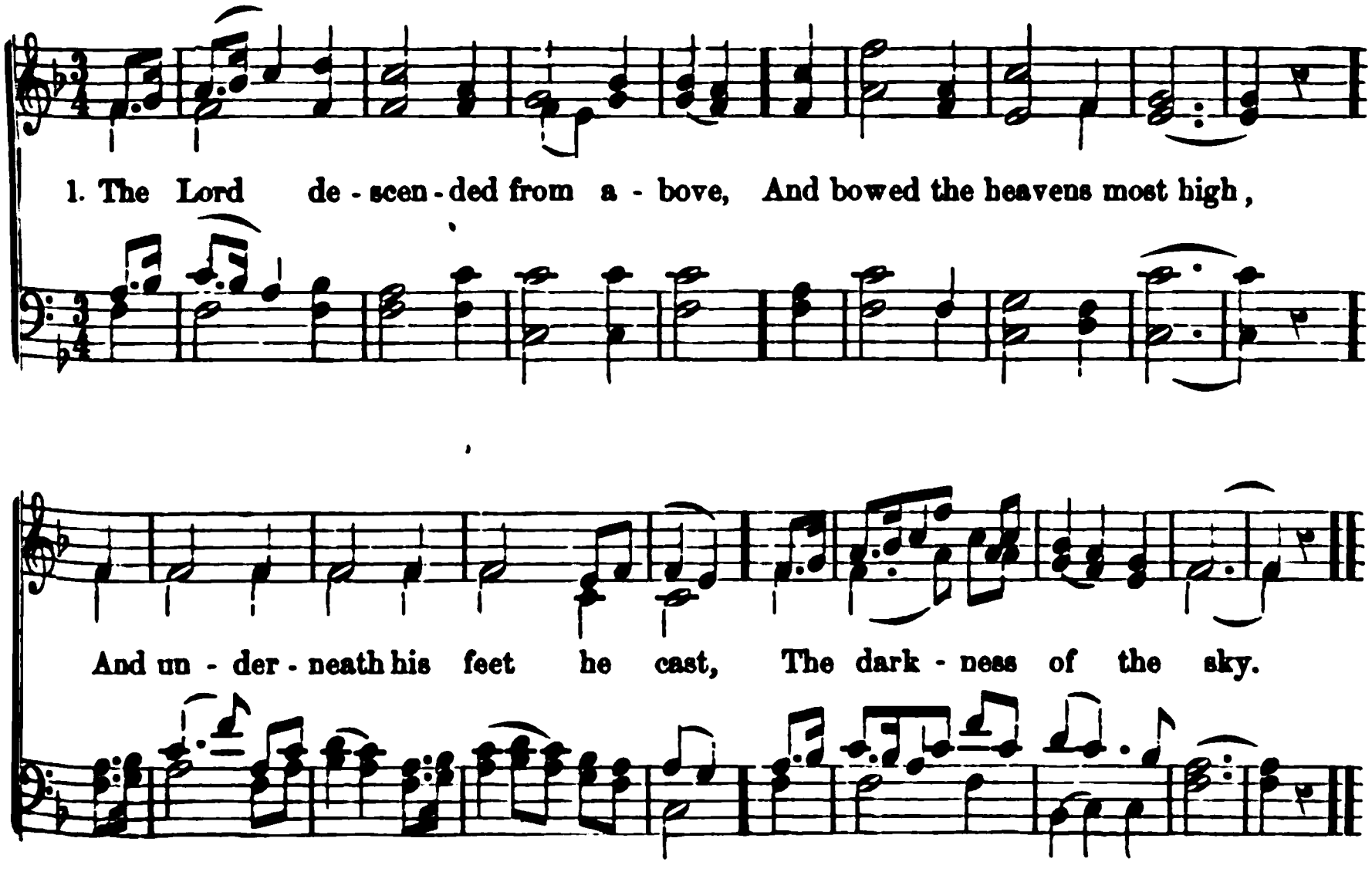
Since o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strown,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light!
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung, like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer vail,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

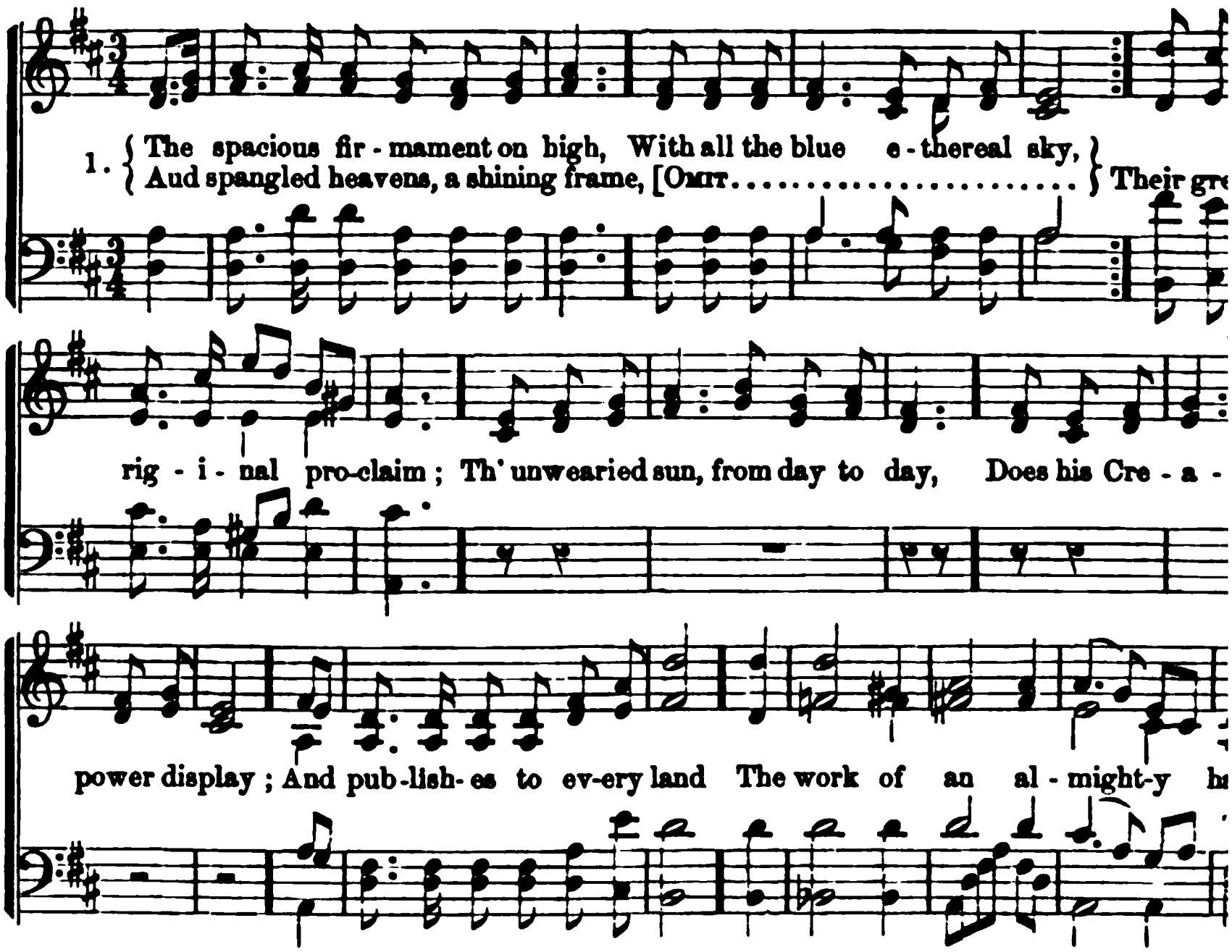
3 The dazzling sun, at noonday hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine:
What, then, the Day where thou dost shine!

4 Ah, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays?
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

ELLEVER. C. M.



CEPHAS. L. M. D.



263 C. M. In Nature. Keble.

THERE is a book that all may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,—
Pure eyes, and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace;
It steals in silence down,
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

5 Thou, who hast given us eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

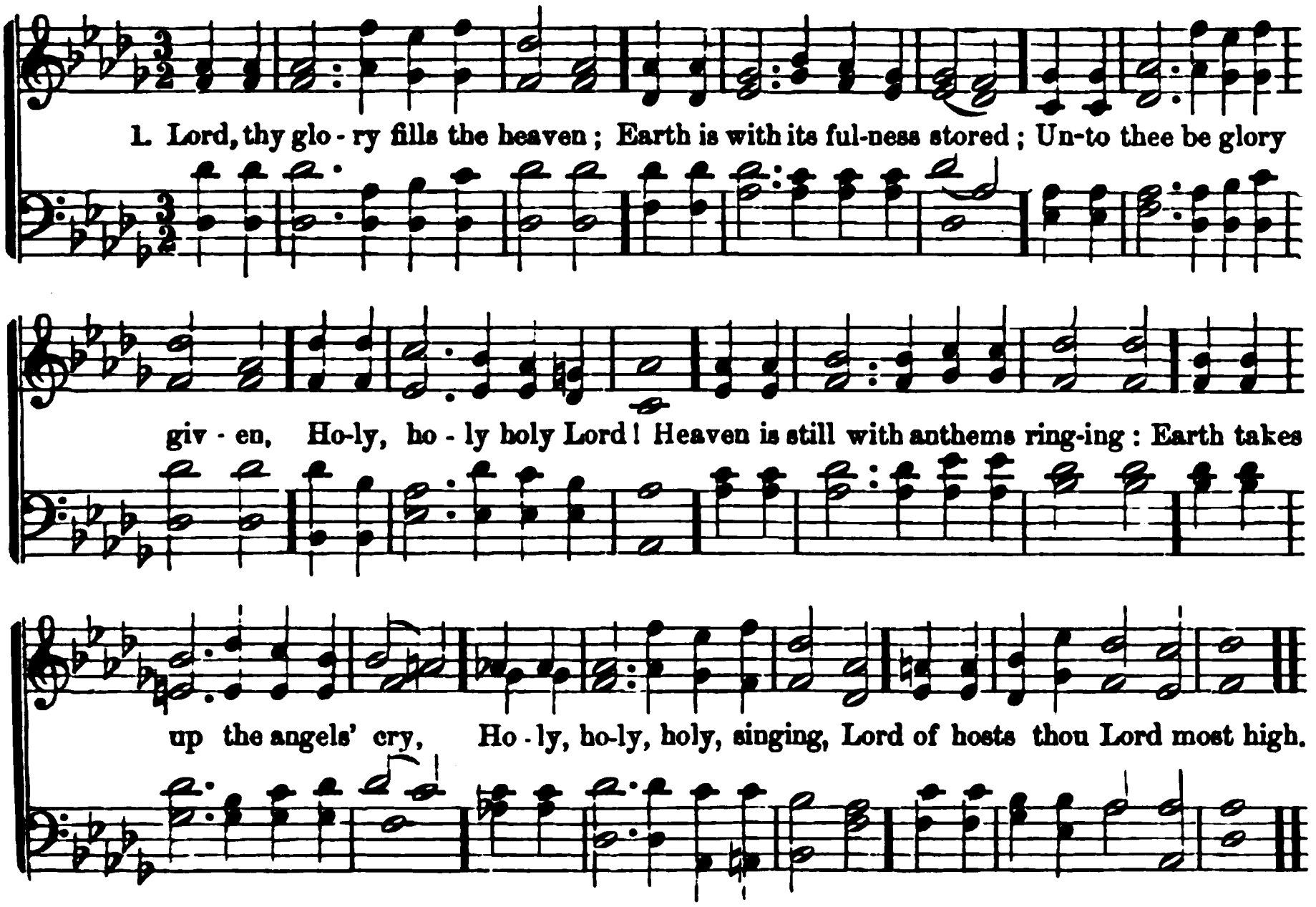
264 L. M. D. In Nature.—*Ps. 19.* A

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining fi
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to d
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous t
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her l
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to

3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ba
What though no real voice nor sou
Amid their radiant orbs be found,-
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

FABEN. 8s & 7s. D.



265 8s & 7s. Holiness.—*Rev. 4 : 8.* MANT.

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fullness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite :
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fullness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high !

266 8s & 7s. Grace. F. S. KEY.

LORD, with glowing heart I 'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows ;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows :
Help, O God, my weak endeavor ;
This dull soul to rapture raise ;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away ;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express :
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless ;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise ;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

267 C. M. Omnipresence.—*Ps. 139.* WATTS.

LORD! where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown!
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should I suppress my vital breath
To shun the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death
And make the grave resign.

3 If winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee!

268 H. M. Truth.—*Num. 23: 19.* DODDRIDGE.

THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines | Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

269 C. M. In Nature. STEELE.

LORD, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
Oh, let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart!
Oh, teach me to improve
Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

270 8s & 7s. Perfections. BOWRING.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

271 C. M. Trinity. WATTS.

FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thine almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men with their united voice
Adore the eternal God;
And spread his honors and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

272 7s. (See p. 313) BONAR.

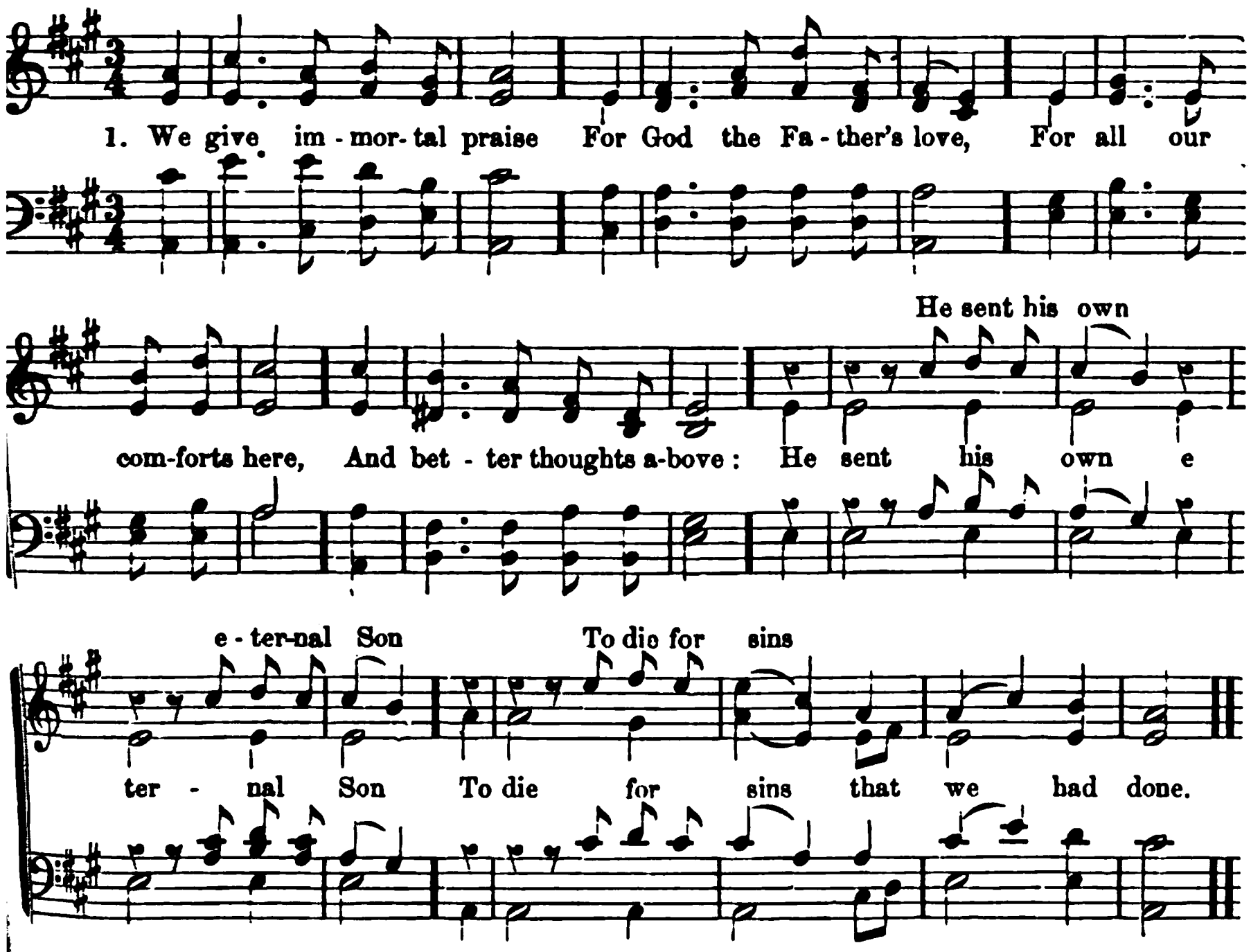
HOLY Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come thou nigh:
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!

Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

3 Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!

4 Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God!

CLAREMONT. H. M.



273 H. M. Trinty. WATTS.

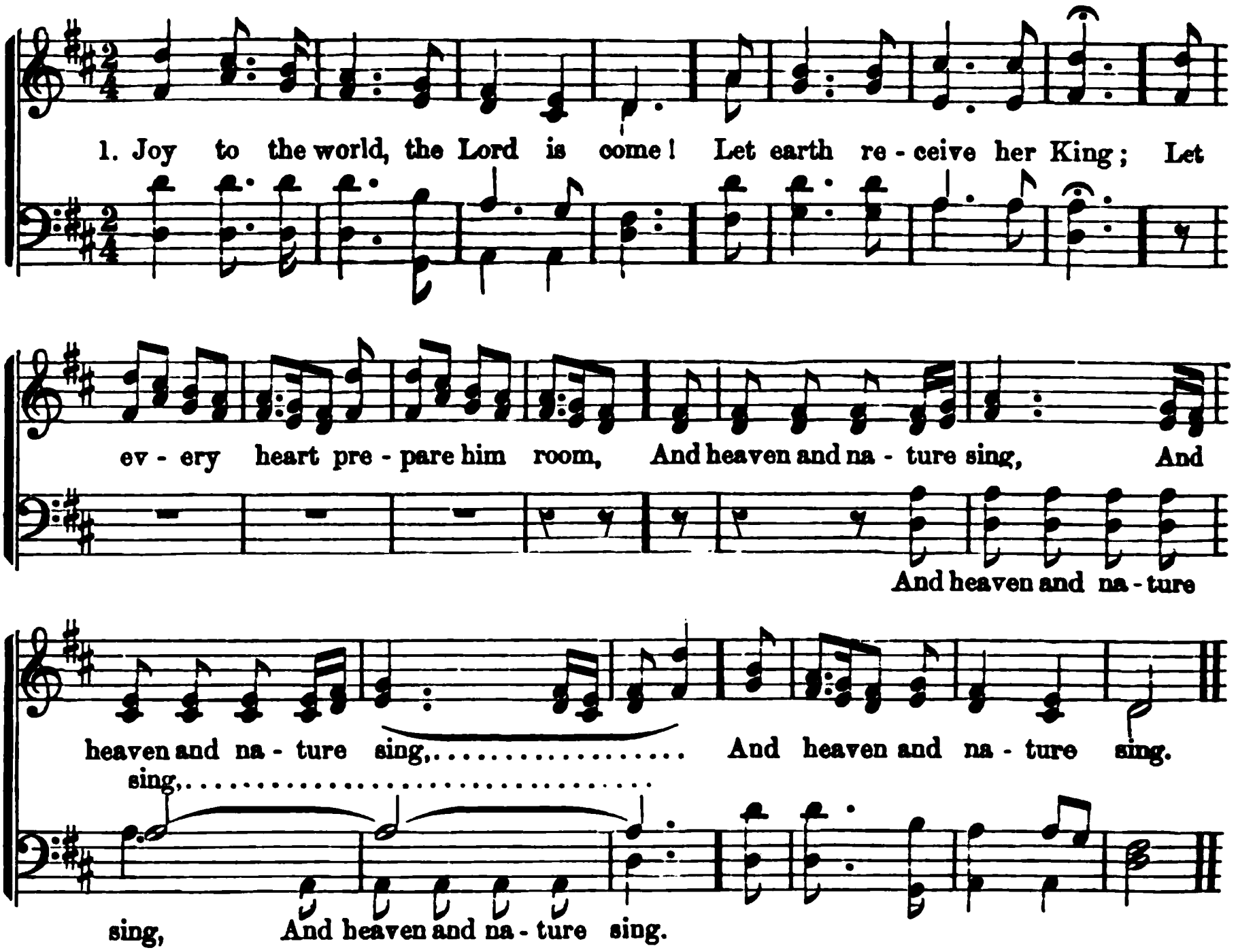
WE give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

ANTIOCH. C. M.



274 *Ps. 98.* WATTS.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

275 *Ps. 96.* WATTS.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

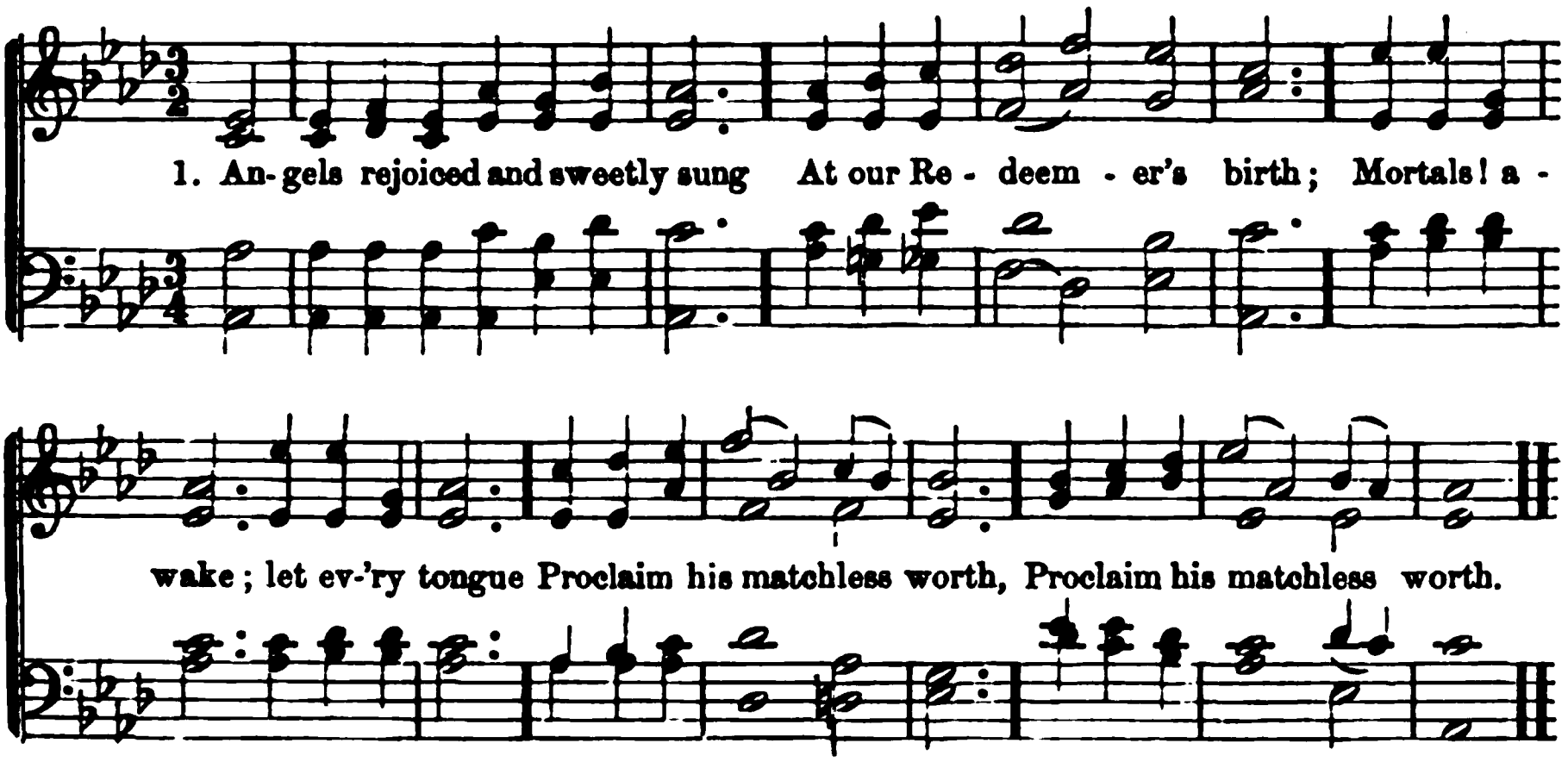
3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes; he comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

NEWBOLD. C. M.



276 *Luke 2 : 14.* HURN.

ANGELS rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich abounding grace,
To save, and not destroy.

4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know thy saving might.

277 *Isa. 61 : 1-3.* DODDRIDGE.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And, on the eyes long closed in night,
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

278 *Luke 2 : 14.* E. H. SEARS.

CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

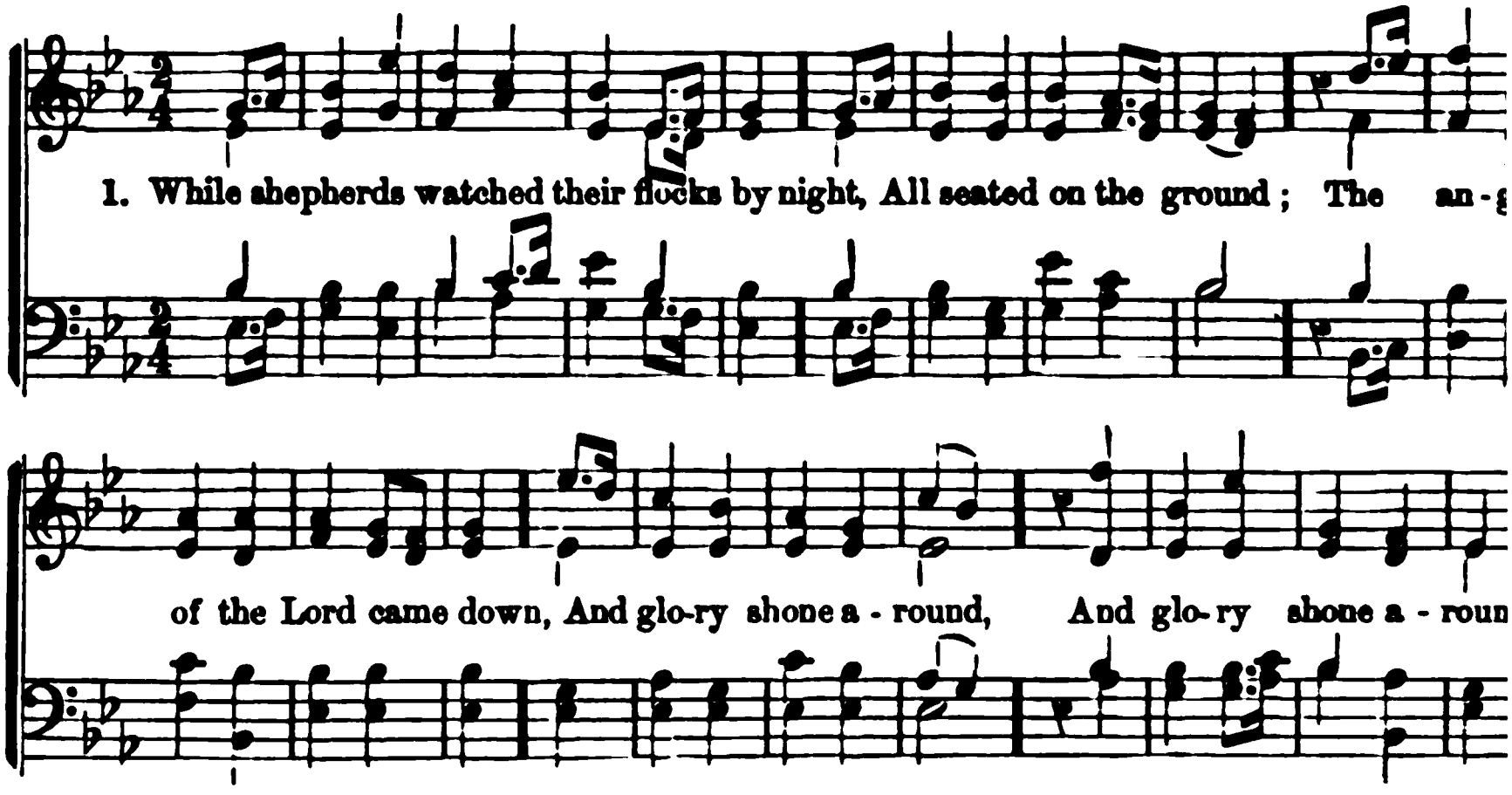
2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

CHRISTMAS. C. M.



279 *Luke 2.* TATE.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

280 *Isa. 35.* BRUCE.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

2 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.

3 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing;
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

281 *John 1 : 14.* STE

AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.

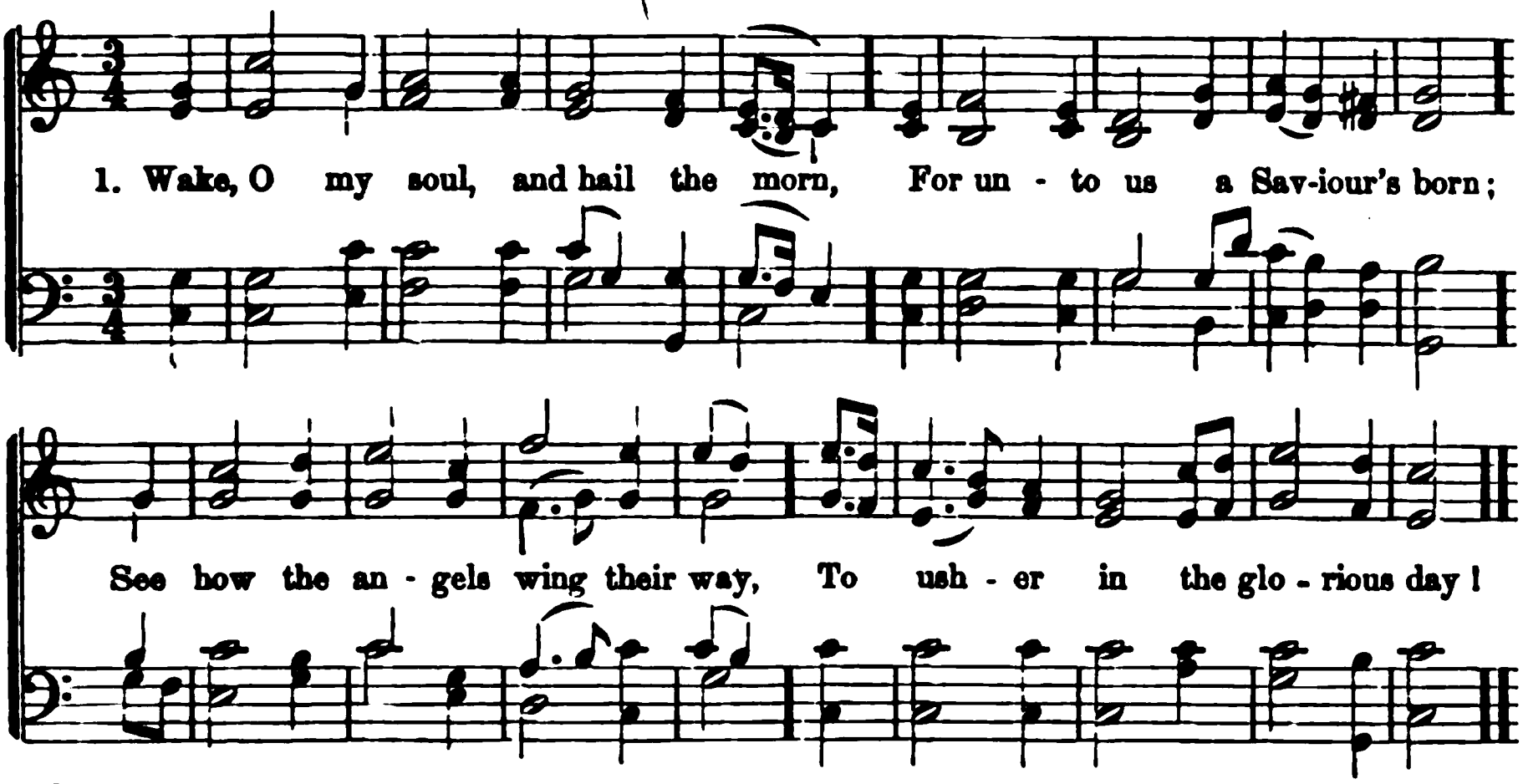
2 That awful Word, that sovereign Pow
By whom the worlds were made—
Oh, happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed!

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongue
Their grateful worship pay.

5 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

WINCHESTER. L. M.



282 *Luke 2 : 14.* ANON.

WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!

2 Hark! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

283 *John 1 : 1.* WATTS.

BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?

4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
The eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When in his eyes the Godhead shone!

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

284 *Luke 2 : 11.* CAMPBELL.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;

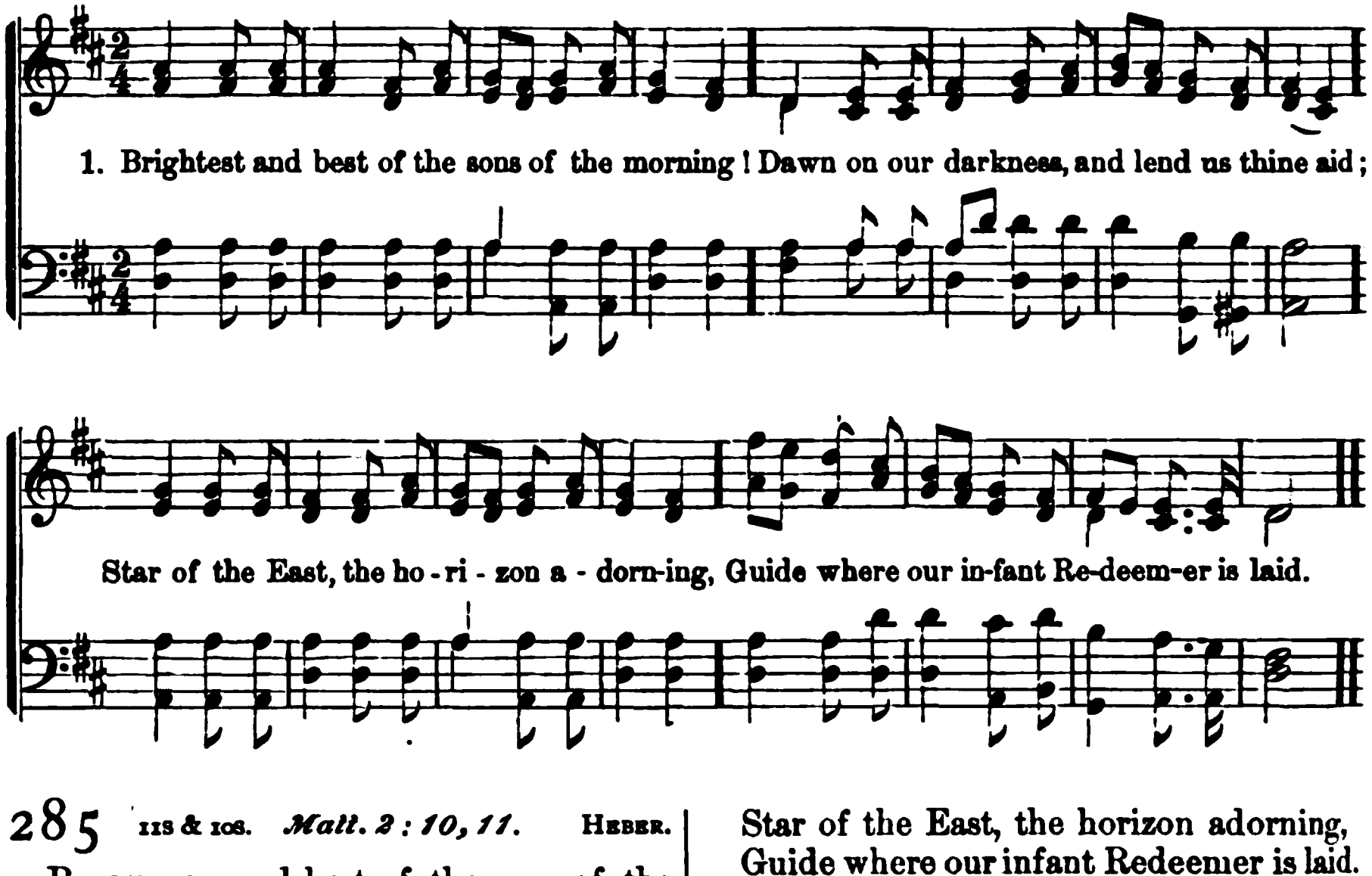
2 Hark! from the midnight hills around
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps, and sung:

4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
Renewed, creation smiles again,
The prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his host depart;
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

FOLSOM. 11s & 10s.



285 11s & 10s. *Matt. 2 : 10, 11.* HEBER.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favors secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

286 H. M. *Luke 2 : 10.* ANON.

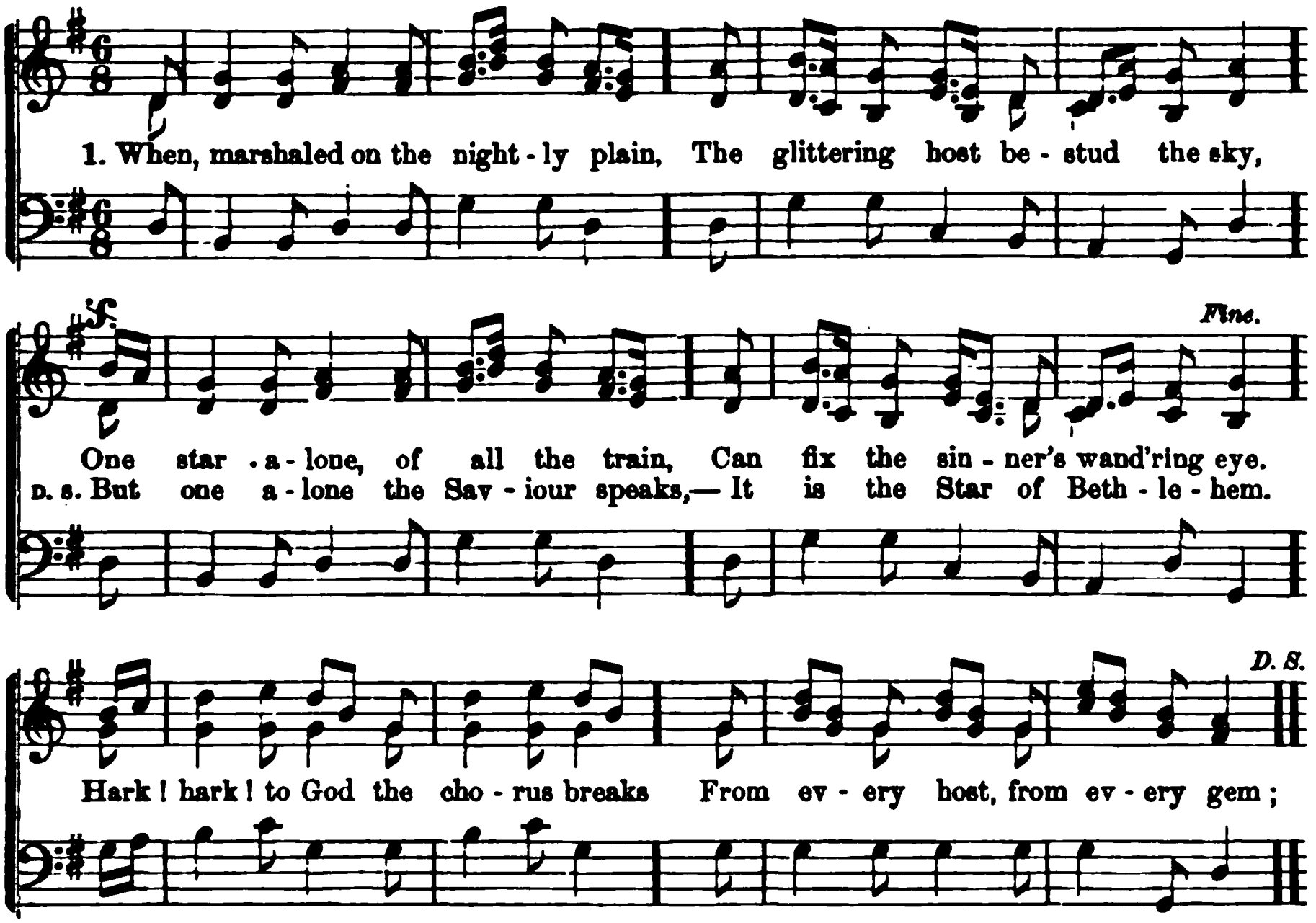
HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear;
Now all is still; | In tuneful notes,
Now wild it floats | Loud, sweet and shrill.

2 The angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:
"Fear not," say they; | Jesus, your King,
"Great joy we bring: | Is born to-day.

3 "He comes, your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb:
Your voices raise, | Your songs unite
With sons of light; | Of endless praise.

4 "Glory to God on high;
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound;
For peace on earth, | To man is given,
From God in heaven | At Jesus' birth."

AYRSHIRE. L. M. D.



287 L. M. D. *Matt. 2 : 9.* H. K. White.

When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

288 8s & 7s. *Luke 2 : 14.* Cawood.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

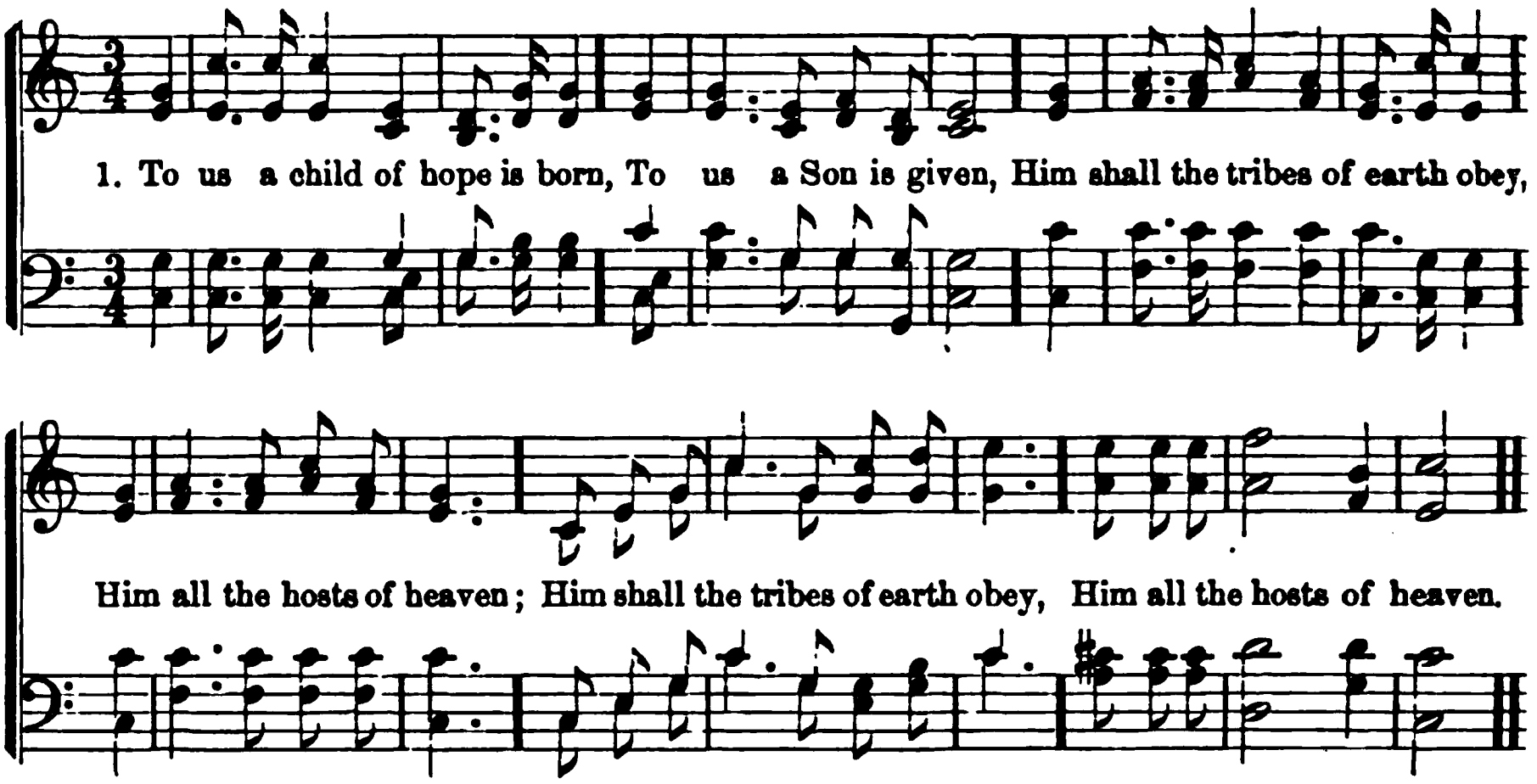
2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy:—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him—
'Glory be to God most high!'"

ZERAH. C. M.



289 C. M. *Isa. 9 : 6.* BRUCE.

To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord!

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

290 8s & 6s. *Matt. 2 : 11.* MRS. ALEXANDER.

THE wise men to thy cradle-throne,
O infant Saviour! brought of old
The incense meet for God alone,
Sharp myrrh and shining gold.

2 Shine on us too, bright eastern star,
Thine own baptized Gentile band,
Till we have found our Lord from far,
An offering in our hand.

3 Till we have brought the fine gold rare
Of zeal, that giveth all for love;
Till we have prayed the glowing prayer,
Like incense borne above.

4 Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err;
Worship, and love, and sorrow, met,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

5 All meet for thee, our own Adored!
Our suffering Saviour, God and King!
Accept the gold and incense, Lord,
Accept the myrrh we bring!

291 H. M. *Heb. 1 : 6.* A. REED.

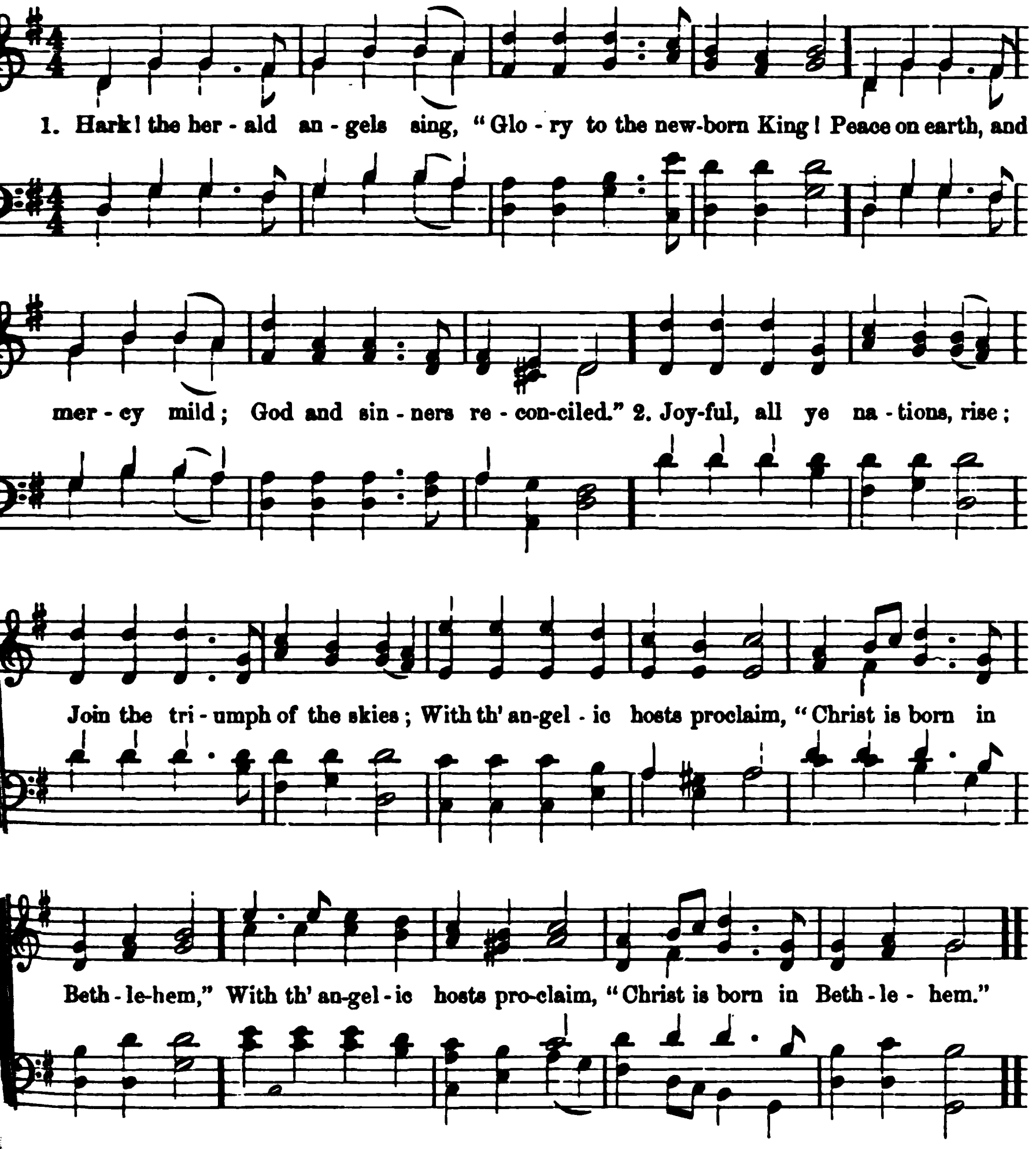
HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear—bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike—strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men!
And all his grace proclaim;
Angels and men! wake every string,
'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.



292 7s. *Luke 2: 13, 14.* C. WESLEY.

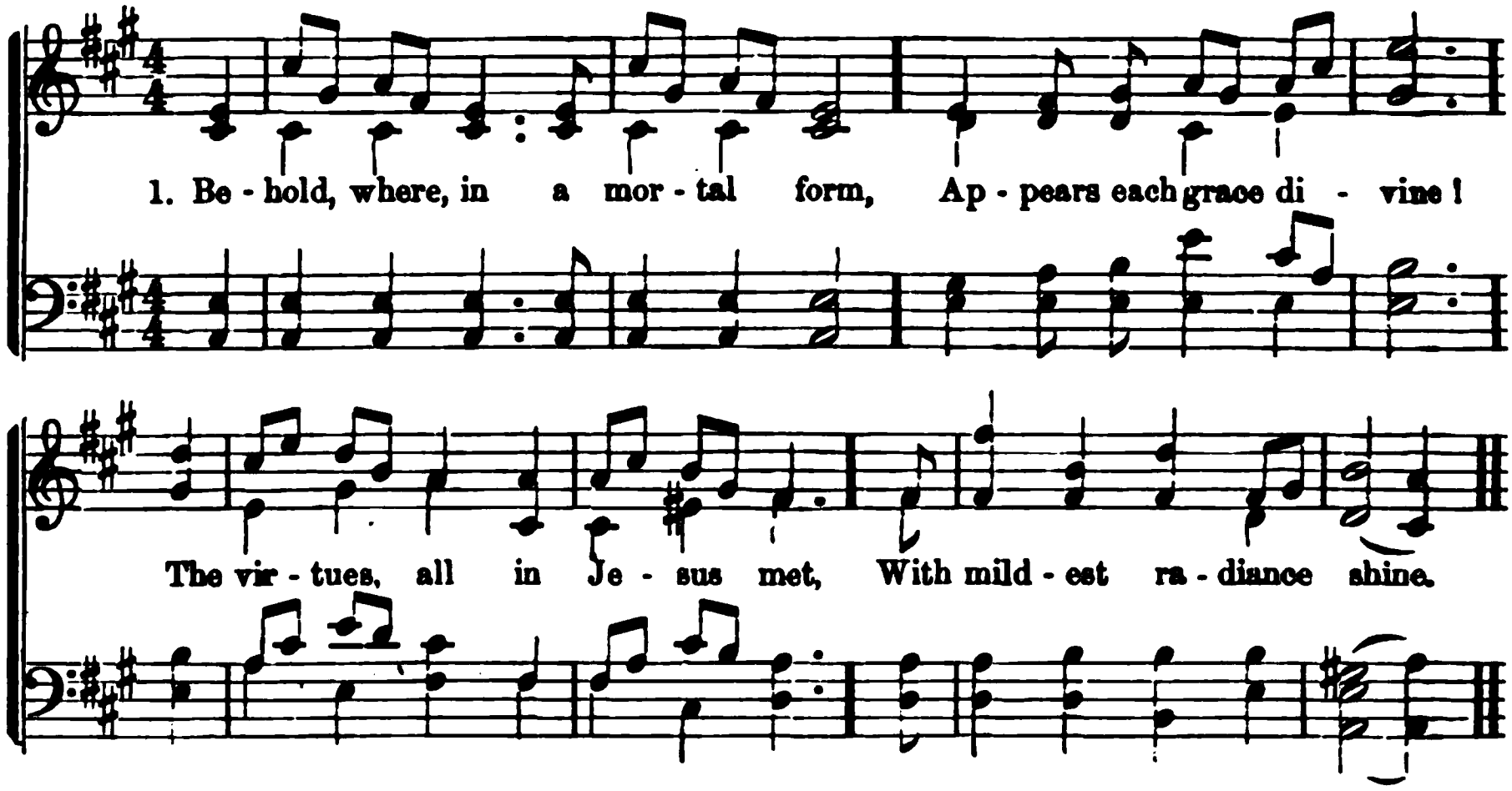
HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

[Mild he lays his glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.]

4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled!"

TRENT. C. M.



293 *Col. 1 : 19.* ENFIELD.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He meek and patient stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,—
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear;
Oh! may we tread his holy steps,—
His joy and glory share.

294 *Heb. 13 : 13.* BONAR.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blesséd Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn!

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press thro' storm or calm,
To Zion's blesséd hill.

295 *1 Pet. 2 : 21-23.* ANON.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

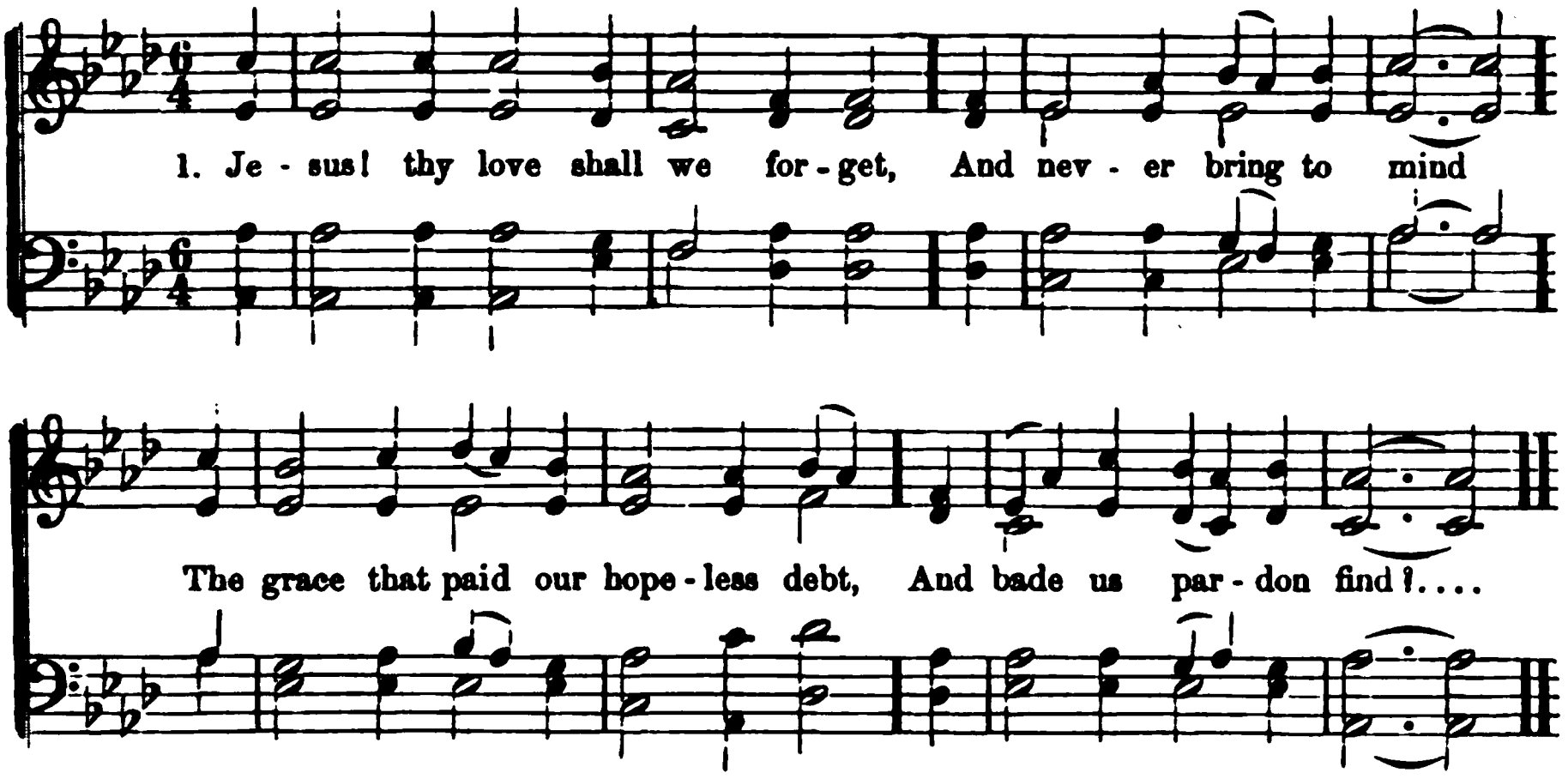
2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with thee.

HELENA. C. M.



296 *Luke 22 : 42.* MITCHELL.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find!

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony;
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be!

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

297 *Luke 9 : 23.* GURNEY.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

298 *John 14 : 6.* DOANE.

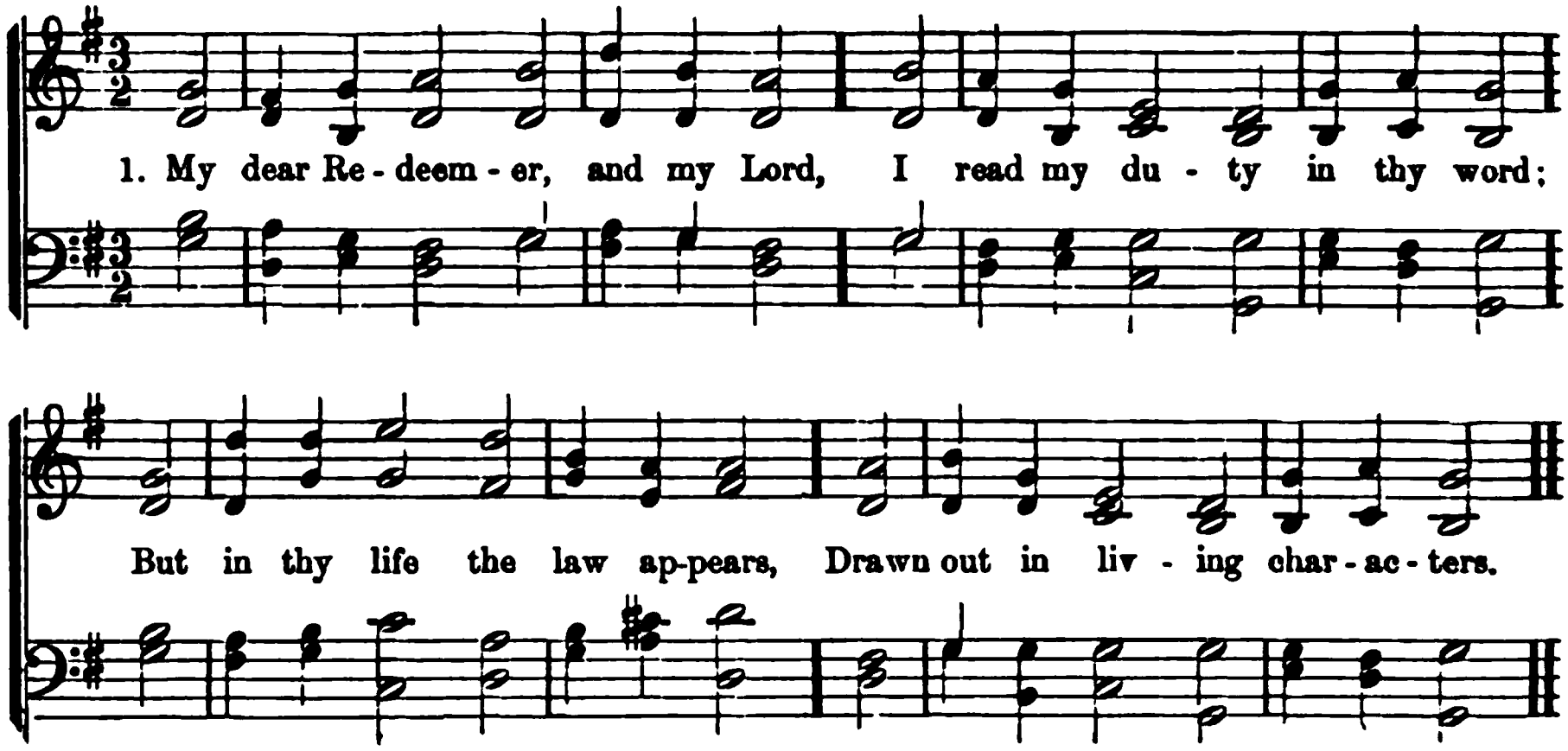
THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us to know that Way;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



299 *Rom. 8 : 29.* WATTS.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

300 *Rom. 12 : 2.* STEELE.

Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!

2 To do thy heavenly Father's will
Was thy employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through thy life divinely bright.

3 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

301 *1 Tim. 1 : 15.* WATTS.

Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live:
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

302 *Matt. 11 : 28.* BOWRING.

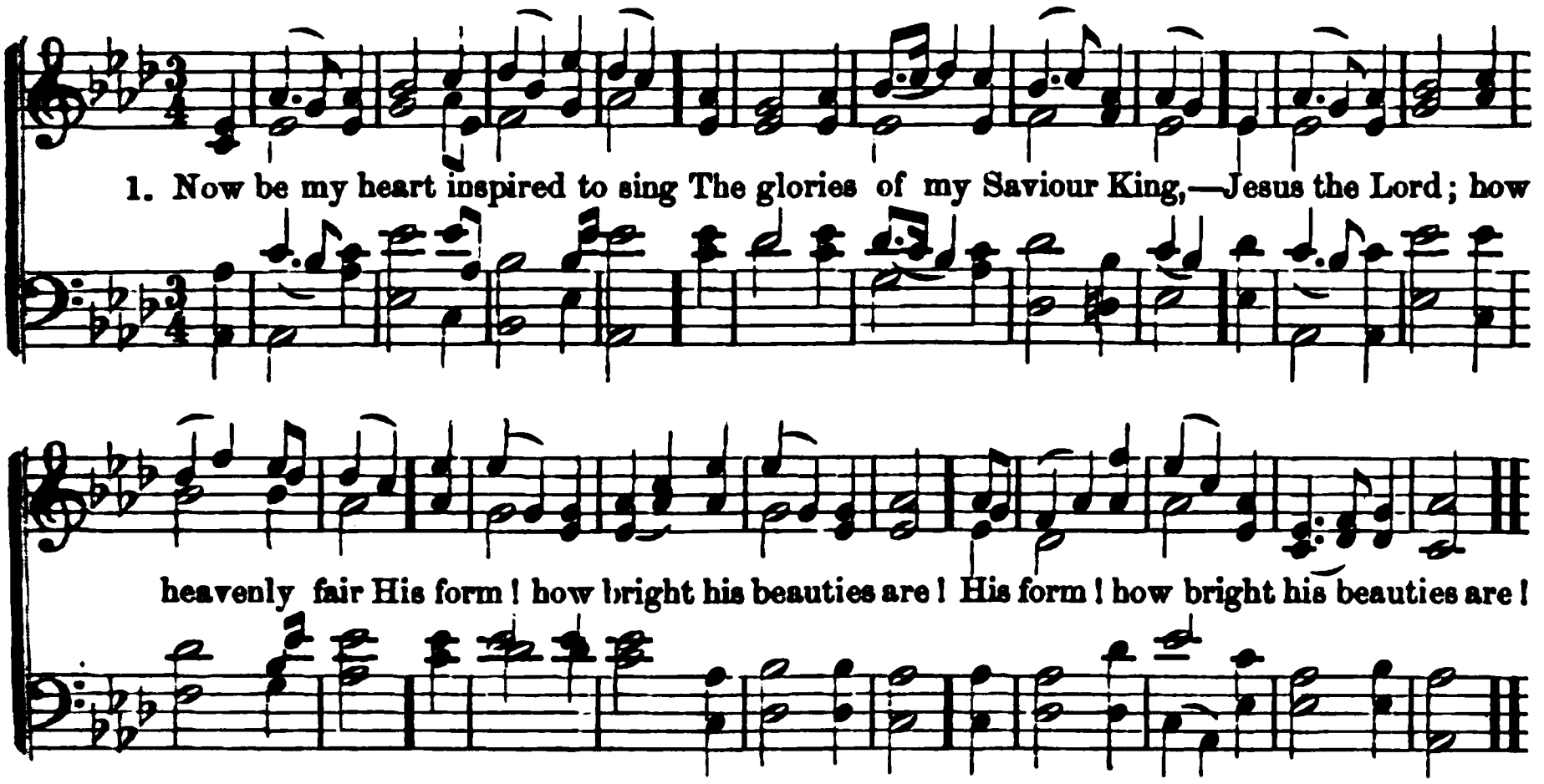
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

CRAWFORD. L. M.



303 *Ps. 45.* WATTS.

Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,—
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace:
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

4 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blessed
His first-born Son above the rest.

304 *Heb. 7: 26.* A. C. COXE.

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Ev'n death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

305 *Matt. 4: 23, 24.* MONTGOMERY.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

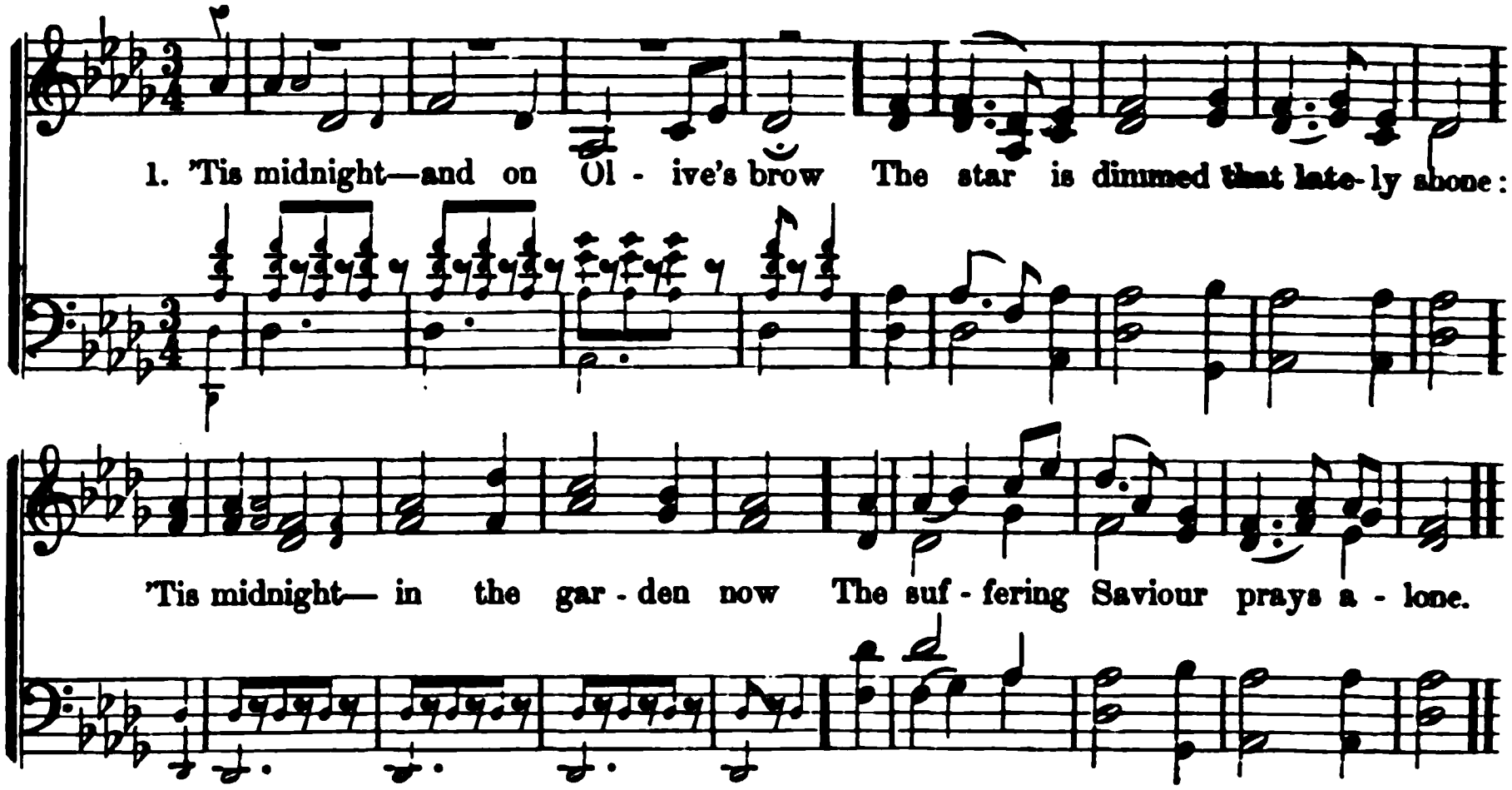
2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face,—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

SOLITUDE. L. M.



306 *Luke 22 : 43.* TAPPAN.

'T is midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'T is midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

307 *Ps. 69.* WATTS.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul!

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove:
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.

3 Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

308 *Matt. 26 : 38.* BULFINCH.

O SUFFERING Friend of human-kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

3 Onward, like thee, thro' scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast the path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

309 *John 19 : 30.* STENNETT.

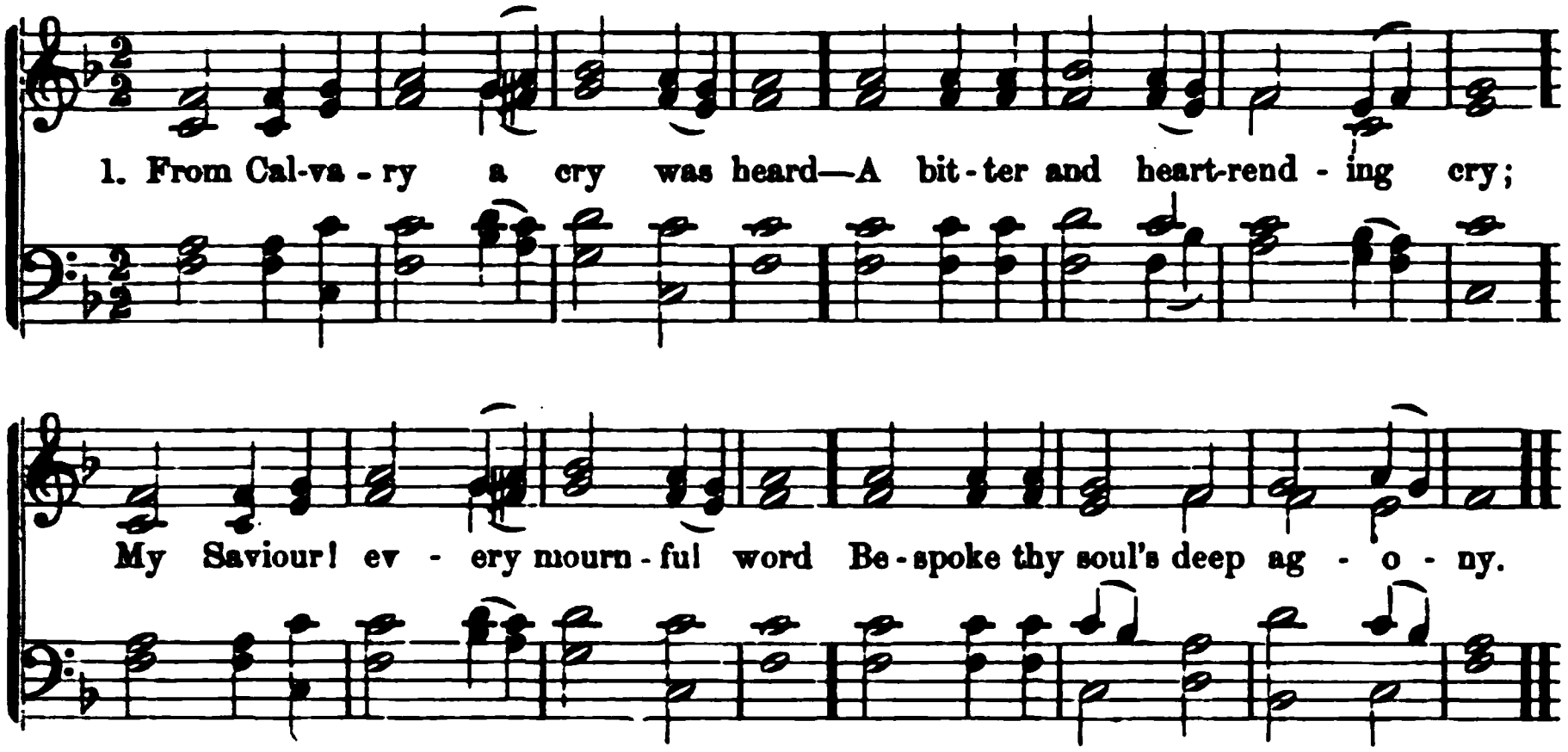
"'T IS finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'T is finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'T is finished!—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'T is finished!—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 'T is finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'T is finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

HAMBURG. L. M.



310 *Matt. 27 : 46.* CUNNINGHAM.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespoke thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the eager hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace—
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah vailed his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

311 *Isa. 53 : 4-6.* BONAR.

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me:
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blesséd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'T is finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

312 *Gal. 6 : 14.* WATTS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

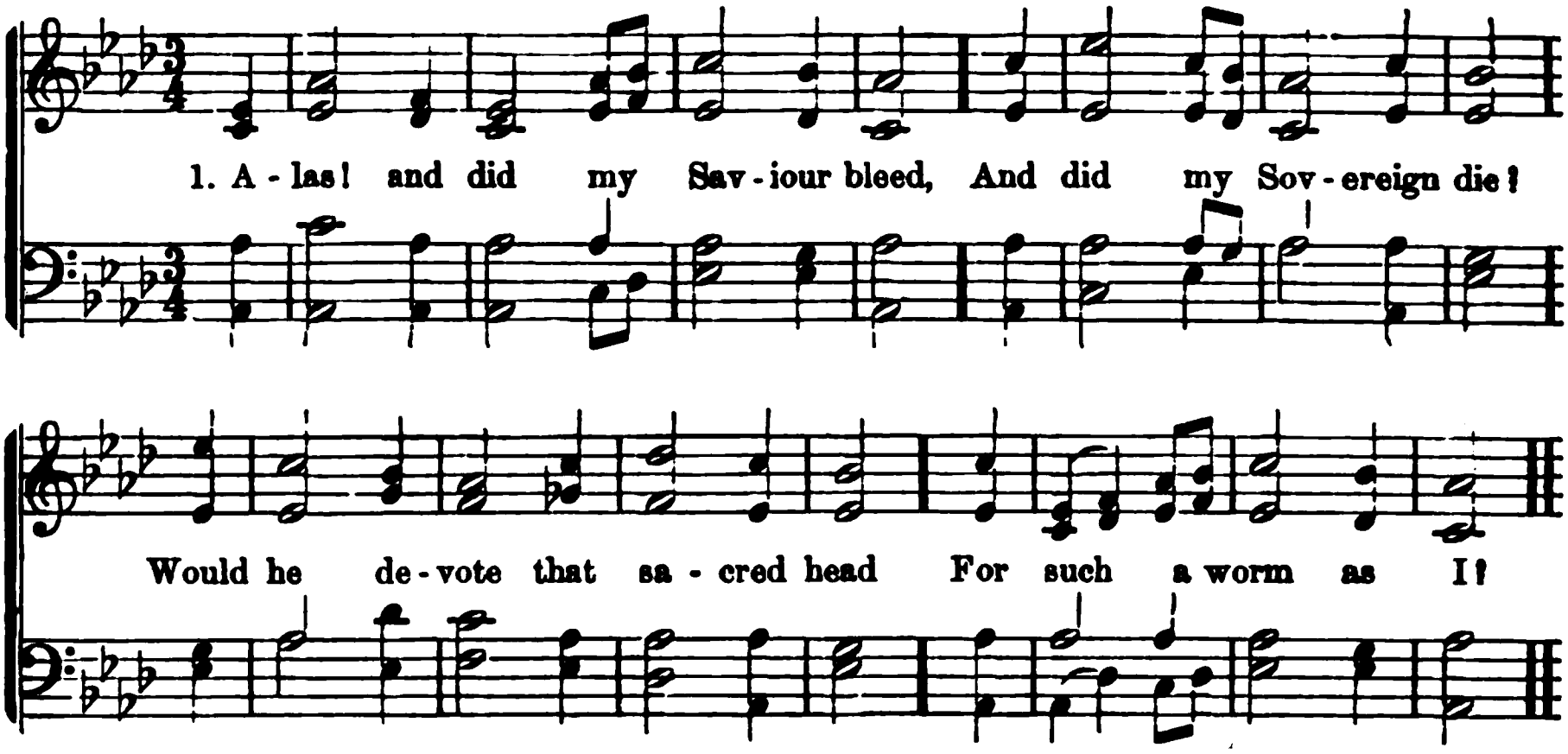
2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

AVON. C. M.



313 *Matt. 27 : 45.* WATTS.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

314 *Matt. 27 : 50-53.* WESLEY.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is finished! now the ransom 's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See—how he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he 'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain—
Was ever love like thine!

315 *Gal. 5 : 24.* WATTS.

OH! if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

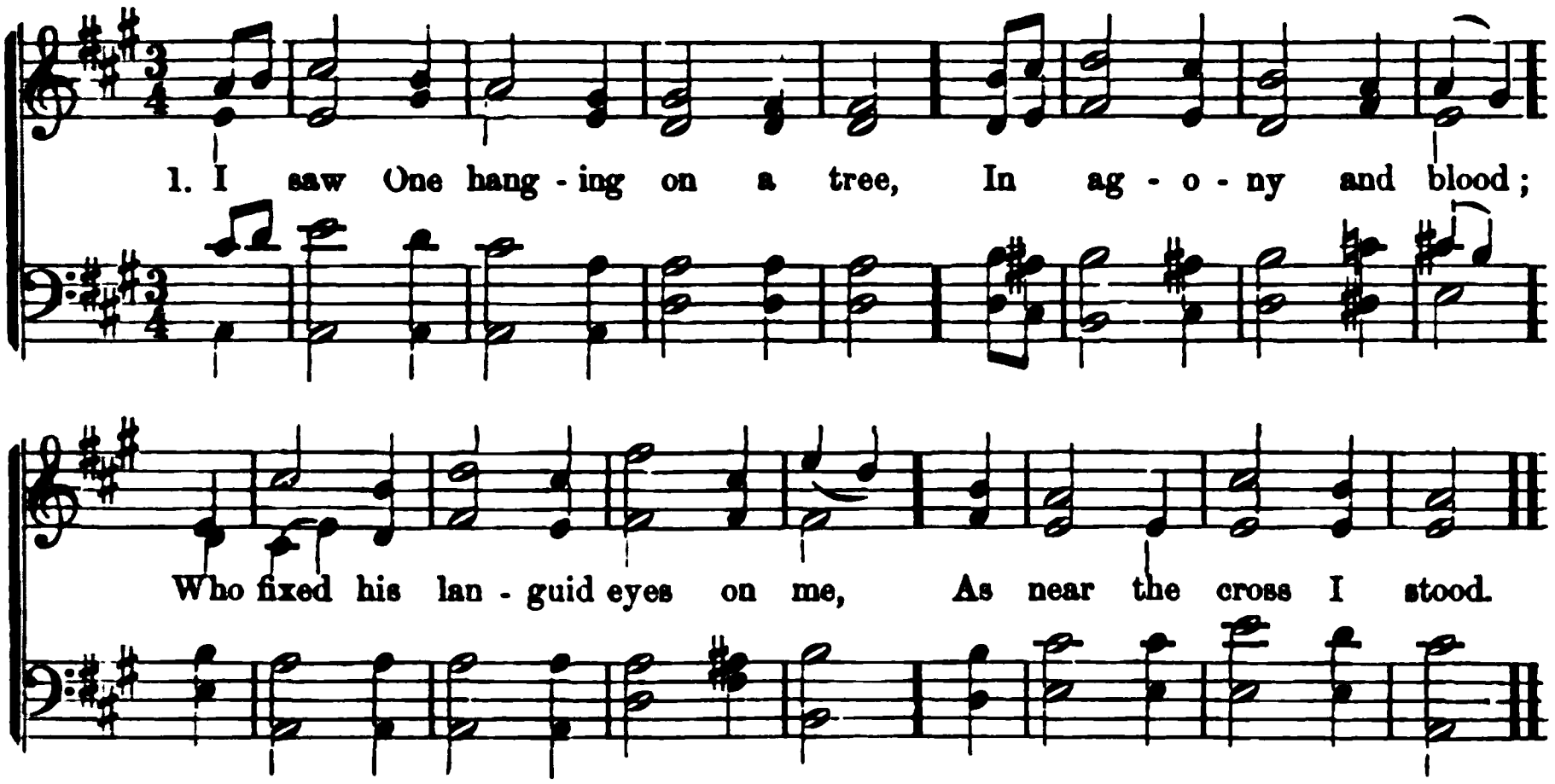
2 'T was for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate these lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I 'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

MANOAH. C. M.



316 *Luke 22 : 61.* NEWTON.

I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,—
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!

4 A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

317 *Rom. 5 : 8.* XAVIER.

THOU, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;—

2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
That was thine enemy!

3 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;—

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

5 Ev'n so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

318 *Rom. 5 : 7, 8.* WATTS.

How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

319 7s, 6l. *Matt. 11 : 29.* MONTGOMERY.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
  Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
  Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
  View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
  Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
  There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
  God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;—
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
  Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
  Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen;—he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

320 C. L. M. *Matt. 26 : 36-46.* MRS. HEMANS.

He knelt: the Saviour knelt and prayed,
  When but his Father's eye
Looked thro' the lonely garden's shade,
  On that dread agony;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
  The skies might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
  So to o'ershadow him!
That he who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He knew them all; the doubt, the strife,
  The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
  All darkened round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray;—
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
  Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
  Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was his mortal hour beset
  With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
  In the dark, narrow way?
How but thro' him, that path who trod!
Save or we perish, Son of God!

321 L. M. *John 19 : 5.* ANON.

Behold the Man! How glorious he!
  Before his foes he stands unawed,
And without wrong or blasphemy,
  He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the Man! by all condemned,
  Assaulted by a host of foes,
His person and his claims contemned,
  A man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! he stands alone;
  His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
  Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! So weak he seems,
  His awful word inspires no fear;
But soon must he who now blasphemes
  Before his judgment-seat appear.

5 Behold the Man! Though scorned below
  He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
  And all his royal claims approve.

322 8s, 7s & 4s. *John 19 : 30.* J. EVANS.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy
  Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See!—it rends the rocks asunder—
  Shakes the earth—and vails the sky:
    "It is finished!"—
  Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!"—oh, what pleasure
  Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
  Flow to us through Christ, the Lord:
    "It is finished!"—
  Saints! the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
  Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
  Join to praise Immanuel's name:
    Hallelujah!—
  Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

323 L. M. *Matt. 14 : 27.* J. E. Smith.

When power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

2 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

3 And when the last dread hour is come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

324 P. M. *Isa. 53 : 5.* Anon.

Darkly rose the guilty morning
When, the Prince of Glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem:
See the Christ, his cross up-bearing!
See him, mocked and stricken, wearing
The thorn-platted diadem!

2 Not the crowd, whose cries assailed him,
Not the hands, that rudely nailed him,
Slew him on the curséd tree;
Ours the sin, from heaven that called him!
Ours the sin, whose burden galled him,
In the sad Gethsemane!

3 In our wealth and tribulation,
By thy precious cross and passion,
By thy blood and agony,
By thy glorious resurrection,
By thy Holy Ghost's protection,—
Make us thine eternally!

325 P. M. *Matt. 27 : 26.* F. H. Hedge.

'T was the day when God's Anointed
Died for us the death appointed,
Bleeding on the dreadful cross;
Day of darkness, day of terror,
Deadly fruit of ancient error,
Nature's fall, and Eden's loss!

2 Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!
Gentile hate and Jewish malice
Lift the royal Victim high;
Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
Which the prophet once uplifted,
For a sinful world to die.

3 Conscious of the deed unholy,
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,
And the sun his light denied;
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
And the earth with fear and pity
Trembled, when the Just One died.

4 It is finished, Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus:
While exalted there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee,
Sufferer victorious!

5 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred symbol be;
Eminent amid the ages,
Guide of heroes and of sages,
May it guide us still to thee.

326 L. M. *Ps. 22.* Watts.

Now let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 But God, his Father, heard his cry—
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high:
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

327 L. M. *Luke 24 : 46.* Watts.

He dies!—the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness vails the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

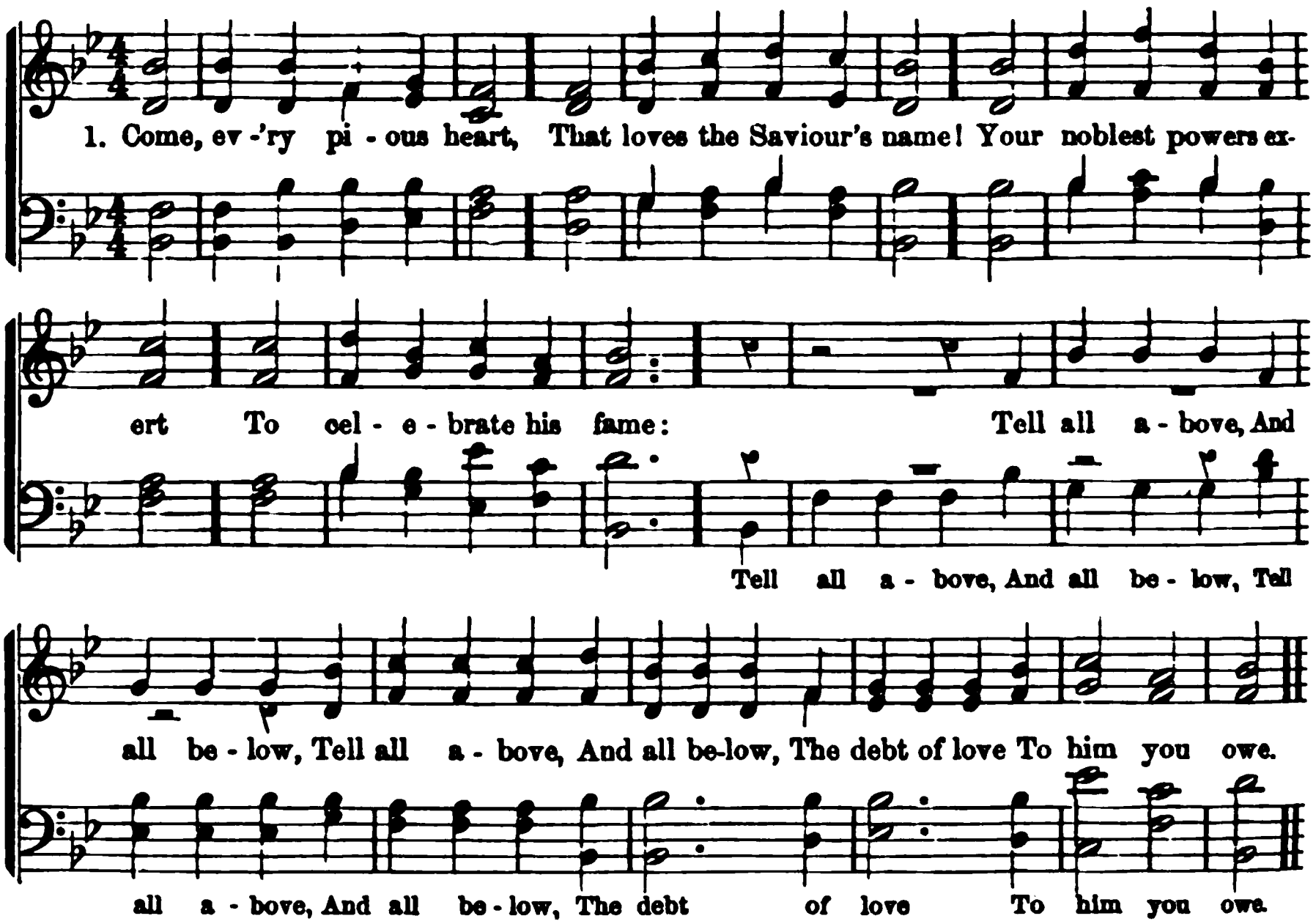
2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

5 Say—live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?

LENOX. H. M.



328 *Acts 1 : 11.* STENNETT.

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:

Tell all above, | The debt of love
And all below, | To him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:

What he endured, | To save our souls
No tongue can tell, | From death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;

Up through the sky | And reigns on high,
The conqueror rode, | The Saviour-God.

4 From thence he 'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:

There shall we see | And ever be
His lovely face, | In his embrace.

329 *Ps. 148.* WATTS.

YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:

Ye holy throng | In worlds of light,
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:

His power declare, | And clouds that fly,
Ye floods on high, | In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand;
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:

He spake the word, | From nothing came,
And all their frame | To praise the Lord!

4 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:

While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

330 *Luke 4 : 19.* C. WESLEY.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb!
Redemption by his blood,
Through every land, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell!
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

331 *Luke 24 : 34.* DODDRIDGE.

YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, | From realms of day,
And wing their way, | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say: | Hath left the dead;
"Jesus who bled | He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry: | Hath left the dead,
"Jesus who bled | No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, | And empires gain
With thee we reign, | Beyond the skies.

332 *Phil. 4 : 4.* C. WESLEY.

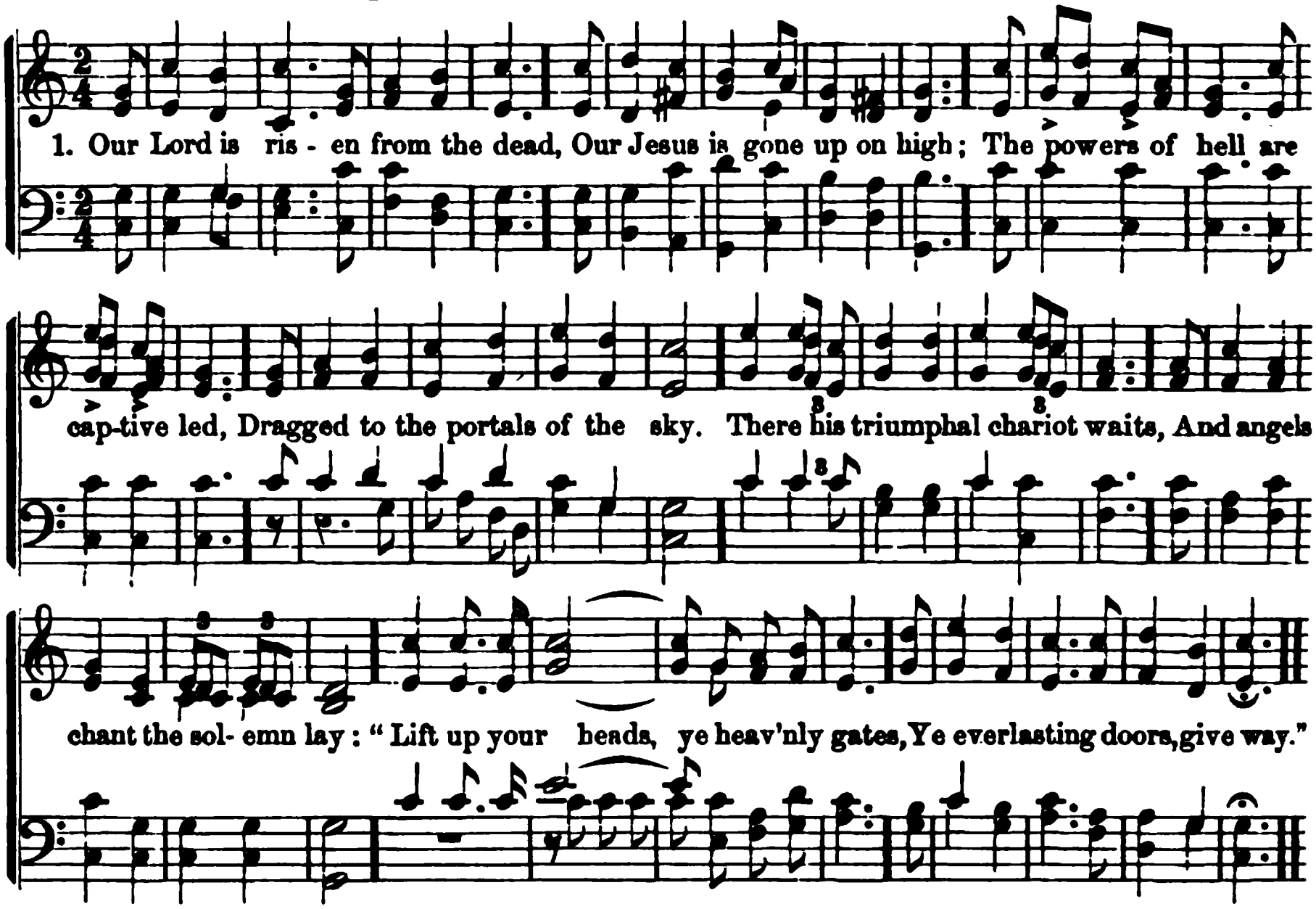
REJOICE! the Lord is King—
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

BENNINGTON. L. M. D.



333 *Ps. 24.* C. WESLEY.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, forever blessed.

334 *Rev. 5: 12.* SHIRLEY.

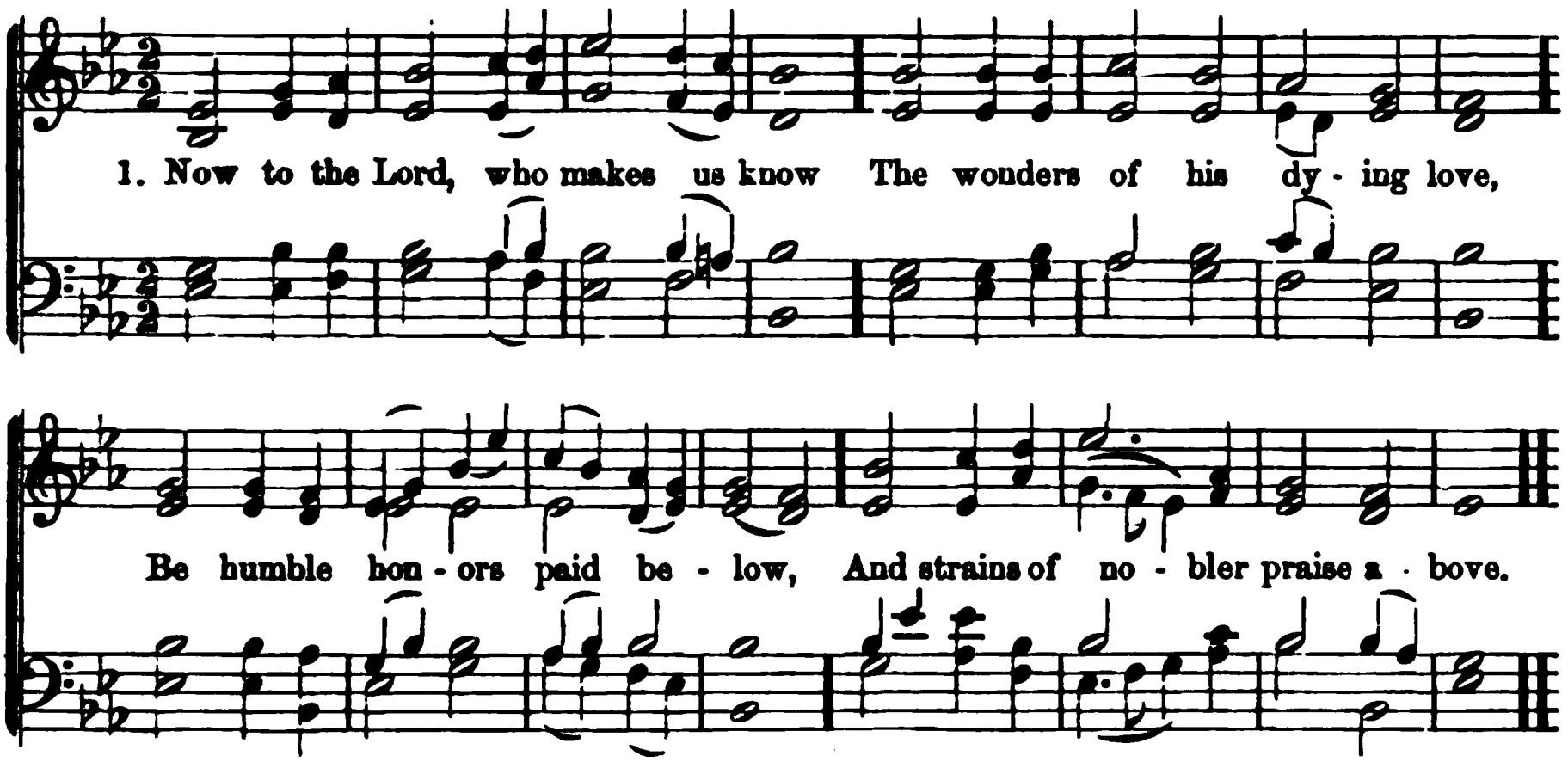
WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway
In earth or heaven the Lord of all;
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.
Higher, still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice, the note prolong;
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

335 *Rev. 1: 5, 6.* WATTS.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?
Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

2 Honor immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

DUKE STREET. L. M.



336 *Rev. 1 : 5-7.* WATTS.

Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'T is he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed!
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierced him once,
He now displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

337 *Rev. 5 : 9-13.* MONTGOMERY.

COME, let us sing the song of songs,—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign:
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

338 *Phil. 2 : 6.* WATTS.

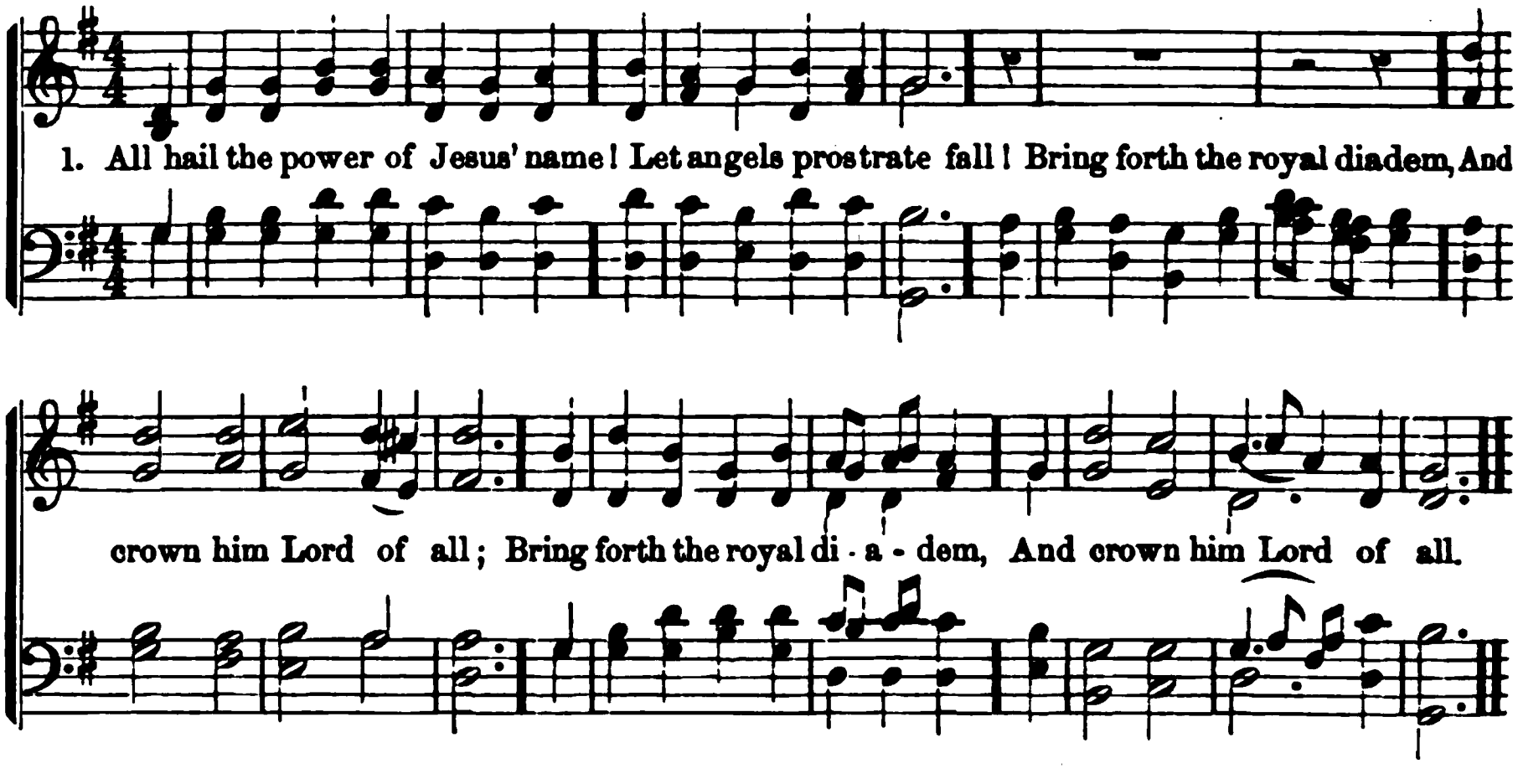
BRIGHT King of Glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy feet:
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful seat.

2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among those sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

3 Yet there is One of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing
And all the nations own the Lord.

CORONATION. C. M.



339 *Phil. 2 : 10, 11.* PERRONETT.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

340 *Rev. 5 : 6-10.* WATTS.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

341 *Eph. 4 : 8.* WATTS.

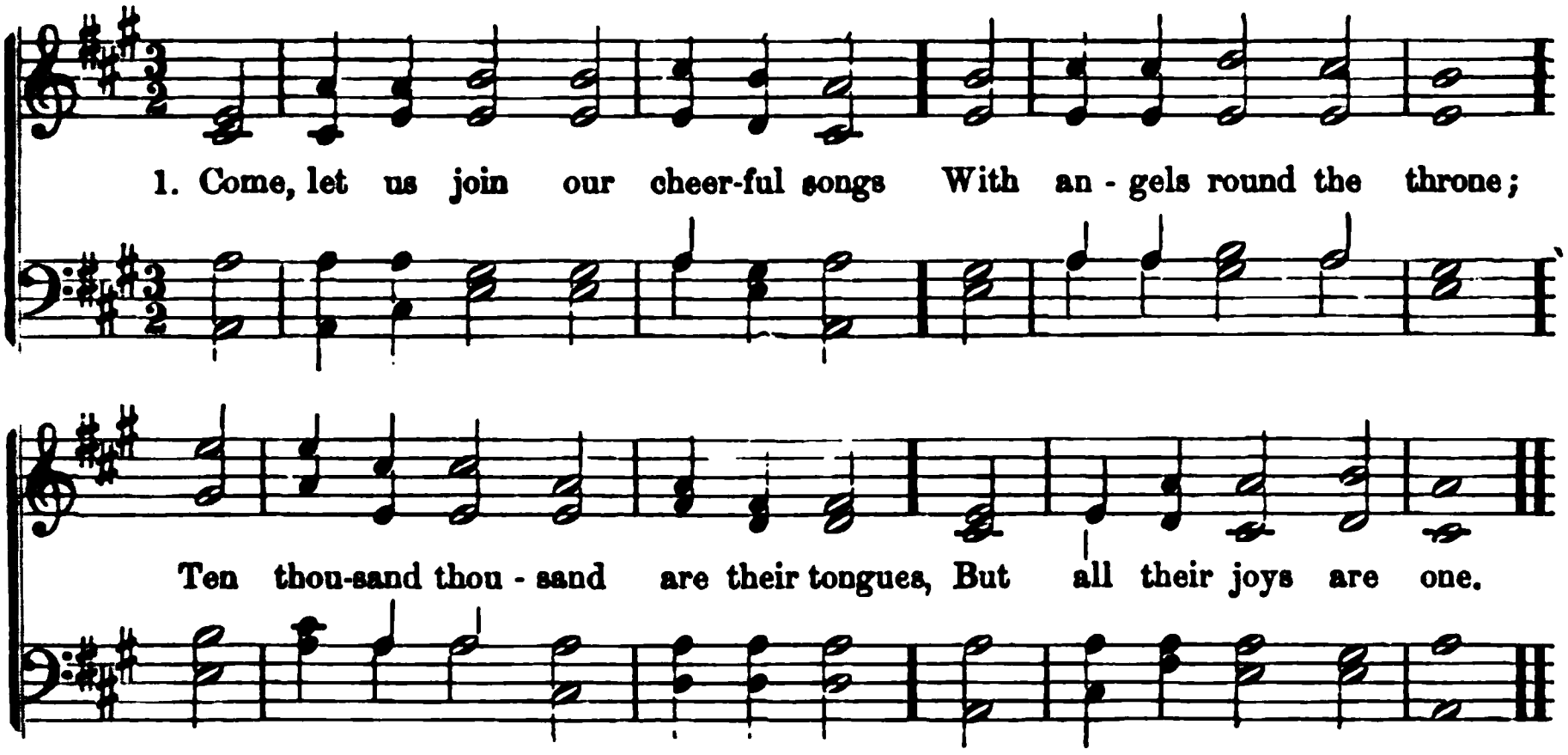
HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

4 Bright angels! strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

DENFIELD. C. M.



342 *Rev. 5 : 12.* WATTS.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

343 *Heb. 2 : 9.* KELLY.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

344 *Acts 1 : 9, 10.* WATTS.

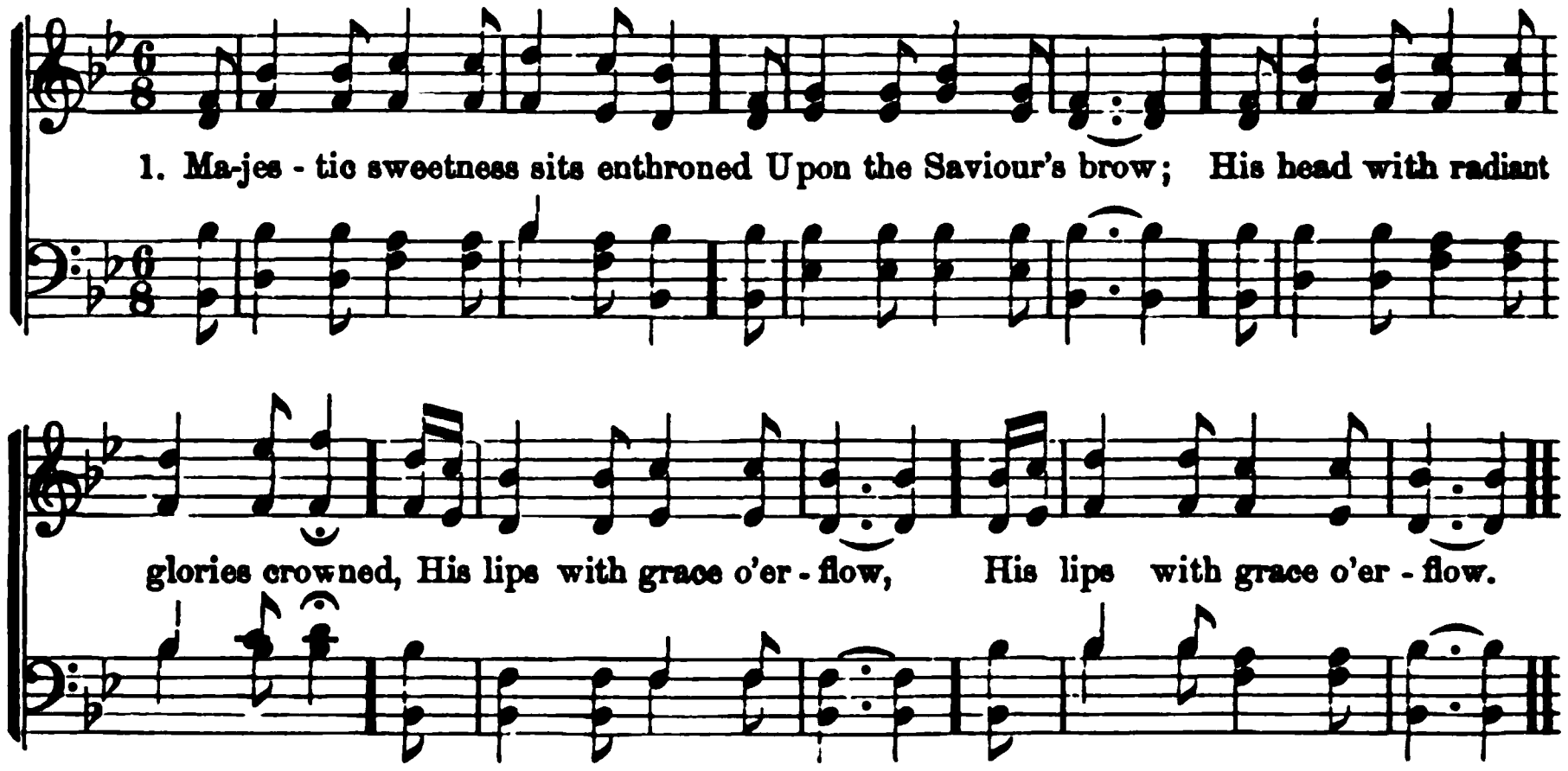
OH! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King:
Let all the lands their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise, with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



345 *Cant. 5 : 10-16.* STENNETT.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

346 *1 Tim. 1 : 15.* STEELE.

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Tho almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

347 *Matt. 1 : 21.* C. WESLEY.

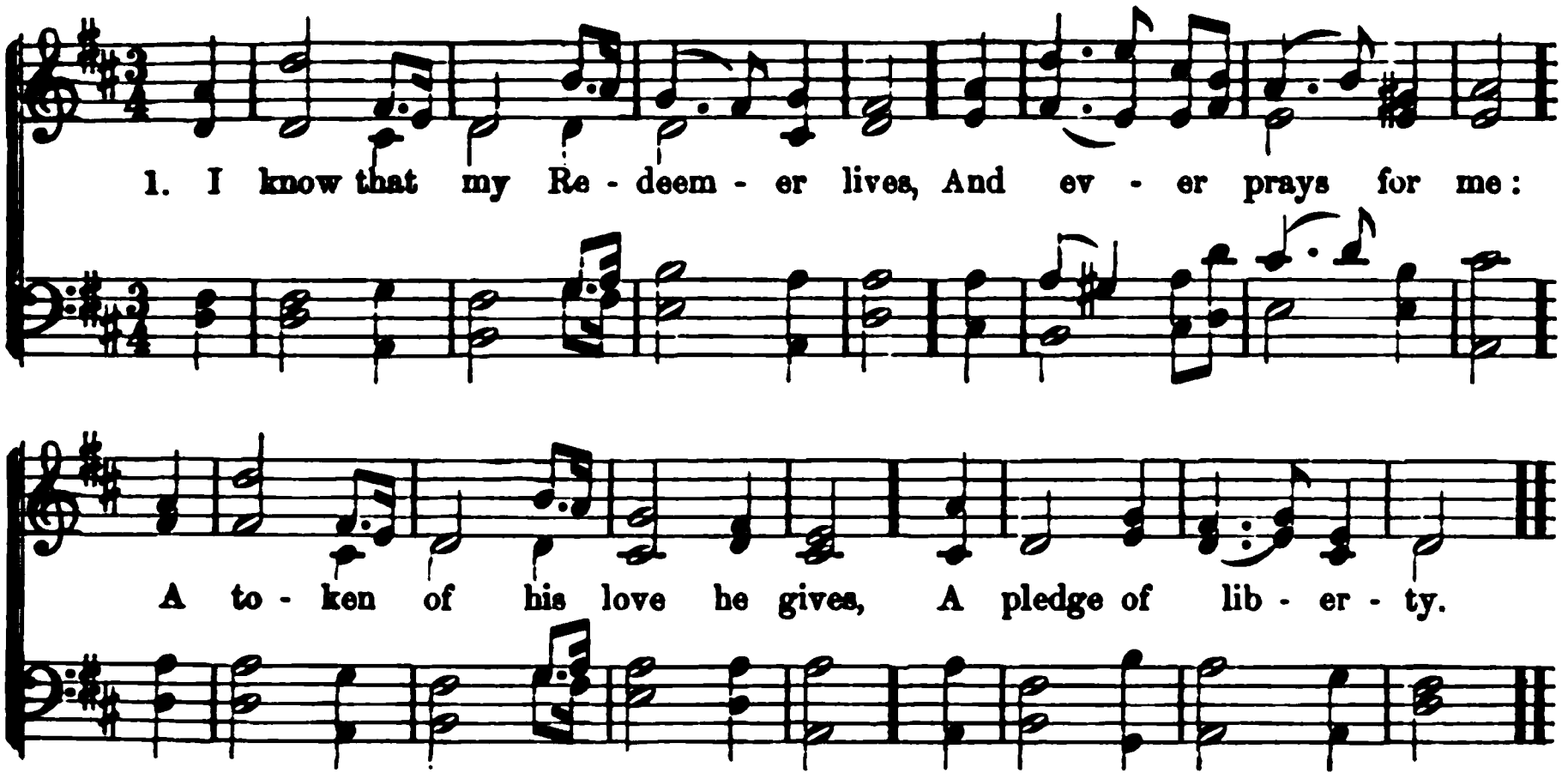
OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'T is music to my ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

BRADFORD. C. M.



348 *Job 19 : 25.* C. WESLEY.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me,
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

349 *Heb. 10 : 12.* NEWTON.

HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on the eternal throne,
The Lord of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

5 How glorious he—how happy they,
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

350 *Heb. 4 : 14-16.* ANON.

COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

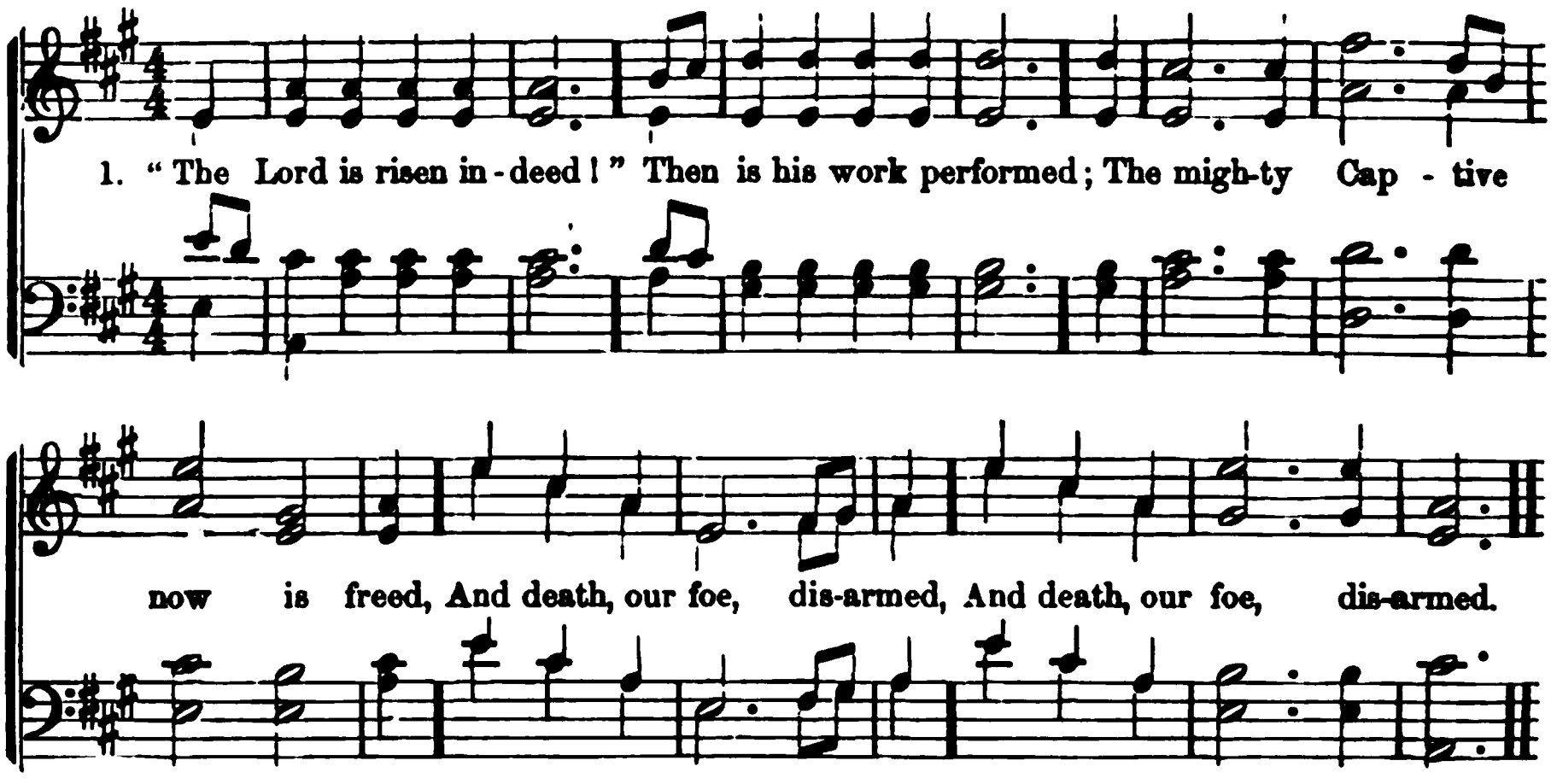
2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Whom he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

5 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith—
Our lips his praise proclaim.

BENJAMIN. S. M.



351 *Luke 24 : 34.* KELLY.

"THE Lord is risen indeed!"—
Then is his work performed;
The mighty Captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Then hell hath lost its prey:
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Attending angels! hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs!
To sing our risen Lord.

352 *Acts 1 : 11.* EMMA TOKE.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord! send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest!

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown.

4 And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee!

5 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.

6 Oh, by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high!

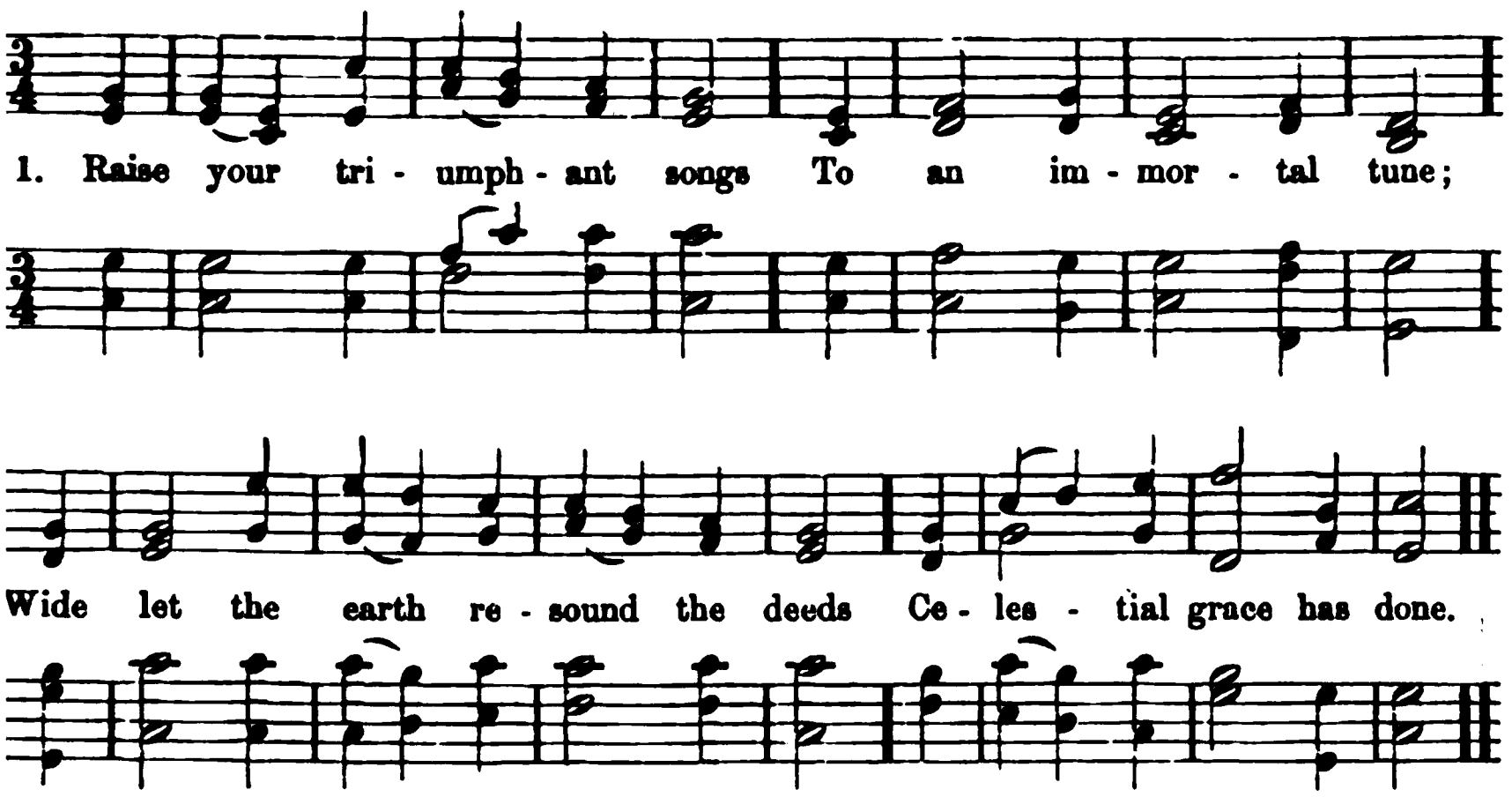
353 *Rev. 5 : 9-13.* JUDKIN

ENTHRONED is Jesus now
Upon his heavenly seat:
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

2 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.

3 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blesséd help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

FERGUSON. S. M.



John 3 : 17. WATTS.

ISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
ide let the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

ng how eternal love
Its chief Belovéd chose,
nd bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

is hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
o bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 *1 Tim. 3 : 16.* TURNER.

BEYOND the starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There in the boundless world of light
Our great Redeemer dwells.

Around him angels fair
In countless armies shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.

"Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love,
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."

4 And when he stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

5 They saw him on the cross,
While darkness vailed the skies,
And when he burst the gates of death,
They saw the conqueror rise.

6 They thronged his chariot wheels,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,—
"The glorious work is done."

356 *Jude 24.* WATTS.

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

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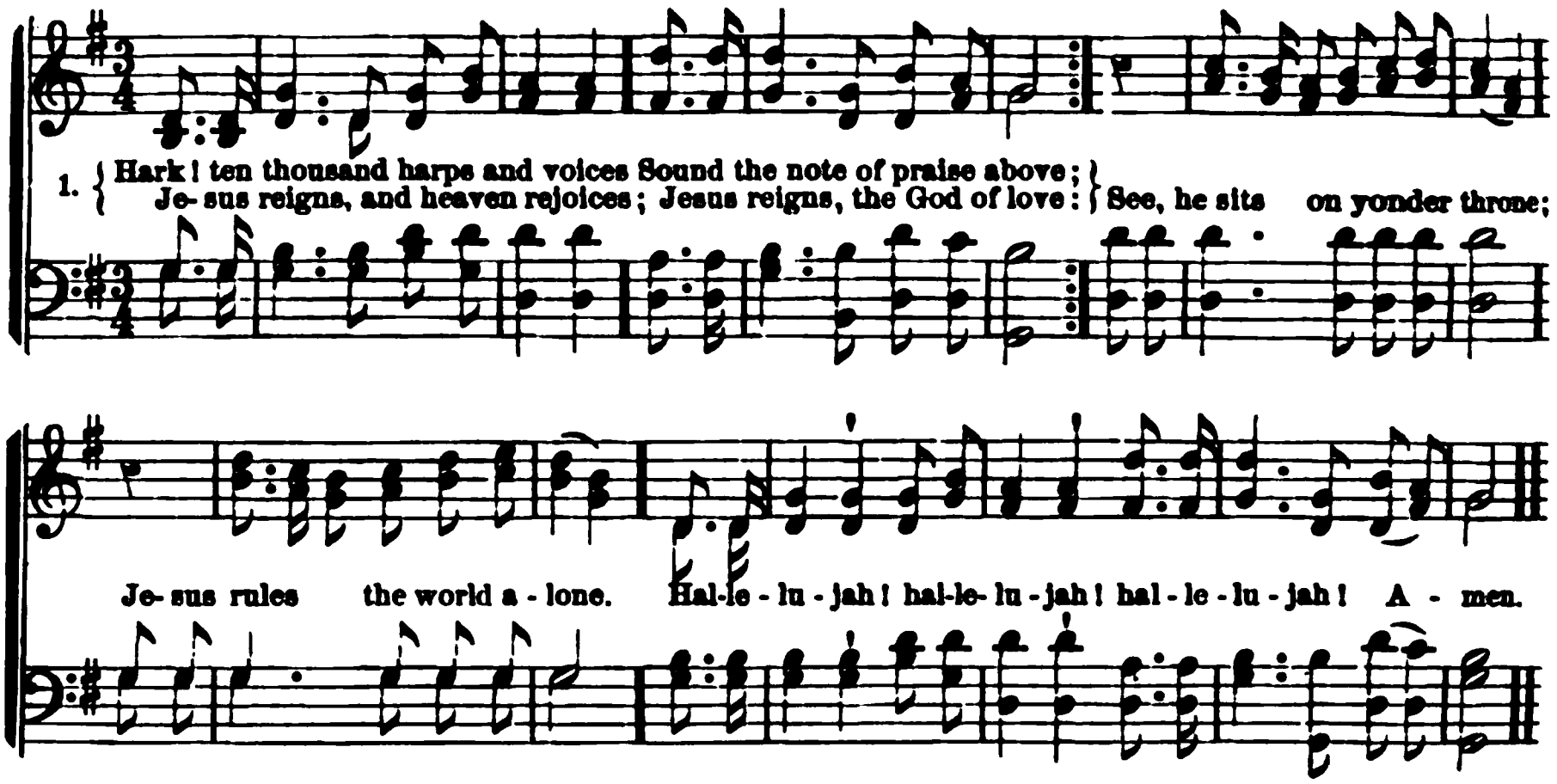

357 *Heb. 1 : 6.* KELLY.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

358 *Rev. 19 : 12.* BAKEWELL.

HAIL, thou once despiséd Jesus!
Crowned in mockery a king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

359 *Heb. 12 : 2.* KELLY.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
See the Man of Sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow.
Crown the Saviour! angels, crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

2 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.
Hark, those bursts of acclamation,
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

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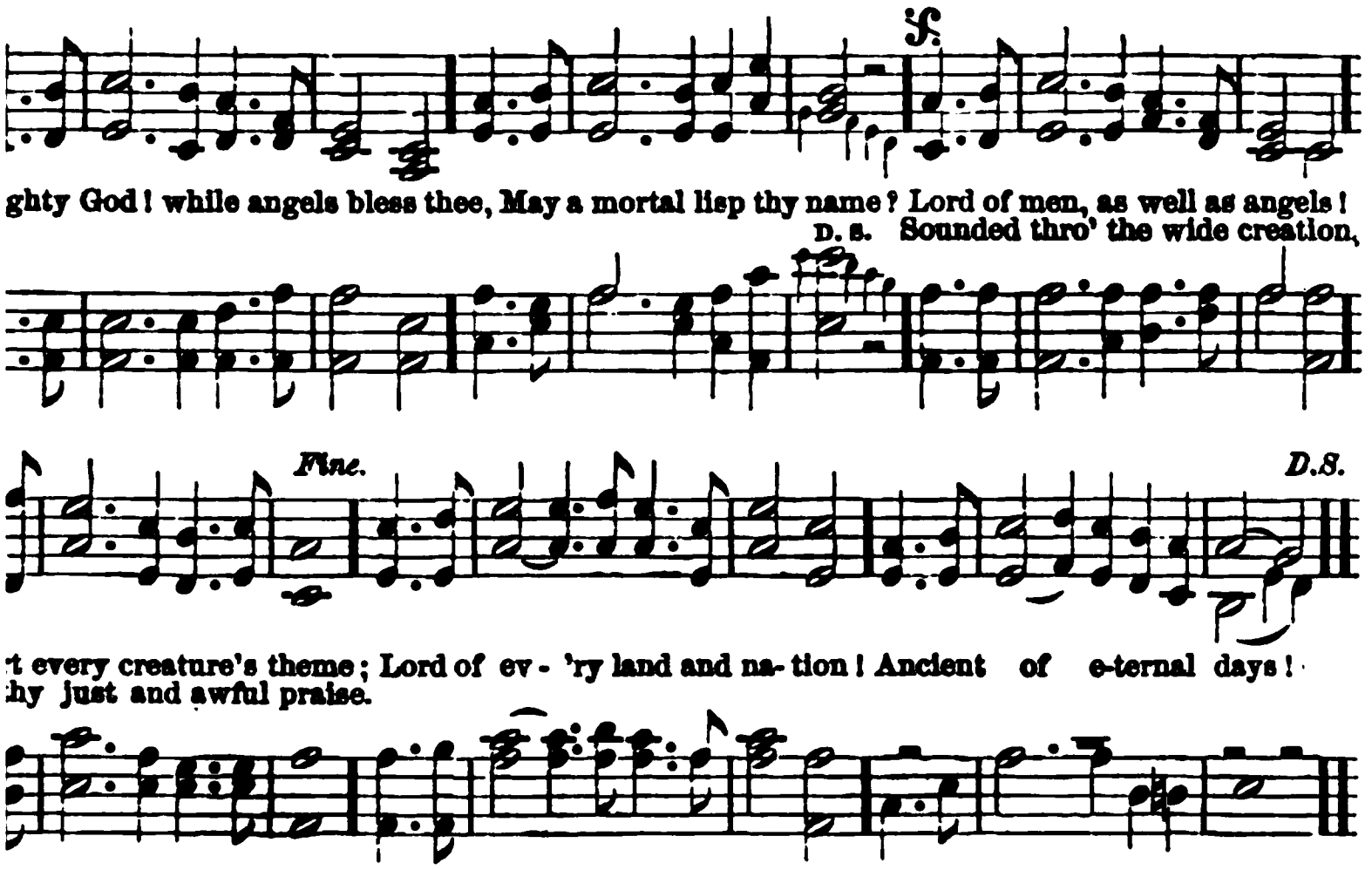


Heb. 1 : 3. ROBINSON.

od! while angels bless thee,
mortal lisp thy name?
ıen, as well as angels!
rt every creature's theme
very land and nation!
t of eternal days!
hrough the wide creation,
just and awful praise.

andeur of thy nature,—
beyond a seraph's thought;
onders of creation,
with skill and kindness
ght;
rovidence, that governs
h thine empire's wide domain,
angel, guides a sparrow;
be thy gentle reign.

ch, thy free redemption,
tho' vailed in darkness long,
s poor, and poor expression;
ın sing that wondrous song?
s of the Father's glory!
ıy praise unuttered lie?
r tongue! such guilty silence,
e Lord who came to die:—

highest throne of glory,
cross of deepest woe,
ansom guilty captives!—
ıy praise, forever flow:

Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

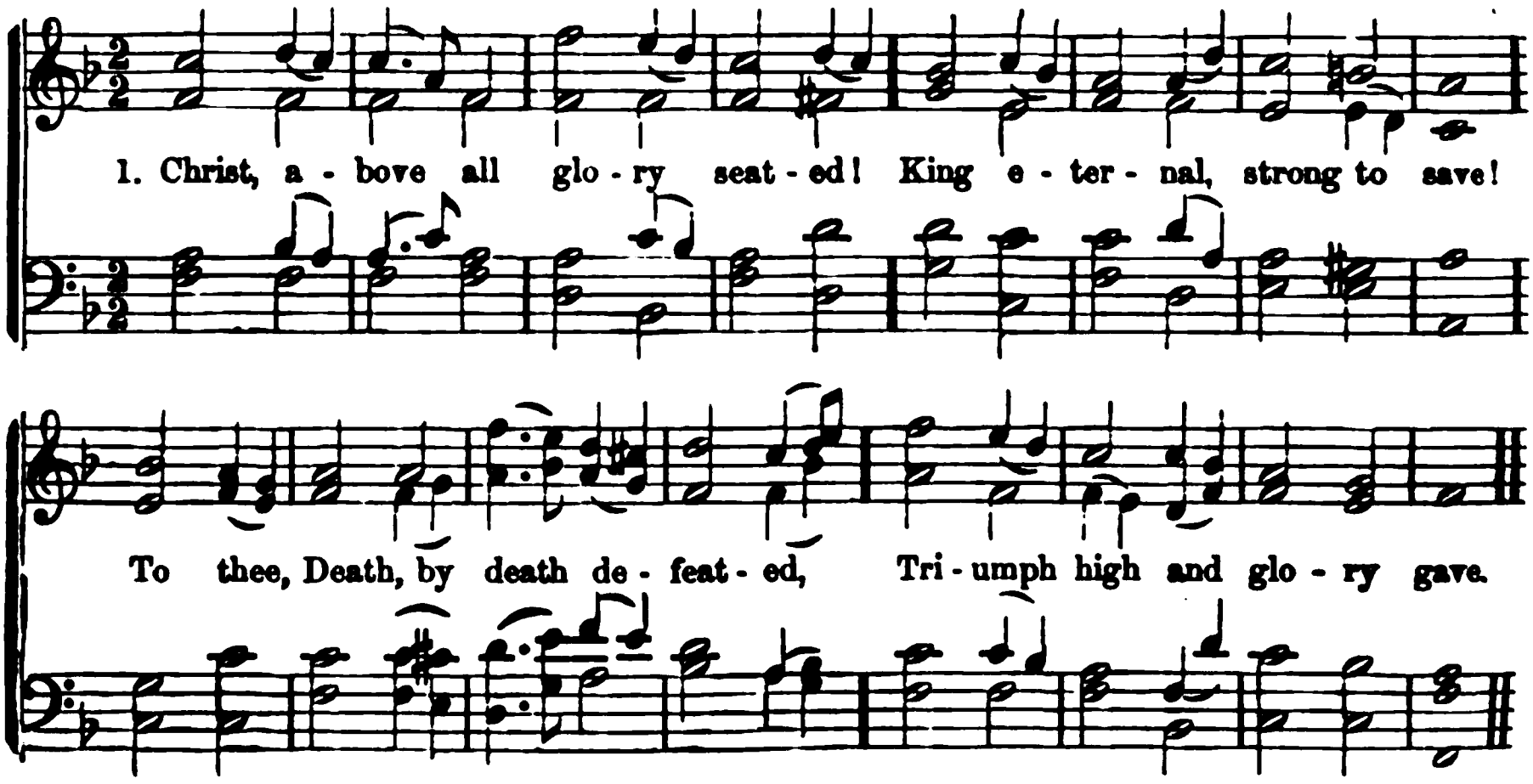
361 *Matt. 21 : 9.* GOODE.

CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Saviour! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

CARTHAGE. 8s & 7s.



362 *Heb. 7 : 25.* ANON.

CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King eternal, strong to save!
To thee, Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

2 Thou art gone, where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain;
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.

3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before thee,
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.

5 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned forevermore as thine.

363 *Heb. 1 : 3.* KELLY.

JESUS comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the victor's seat;
Lo, the man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet.

3 Day and night they cry before him,—
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him;
All obey his sovereign word.

364 *Ps. 90 : 17.* CROSSE.

LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with true devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

2 Now with joy we come before thee,
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, of light, and glory,
Guard thy church, thou heavenly King.

3 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne.

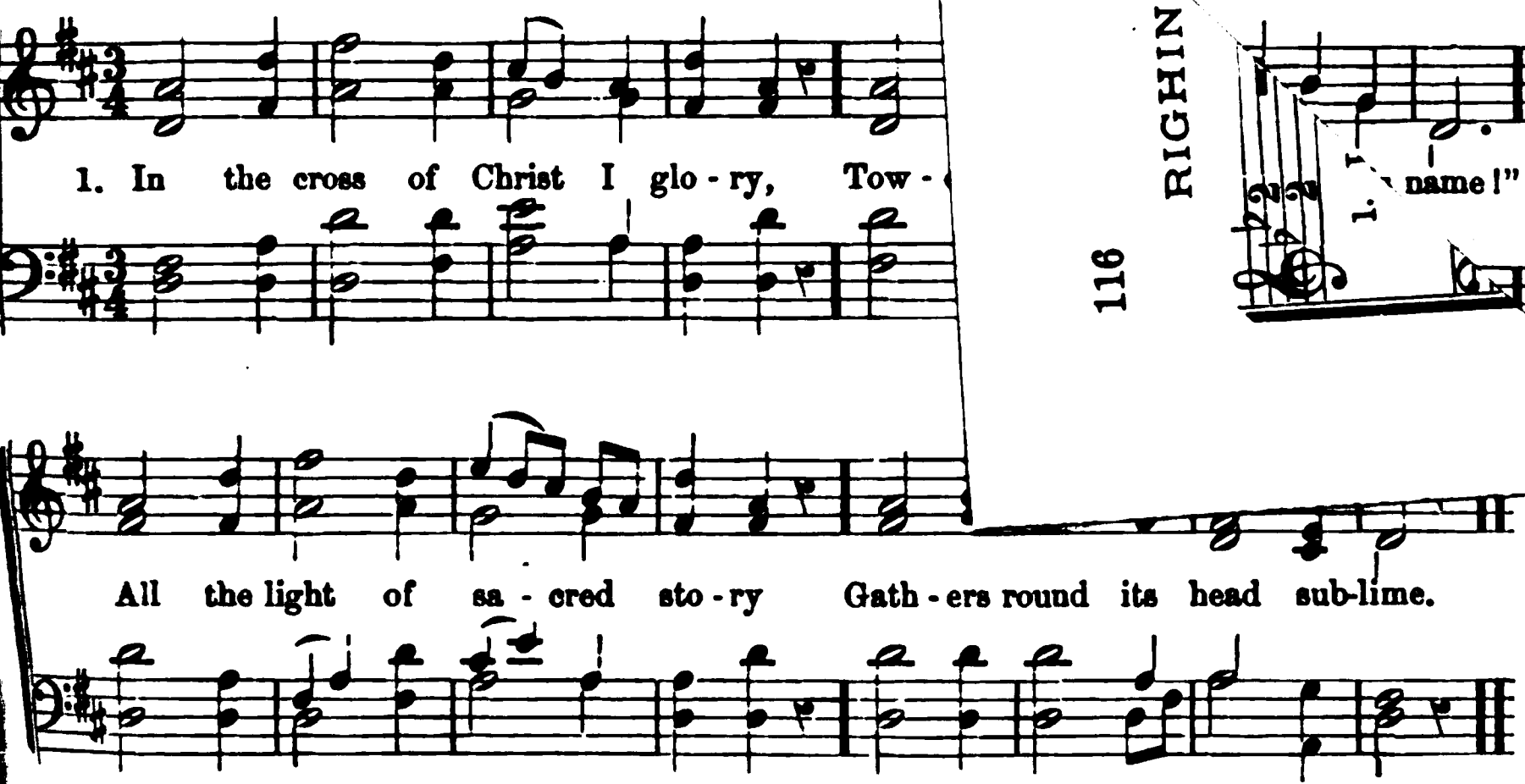
365 *Rev. 11 : 17.* ANON.

O THOU Sun of glorious splendor!
Shine with healing in thy wing,
Chase away these shades of darkness,
Holy light and comfort bring.

2 Let the heralds of salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished
Through the great Immanuel's name.

3 Take thy power, almighty Saviour!
Claim the nations for thine own;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.



116 RIGHINI

366 *Gal. 6 : 14.* BOWRING.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

367 *Rom. 10 : 20.* ROBINSON.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

368 *Prov. 8 : 17.* GUYON.

I WOULD love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer, and my King!
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.

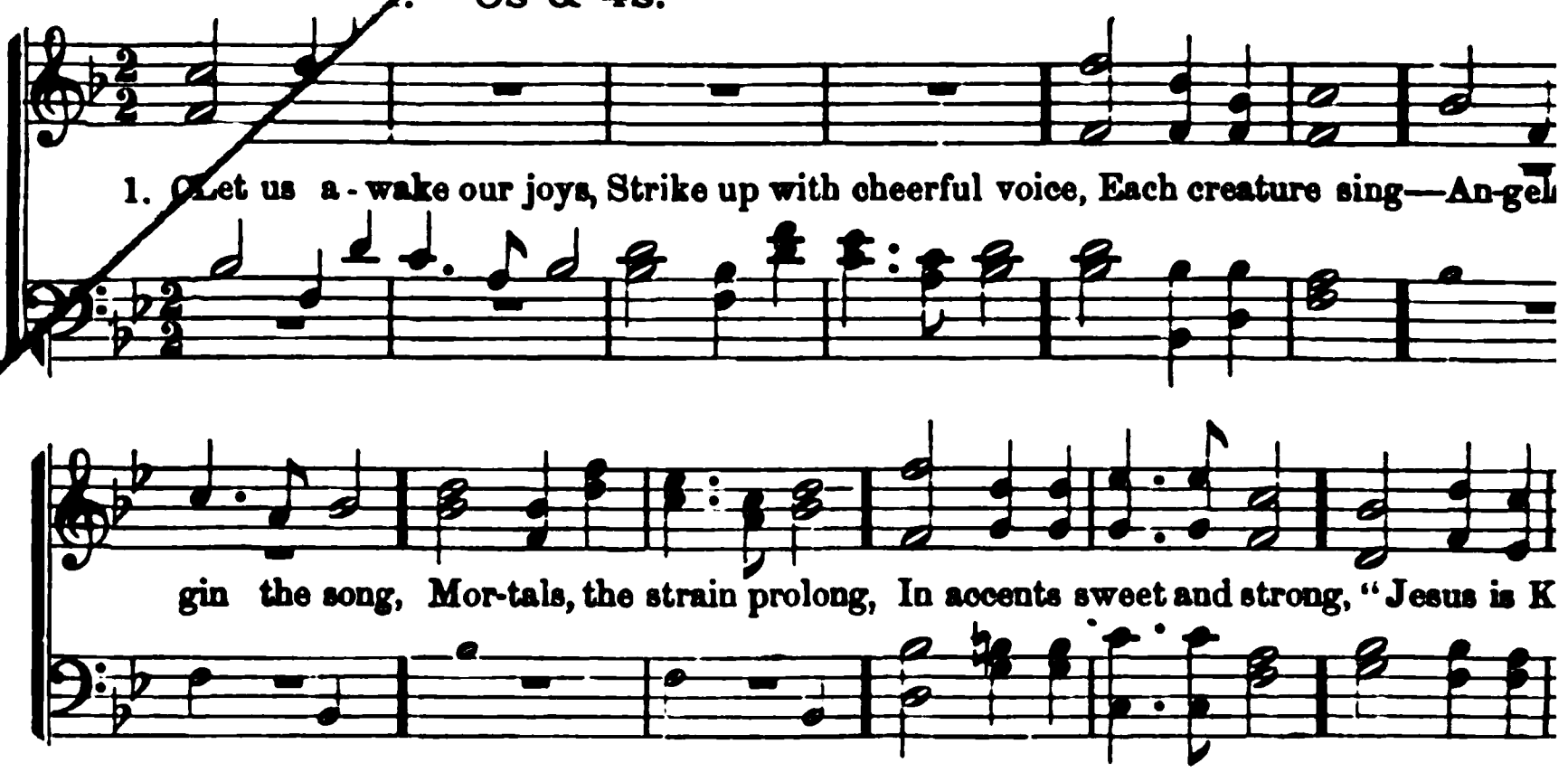
2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee—he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

5 I would love thee, I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set:
While I love thee, I can never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

CARTHAGE. 6s & 4s.



369 *Matt. 6 : 13.* KINGSBURY.

LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing—
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame:
What wonders done!
Shout through hell's dark profound,
Let all the earth resound,
'Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

3 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way
Lo, he shall come!
While they who pierced him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

370 *Dan. 12 : 3.* KELLY.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Ye, who forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

371 *Rev. 5 : 6.* BR

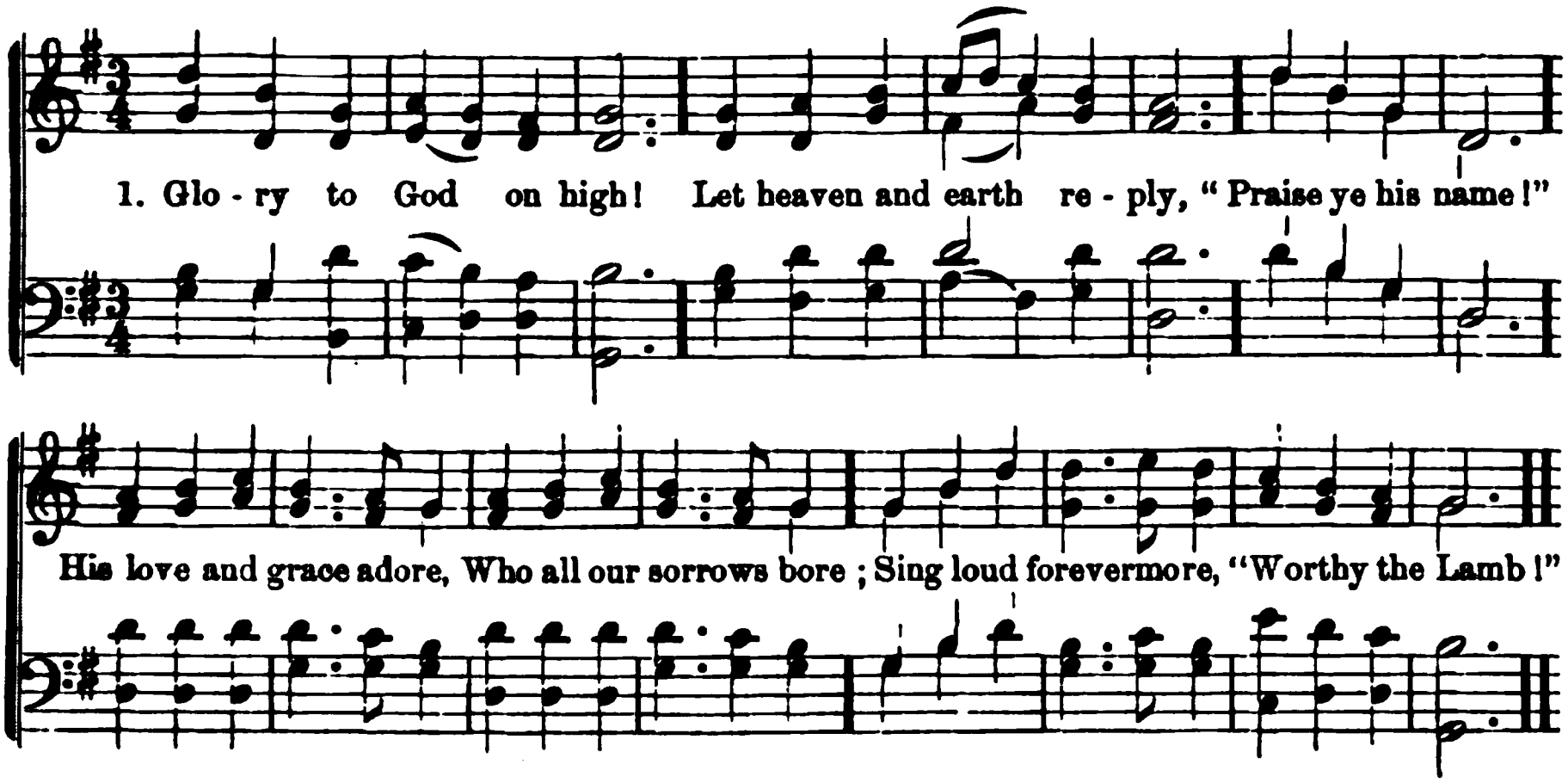
RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise;
Into thy native skies,—
Assume thy right:
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled-
Pass through those gates of gol-
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—
No feet but thine, have trod
The serpent down;
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years;—
Claim for thine own the spheres
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage!

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.



372 *Rev. 5 : 12.* ALLEN.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud forevermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name,—
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And, through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

373 *Rev. 14 : 3.* KELLY.

SING, sing his lofty praise,
Whom angels can not raise,
But whom they sing;
Jesus, who reigns above,
Object of angels' love,
Jesus, whose grace we prove,
Jesus, our King.

2 Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought;
But when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then shall we sing his grace,
Sing without fault.

374 *Rev. 5 : 12.* BODEN

COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what his love hath done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

375 C. L. M. *Matt. 28 : 6.* HASTINGS.

How calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ the crucified was borne,
And vailed in midnight gloom!
Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, he is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law, your hopes were slain
But now in Christ, ye live again.

376 7s, 6l. *Ps. 24 : 7.* KELLY.

GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head;
Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus, risen from the dead;
Jesus, conqueror o'er the grave
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the victor's praise they sing;
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'T is the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face!
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace!
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing
"Glory, glory to our King!"

377 L. M. *Luke 24 : 34.* BREVIARY.

THE morning kindles all the sky,
The heavens resound with anthems high,
The shining angels as they speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred,
While Roman guards kept watch and ward;
Majestic from the spoiléd tomb,
In pomp of triumph, he has come!

3 When the amazed disciples heard,
Their hearts with speechless joy were stirred;
Their Lord's belovéd face to see,
Eager they haste to Galilee.

4 His piercéd hands to them he shows,
His face with love's own radiance glows;
They with the angels' message speed,
And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

5 O Christ, thou King compassionate!
Our hearts possess, on thee we wait:
Help us to render praises due,
To thee the endless ages through!

378 7s, D. *Matt. 28 : 2.* T. SCOTT

ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

2 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
Heaven unfolds its portals wide!
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

3 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O death, is now thy sting!
Where thy terrors, vanquished king!

379 L. M. *Ps. 45.* WATTS

THE King of saints,—how fair his face!
Adorned with majesty and grace,
He comes, with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen, arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

ıappy hour, when thou shalt rise
fair palace in the skies;
ll thy sons, a numerous train,
like a prince, in glory reign.

dless honors crown his head;
ery age his praises spread;
we, with cheerful songs, approve
ɔndescension of his love.

. *Mark 16 : 2.* C. Wesley.

:he day that sees him rise,
us, to his native skies!
, awhile to mortals given,
now the gates of heaven.

the glorious triumph waits;
ɔur heads, eternal gates!
hath vanquished death and sin;
.he King of glory in.

ıe heaven its Lord receives!
: loves the earth he leaves:
h returning to his throne,
e calls mankind his own.

ɔr us he intercedes,
evailing death he pleads;
ıimself prepares our place,
Forerunner of our race.

though parted from our sight,
ove yon starry height;
r our affections rise,
ring him beyond the skies.

. M. *Col. 2 : 9.* Watts.

orship at Immanuel's feet;
his face what wonders meet;
is too narrow to express
orth, his glory, or his grace.

arth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
eaven, his full resemblance bears:
:autics we can never trace,
e behold him face to face.

t me climb those higher skies,
e storms and darkness never rise:
he displays his power abroad,
hines, and reigns, the incarnate God.

.M. *Ps. 68 : 18.* Lyte.

, ye people, and adore,
ılting strike the chord;
l the earth—from shore to shore,
ıfess the Almighty Lord.

2 Glad shouts aloud—wide echoing round,
The ascending God proclaim;
The angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour:
And God exalts his conquering Son
To his right hand of power.

383 7s. *Hos. 13 : 14.* Anon.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo! he rises, mighty King!
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God forever made:
With your risen Saviour rise;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day;
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

384 C. M. *John 14 : 3.* Anon.

The golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone in
Unto his Father's side.

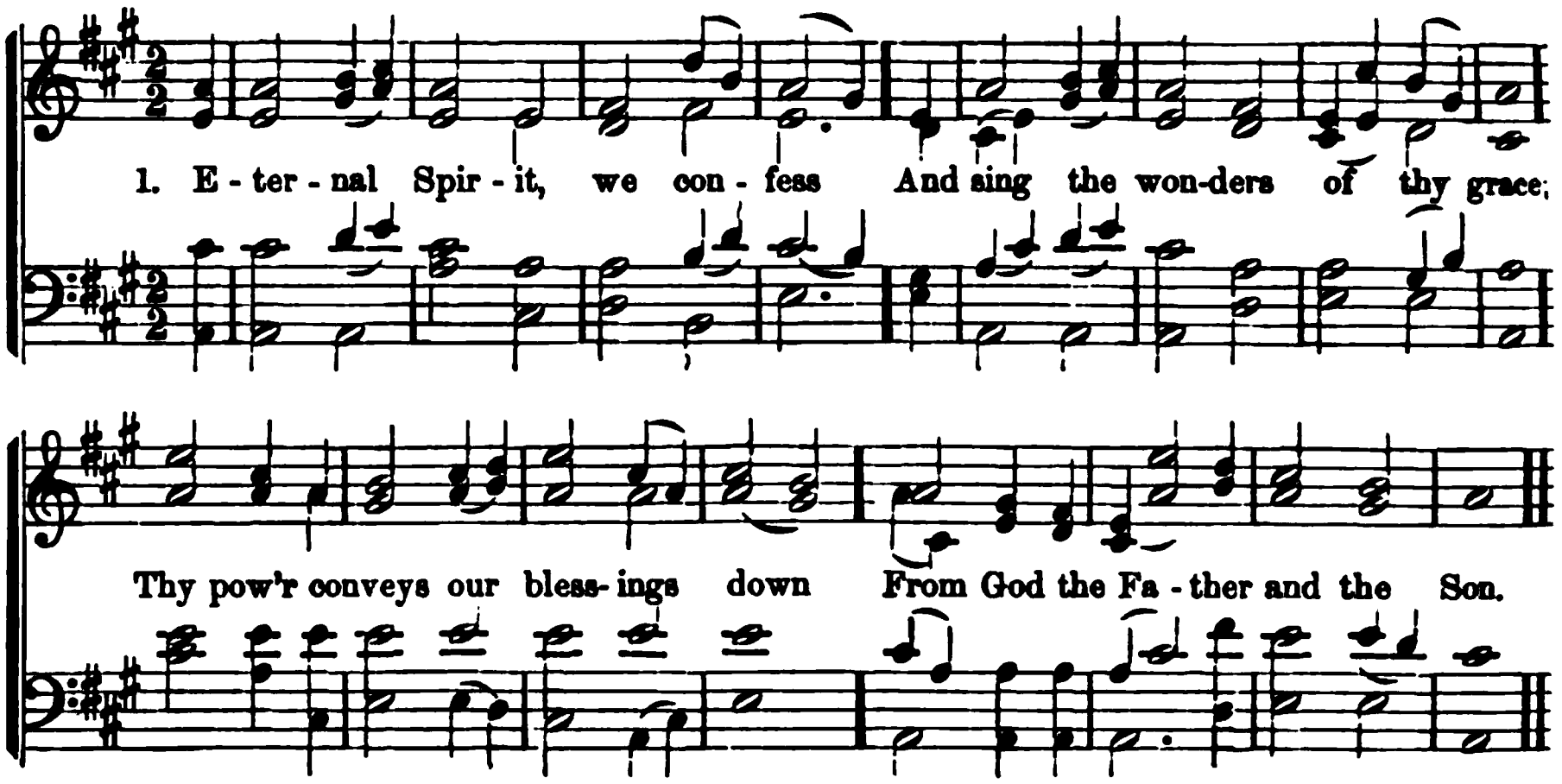
2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That vailed thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we tarry here below,
Our treasure be in heaven!

5 That where thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
Forevermore in thee!

WIMBORNE. L. M.



385 *John 16 : 13.* WATTS.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to-day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

386 *Gal. 4 : 6.* CASWALL.

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

387 *John 14 : 16.* BEDDOME.

COME, blesséd Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truth thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

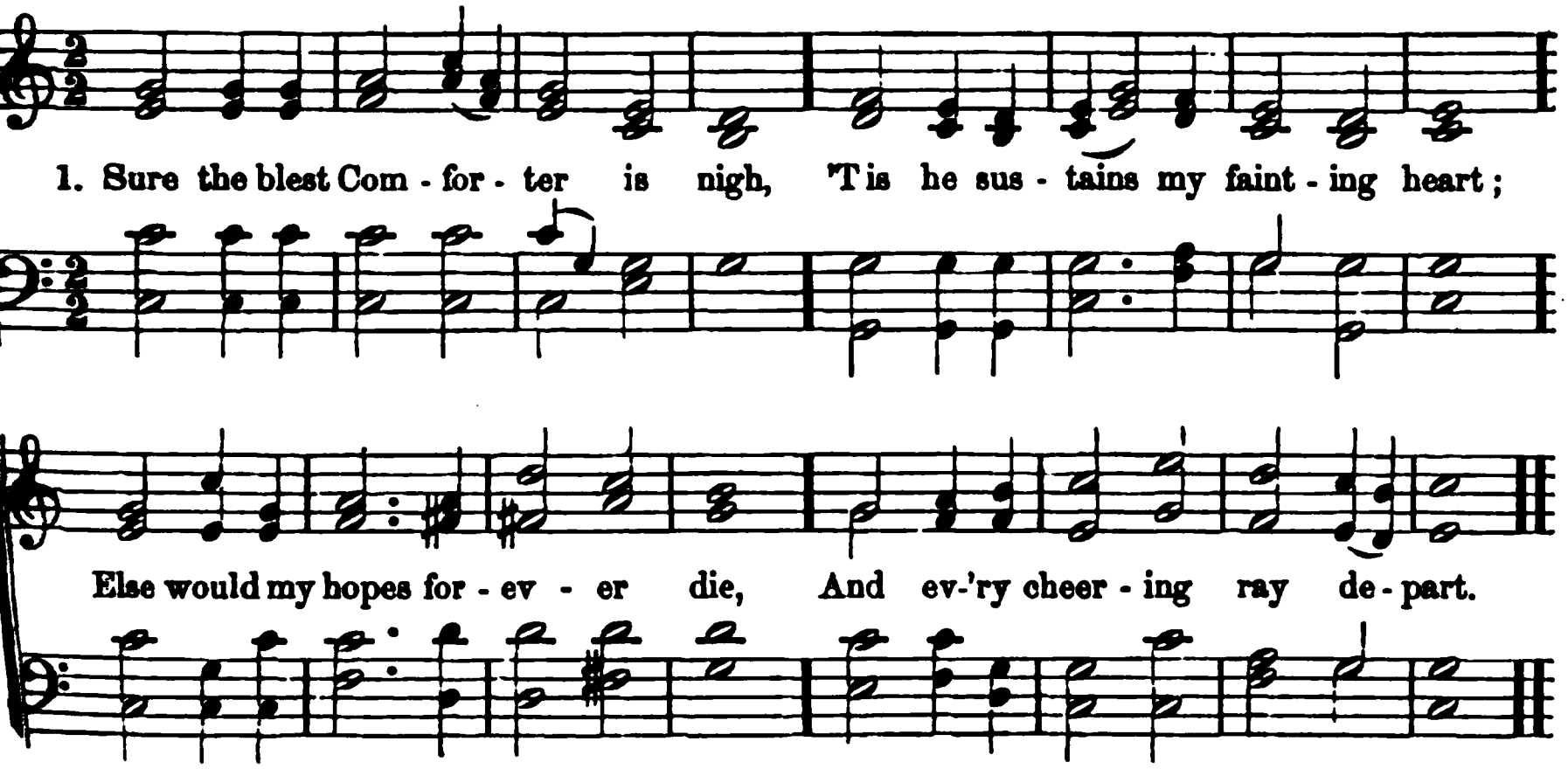
388 *John 14 : 26.* J. STEWART.

COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

ZEPHYR. L. M.



389 *John 14 : 26.* STEELE.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whenc'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,—
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires?

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste his grace,—
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

390 *Ps. 51 : 11.* C. WESLEY.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest!
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

391 *Ps. 72 : 6.* GIBBONS.

As when in silence vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

2 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

392 *Rom. 8 : 14.* BROWNE.

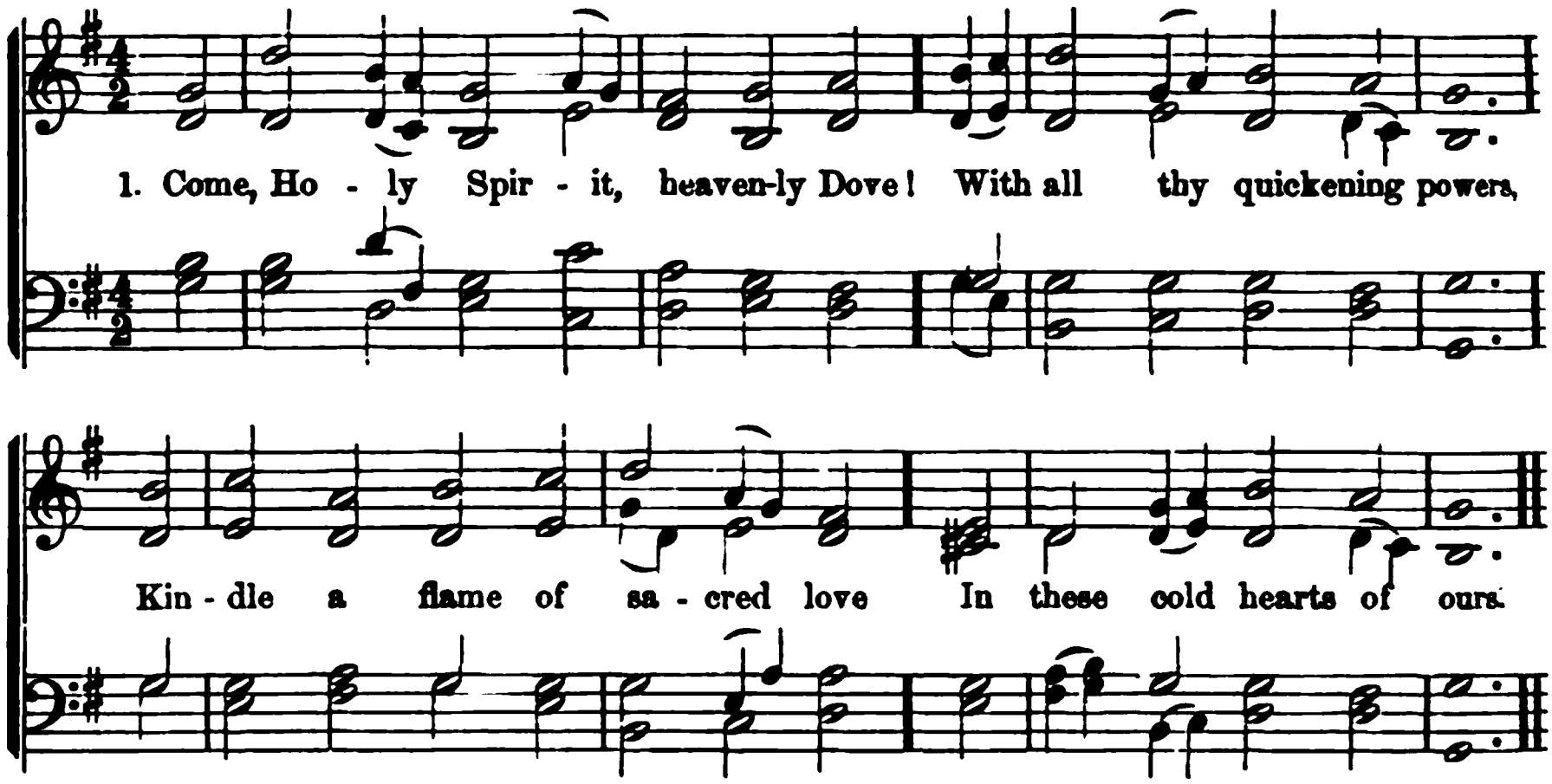
COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy forever there!

STEPHENS. C. M.



393 *John 16 : 7.* WATTS.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

394 *1 Cor. 2 : 10.* REED.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

395 *John 14 : 16.* TATE

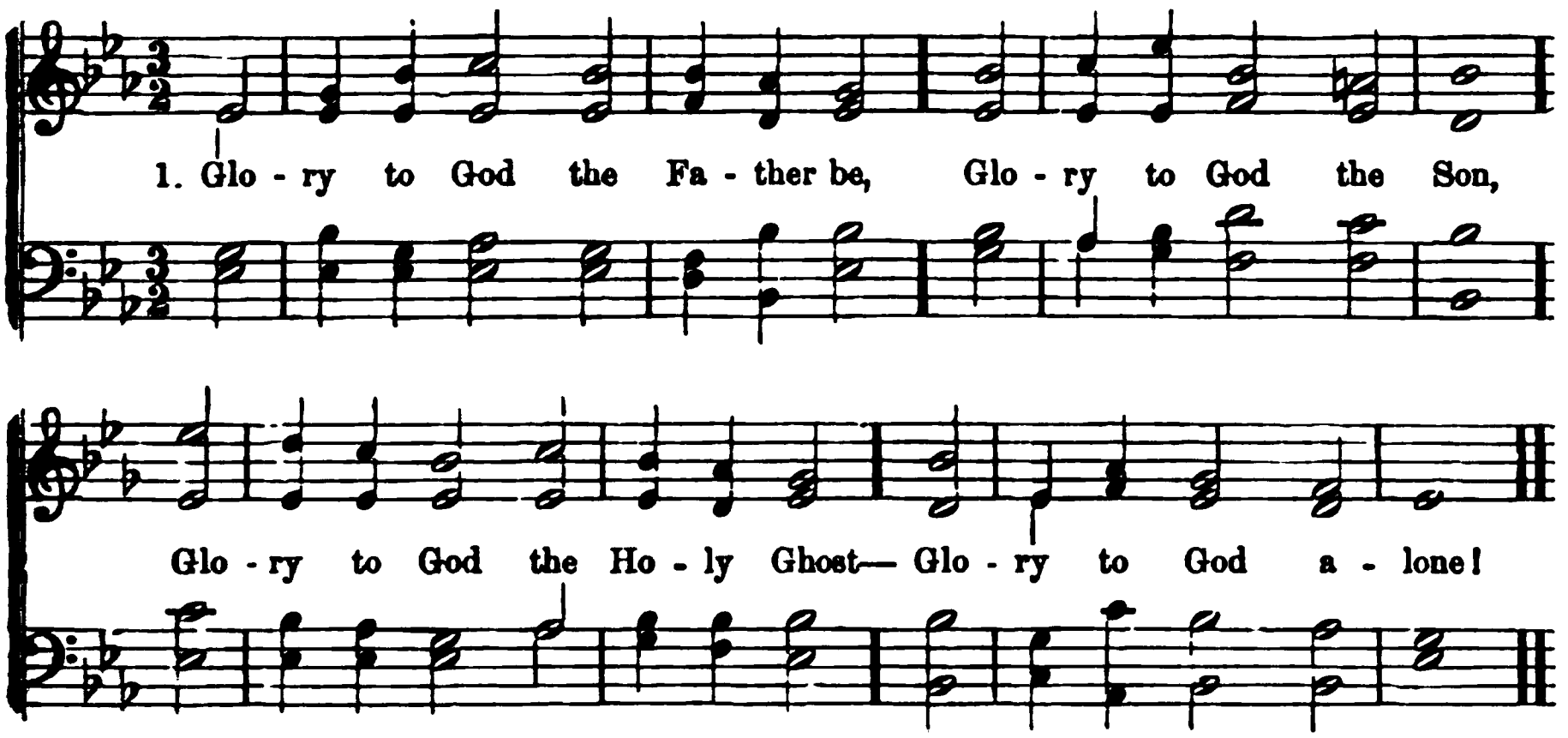
COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

DOWNS. C. M.



396 *1 John 5 : 6-10.* J. Mason.

Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghost—
Glory to God alone!

2 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.

3 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are turnéd into songs,
The Comforter is come!

4 Down from on high the blesséd Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heavenly feast.

5 Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghost—
Glory to God alone!

397 *Acts 2 : 3.* Keble.

When God, of old, came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gales at morning prime,
Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

398 *Eph. 4 : 30.* Anon.

O Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
How is thy love despised,
While the heart longs for sympathy
And friends are idolized.

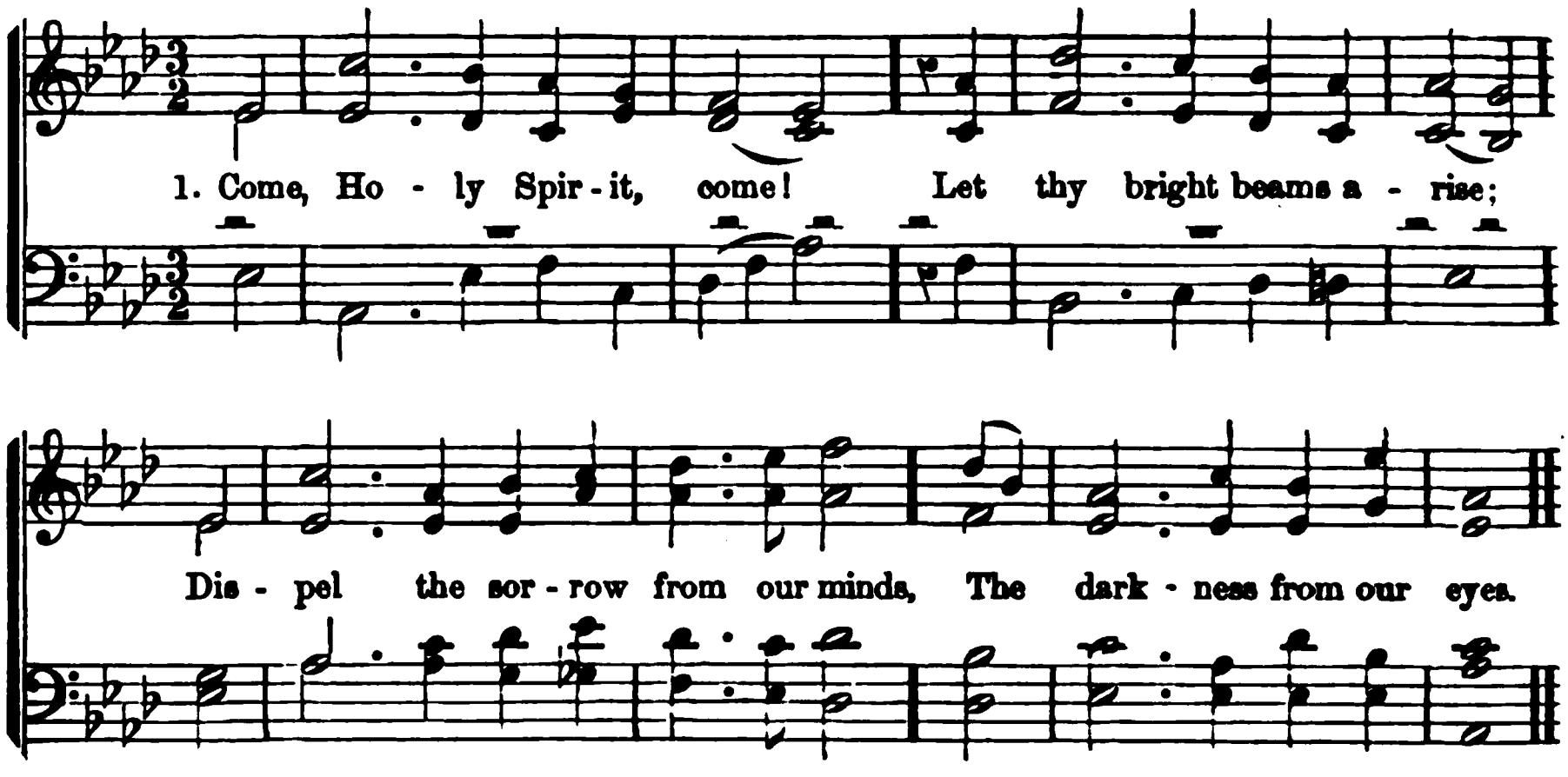
2 O Spirit of the living God,
Brooding with dove-like wings
Over the helpless and the weak
Among created things!

3 Where should our feebleness find strength,
Our helplessness a stay,
Didst thou not bring us strength, and help,
And comfort, day by day?

4 Great are thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

5 Oh, if the souls that now despise
And grieve thee, heavenly Dove,
Would seek thee, and would welcome thee,
How would they prize thy love!

HAYDN. S. M.



399 *John 14 : 26.* HART.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

400 *Acts 2 : 4.* MONTGOMERY.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost
Descend in all thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide!
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

401 *1 Cor. 2 : 10.* SIGOURNEY.

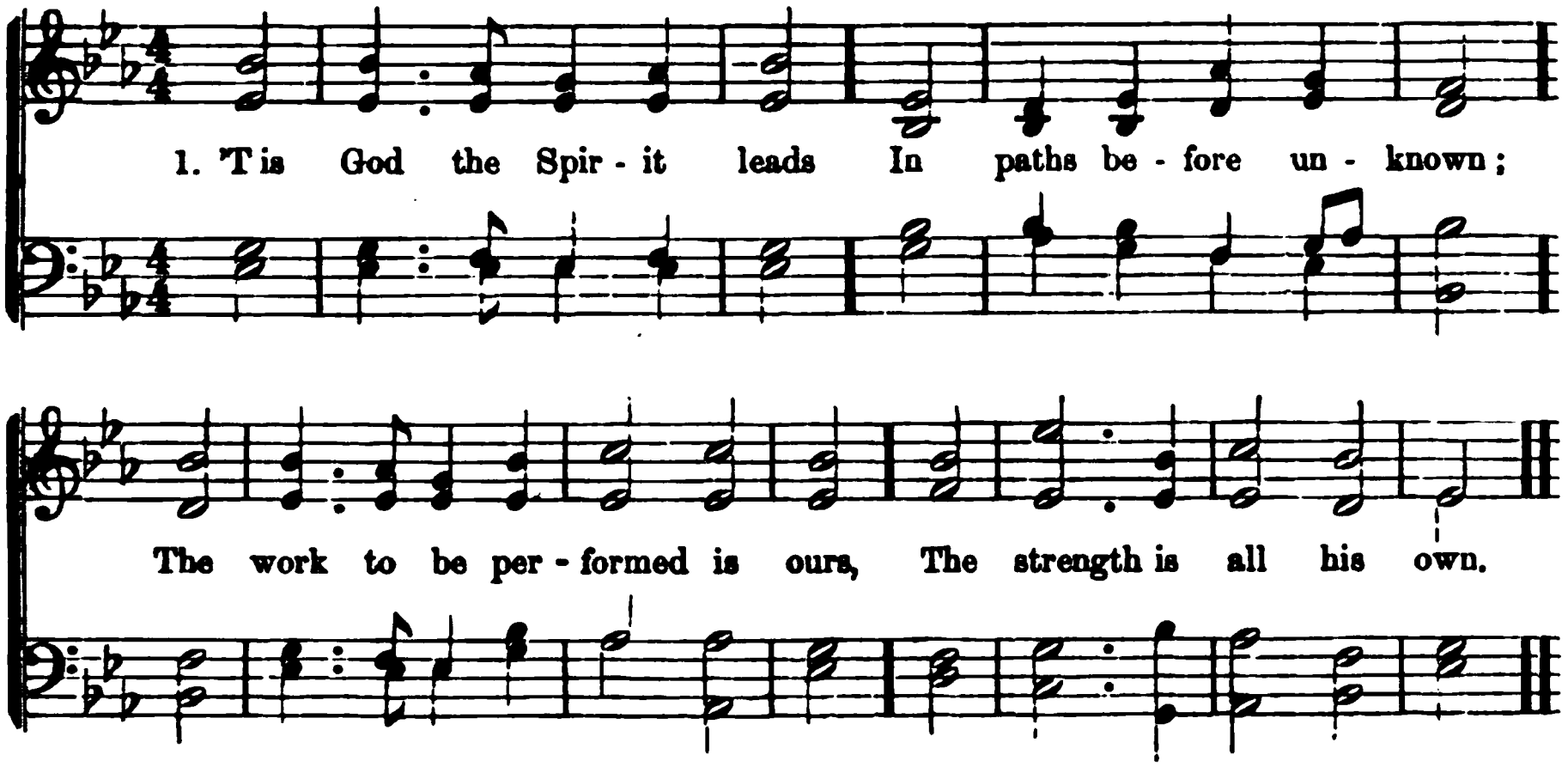
BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And ev'n the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh! fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

OLNEY. S. M.



402 *Phil. 2 : 13.* ANON.

'T is God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

403 *Eph. 4 : 30.* ANON.

THE Comforter has come,
We feel his presence here,
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.

2 This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power,—
'T is heaven descending from above,
To fill this favored hour.

3 Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines,
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

4 No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray,
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

404 *2 Cor. 1 : 21, 22.* ANON.

COME, Spirit, source of light,
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,
Oh, spread thy beams abroad;
Disclose the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

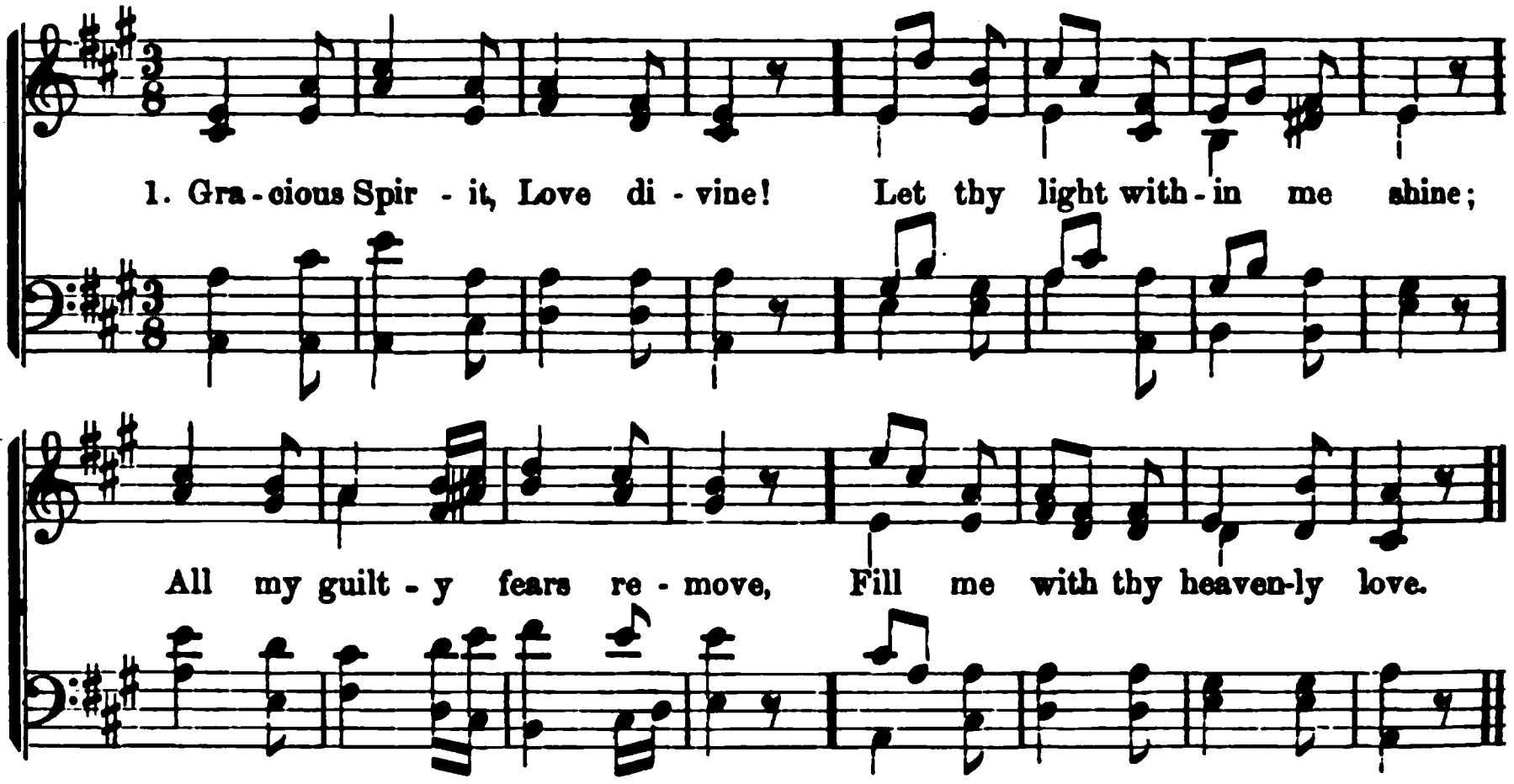
405 *John 16 : 7.* BEDDOME.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul;
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh! melt this frozen heart:
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

HORTON. 7s.



406 *2 Cor. 1 : 22.* STOCKER.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! forever thine.

407 *John 14 : 16.* LYRA CATH.

HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
From thy clear celestial height,
Come, thou Light of all that live!
Thy pure beaming radiance give!

2 Come, thou Father of the poor!
Come with treasures which endure;
Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast.

3 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe;
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Light immortal! light divine!
Visit thou these hearts of thine;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay.

5 Heal our wounds—our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Guide the steps that go astray.

6 Give us comfort when we die;
Give us life with thee on high;
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give us joys which never end.

408 *Luke 11 : 13.* REED.

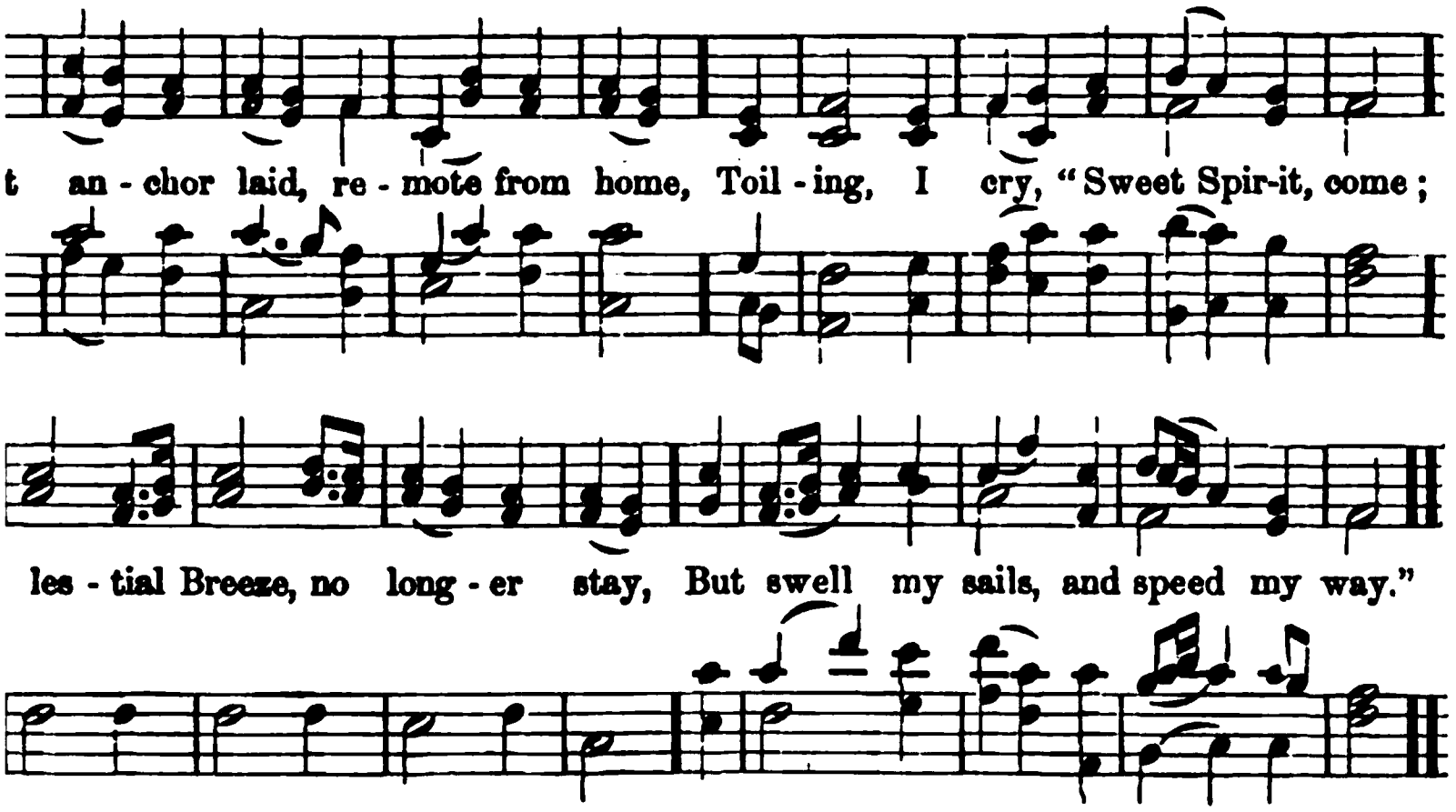
HOLY Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

'FINGHAM. L. M.



Gal. 4 : 6. TOPLADY.

ıor laid, remote from home,
I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come;
l Breeze, no longer stay,
ll my sails, and speed my way.

ould I mount, fain would I glow,
se my cable from below;
ın only spread my sail;
ıou must breathe the auspicious

Gen. 1 : 2. DRYDEN.

R Spirit, by whose aid
rld's foundations first were laid,
ısit every waiting mind;
)our thy joys on human-kind.

ıoly Fount, thrice holy Fire,
ırts with heavenly love inspire;
ınd thy sacred unction bring
tify us, while we sing.

:e of uncreated light,
her's promised Paraclete,—
n and sorrow set us free,
ıke us temples worthy thee!

lties help, our wills control,
the senses to the soul;
:en rebellious they are grown,
y thy hand and hold them down.

'om our mind the infernal foe,
ace, the fruit of love, bestow;
t our feet should step astray,
and guide us in the way.

6 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

411 *Mic. 2 : 7.* DODDRIDGE.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh! turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh! let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

412 *Acts 2 : 1.* ANON.

BLEST day! when our ascended Lord
Fulfilled his own prophetic word;
Sent down his Spirit, to inspire
His saints, baptized with holy fire.

2 While by his power these signs were wrought,
While divers tongues his wisdom taught
His love one only subject gave—
That Jesus died the world to save!

3 Sure peace with God!—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round;
Relenting foes his grace receive,
And humbled myriads hear and live!

413 C. M. D. *Acts 2 : 2.* FABER.

No track is on the sunny sky,
  No footprints on the air;
Jesus hath gone; the face of earth
  Is desolate and bare.
That Upper Room is heaven on earth;
  Within its precincts lie
All that earth has of faith, or hope,
  Or heaven-born charity.

2 One moment—and the silentness
  Was breathless as the grave;
The fluttered earth forgot to quake,
  The troubled trees to wave.
He comes! he comes! that mighty Breath
  From heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
  His Bride, as she adores.

3 Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
  Heaven echoes back the sound,
And mightily the tempest wheels
  That Upper Room around.
One moment—and the Spirit hung
  O'er all with dread desire;
Then broke upon the heads of all
  In cloven tongues of fire!

414 C. M. *Gal. 4 : 6.* HAWEIS.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord!
  The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
  And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
  Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
  Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
  Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
  That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
  The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
  The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
  Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
  In love eternal dwell.

415 7s. *John 16 : 13.* HAMMOND.

HOLY Spirit! gently come,
  Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix thy everlasting home
  In the hearts thou didst create.

2 Now thy quickening influence bring,
  On our spirits sweetly move;
Open every mouth to sing
  Jesus' everlasting love.

3 Take the things of Christ, and show
  What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
  Through his well-belovéd Son.

416 H. M. *Luke 11 : 13.* BURTON.

O THOU that hearest prayer!
  Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
  Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
  Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
  Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou,—
  We—children of thy grace,—
Oh, let thy Spirit now
  Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame
And all unite to praise thy name.

417 C. M. *1 John 3 : 24.* COTTERILL.

ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
  Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
  And feed the pure desire.

2 'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
  With guilt and fear oppressed;
'T is thine to bid the dying live,
  And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
  Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
  May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
  That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell
  Through Christ's atoning blood.

1 John 5 : 8-10. TOPLADY.

hy word believe,
ef remove;
ckening Spirit give,
)n from above:
)rd, how good thou art,
ith all thy fullness fill,
ness, in my heart
Ghost reveal.

till then I lie,
power to rise;
it inwardly
g blood applies:
;hty gift impart,
)t out, my pardon seal:
ness, in my heart
Ghost reveal.

Rom. 8 : 14. TOPLADY.

mforter, come down,
ınd move in me;
ery deed thy own,
gs led by thee;
y lust depart,
with me, vouchsafe to dwell;
;ness, in my heart
ct love reveal.

y love rejoice,
e, thy pure abode;
thine inward voice,
ild of God:
se the better part,
ait thy peace to feel;
;ness, in my heart
Ghost reveal.

1 Cor. 2 : 4. C. WESLEY.

Ghost! our hearts inspire,
ıe influence prove;
e old prophetic fire!
)f life and love!

heavenly dew thy word,
pointed hour;
th thy presence, Lord,
t come with power.

arts of them that hear,
:he Saviour room;
ind redemption near;
by hearing come.

421 7s & 5s. *Rom. 8 : 26.* ANON.

HOLY Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy blesséd inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: thy strength afford;
Lost—until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

422 7s. *1 Cor. 3 : 16.* ANON.

COME, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter each devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the Gospel fire.

2 Bid our sin and sorrow cease;
Fill us with thy heavenly peace;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth—and fire of love.

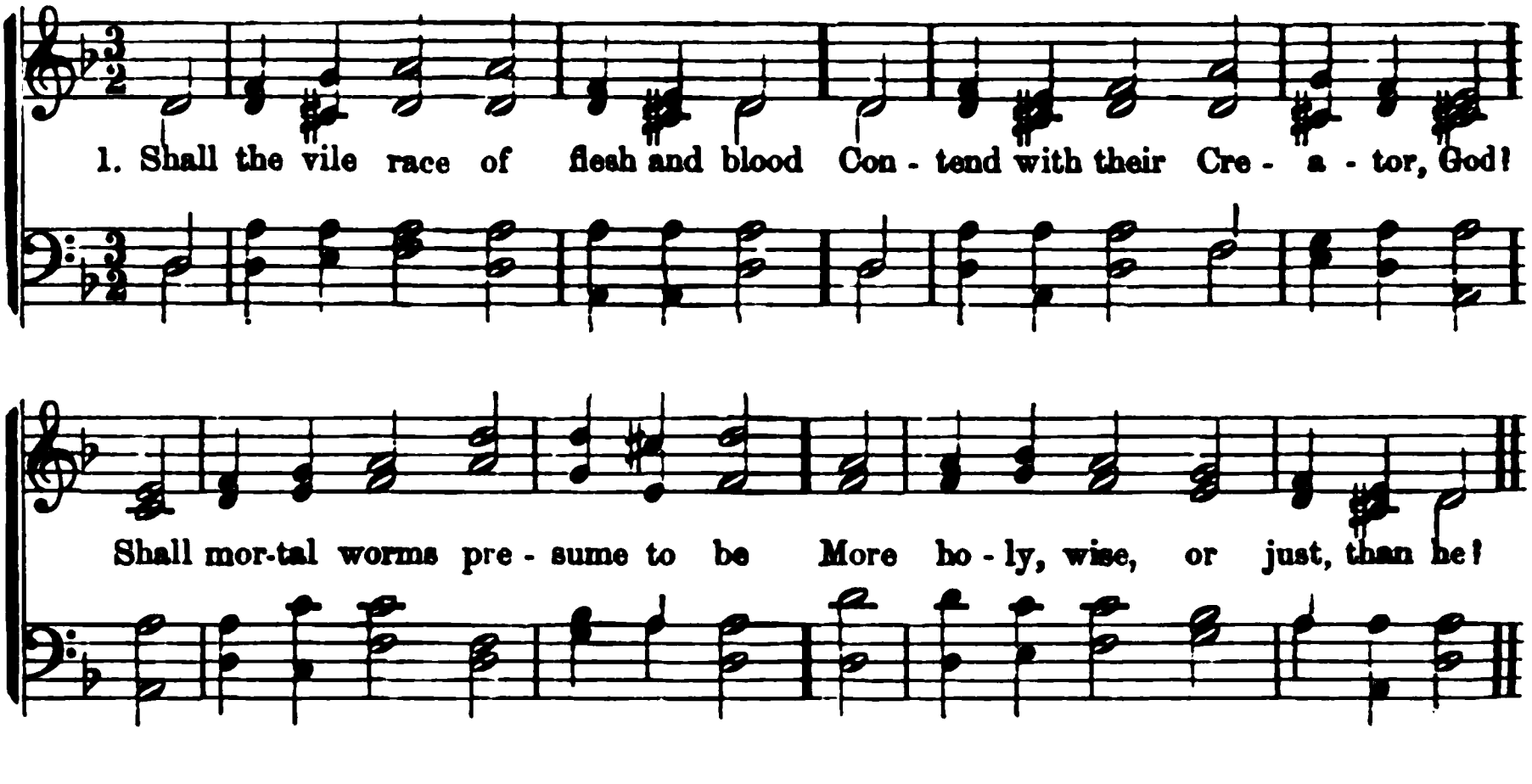
423 C. M. *Ps. 133.* H. AUBER.

SPIRIT of peace, celestial Dove,
How excellent thy praise!
How rich the gift of Christian love
Thy gracious power displays!

2 Sweet as the dew on hill and flower,
That silently distills,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills.

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend;
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

WINDHAM. L. M.



424 *Job 4 : 17-21.* WATTS.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?

2 Behold! he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay;
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

425 *Ps. 51.* WATTS.

LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart—
But we 're defiled in every part.

3 Great God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
No outward rites can make me clean,—
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

426 *Luke 9 : 23.* WATTS.

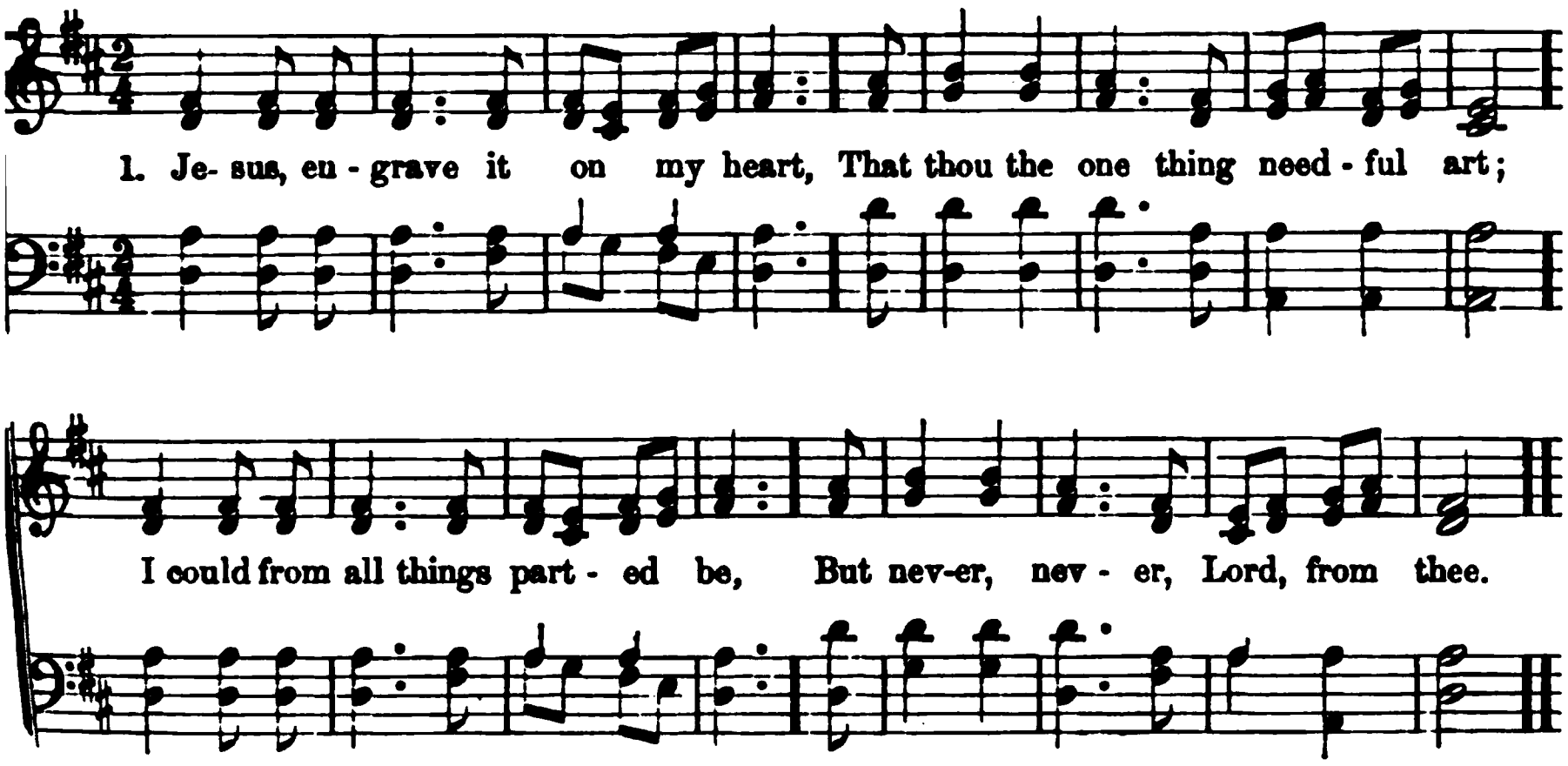
BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"—
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain:
Create my heart entirely new:
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

MALVERN. L. M.



427 *Luke 10 : 42.* MEDLEY.

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

2 Needful is thy most precious blood,
To reconcile my soul to God;
Needful is thy indulgent care;
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art thou, my guide, my stay,
Through all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death thou 'lt needful be,
To bring my spirit home to thee.

5 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever his,—
The one thing needful Jesus is!

428 *John 6 : 44.* MOORE.

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light,—

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before;
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
The angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

429 *Job 9 : 33.* ANON.

THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean,
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and woe.

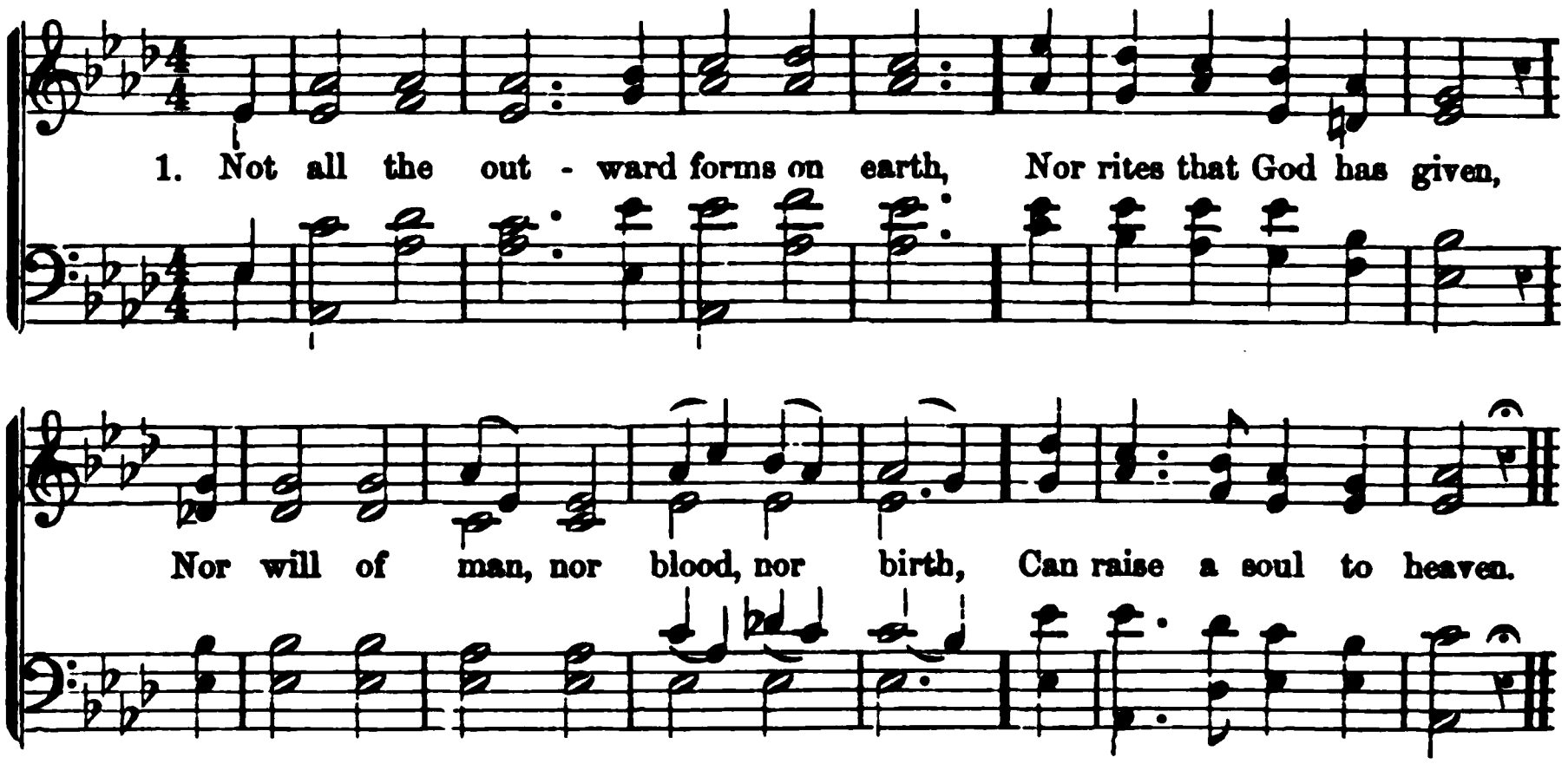
2 The Spirit, in his power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare;
Condemned, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There must a Mediator plead,
Who God and man may both embrace,
With God for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

5 And lo, the Son of God is slain,
To be this Mediator crowned;
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In him thy righteousness be found.

HUMMEL. C. M.



430 *John 1 : 12, 13.* WATTS.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

431 *Matt. 7 : 14.* WATTS.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'T is but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Belovéd self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfill a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

432 *Rom. 3 : 19.* WATTS.

VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions, guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace;—
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

433 *Zech. 9 : 12.* WATTS.

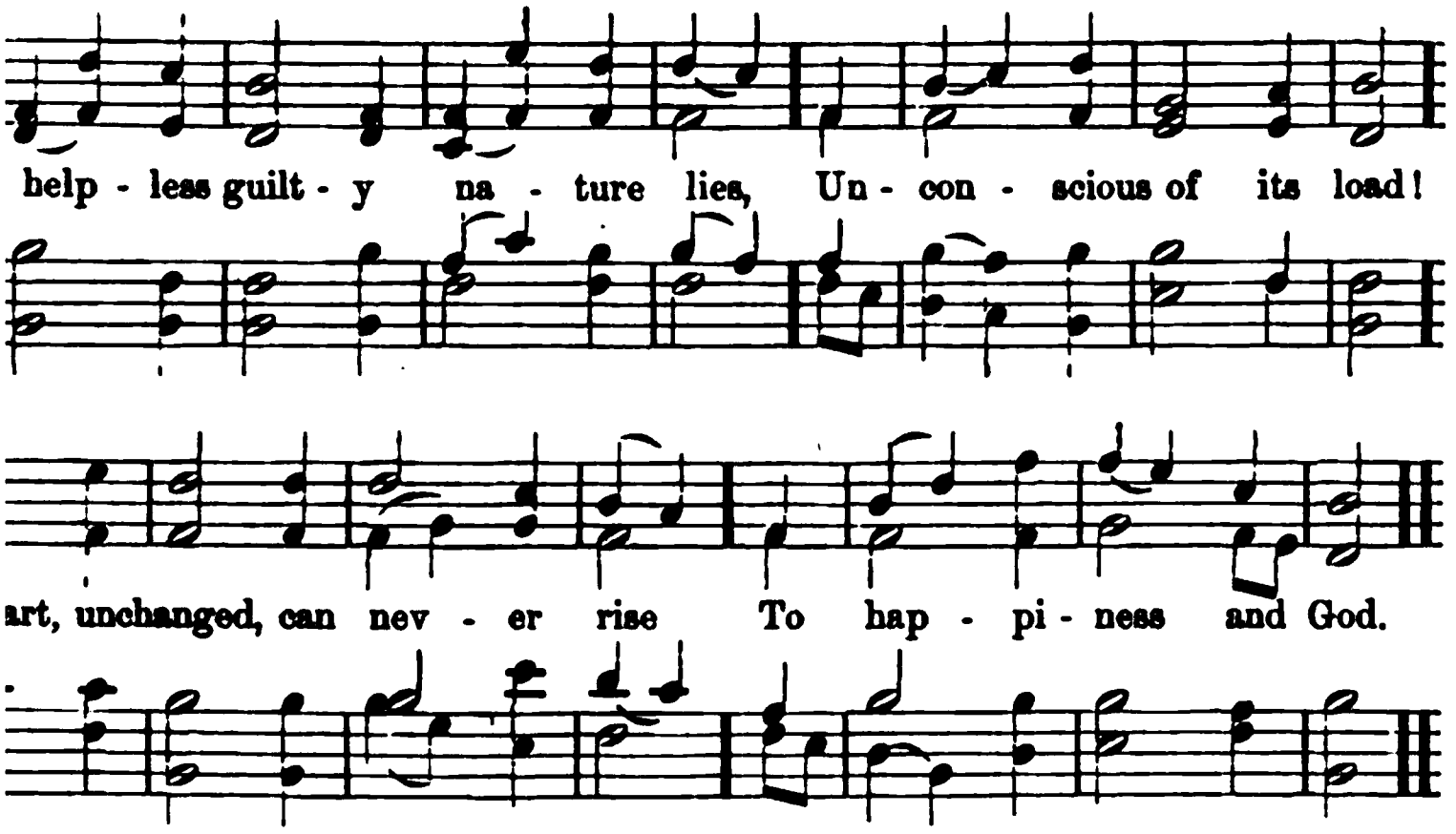
How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

SON. C. M.



Rom. 8 : 8. STEELE.

ss guilty nature lies,
ous of its load!
inchanged, can never rise
ness and God.

beneath a power divine,
orn will subdue?
lmighty Spirit! thine,
he heart anew.

he passions to recall,
ard bid them rise;
e scales of error fall,
on's darkened eyes;—

e shades of death away,
he sinner live;
neaven, a vital ray,
alone to give.

hese wretched hearts of ours,
them life divine;
ur passions and our powers,
Lord, be thine.

Gal. 2 : 16. WATTS.

eek for peace with God
ds of our own:
Saviour! but thy blood
us near the throne.

ings of the broken law
ne soul with dread:
word of vengeance draw,
the spirit dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blessed.

436 *Rom. 7 : 7-13.* WATTS.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And I thought my sins were dead.

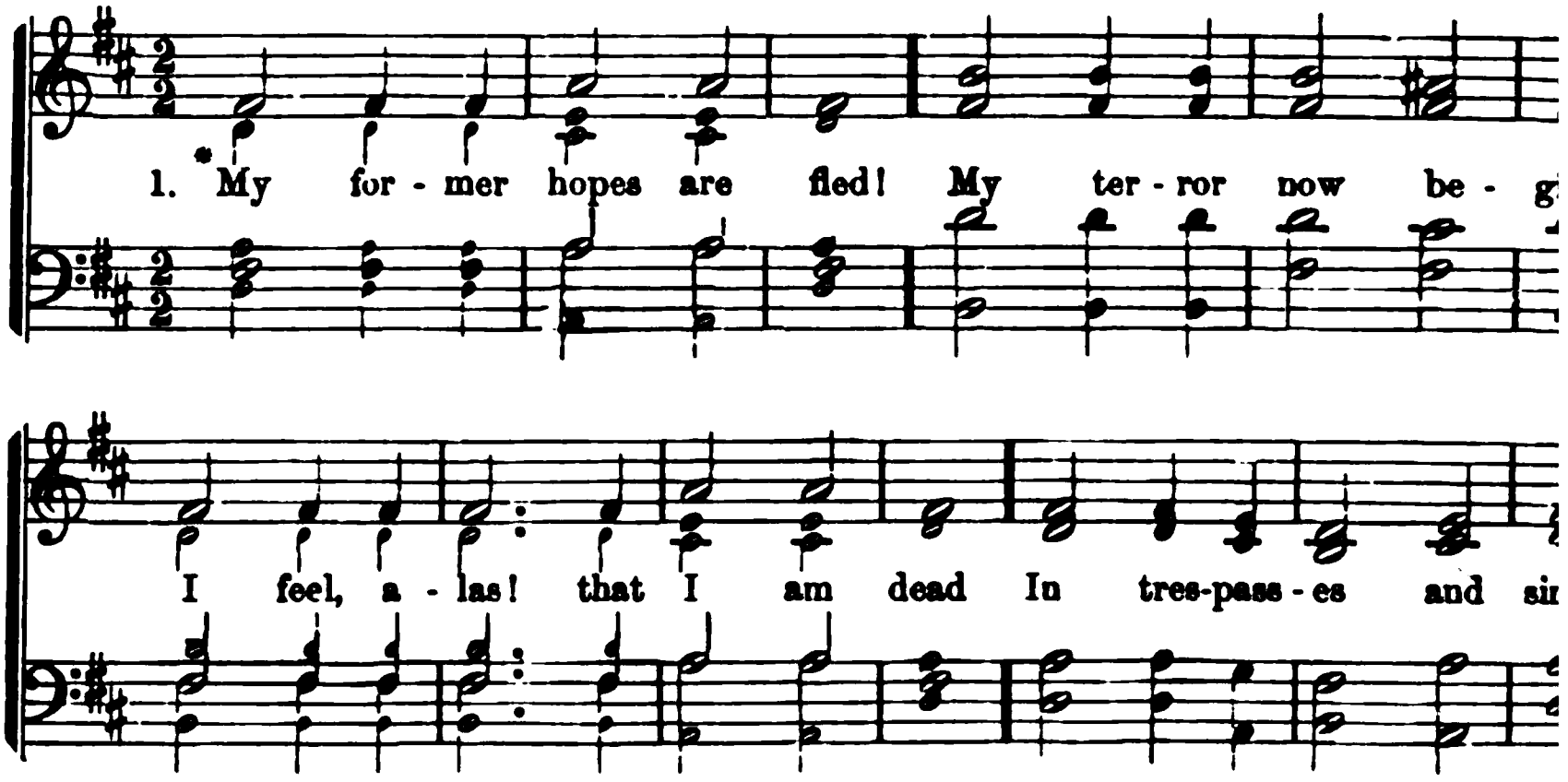
2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again:
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

SHAWMUT. S. M.



* The small notes are for the Organ.

437 *Eph. 2 : 1.* COWPER.

My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom
But sure a friendly whisper says—
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

438 *Job 9 : 2-6.* WATTS.

AH! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who, that tries the unequal stri
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her pl
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and e
But through the Saviour's bloo

439 *Ps. 15.*

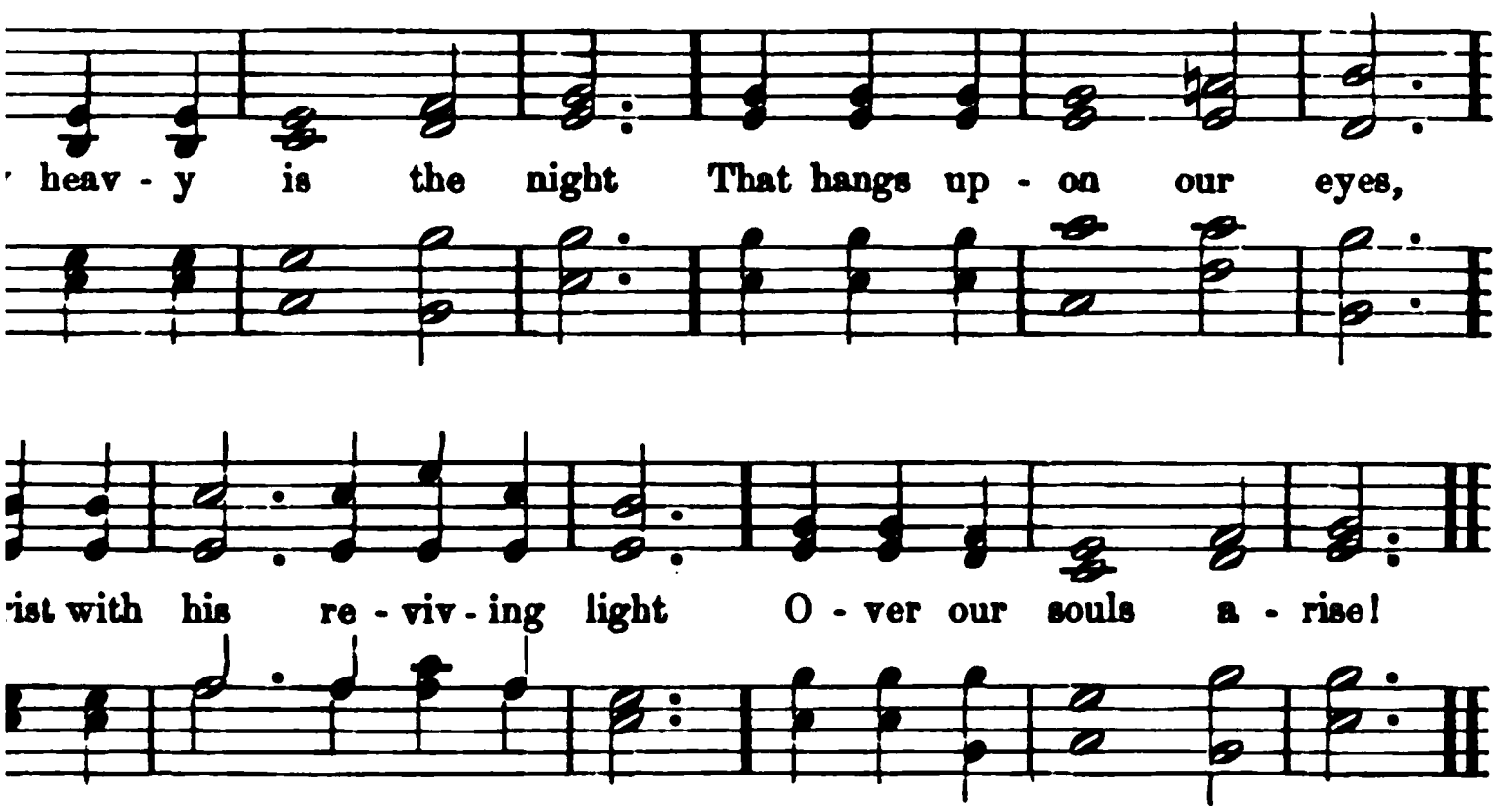
CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue!
Shall palms adorn the guilty han
Which does its neighbor wron

3 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hope can e'er afford!
The pardoned and the pure shall se
The glory of the Lord.

ELLO. S. M.



2 Cor. 5 : 21. WATTS.

is the night
gs upon our eyes,
with his reviving light
souls arise!

spirits dread
the wrath of heaven;
righteousness arrayed,
ur sins forgiven.

l impure
ur thoughts and ways:
nfected nature cure
ctifying grace.

of hell agree
our souls in vain;
sons of bondage free,
ks the curséd chain.

lore thy ways
us near to God,
gn power, thy healing grace,
e atoning blood.

Rom. 3 : 19. BEDDOME.

law, transgressed,
othing but despair;
with guilt, with grief op-
l,
no comfort there.

groans and tears,
s which we have done,
or promises, nor prayers,
for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'T is this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

442 *Matt. 15 : 19.* BEDDOME.

ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with heavy guilt oppressed,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear!

3 Almighty King of saints!
These hateful sins subdue;
Dispel the darkness from my mind,
And all my powers renew.

443 *Rom. 2 : 4.* WATTS.

Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame,
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

444 L. M. *Jer. 4 : 30.* STENNETT.

How shall the sons of men appear,
Great God! before thine awful bar!
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with the eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone:
Here will we rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God! to thee.

445 L. M. *Rom. 1 : 16.* WATTS.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh!
'T is there the power and glory dwell,
That saves rebellious souls from hell.

3 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

446 S. M. *John 10 : 11.* WATTS.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

447 C. M. *Isa. 51 : 1.* WATTS.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—oh, amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

448 8s, 7s & 4s. *Zech. 14 : 8.* KELLY.

SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain,
That supplies the world below;
They are blesséd
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way:
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay;
O ye nations!
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Lo! the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

449 L. M. *2 Tim. 1 : 9, 10.* WATTS.

Now to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell,—we bless his name,—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

or our duties or deserts,
f his own abounding grace,
orks salvation in our hearts,
'orms a people for his praise.

s his own purpose that began
scue rebels doomed to die:
ve us grace in Christ, his Son,
e he spread the starry sky.

the Lord, appears at last,
nakes his Father's counsels known;
res the great transaction past,
rings immortal blessings down.

es; and in that dreadful night
all the powers of hell destroy;
; he brings our heaven to light,
akes possession of the joy.

. M. *Ps. 32 : 7.* BREWER.

sovereign love, that formed the plan
re rebellious, ruined man!
matchless, free, eternal grace,
gave my soul a hiding-place.

st the God that rules the sky
ht, with weapons lifted high;
ly ran the sinful race,
dless of a hiding-place.

hen God's justice rose in view,
nai's burning mount I flew;
were the pangs of my distress—
ountain was no hiding-place.

celestial voice I heard,
ding Saviour then appeared;
y the Spirit of his grace,
d in him a hiding-place.

n the weight of vengeance fell,
lse had sunk a world to hell;
O my soul, forever praise
aviour God, thy hiding-place!

. M. *Gal. 6 : 14.* REED.

nts, your music bring,
ned to sweetest sound,
every trembling string,
earth and heaven resound;
iumphs of the cross we sing;
, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne
The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

452 C. M. *Luke 2 : 13.* MEDLEY

MORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

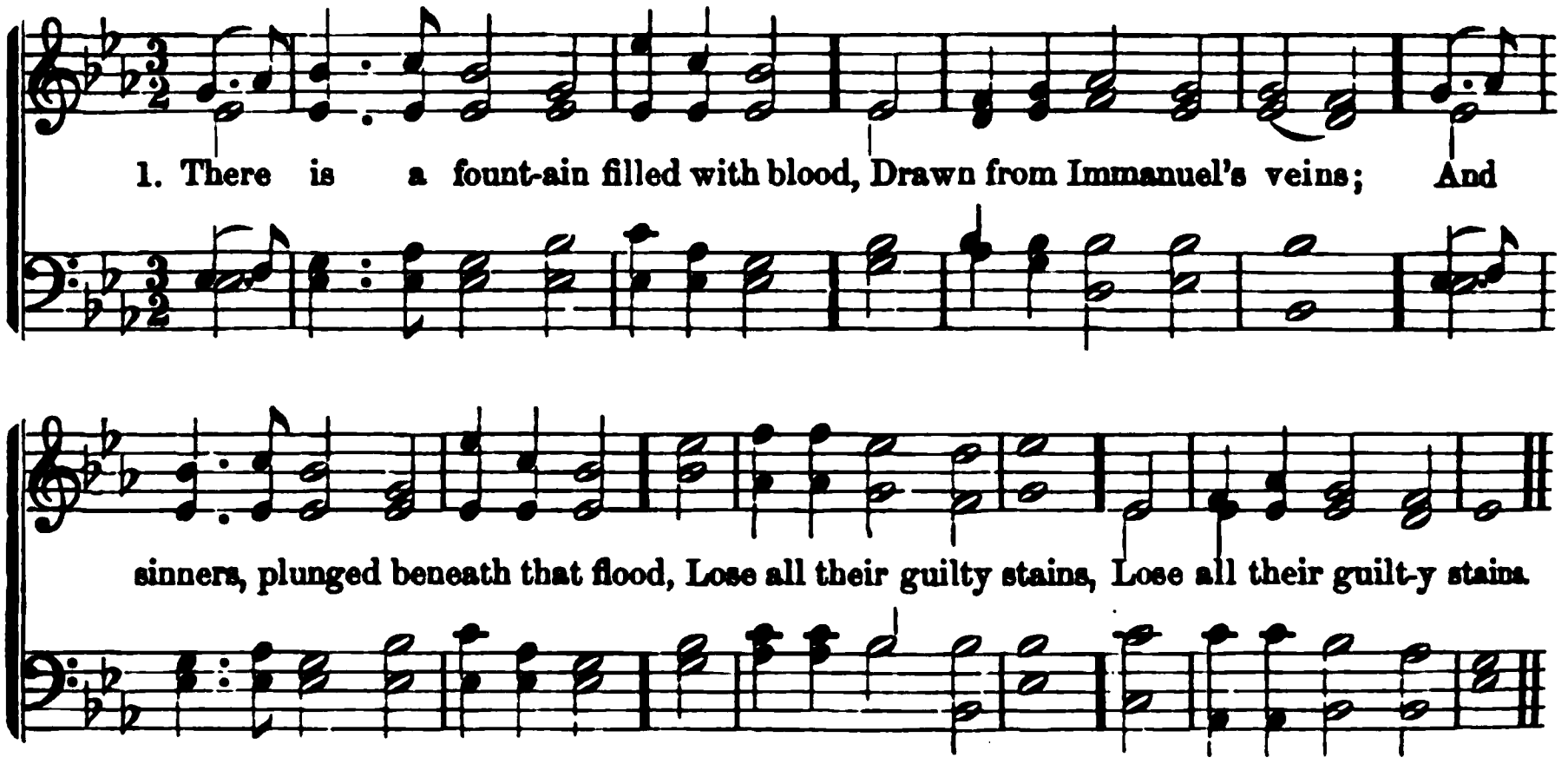
4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
"Good-will and peace" are heard throughout
The harmonious angel-throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,—
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die!"

7 Hail, Prince of life! forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

COWPER. C. M.



453 *Zech. 13 : 1.* COWPER.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

454 *John 3 : 17.* WATTS.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With an avenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was merciful and mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

455 *Ps. 40.* H. AUSER.

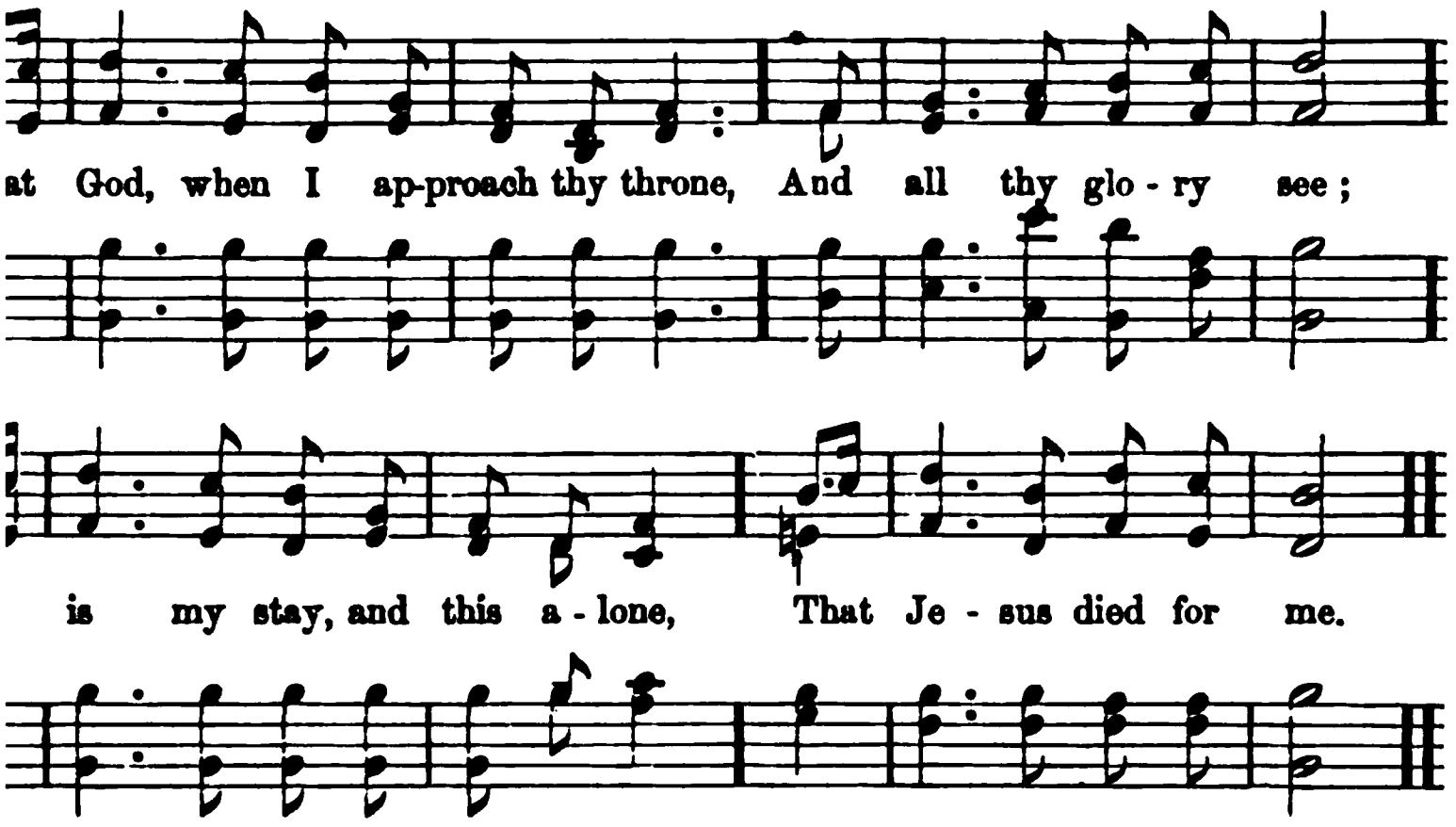
O LORD, how infinite thy love!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
Combine to sing thy praise.

2 Man in immortal beauty shone,
Thy noblest work below;
Too soon by sin made heir alone
To death and endless woe.

3 Then, "Lo! I come," the Saviour said;
Oh, be his name adored,
Who, with his blood, our ransom paid,
And life and bliss restored!

4 O Lord, how infinite thy love!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
Combine to sing thy praise.

.SGOW. C. M.



Gal. 2 : 20. ANON.

l, when I approach thy throne,
thy glory see;
stay, and this alone,
sus died for me.

soul condemned to die,
he just decree?
nd full of sin am I,
is died for me.

with sin's oppressive chain,
can I get free?
an all my efforts gain,
is died for me.

when I behold thy face,
st be all my plea;
y thy almighty grace,
s died for me.

Luke 15 : 7. NEEDHAM.

ivine, how sweet the joy,
ut one sinner turns,
an humble, broken heart,
and errors mourns.

th the news, the saints below
their tongues employ;
e skies the tidings go,
ven is filled with joy.

can their joys contain,
lle with new fire;—
r lost is found," they sing,
ke the sounding lyre.

458 *Ps. 68 : 19.* WATTS.

SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;—
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

459 *Rom. 5 : 8.* STEELE.

JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

460 C. M. *Isa. 55 : 1, 2.* WATTS.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill the immortal mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;—
Lord—we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

461 7s. *Prov. 11 : 30.* HAMMOND.

WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him,—it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face;
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

3 Tell him of that liberty,
Wherewith Jesus makes thee free!
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

462 S. M. *Rev. 22 : 17.* ANON.

COME to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amid the shining band.

463 C. M. *Acts 17 : 30.* DODDRI

REPENT! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate die
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners! in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows th' appointed boun
And yields to justice there.

5 Amazing love—that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall
And weep, and love, and praise.

464 7s & 6s. *Matt. 11 : 28.* HASTIN

DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious;
If to him you now return,
Heaven will be propitious;
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wanderers near him;
Drooping souls, you need not die,
Go to him and hear him!

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy-laden!"
Though your sins like mountains high
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
Dear to all that love him;
He to save the dying came;—
Go to him and prove him!
Wandering sinners, now return;
Contrite souls, believe him!
Jesus calls you, cease to mourn:
Worship him; receive him.

465 C. M. *John 7 : 37.* STEELE.

THE Saviour calls! let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain—
Immortal fountain! full supplies!—
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts!
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

466 C. M. *Matt. 22 : 1-11.* STEELE.

LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy belovéd Son.

2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste;
Behold a never-failing store
For every willing guest.

3 Here shall your numerous wants receive
A free, a full supply;
He has unmeasured bliss to give,
And joys that never die.

4 Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee
With sweet, resistless power;
Thy boundless grace let rebels see,
And at thy feet adore.

467 C. M. *Ezek. 36 : 37.* DODDRIDGE.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims! for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Oh! come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

3 Oh! come and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

468 L. M. *Isa. 32 : 2.* COLLYER.

HASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou far off from home and rest.

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

3 Oh, yet a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain;
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come!

4 Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life; the mountain gain;
Look not behind; make no delay;
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!

469 L. M. *John 12 : 21.* ANON.

WOULD you see Jesus? come with prayer
And heart repentant, to his feet;
None who will rightly seek him there,
Shall fail his face of love to greet.

2 Would you see Jesus? come with faith,
And search the word his grace hath giv'n,
For help and guidance in the path
That leads to his abode in heaven.

3 Would you see Jesus? day by day
Let thought and converse be on high,
And hastening on the heavenward way,
With Jesus live, with Jesus die.

470 L. M. *Matt. 7 : 7.* WATERBURY.

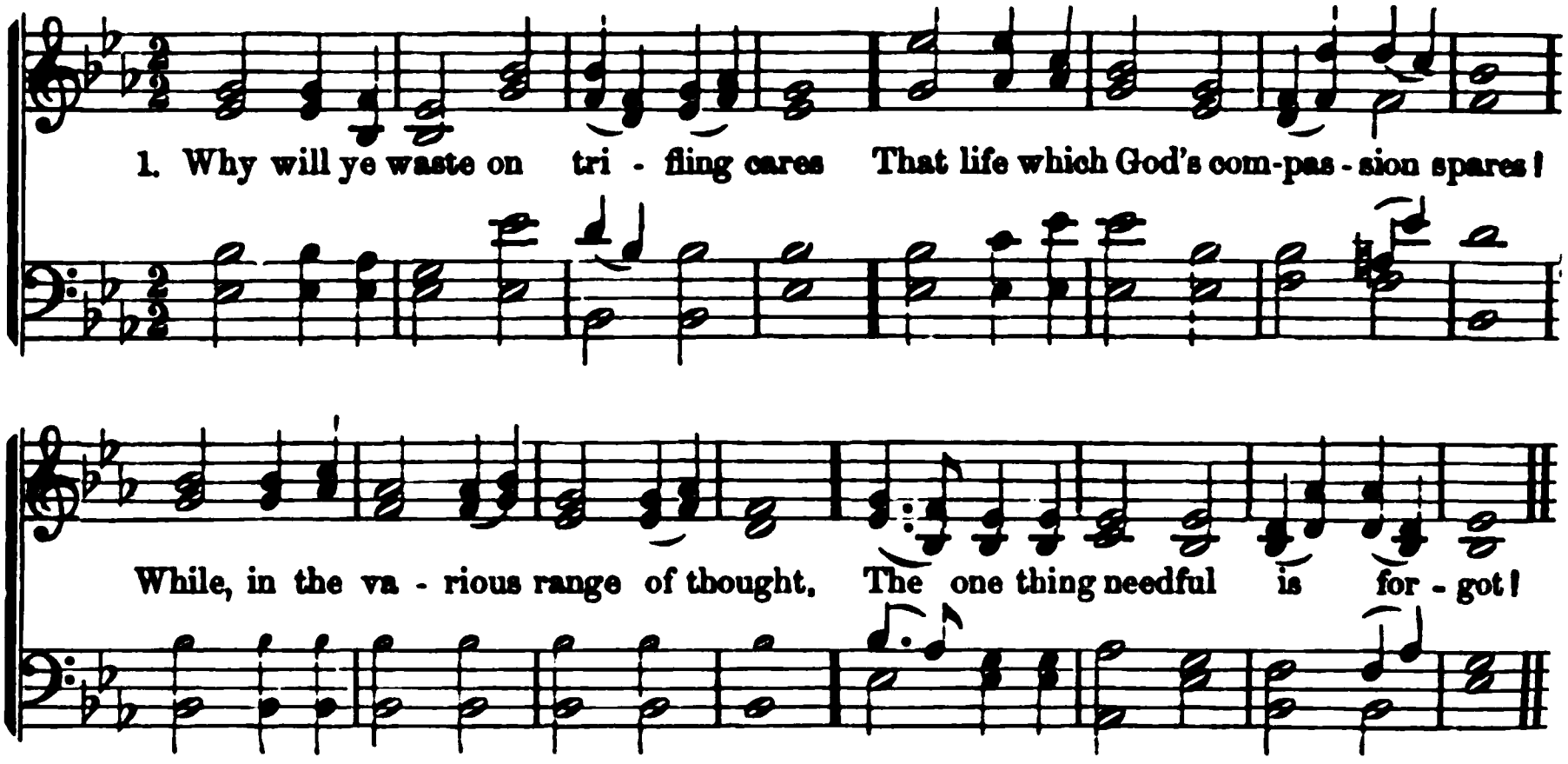
INFINITE Love! what precious stores
Thy mercy has prepared for us!
The costliest gems, the richest ores
Could never have endowed us thus.

2 But thy soft hand, O gracious Lord!
Can draw from suffering souls the sting:
And thy rich bounty to our board
Can bread for hungering sinners bring.

3 How rich the grace! the gift how free!
'T is only ask—it shall be given;
'T is only knock, and thou shalt see
The opening door that leads to heaven.

4 Oh! then arise and take the good
So full and freely proffered thee,
Remembering that it cost the blood
Of Him who died on Calvary.

BERA. L. M.



471 *Luke 10 : 42.* DODDRIDGE.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue:
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

472 *Ps. 88.* DWIGHT.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites—how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

473 *Gen. 6 : 3.* HYDE.

SAY, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control!

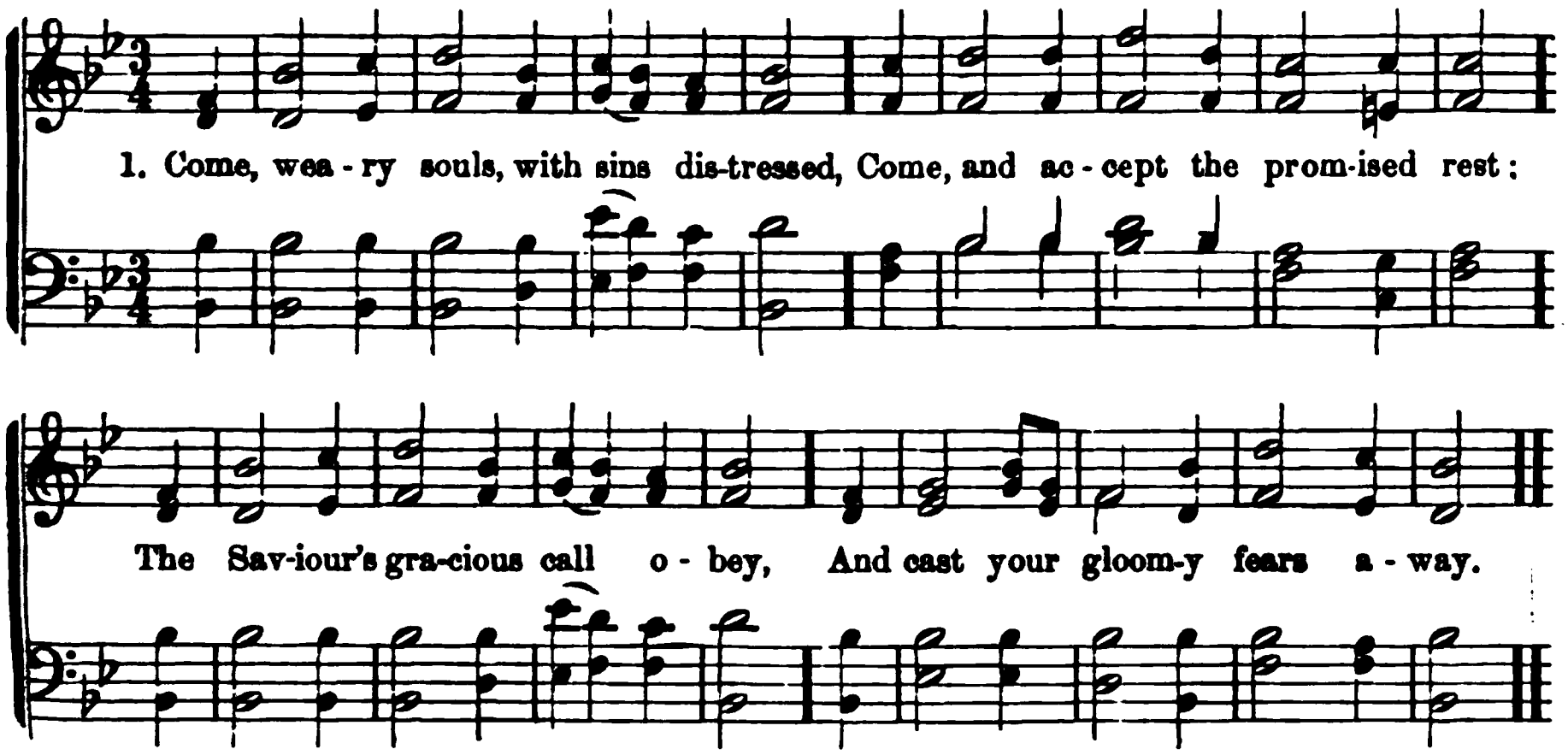
2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

DESIRE. L. M.



474 *Matt. 11 : 28.* STEELE.

COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt,—a painful load,—
Oh, come and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love
Will all that painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh, sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

475 *Matt. 11 : 28-30.* WATTS.

"COME hither, all ye weary souls;
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come!
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

476 *Isa. 55 : 1.* J. WESLEY.

Ho! every one that thirsts! draw nigh;
'T is God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners! obey your Maker's voice;
Return, ye weary wanderers! home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

477 *Rev. 3 : 20.* GRIGG.

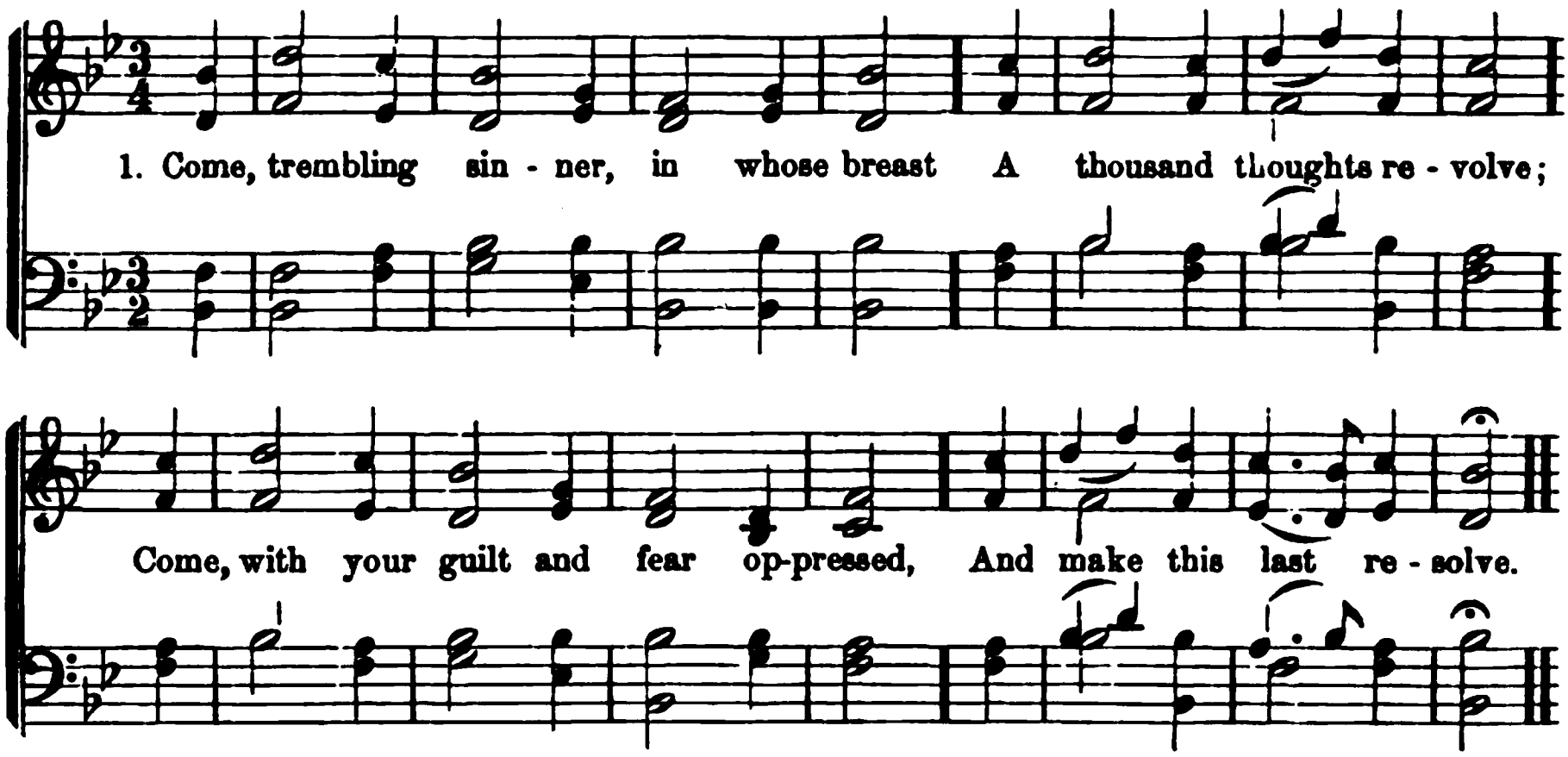
BEHOLD a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart, and open hands:
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Oh, welcome him, the Prince of Peace!
Now may his gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be his empire all mankind.

BALERMA. C. M.



478 *Est. 4 : 16.* JONES.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

479 *Gen. 6 : 3.* ALEXANDER.

THERE is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

2 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

3 Oh! where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on to sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

5 An answer from the skies is sent,—
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

480 *Luke 18 : 13.* ANON.

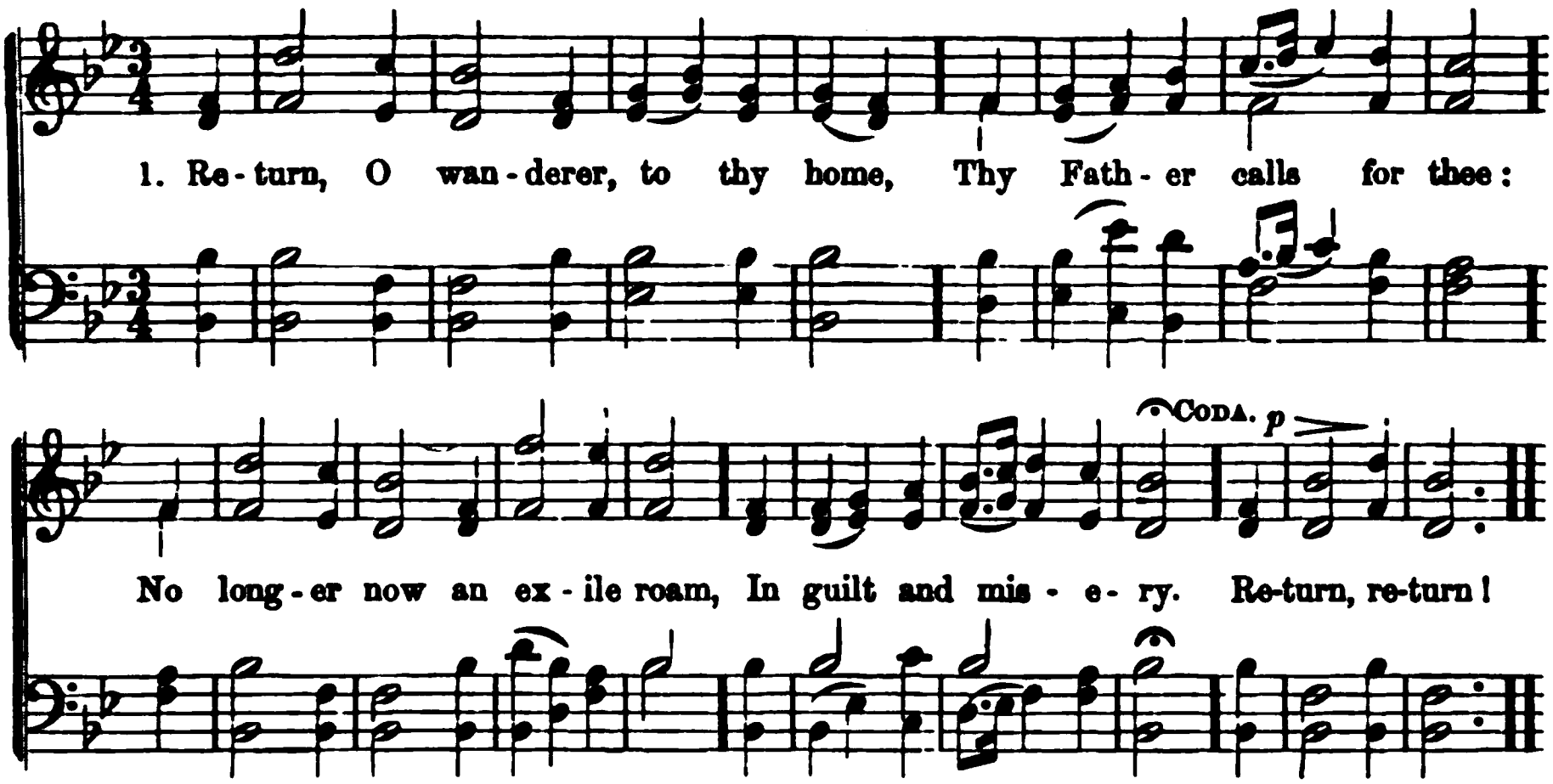
O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 Oh! let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge! if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

RETURN. C. M.



481 *Luke 15: 18.* HASTINGS.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
Thy Saviour calls for thee:
"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Oh, now for refuge flee!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb;
And brief is mercy's day!

482 *Isa. 55: 7.* COLLYER.

RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return!
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear!
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn:
His love invites thee near.

483 *Gen. 7: 1.* ANON.

COME to the ark, come to the ark;
To Jesus come away:
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

3 Come to the ark; the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

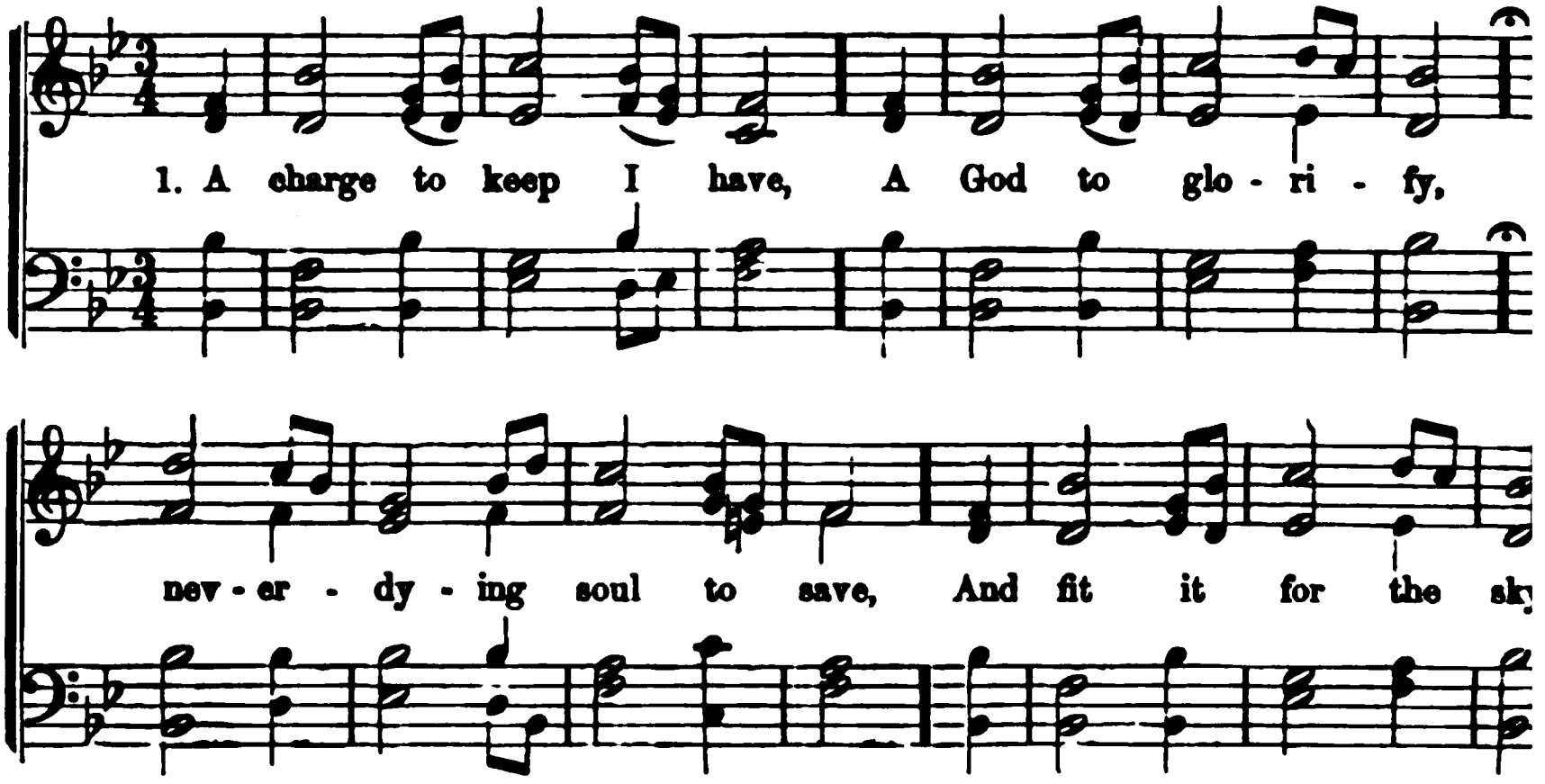
484 *2 Cor. 5: 10.* ADDISON.

WHEN rising from the bed of death
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
Oh! how shall I appear!

2 Ev'n now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh! how shall I appear!

KENTUCKY. S. M.



485 *Mark 13 : 37.* C. WESLEY.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

486 *Eph. 4 : 30.* HYDE.

AND canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

487 *Luke 19: 41.* BED

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry!
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

488 *Rev. 22 : 17.* ONDERDO

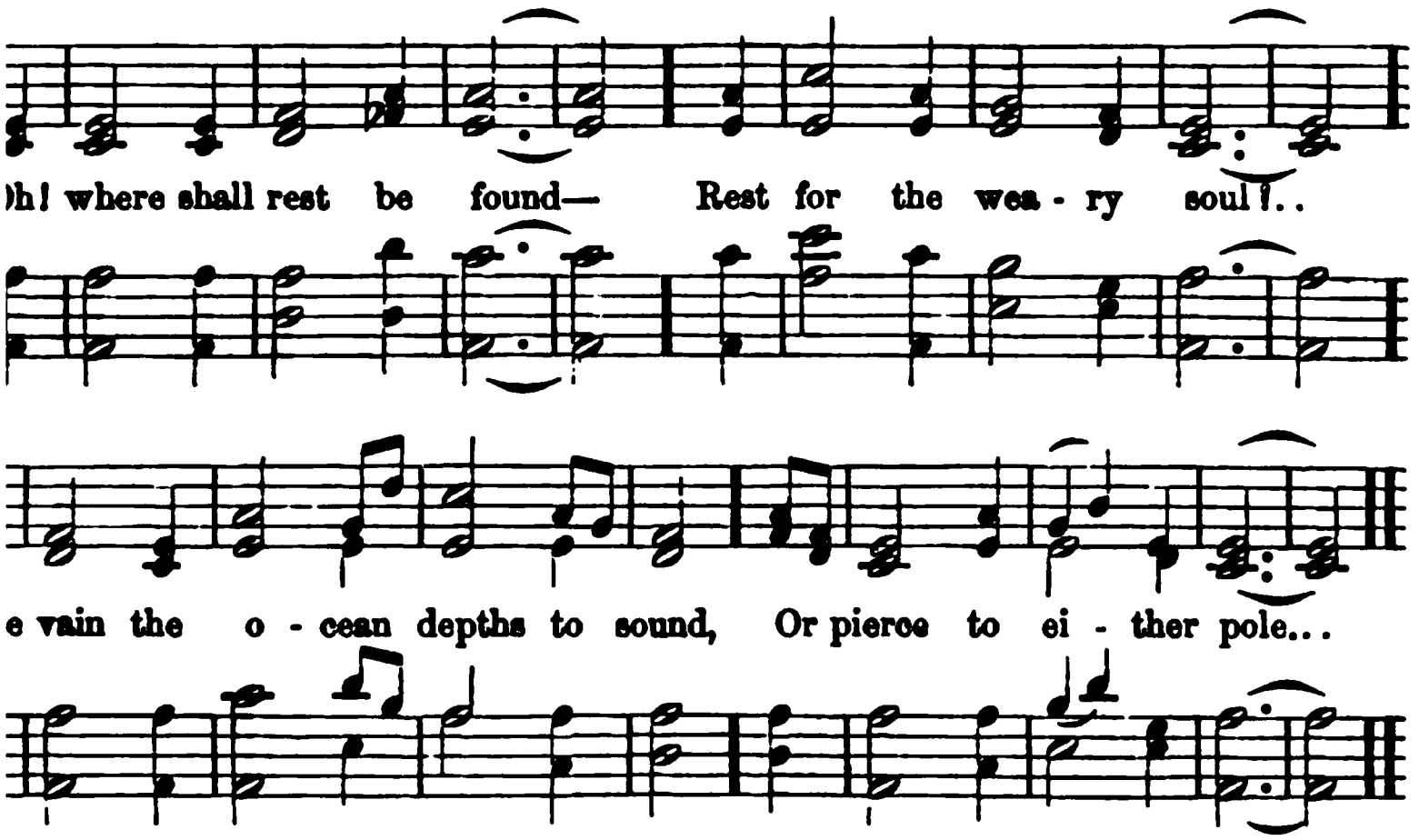
THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, p
claims,
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait thine hour
O blest Redeemer, come!

NDERER. S. M.



Deut. 30 : 19. MONTGOMERY.

'e shall rest be found—
· the weary soul?
in the ocean depths to sound,
:e to either pole.

can never give
ss for which we sigh:
:he whole of life to live,
of death to die.

iis vale of tears
; a life above,
ed by the flight of years;
that life is love.

death whose pang
the fleeting breath:
:eternal horrors hang
the second death!

of truth and grace!
s that death to shun;
: banished from thy face,
:rmore undone.

Matt. 25 : 13. C. WESLEY.

ge of quick and dead,
whose bar severe,
joy, or guilty dread,
shall soon appear:—

)ned souls prepare
: tremendous day;
s now with watchful care,
r us up to pray:—

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down!

4 Oh, may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,—
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

5 Oh, may we all insure
A home among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

491 *2 Cor. 6 : 2.* DOBELL.

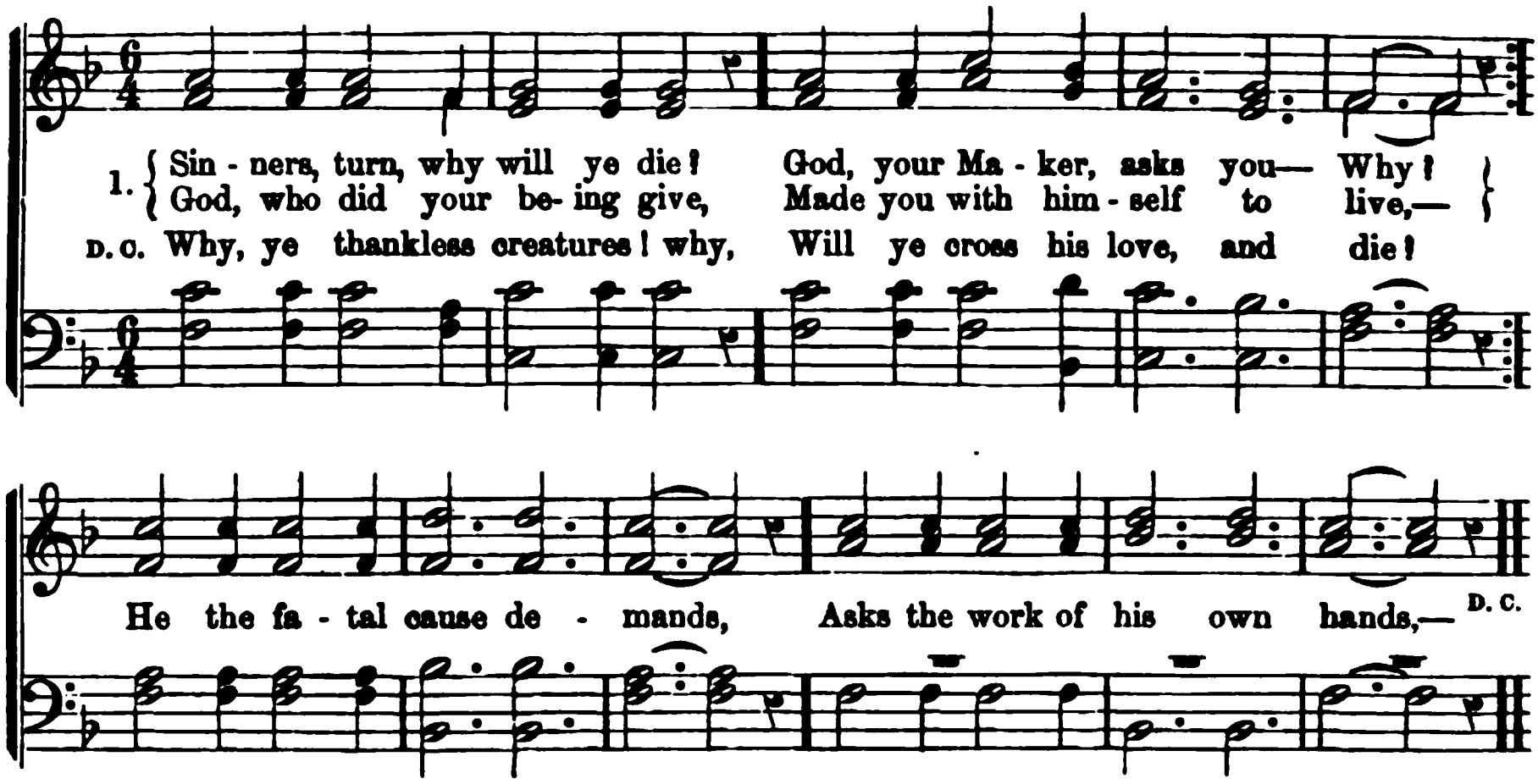
Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings,
And bear the news above.

MARTYN. 7s. D.



492 *Ezek. 33 : 11.* C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit asks you—Why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners! why,
Why will ye forever die?

493 *Matt. 11 : 28.* CRABBE.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry:
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

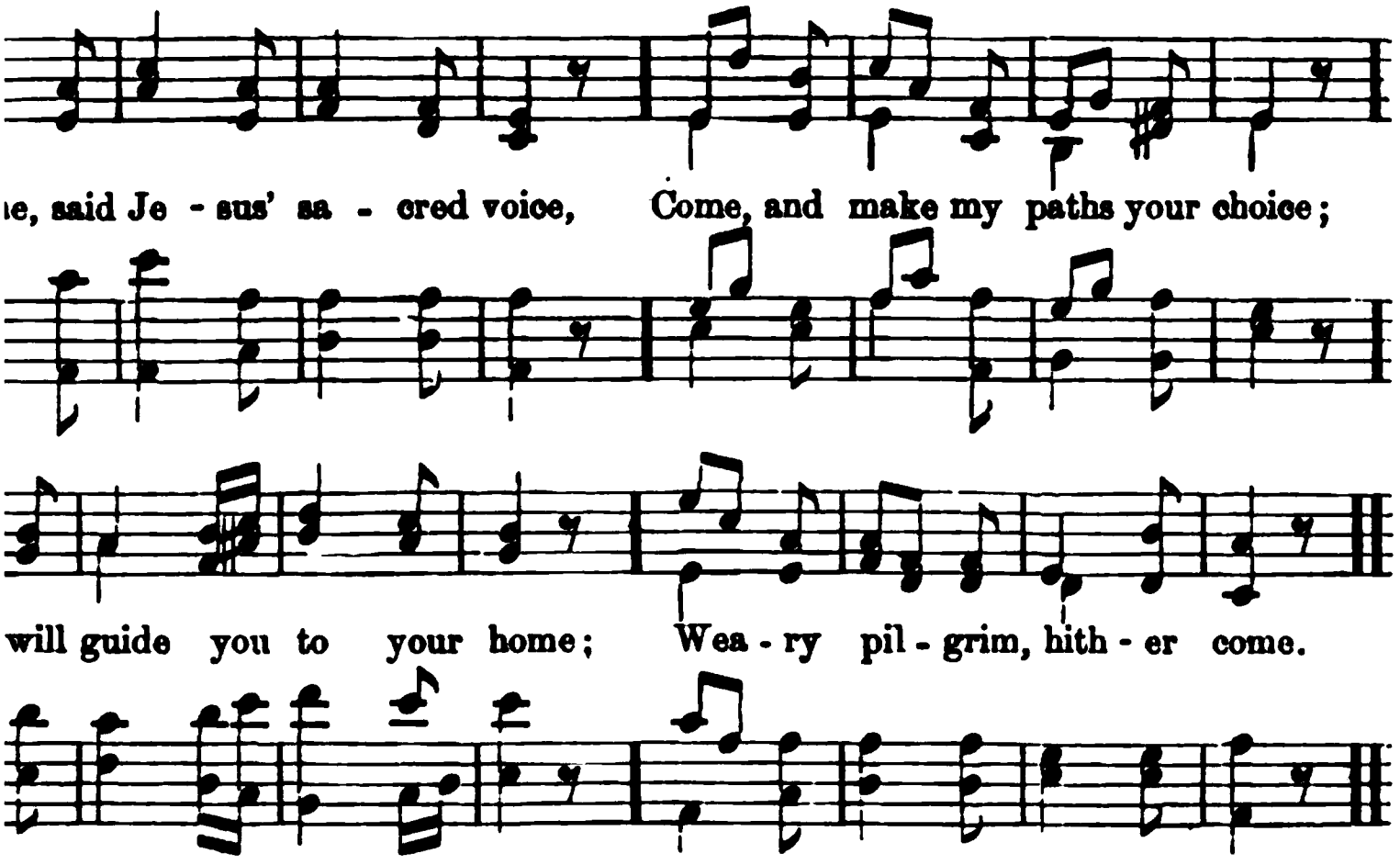
2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice,
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief, shall die,
Pain, in endless bliss, expire.

494 *Eph. 5 : 14.* ANON.

SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.
2 Be not blind and foolish still;
Called of Jesus, learn his will;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

TON. 7s.



Matt. 11 : 28. BARBAULD.

Jesus' sacred voice,
make my paths your choice;
you to your home;
rim, hither come.

homeless and forlorn,
orne the proud world's scorn;
oamed the barren waste,
derer, hither haste.

e, for here is found
lows for every wound!
ever shall endure,
l, sacred, sure.

John 3 : 14. TOPLADY.

ner! keep thine eyes
ıing Sacrifice;
)leeding on the tree,
t his life for thee.

st thy griefs hath borne;
)ul, no longer mourn;
th the Son embrace,
romise, trust his grace.

ıilty soul on him;
ıighty to redeem:
thy burden lay;
oubts and care away.

thou with power to heal;
ighty arm reveal:
myself I lay;
ake my sins away!

497

Jas. 4 : 13. T. SCOTT.

HASTEN, sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner! to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

498

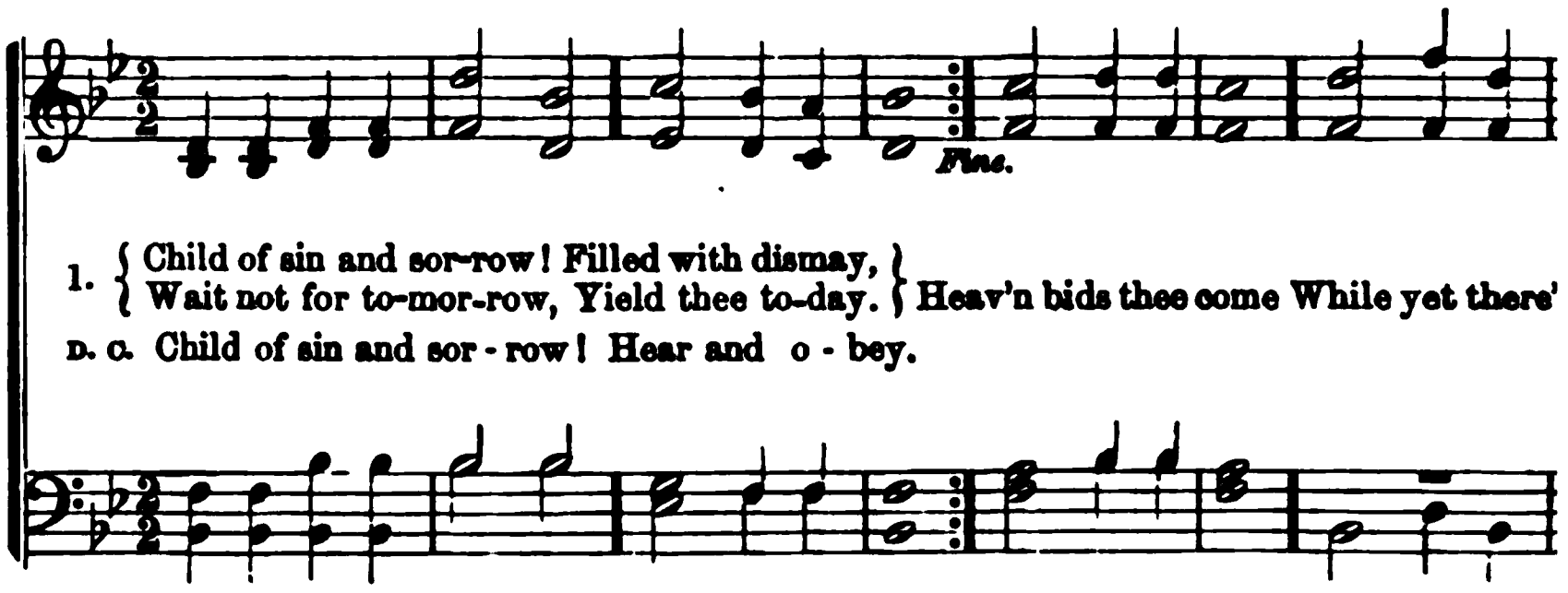
Luke 15 : 18. CLARKE.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy faintest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

AVA. P. M.



499 *Heb. 3 : 13-15.* HASTINGS.

CHILD of sin and sorrow!
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day:
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room.
Child of sin and sorrow!
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide,
Like the flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

500 *Eph. 2 : 3.* ANON.

CHILD of sin and sorrow!
Where wilt thou flee
Through that long to-morrow,
Eternity?
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam,
Child of sin and sorrow!
Where wilt thou flee?

2 Child of sin and sorrow!
Lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow,
In worlds on high.
In that high home,
Graven thy name;
Child of sin and sorrow!
Swift homeward fly.

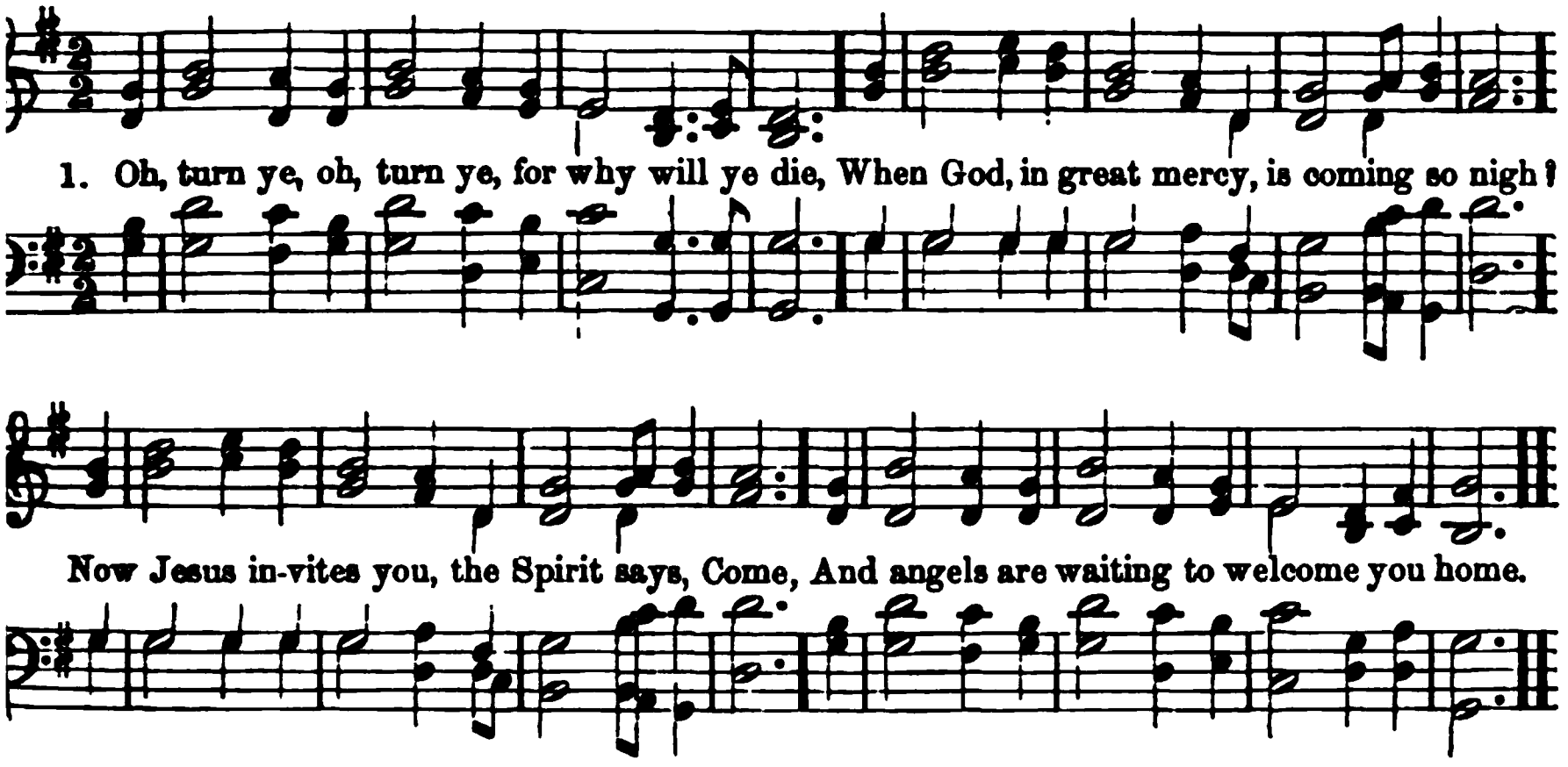
501 *Isa. 57 : 20.* HAS

WHY that soul's commotion,
Trembling, oppressed,
Like the troubled ocean,
Heaving its breast?
Some hidden grief
Demands relief:
Why that soul's commotion,
Panting for rest?

2 Why that soul's commotion?
Cease from thy sin:
Choose the better portion;
Cleanse thee within;
A fountain flows
To heal thy woes:
Why that soul's commotion?
Wash and be clean.

3 Why that soul's commotion?
Heaven can forgive:
With thy heart's devotion
Firmly believe;
To-day return,
And cease to mourn:
Why that soul's commotion?
Oh, turn and live!

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.



502 *Ezek. 33 : 11.* ANON.

OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh! how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

503 *Ps. 119 : 60.* HASTINGS.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

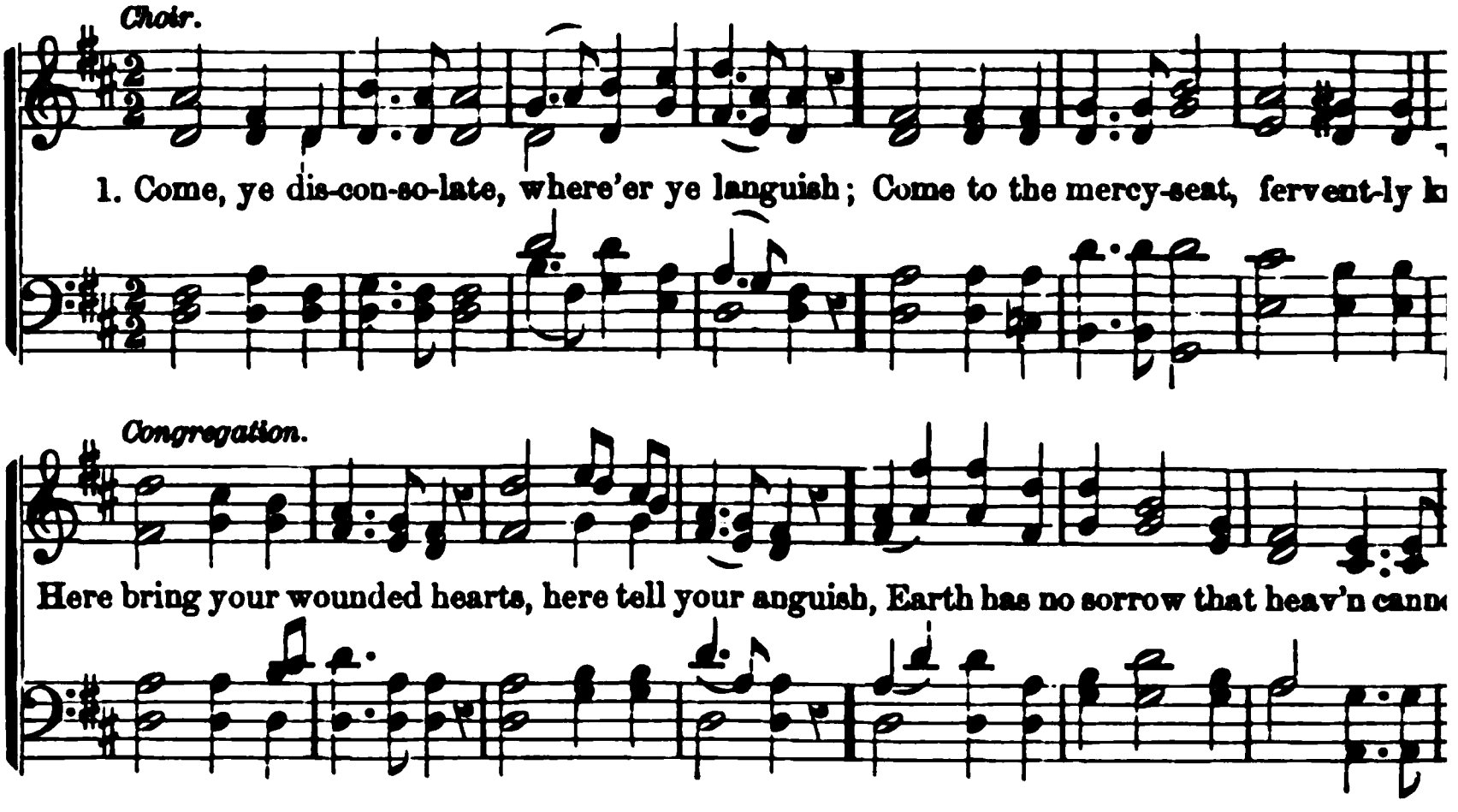
5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

504 *Job 22 : 21.* KNOX.

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.



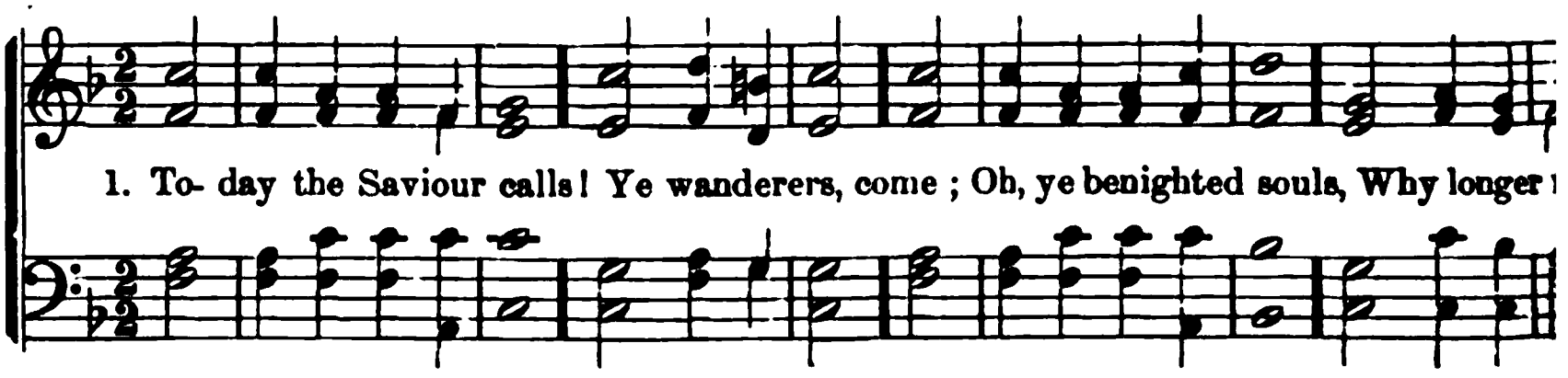
505 *2 Cor. 4 : 17.* MOORE.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, ten
saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven
not cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see w
flowing
Forth from the throne of God,
from above;
Come to the feast of love—come,
knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven
remove.

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.



506 *Heb. 3 : 15.* HASTINGS.

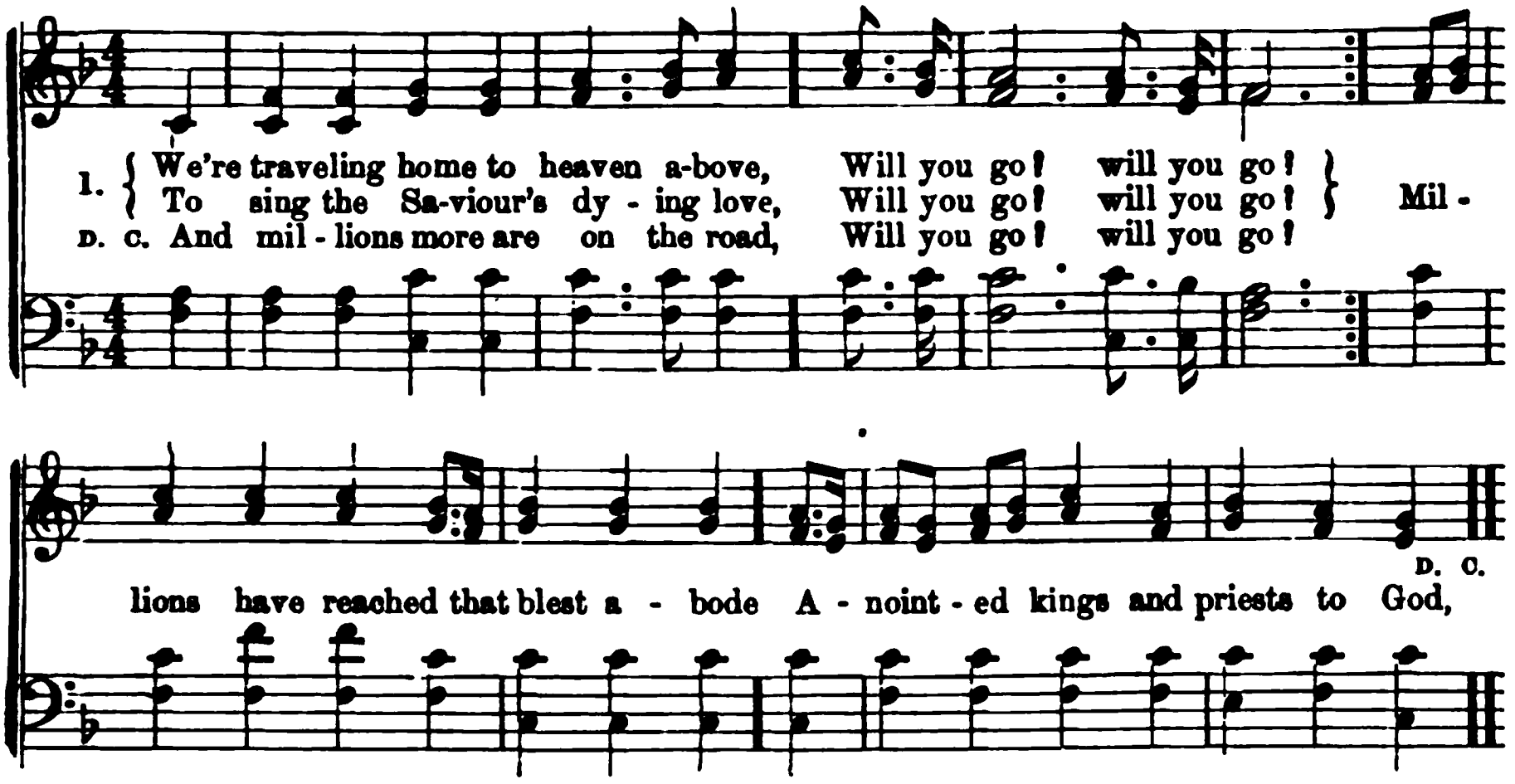
TO-DAY the Saviour calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away:
'T is mercy's hour.

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s.



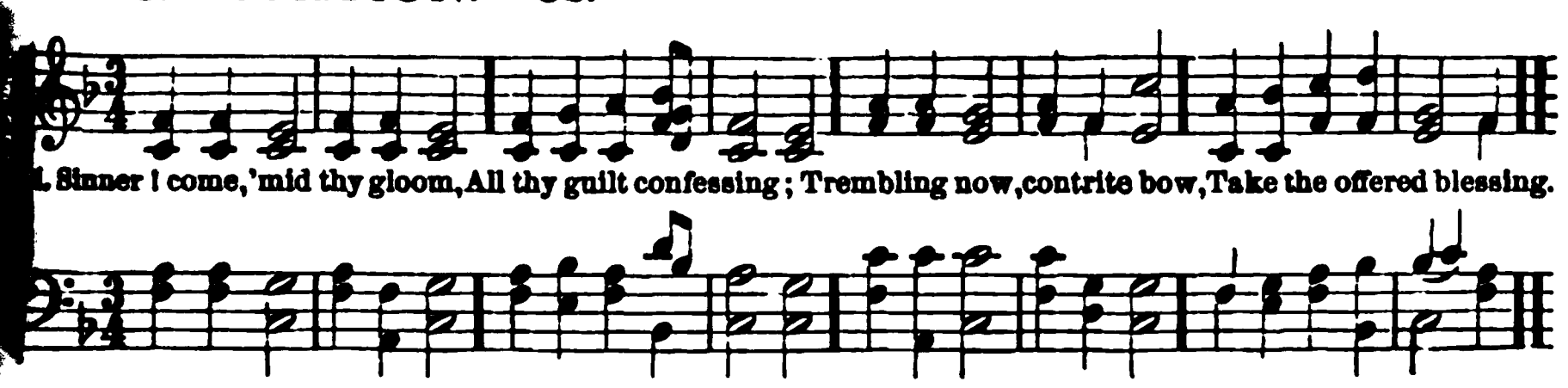
507 *Num. 10 : 29.* ANON.

WE 'RE traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go?

2 We 're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we 'll share,
Will you go?

3 We 're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

INVITATION. 6s.



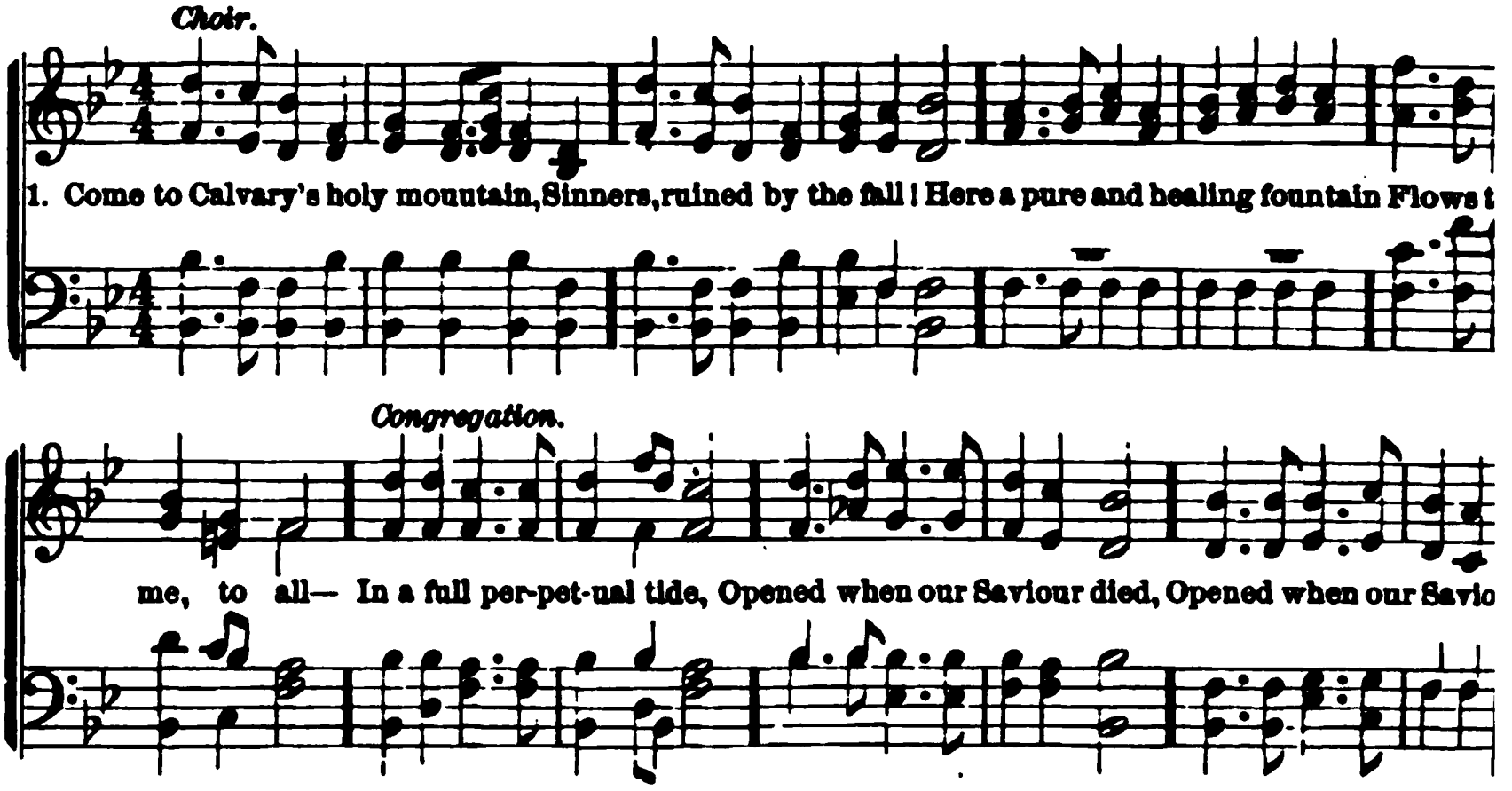
508 *Luke 14 : 22.* ANON.

SINNER! come, 'mid thy gloom,
All thy guilt confessing;
Trembling now, contrite bow,
Take the offered blessing.

2 Sinner! come, while there 's room—
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord, by his word,
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner! come, ere thy doom
Shall be sealed forever;
Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

LIFE. 8s, 7s & 7s.



509 *Zech. 13 : 1.* MONTGOMERY.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,—
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more—

3 He that drinks shall live forever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

510 *Heb. 12 : 2* SWEDISH.

LOOK to Jesus! till, reviving,
Faith and love thy life-springs swell,
Strength for all good things deriving;
Jesus hath done all things well.
Work, while it is called to-day,
Works which shall not fade away.

2 Look to Jesus, prayerful waking
Where thy feet on roses tread;
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
With thy cross, where he hath led.
Baffled shall the tempter flee,
And God's angels come to thee.

3 Look to Jesus, when, dark loweri
Perils thy horizon dim;
Once from him a band fell coweri
Calm in tempests, look on him
Wind and billow, fire and flood,—
Forward! brave by trusting God.

4 Look to Jesus still to shield thee,
When no longer thou may'st liv
In that last need, he will yield the
Peace the world can never give;
He who finished all for thee
Takes thee, then, with him to be.

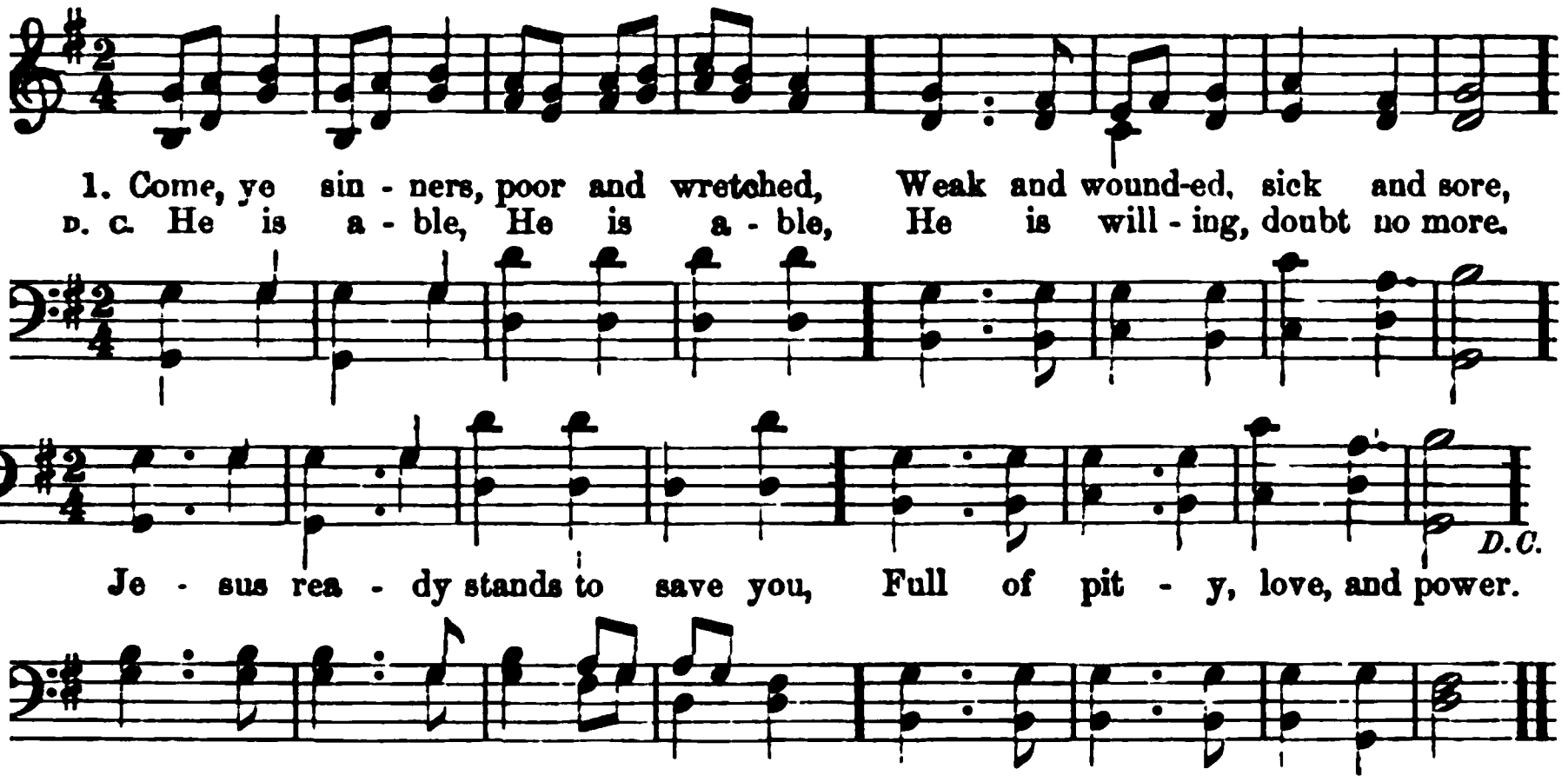
511 *Col. 1 : 20.*

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow dow
By the perfect law convicted,
Through the cross behold the cr
Look to Jesus;
Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet
Christ will give you strength to be
While his wisdom guides your f
Safe to glory,
Where his ransomed captives m

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes;
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

BELMONT. 8s, 7s & 4s.



512 *Isa. 55 : 1.* HART.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify!
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

513 *2 Cor. 6 : 2.* REED.

HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour!
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

514 *Luke 15 : 10.* ALLEN.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Coming from the courts above?
Mercy beams in every passage;
Every line is full of love;
Oh! believe it,
Every line is full of love.

2 Now the heralds of salvation
Joyful news from heaven proclaim!
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
Life receiving
Through the all-atoning Lamb.

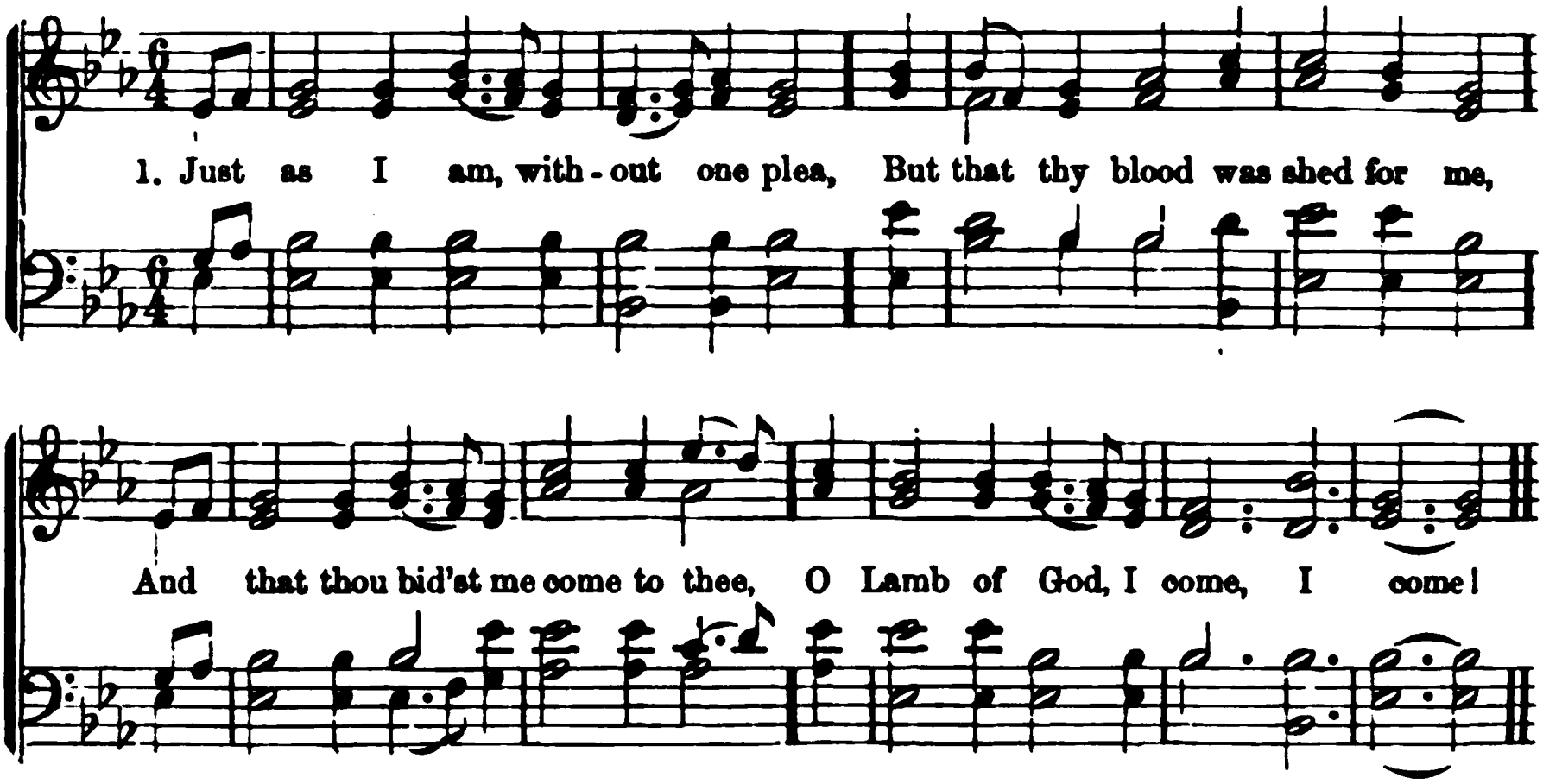
3 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

515 *Ps. 51 : 10.* ANON.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer—
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine.
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



516 *John 1 : 29.* C. ELLIOTT.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

517 *Matt. 11 : 28.* C. ELLIOTT.

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me;"

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to me!"

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

518 *Ps. 31 : 5.* ANON.

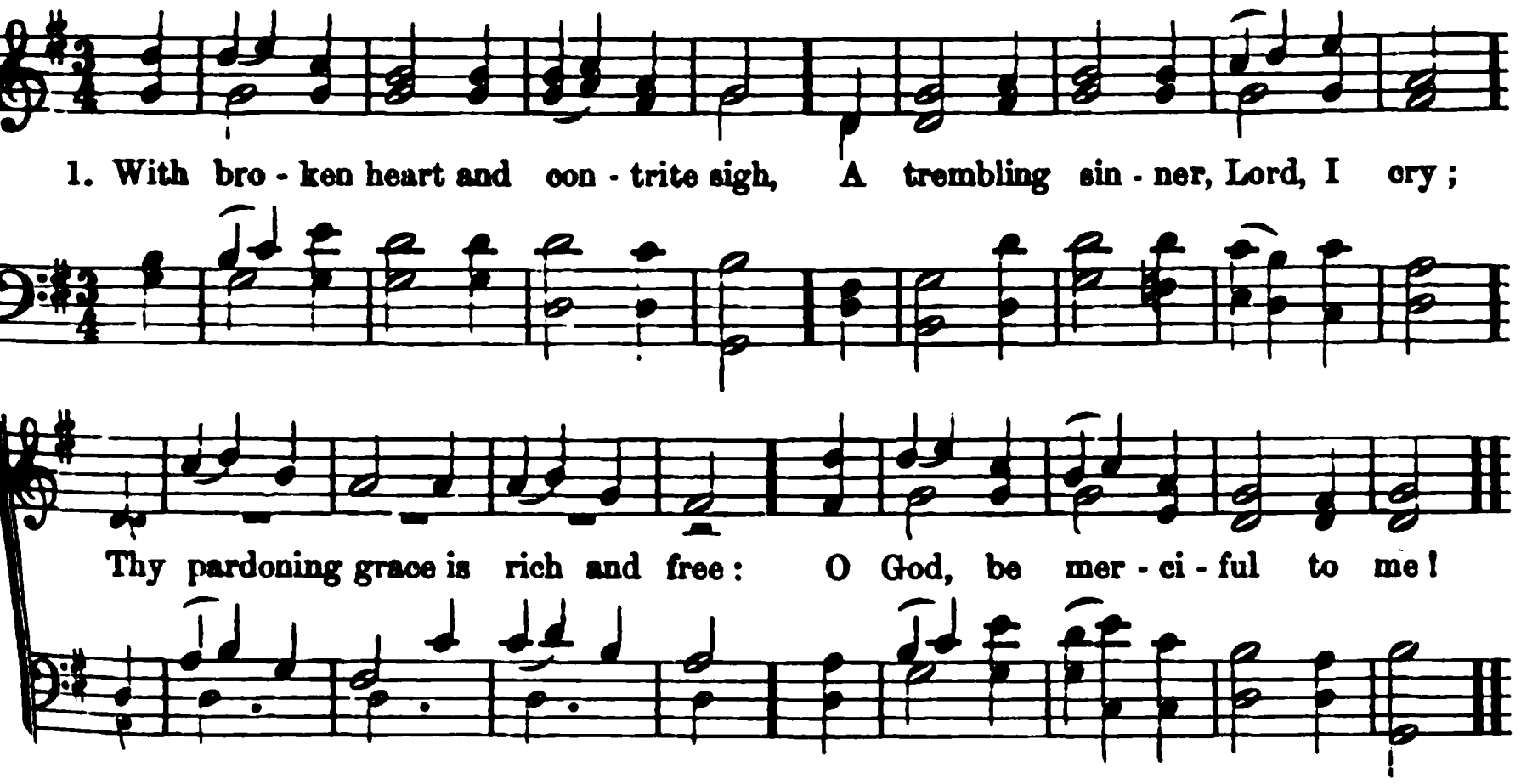
GOD of my life! thy boundless grace
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
Father! I come, I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
Saviour! I come, I come to thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed;
My God! I come, I come to thee.

4 I come to join that countless host
Who praise thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
My God! I come, I come to thee.

WARNER. L. M.



519 *Luke 18 : 13.* C. ELVIN.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and consciousguiltoppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

520 *Heb. 4 : 15.* C. WESLEY.

MY sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thine own
Jesus, remember Calvary!

For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nailed thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
Oh! let thy mercy answer me.

3 Art thou not touched with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

4 Thou wilt not break a bruiséd reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

5 The day of small and feeble things,
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

521 *Mic. 6 : 6-8.* C. WESLEY.

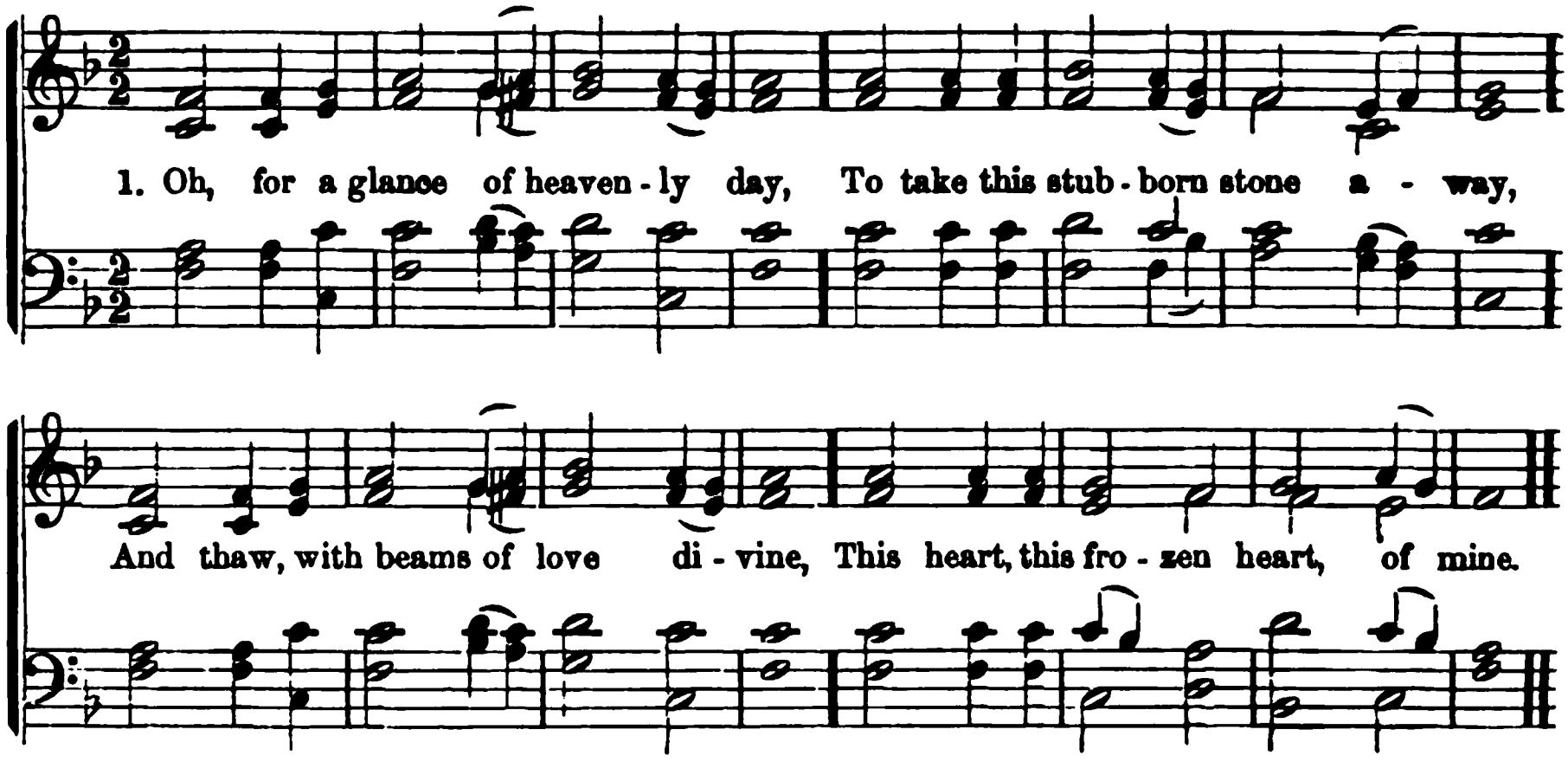
WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How, in thy purer eyes, appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Can gifts avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

3 Ev'n though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

4 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'T is just the sentence should take place:
'T is just,—but oh, thy Son hath died!

HAMBURG. L. M.



522 *Ezek. 11 : 19.* HART.

OH, for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart, of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, the adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But Power Divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power divine I need;
Oh, let thy Spirit now refine,
And melt, and change this heart of mine.

523 *Ps. 51.* WATTS.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

524 *Ps. 51.* WATTS.

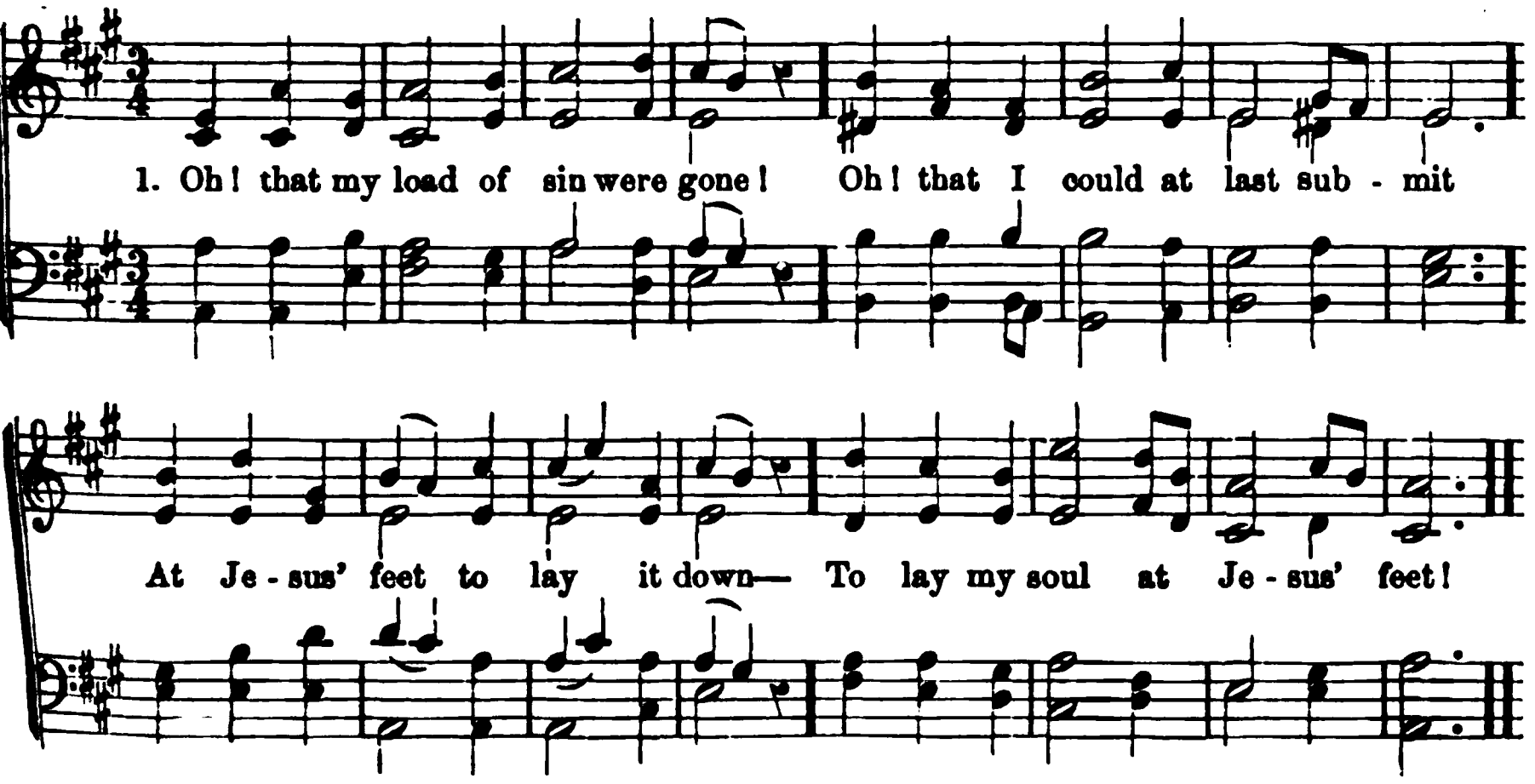
A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

EASTON. L. M.



525 *Rom. 7 : 24.* C. WESLEY.

OH! that my load of sin were gone!
Oh! that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest, till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;—
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would—but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace!

526 *1 John 5 : 4.* WATTS.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had ev'n conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
Which warned me of that dark abyss,
Which drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of our God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

527 *John 15 : 5.* C. WESLEY.

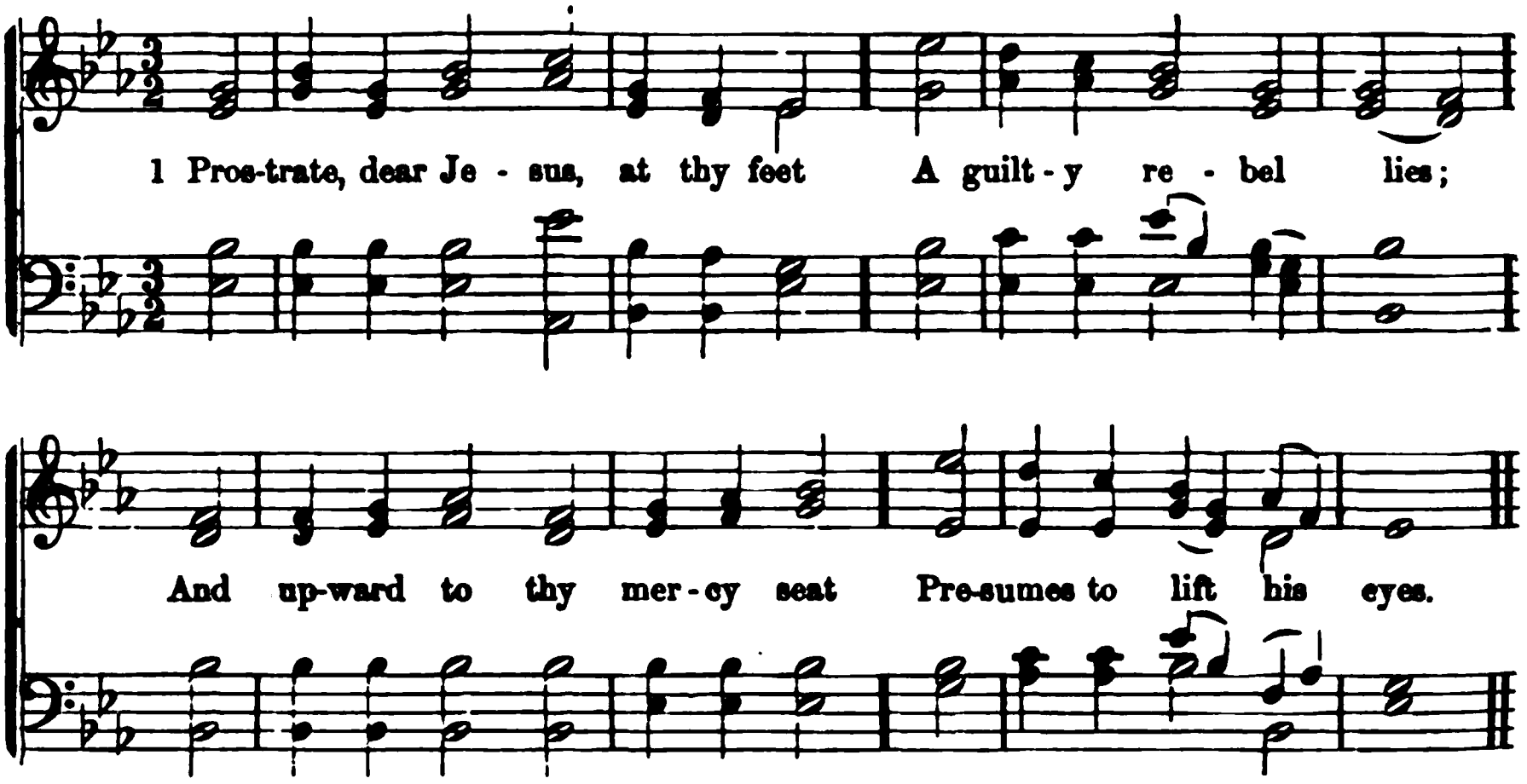
JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my ruined soul;
'T is thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What can I say thy grace to move!
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M.



528 *Ps. 51 : 17.* STENNETT.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

529 *Matt. 11 : 28.* NEWTON.

APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.

5 Oh! wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

530 *Eph. 2 : 4.* BROWNE

LORD! at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

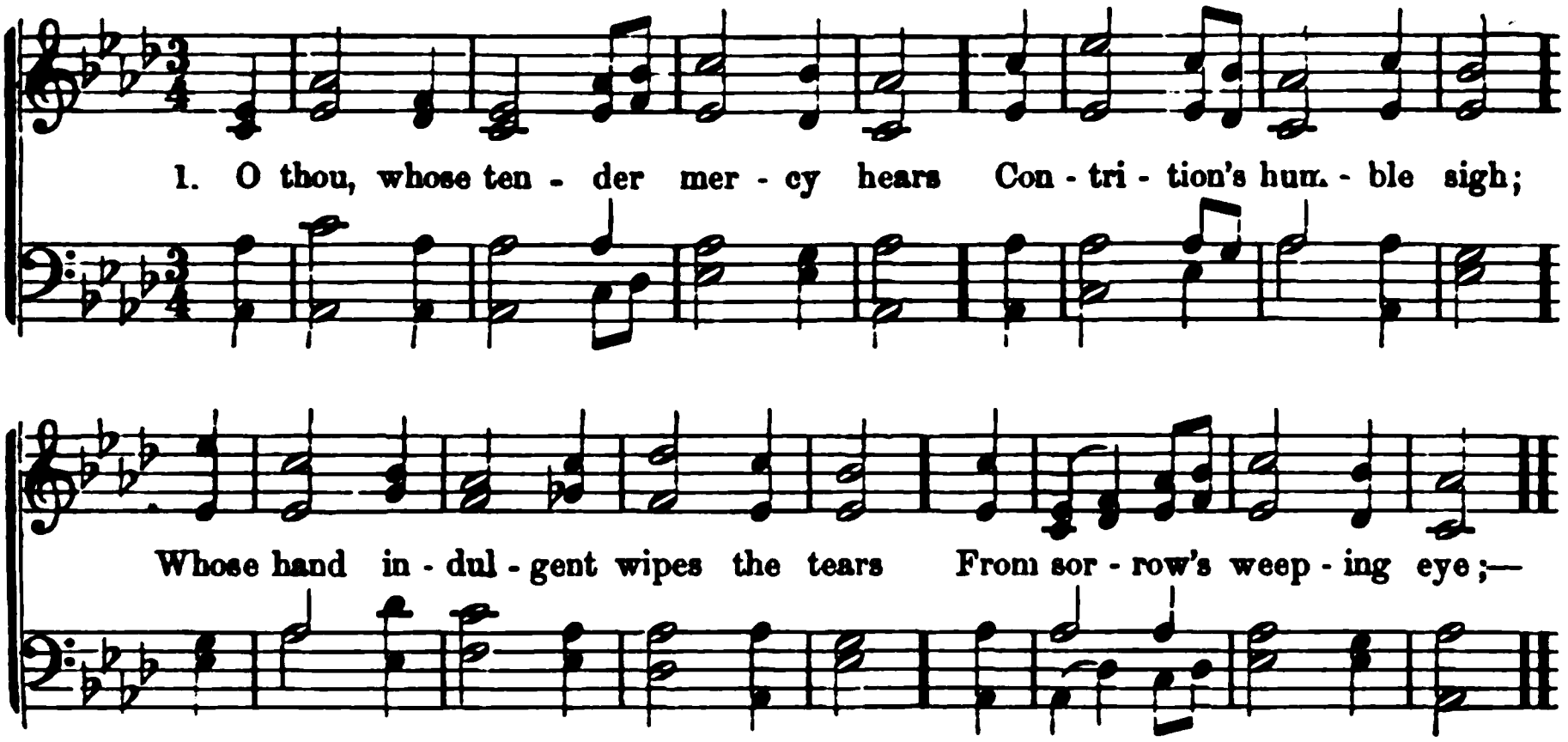
2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away;
This heavy load remove.

3 'T is mercy—mercy we implore;
We would thy pity move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

4 Oh, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our numerous sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break:
Heal us, and bid us live.

5 Thus melt us all, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

AVON. C. M.



531 *Hos. 14 : 1.* STEELE.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
The sense of joy divine.

532 *Prov. 23 : 26.* BRIDGES.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

533 *Prov. 23 : 26.* BOURNE.

WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake—
To thee, I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.

3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
I give it all to thee.

534 *Ps. 51.* WATTS.

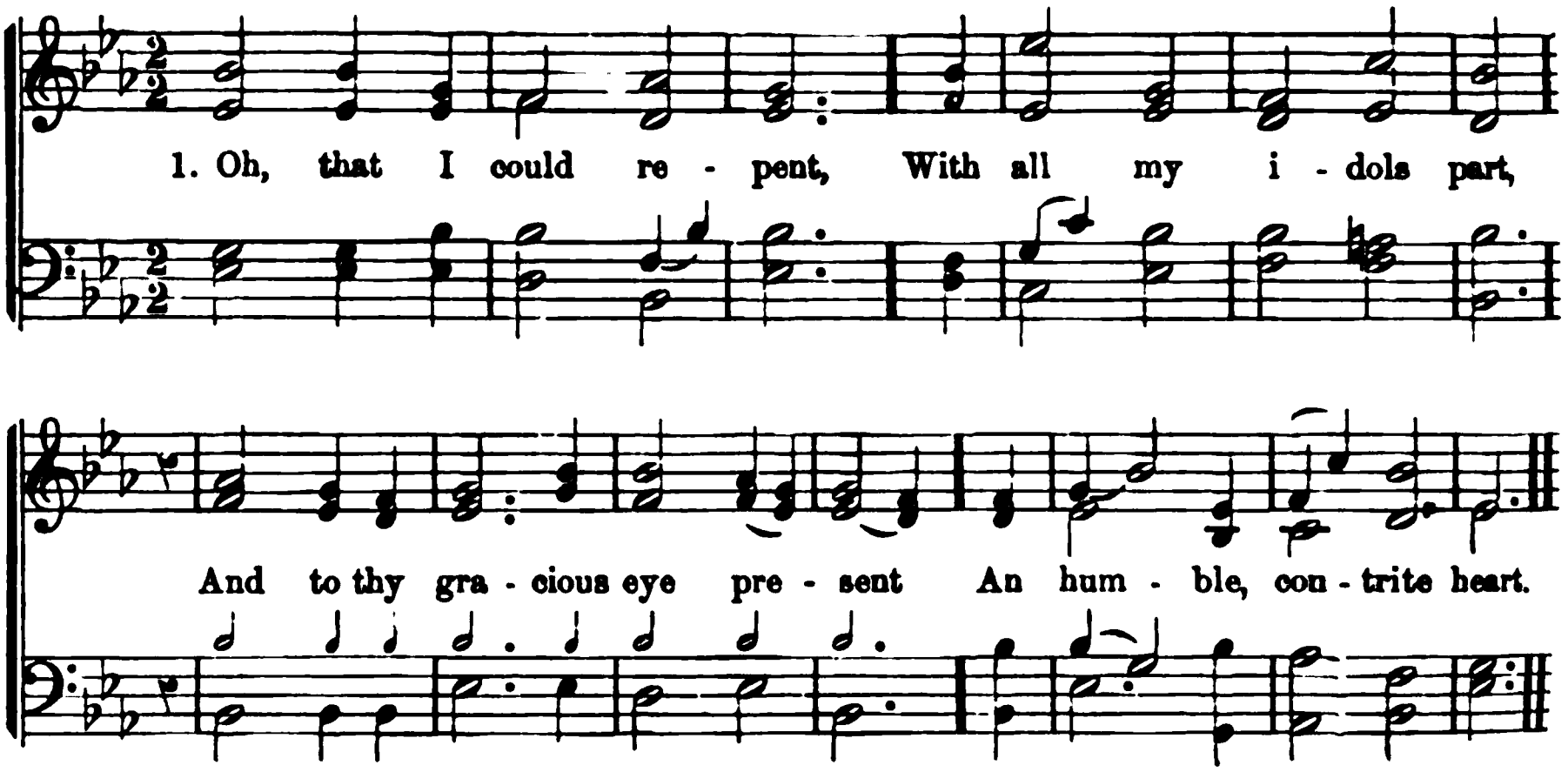
O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

INVERNESS. S. M.



535 *Ezek. 36 : 26.* C. WESLEY.

OH, that I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with Christ's blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

536 *Ezek. 11 : 19.* BEMAN.

JESUS! I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,—
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God! this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone,
Far from my God astray;
I've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But, Lord! my heart is fixed,—
I hope in thee alone;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;—
Oh! send thy blessed Spirit down,
To banish all my fears.

6 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in thee.

537 *Ps. 121 : 3.* C. WESLEY.

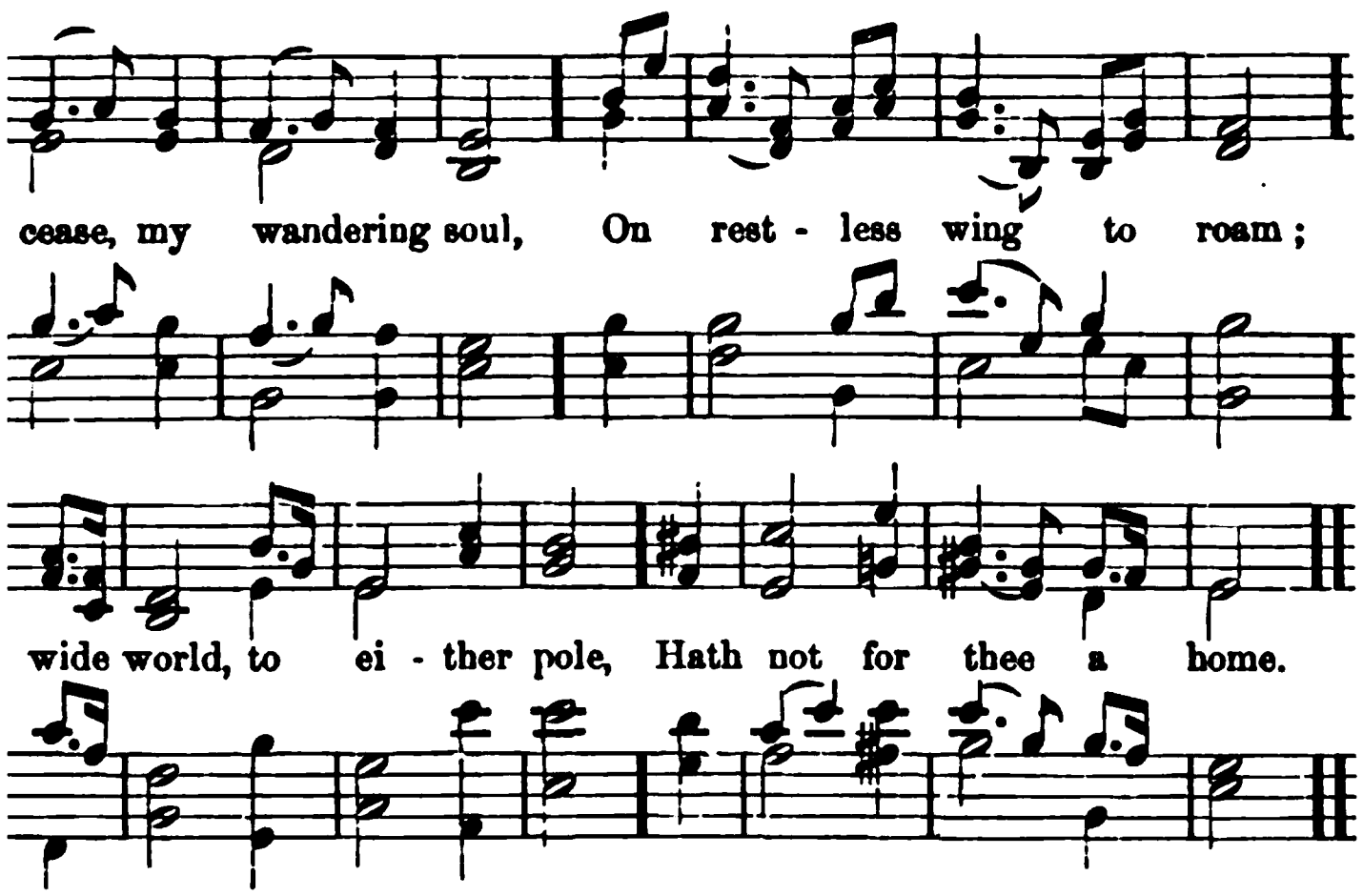
THOU seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my power,—
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode:
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone,
Now, therefore, I commend:
Lord Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

I. S. M.



…. 8 : 9. MUHLENBERG.

…andering soul,
…ng to roam;
…rld, to either pole,
…thee a home.

…of God!
…pen door!
…n that dear abode,
…r soul, no more.

…shalt abide,
…hall be thy rest;
…ing satisfied,
…ration blest.

…. 27 : 8. C. WESLEY.

…s my strife,
…g to and fro?
…words of endless life;
…should I go?

…ing grace
…eely move;
…to seek thy face,
…o ask my love.

…art to gain,
…ll that breathe
…ashion as a man,
…urséd death.

…lelay
…o give?
…from earth away,
…receive?

5 Ah! no: I all forsake,
My all to thee resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine!

540 *Rom. 6 : 1.* WATTS.

SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins were crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to the cross,
And bought our liberty.

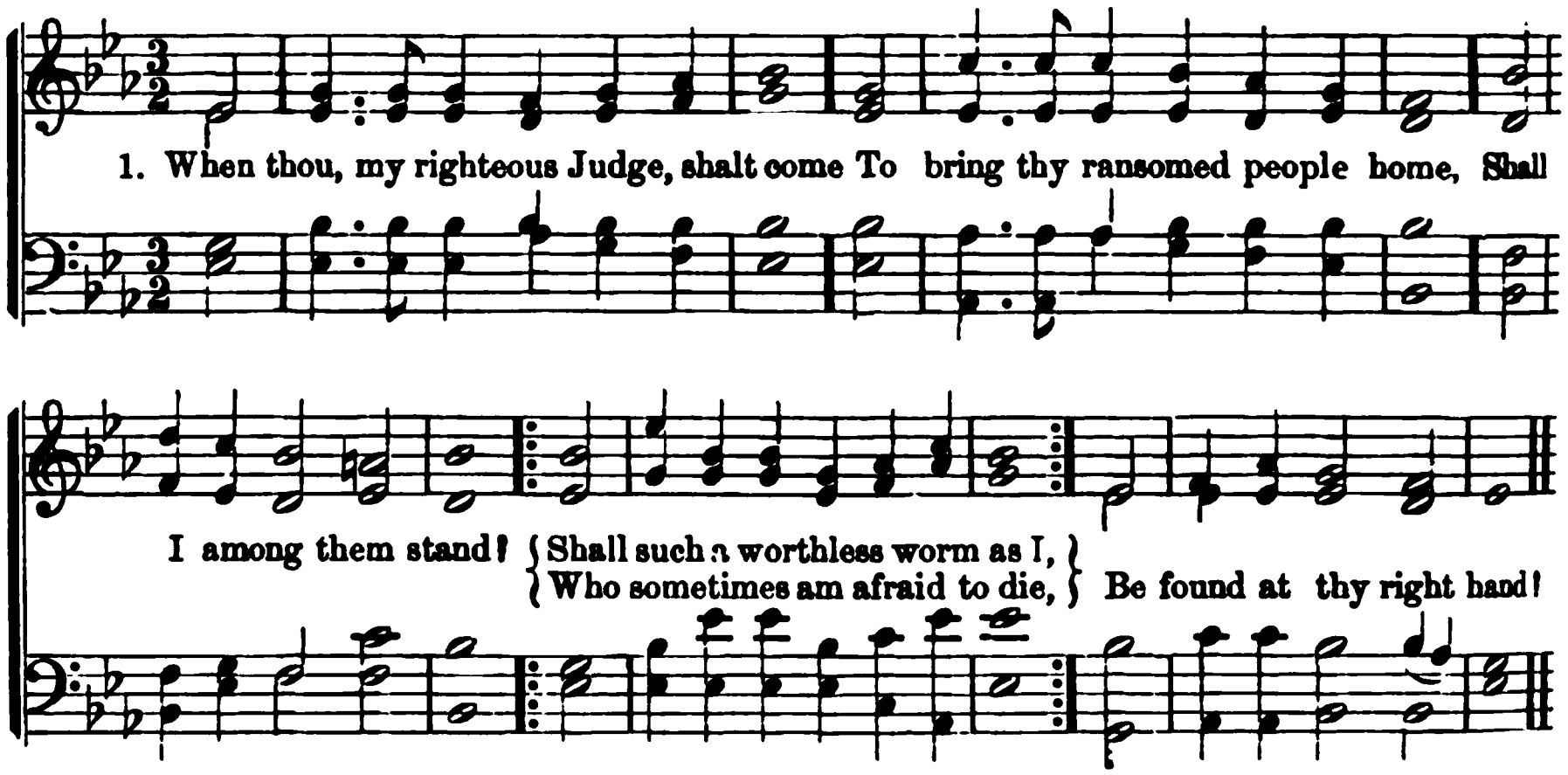
541 *Ps. 51 : 17.* ANON

UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs her eyes;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied;
And now to its most rigorous claims
I answer, "Jesus died."

MERIBAH. C. P. M.



542 *Matt. 25 : 46.* HUNTINGDON.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

543 *2 Cor. 5 : 21.* TOPLADY.

O THOU who hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be;
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

544 *Gen. 24 : 56.* STEELE.

THE mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang, with cold oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.

2 Bright scenes of bliss,—unclouded skies,
Invite my soul;—oh, could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say, to every tempting snare,—
Heaven calls, and I must go:—

3 Heaven calls,—and can I yet delay!
Can aught on earth engage my stay!
Ah! wretched lingering heart!
Come, Lord! with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

545 *2 Cor. 5 : 14.* NEWTON.

LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.

2 Yes, since thou hast thy love revealed,
And shown my soul a pardon sealed,
I can resist no more;
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!

3 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.

4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone—
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

546 *John 3 : 3.* OCKUM.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
One solemn truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain—
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

547 *Phil. 2 : 12.* C. WESLEY.

No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

2 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

3 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write thy pardon on my heart;
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

548 *2 Cor. 6 : 2.* C. WESLEY.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure! insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom!

4 Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then Saviour, then my soul receive,
Then bid me in thy presence live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

549 7s. *Matt. 1 : 21.* J. D. Burns.

Thou who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry!

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I who am of sinners chief,
Jesus, lift to thee mine eye!

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
Jesus, to thy cross I fly!

4 There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus, save me from despair,
Save me, save me, or I die!

5 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, Saviour, be thou nigh!

550 7s, 6l. *John 1 : 29.* Ray Palmer.

Jesus, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly!
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, oh, save my sinking soul!

2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair:
Lord! thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine—forever thine—I am!
Glory to thee, bleeding Lamb!

551 8s & 7s. *Matt. 11 : 28-30.* R

Laboring and heavy-laden
With my sins, O Lord, I roam,
While I know thou hast invited
All such wanderers to their hom

2 Make my stubborn spirit willing
To obey thy gracious voice,
At the cross to leave its burden,
And departing to rejoice.

3 Thy sweet yoke I'd take upon me,
And would learn, O Lord, of the
Thou art meek in heart, and lowly,
Teach me like thyself to be.

4 Laboring and heavy-laden,
Lord, no longer will I roam:
Here I fix my habitation,
In thy sheltering love at home.

552 L. M. 6l. *Phil. 2 : 6-8.* Withing

O Saviour of a world undone!
Whose dying sorrows blot the sun,
Whose painful groans and bowing h
Could rend the vail and wake the de
Say, from that execrated tree
Descends the ruddy tide for me!

2 For me did he who reigns above,
The object of paternal love,
Consent a servant's form to bear
That I a kingly crown might wear!
Is his deep loss my boundless gain,
And comes my victory from his pa

3 Oh, let me own the deep decree
That wounded him and rescued me
His death, his cross, his funeral sle
Instruct repentance how to weep;
He poured for me the vital flood;
My tears shall mingle with his blo

553 C. M. *Luke 23 : 42.* H

O thou, from whom all goodness
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened he
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impa
Thus, Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree;
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

554 7s & 6s. *John 6 : 68.* RAY PALMER.

WE stand in deep repentance,
Before thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us;
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free!

2 Oh! shouldst thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander,
From thee, and peace, aside;
But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

555 S. M. *Ps. 25 : 7.* BEDDOME.

THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Oh! bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Display, O Lord! thy pardoning grace,
And thy unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
Oh! let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

556 L. M. 61. *1 John 2 : 1.* C. WESLEY.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn;
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,—
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love thy faithless servant still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

557 L. M. *1 Pet. 1 : 12.* HILLHOUSE.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend!—oh, smile and heal the strife!

2 The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found—
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

4 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies:
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

5 Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious, in his presence play.

6 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

558 C. M. *Ps. 51 : 10.* C. Wesley.

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord! impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

559 7s. *1 Tim. 1 : 15.* Raffles.

Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all!
Prostrate at thy feet I fall!
Hear, oh, hear my earnest cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,—
Chief of sinners I have been;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy righteous dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Soothe, oh, soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

560 L. M. 61. *2 Cor. 5 : 19.* C. Wesley.

Saviour of all, what hast thou done?
What hast thou suffered on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion show—
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding sacrifice expired;
But didst thou not my pattern die,
That, by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure

3 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footsteps tread;
Might like the Man of Sorrows grieve,
And groan, and bow with thee my head
Thy dying in my body bear,
Thy suffering, as thy glory, share.

561 7s. *Matt. 14 : 30.* Hastings

Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole:
Humble in the dust I lie:
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone:
All my help is from thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

562 L. M. *Prov. 4 : 23.* Steele

Ah! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart!
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus, fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide earth's vanities away;
There's naught beneath a power divin
That can this roving heart confine.

3 Jesus! to thee I would return,
And, at thy feet repenting, mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love
And never from thy sight remove.

4 Oh! let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid every earthly charm depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

L. M. *Matt. 6 : 12.* HASTINGS.

IVE us, Lord! to thee we cry,
ve us through thy matchless grace;
ee alone our souls rely,
ou our strength and righteousness.

ve thou us, as we forgive
lls we suffer from our foes;
re us, Lord! and bid us live;
let us in thine arms repose.

ve us, for our guilt is great,
retched souls no merit claim;
overeign mercy still we wait,
sk but in the Saviour's name.

ve us,—O thou bleeding Lamb!
risen, thou exalted Lord!
great High-Priest! our souls redeem,
speak the pardon-sealing word.

H. M. *Ps. 51 : 17.* RAFFLES.

BROKEN heart, O Lord!
Thou never wilt despise;
s written in thy word,
This is the sacrifice:
sacrifice that thou wilt own—
s the broken heart alone.

ak thou my heart, O Lord;
The rock within me break;
tremble at thy word,
And at thine anger quake:
me in deep contrition lie,
d heave the penitential sigh.

mercy dwells with thee:
Compassion, all divine;
t mercy show to me;
Be that compassion mine:
sinners did not Jesus bleed?
d Jesus' blood alone I plead.

.M. 61. *1 John 4 : 18.* ANON.

FECT in love!" Lord, can it be,
this state of doubt and sin?
foes so thick without, I see,
weakness, pain, disease within;
erfect love inhabit here,
strong in faith, extinguish fear?

2 O Lord! amid this mental night,
Amid the clouds of dark dismay,
Arise! arise! shed forth thy light,
And kindle love's meridian day:
My Saviour God, to me appear,
So love shall triumph over fear.

566 C. M. *Job 13 :* ANON.

BE merciful to me, O God!
Be merciful to me;
For though I sink beneath thy rod,
Yet do I trust in thee.

2 Thou art my refuge, and I know
My burden thou dost bear,
And I would seek, where'er I go,
To cast on thee my care.

3 Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,
Strong though my spirit be;
Oh, then assist, when foes assail,
The soul that clings to thee.

4 And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,
A thankful heart be mine,—
A heart that answers to thy call,
One that is wholly thine.

5 And may I ne'er forget that thou
Wilt soon return again,
And those who love thy coming now
Shall shine in glory then.

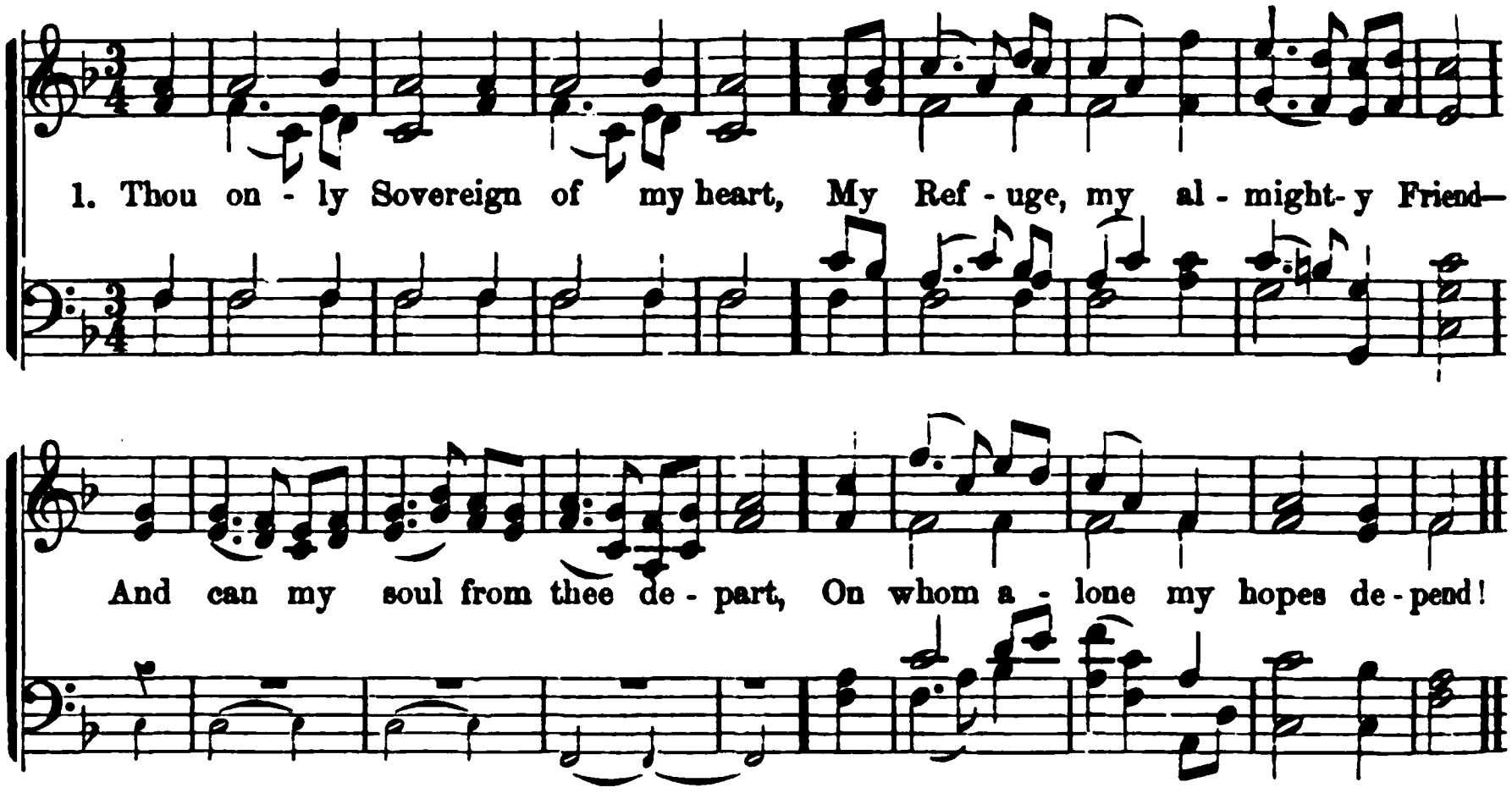
567 10s. *Matt. 11 : 28.* ANON.

LORD, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh!
But thou hast called the burdened soul to thee,
A weary, burdened soul, O Lord, am I!

2 Bowed down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

3 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place;
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmoved, I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge, with—"Jesus died."

BLAKE. L. M.



568 *John 6 : 68.* STEELE.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend!

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee—'t is death, 't is more;
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

569 *Ps. 139 : 23.* C. WESLEY.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
Oh! burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
While thou, Almighty God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And riase my head and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
Oh! let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

570 *Jer. 2 : 2.* KELLY.

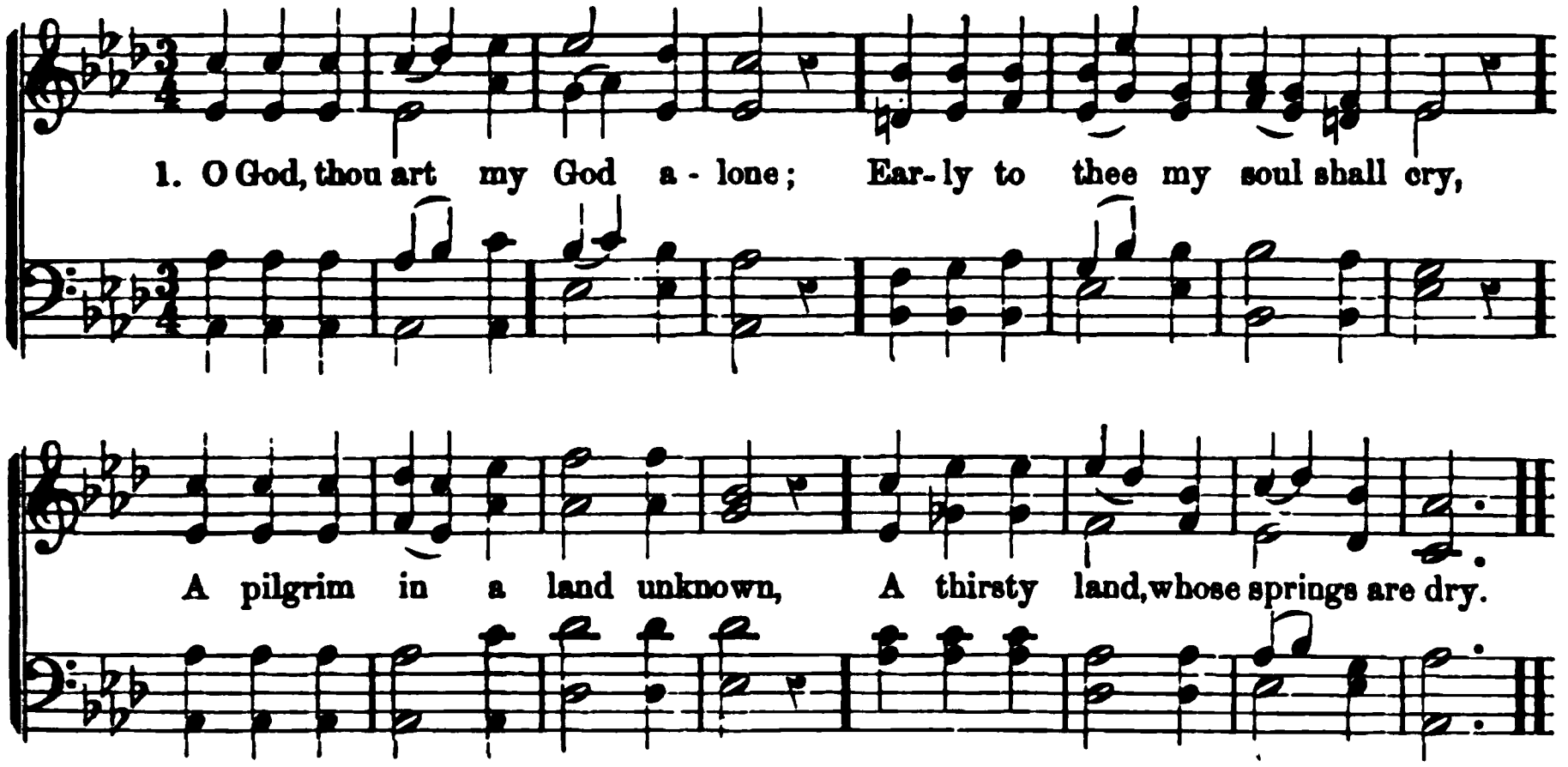
OH! where is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord!
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known!
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved!

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
Oh! cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

ROSE HILL. C. M.



571 *Ps. 63.* MONTGOMERY.

O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Oh, that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace!

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God:
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

572 *Isa. 45 : 22.* MEDLEY.

SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And then would look,—and look again.

2 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,
Now to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait and look,—and look again!

3 Take courage, then, my trembling soul;
One look from Christ will make thee whole:
Trust thou in him, 't is not in vain,
But wait and look,—and look again!

4 Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
Oh, then I 'll look,—and look again!

573 *Mal. 4 : 2.* MONTGOMERY.

I LEFT the God of truth and light;
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death!

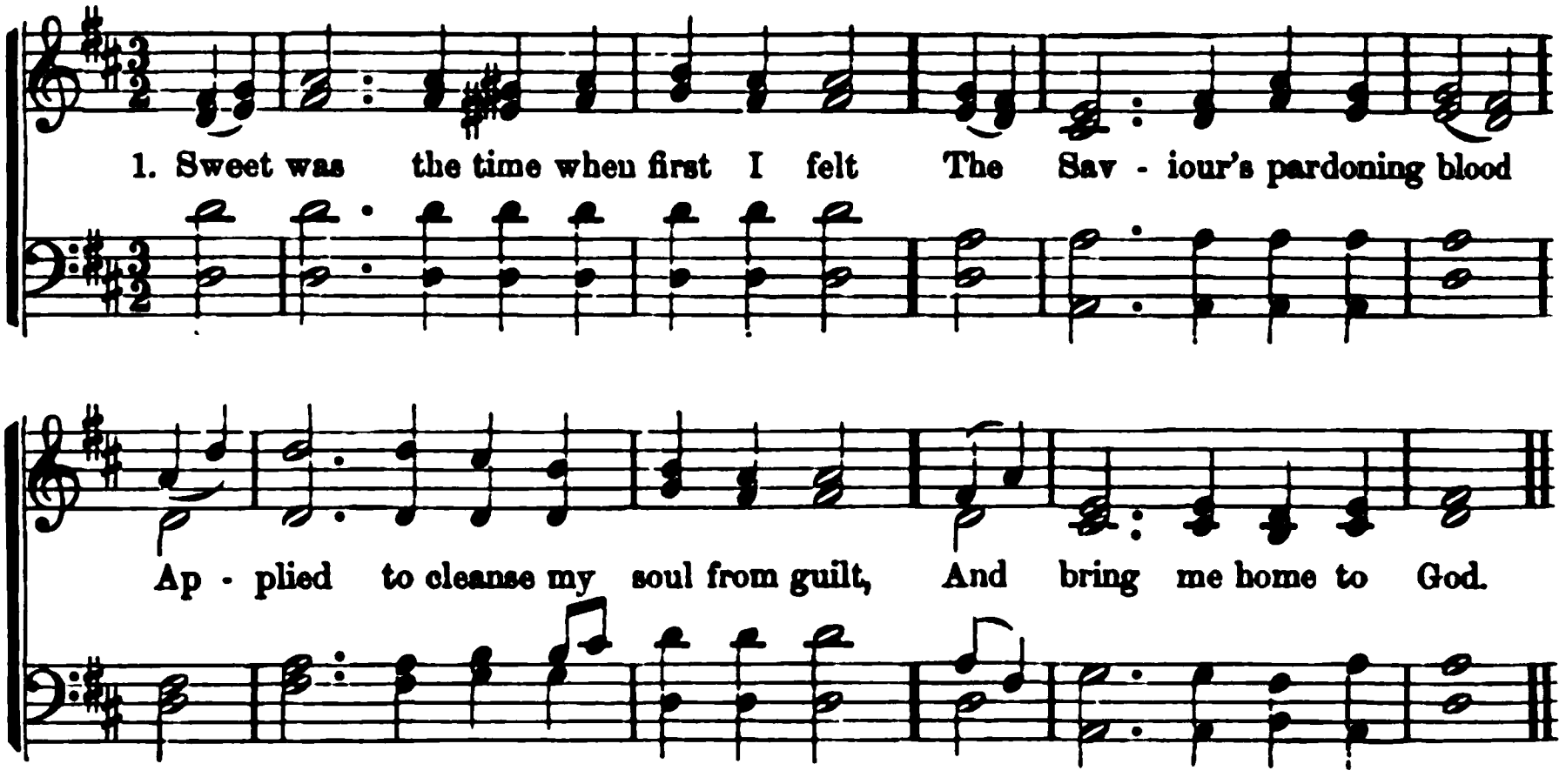
2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne:
Through all his bonds of love I broke;
I cast away his gifts with scorn!

3 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance! from thy frown,
Eternal Justice! from thine eye?

4 Lo! through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace:
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face!

5 Prostrate before thy mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie forever there.

COOLING. C. M.



574 *Job 29 : 2.* NEWTON.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

575 *Rom. 7 : 24.* STENNETT.

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure, never was a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 Reason, I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard to obey,
And harder yet to love.

4 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

5 Break, sovereign grace, oh, break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

576 *Isa. 66 : 2.* C. WESLEY.

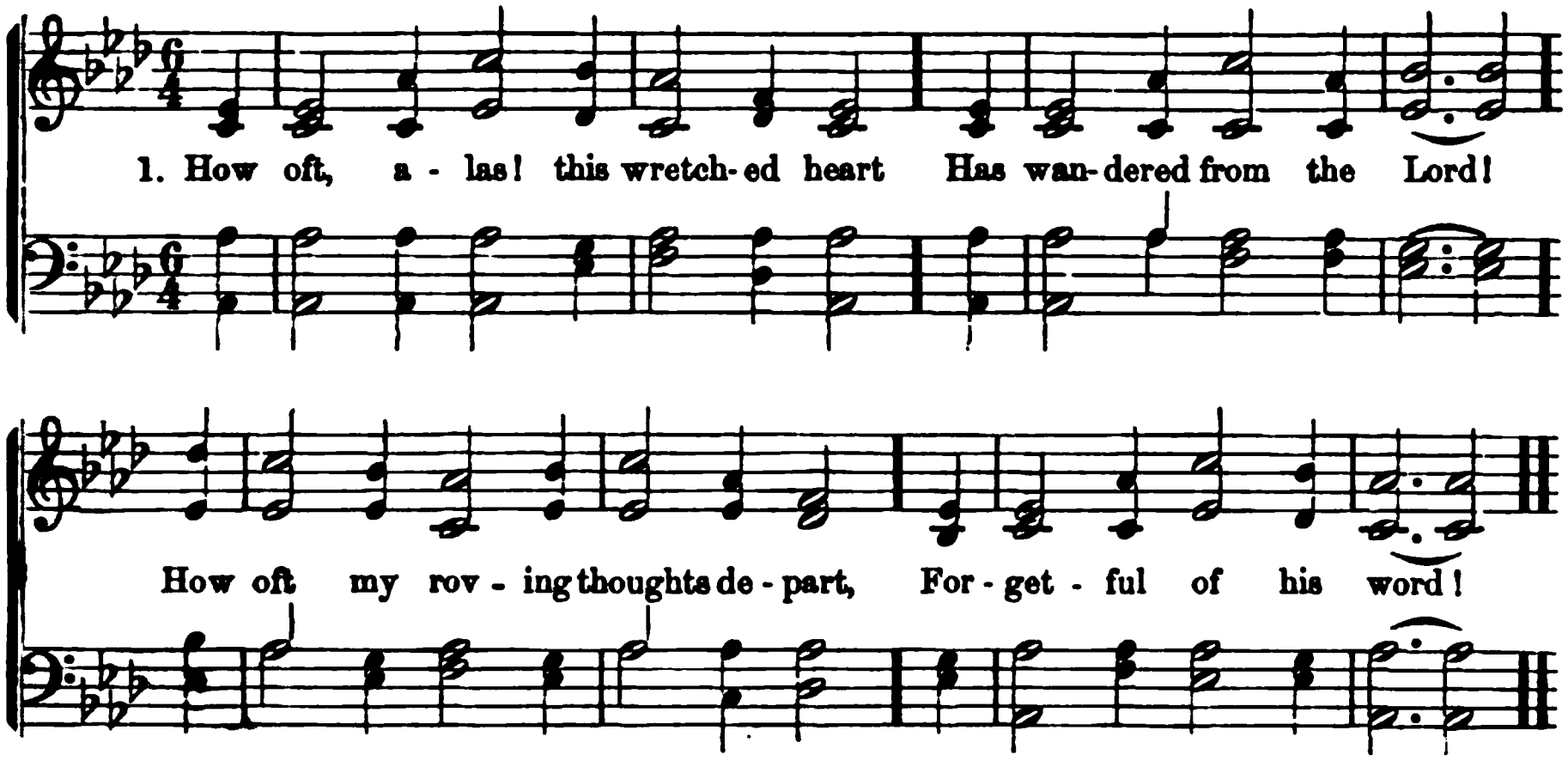
OH! for that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

2 Oh! for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour! to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 Oh! fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,—
Thyself to me reveal.

EVAN. C. M.



577 *Jer. 2 : 22.* STEELE.

How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
Oh, take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou,—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

578 *Ps. 139 : 23.* G. P. MORRIS.

SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee!

2 Hearer of prayer! oh, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

3 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

579 *Gen. 5 : 24.* COWPER.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

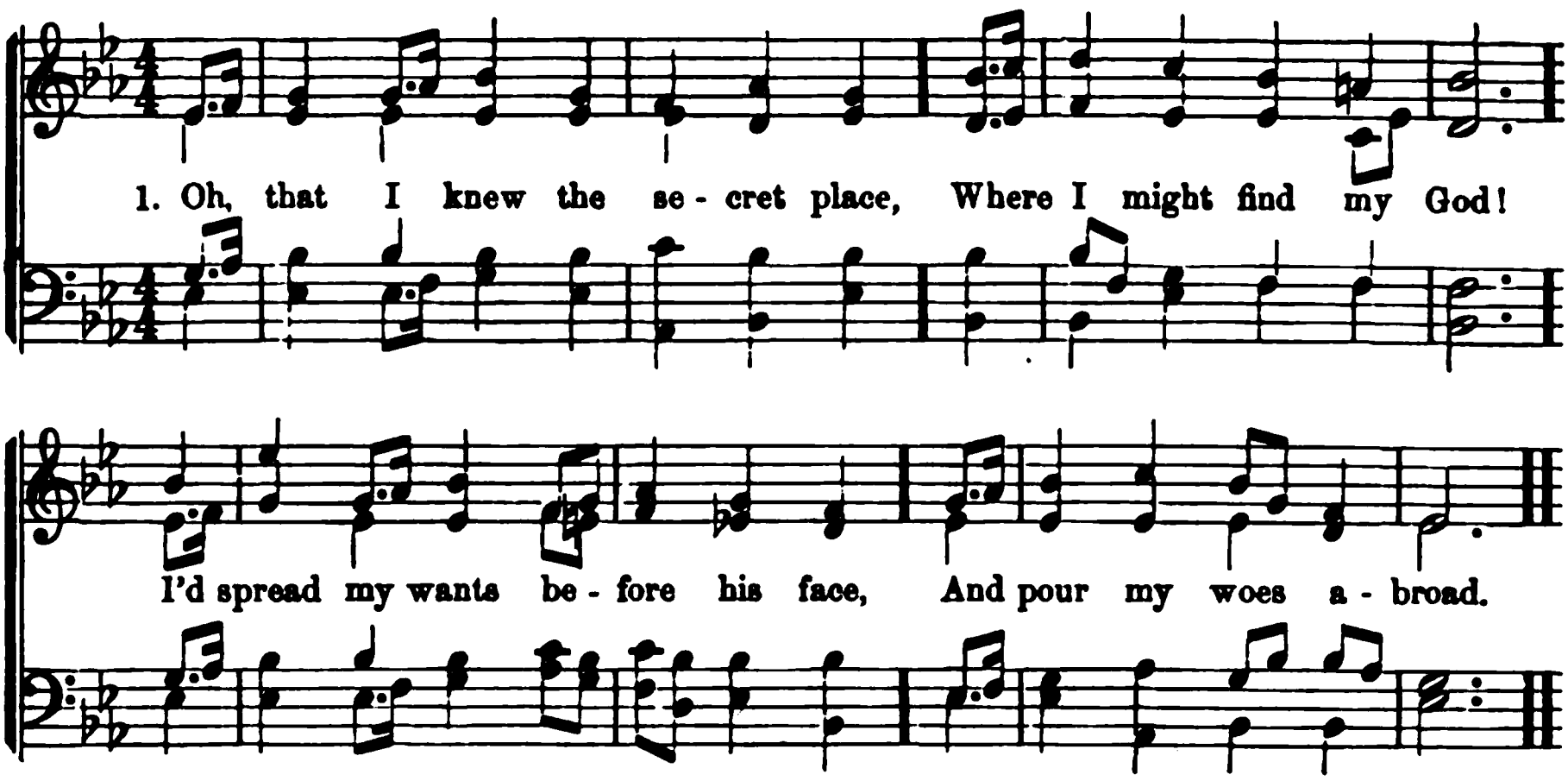
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

LITCHFIELD. C. M.



580 *Job 23 : 3, 4.* WATTS.

Oh, that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake—
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints;
And drive my foes away;
He knows the meaning of his saints
When they in sorrow pray.

5 Arise, my soul! from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrow there.

581 *Matt. 26 : 41.* STEELE.

Alas! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

582 *Cant. 1 : 4.* CLEAVELAND.

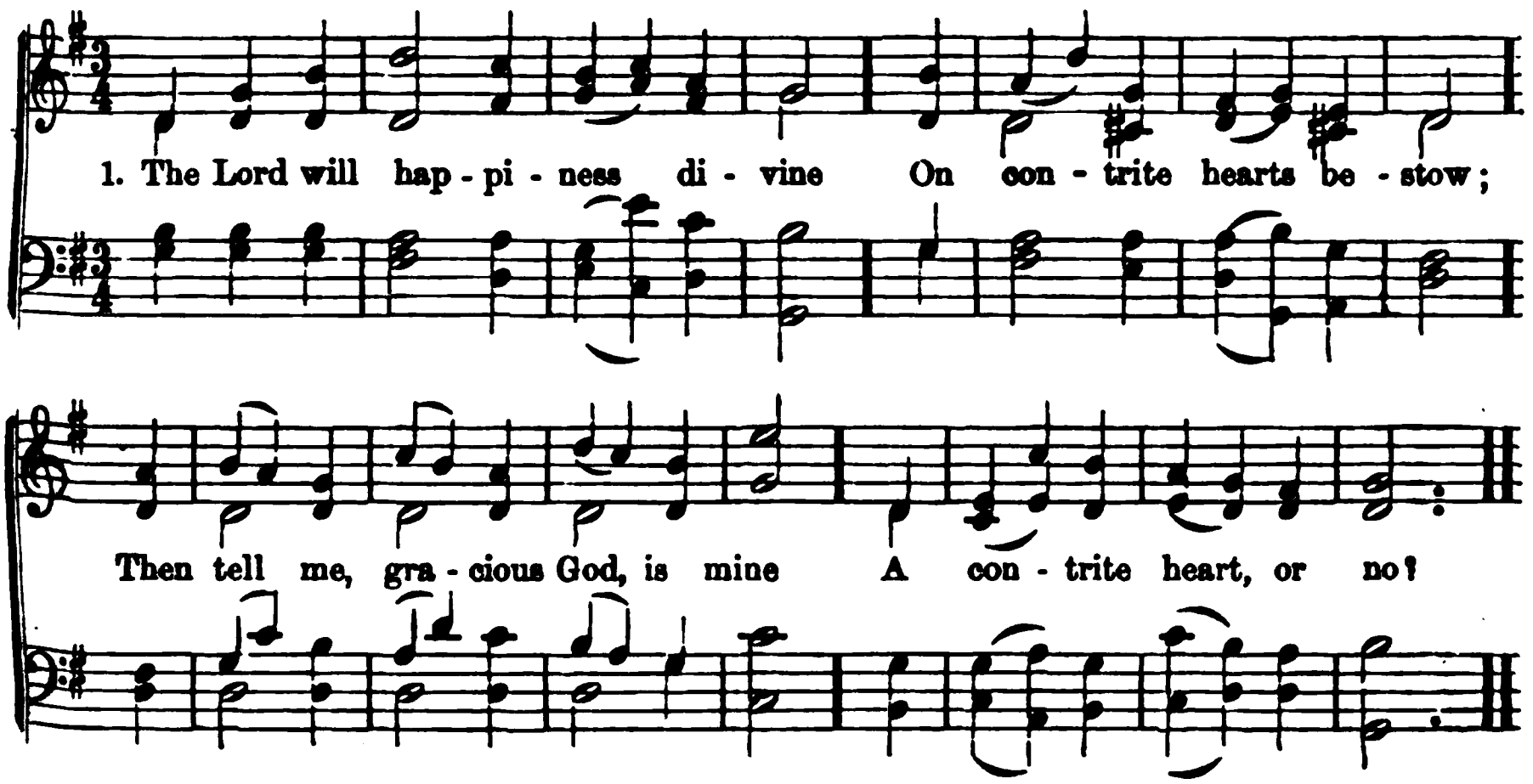
Oh! could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.



583 *Ps. 51 : 17.* COWPER.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 't is only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few:
Fain would I strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 Oh! make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be.

584 *Prov. 17 : 24.* WATTS.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God! my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more, by day,
With thee,—no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,—
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But, ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait, to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

6 Make haste, my days! to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,—
My God, my Saviour's breast.

585 *Rom. 7 : 23.* ANON.

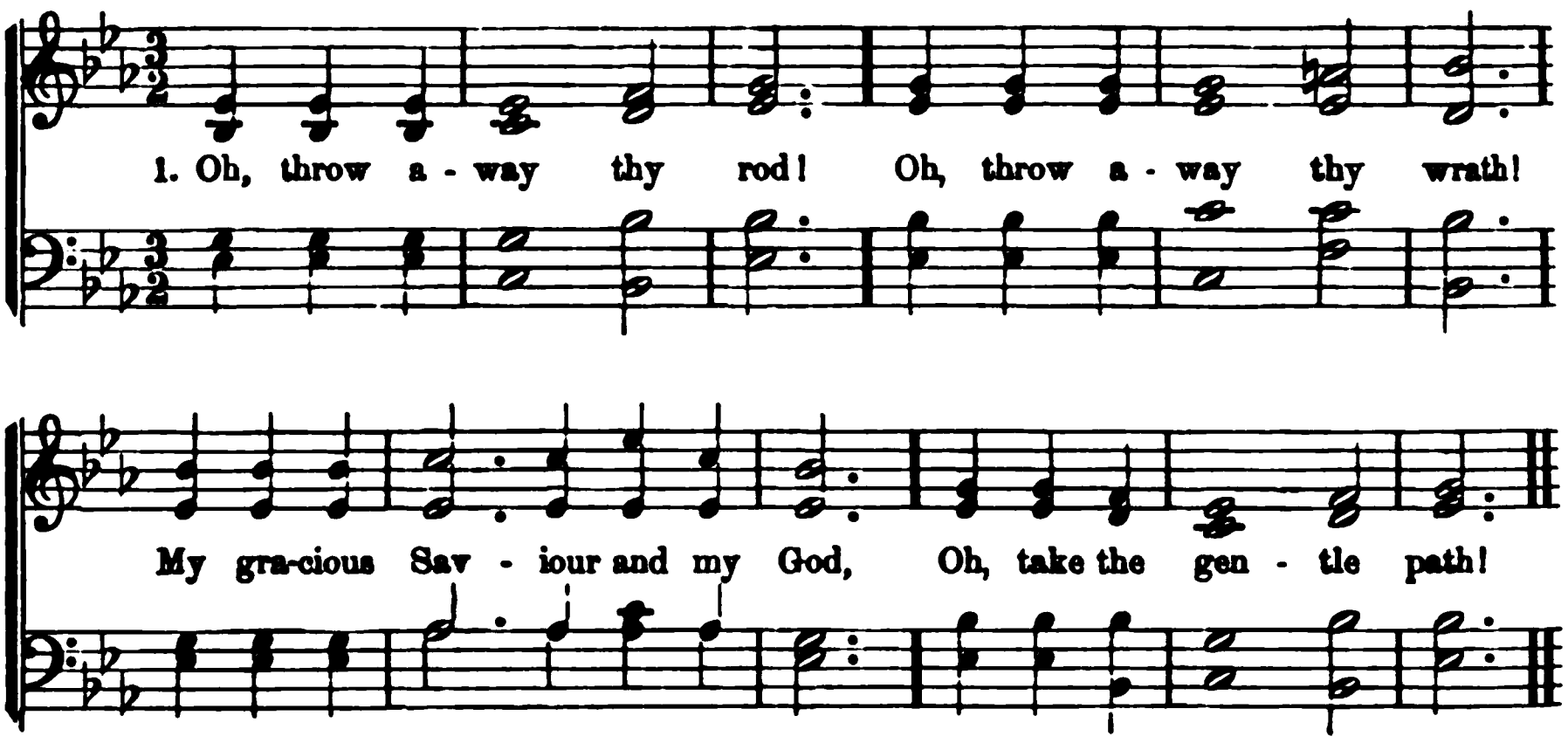
I WOULD be thine: oh, take my heart,
And fill it with thy love:
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

3 I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within;—
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And banish all my sin.

4 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore:
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

CAPELLO. S. M.



586 *2 Cor. 10 : 1.* HERBERT.

OH, throw away thy rod!
Oh, throw away thy wrath!
My gracious Saviour and my God,
Oh, take the gentle path!

2 Thou seest my heart's desire
Still unto thee is bent;
Still does my longing soul aspire
To an entire consent.

3 Although I fail, I weep;
Although I halt in pace,
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
Unto the throne of grace.

4 Oh, then let wrath remove;
For love will do the deed;
Love will the conquest gain; with love
Ev'n stony hearts will bleed.

587 *Ps. 130.* MONTGOMERY.

OUT of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord! I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, yet I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 I cast my hopes on thee;
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive;
If thou shouldst mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?

3 I wait for thee; I wait,
Confessing all my sin:
Lord! I am knocking at thy gate;
Open, and take me in.

4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For lo! the sweet-returning dove
Brings home the pledge of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

588 *Ps. 25.* WATTS.

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not the foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

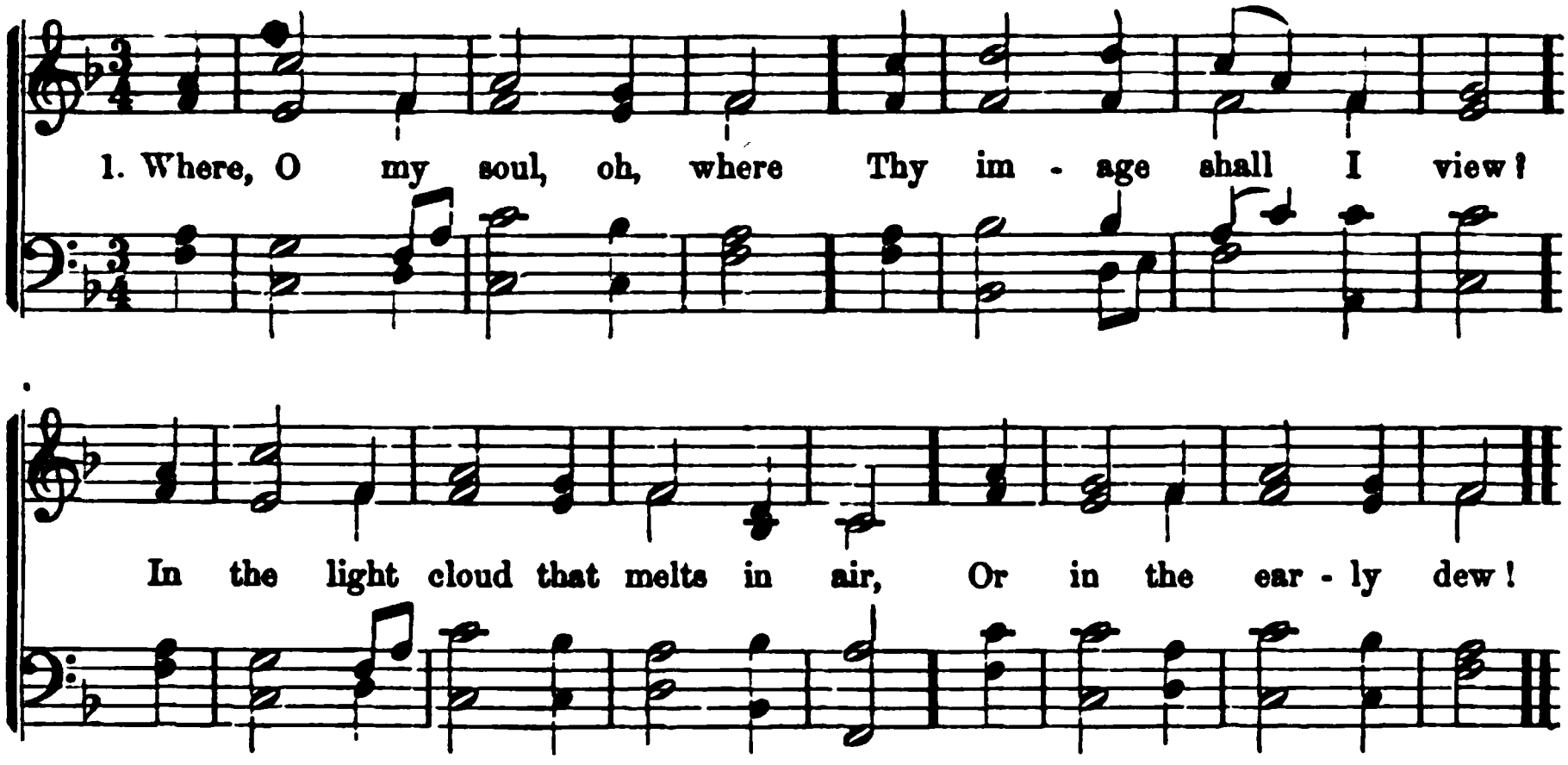
2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord! I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

5 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

CAREY. S. M.



589 *Hos. 6 : 4.* T. SCOTT.

WHERE, O my soul, oh, where
Thy image shall I view?
In the light cloud that melts in air,
Or in the early dew!

2 This hour, with flowing tears,
My follies I bewail:
The next, my heart a waste appears,
Where all the fountains fail.

3 To-day, her glimmering light
Hope kindles in my breast;
To-morrow, with despair's black night,
Sees all my soul oppressed.

4 Oh! my unsteadfast mind,
Tossed between good and ill!
While brutes, with instinct sure though blind,
Their Maker's law fulfill.

5 Oh! wavering, wretched state
Of hope by fear subdued!
On thee, O Lord, for help I wait,—
Secure my soul in good.

590 *Isa. 54 : 8.* BEDDOME.

AND shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear?
To God, my Father, make my moan,
And he refuse to hear?

2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show;
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

3 If still he silence keep,
'T is but my faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.

4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair:
My sins are great,—but not so great
As his compassions are.

591 *Ps. 25.* WATTS.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

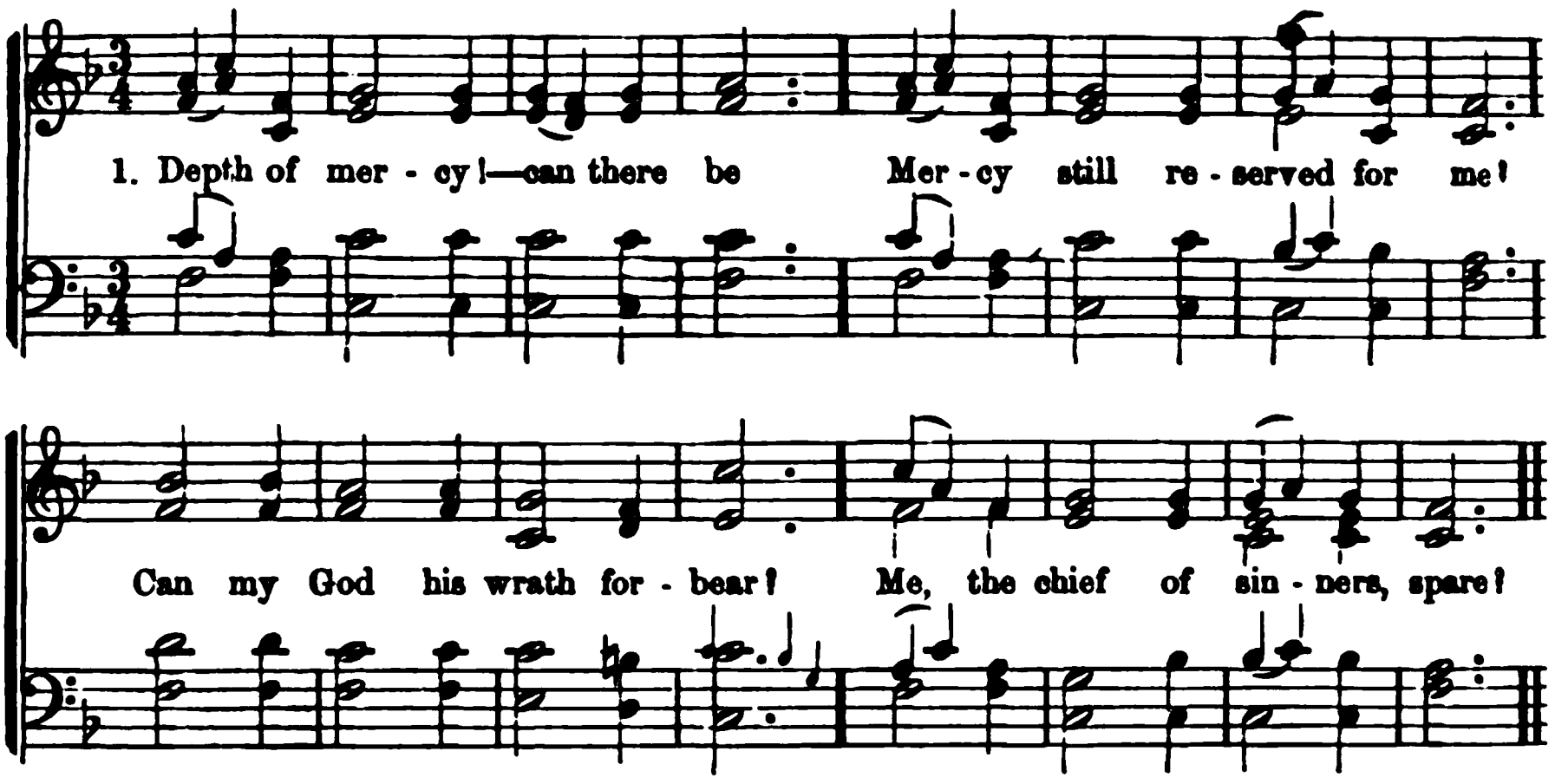
2 Lord, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame!
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

ALETTA. 7s.



592 *Hos. 11 : 8.* C. WESLEY.

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

593 *Matt. 5 : 8.* C. WESLEY.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might?

3 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness?
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

594 *Ps. 6 : 1, 2.* LYTE.

GENTLY, gently, lay the rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

3 Lo! he comes—he heeds my plea;
Lo! he comes—the shadows flee;
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit! and adore.

595 *Isa. 32 : 17.* ANON.

PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One forevermore with thee!

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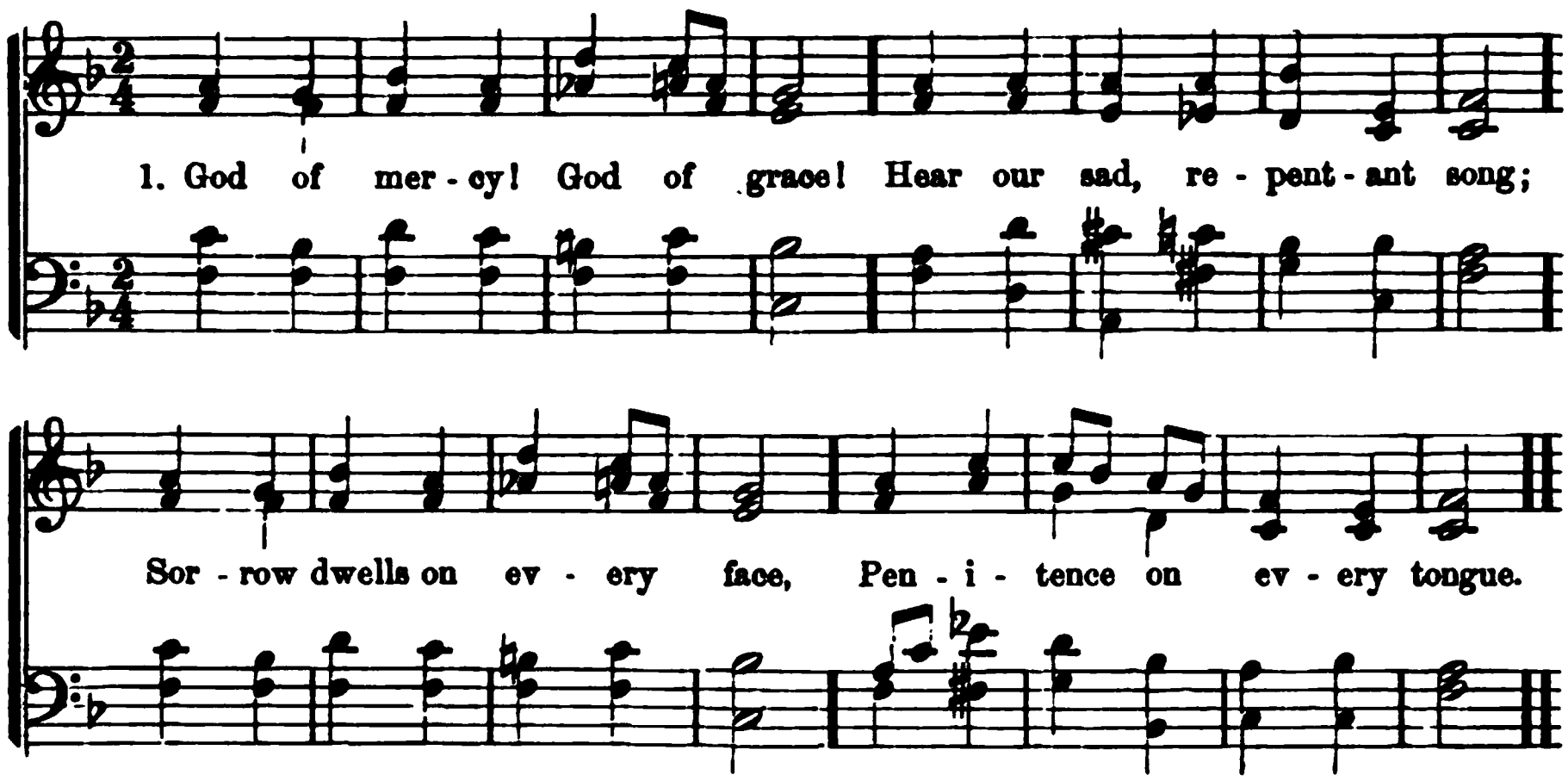


596 *Jer. 14 : 20.* J. TAYLOR.

GOD of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Oh, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs!

597 *John 21 : 16.* NEWTON.

'T IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

4 Could I joy with saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

5 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

598 *Ps. 70.* MONTGOMERY.

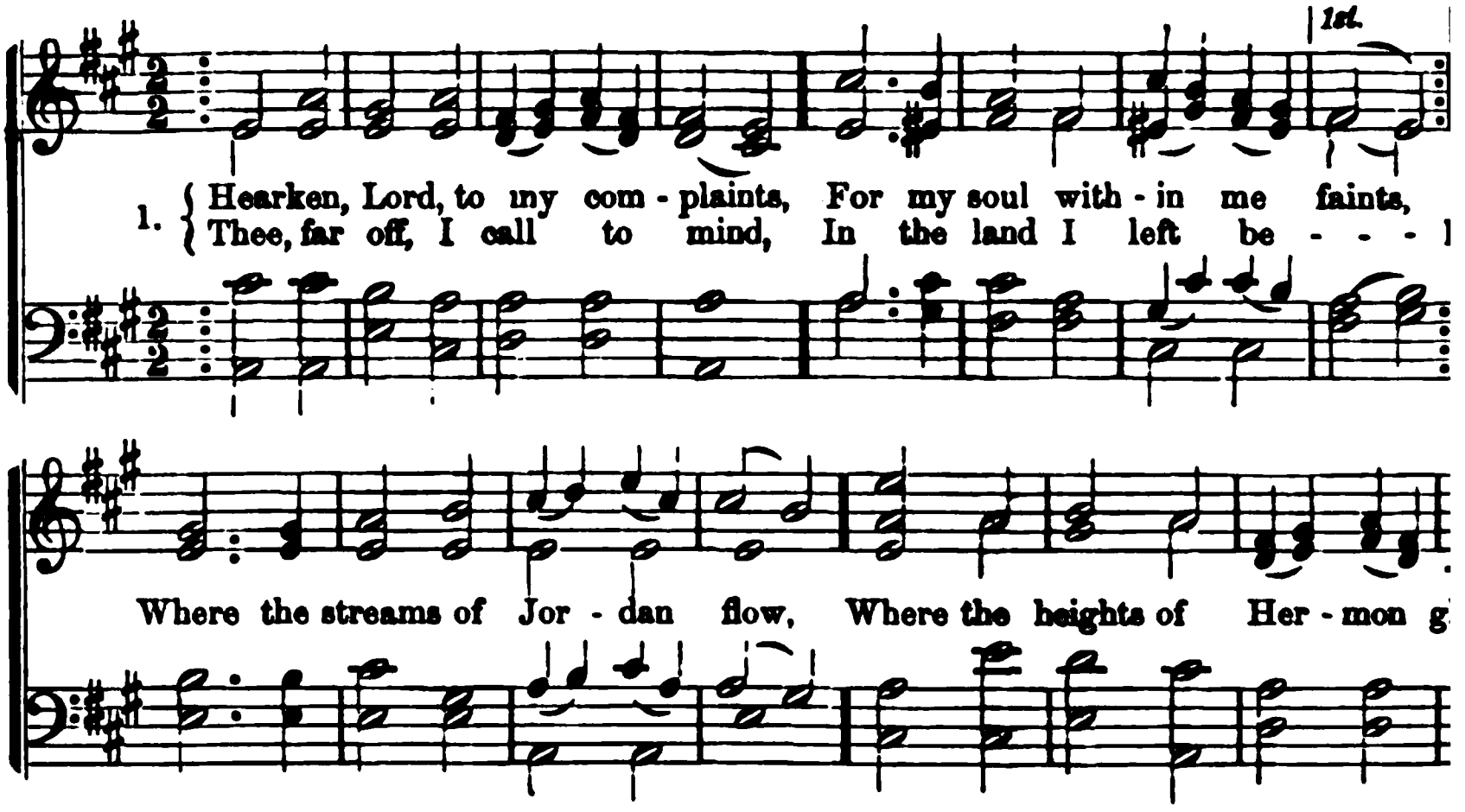
HASTEN, Lord! to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.

2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

3 Those that seek thee shall rejoice;
I am bound with misery;
Yet I make thy law my choice;
Turn, my God! and look on me.

4 Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart!
Do not tarry, haste to save.

MILNER. 7s. 6 lines.



599 *Ps. 42.* MONTGOMERY.

HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

2 Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird;
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost thou scorn, or hear them not?

3 Why, my soul, art thou perplexed?
Why with faithless troubles vexed?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

600 *Gal. 4 : 15.* NEWTON.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

601 *Ps. 31.*

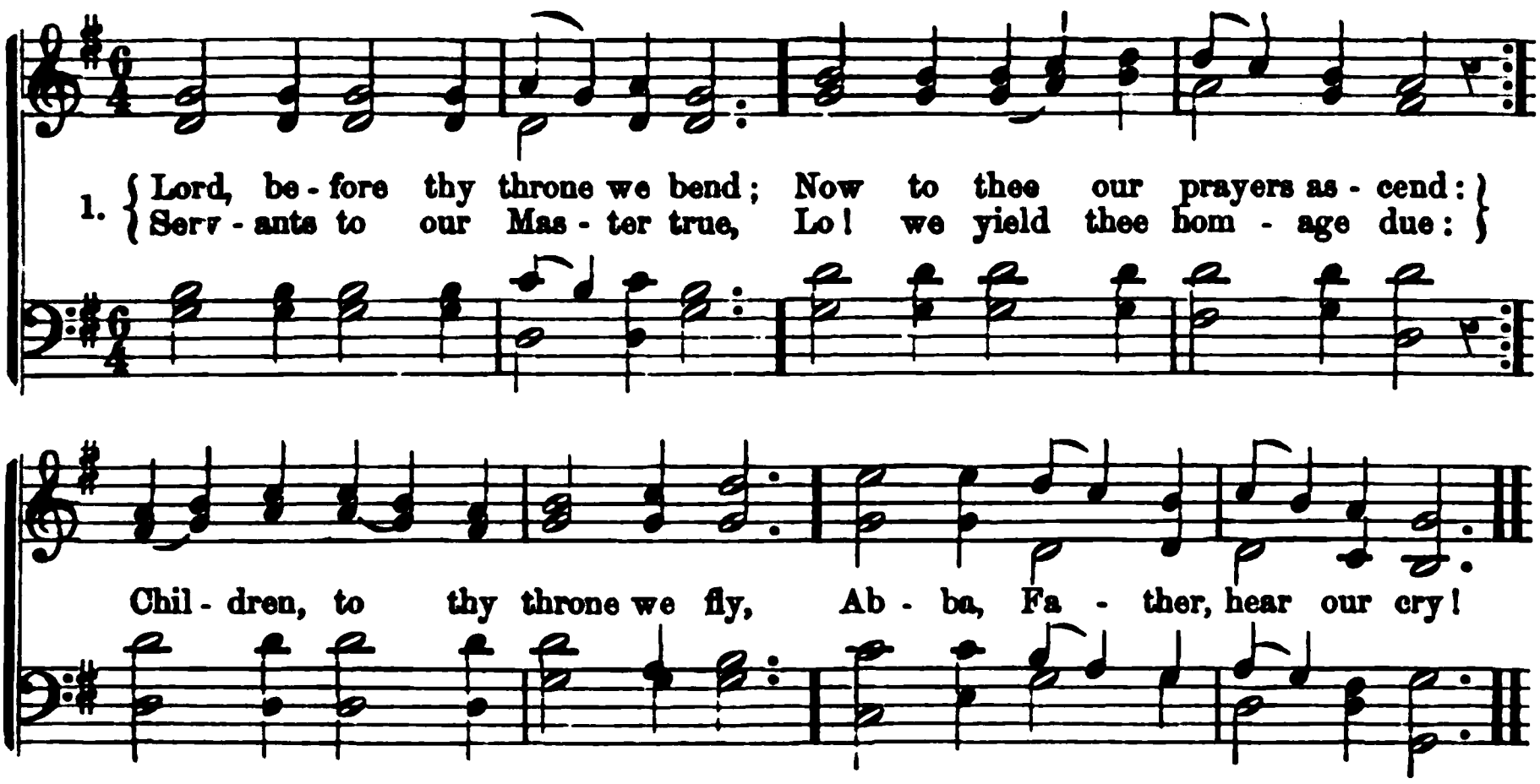
LORD! I look for all to thee;
Thou hast been a rock to me:
Still thy wonted aid afford:
Still be near, my shield, my sword
I my soul commit to thee,
Lord! thy blood has ransomed m

2 Faint and sinking on my road,
Still I cling to thee, my God!
Bending 'neath a weight of woes,
Harassed by a thousand foes,
Hope still chides my rising fears;
Joys still mingle with my tears.

3 On thy word I take my stand:
All my times are in thy hand:
Make thy face upon me shine;
Take me 'neath thy wings divine
Lord! thy grace is all my trust;
Save, oh! save thy trembling dus

4 Oh! what mercies still attend
Those who make the Lord their
Sweetly, safely shall they 'bide
'Neath his eye, and at his side:
Lord! may this my station be:
Seek it, all ye saints! with me.

HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.



602 *Ps. 123.* BOWDLER.

LORD, before thy throne we bend
Now to thee our prayers ascend:
Servants to our Master true,
Lo! we yield thee homage due:
Children, to thy throne we fly,
Abba, Father, hear our cry!

2 Low before thee, Lord! we bow,
We are weak—but mighty thou:
Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
Here we wait thy holy will;
Bound to earth, and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.

3 Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour:
Swift to seal their captives' doom,
See our foes exulting come!
Jesus, Saviour! yet be nigh,
Lord of life and victory.

603 *Ps. 88 : 14.* CONDER.

O THOU God who hearest prayer
Every hour and everywhere!
For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need:
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace!

2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in thy word;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within:
May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

3 Leave me not, my Strength, my Trust!
Oh, remember I'm but dust!
Leave me not again to stray;
Leave me not the tempter's prey;
Fix my heart on things above;
Make me happy in thy love.

604 *Matt. 11 : 28.* ANON.

WEARY, Lord, of struggling here
With this constant doubt and fear,
Burdened by the pains I bear,
And the trials I must share—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the rest that 's found in thee.

2 Weakened by the wayward will
Which controls, yet cheats me still;
Seeking something undefined
With an earnest, darkened mind—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the light that breaks from thee.

3 Fettered by this earthly scope
In the reach and aim of hope,
Fixing thought in narrow bound
Where no living truth is found—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the hope that 's fixed in thee.

4 Fettered, burdened, wearied, weak,
Lord, once more thy grace I seek;
Turn, oh turn me not away,
Help me, Lord, to watch and pray—
That I never more may flee
From the rest that 's found in thee.

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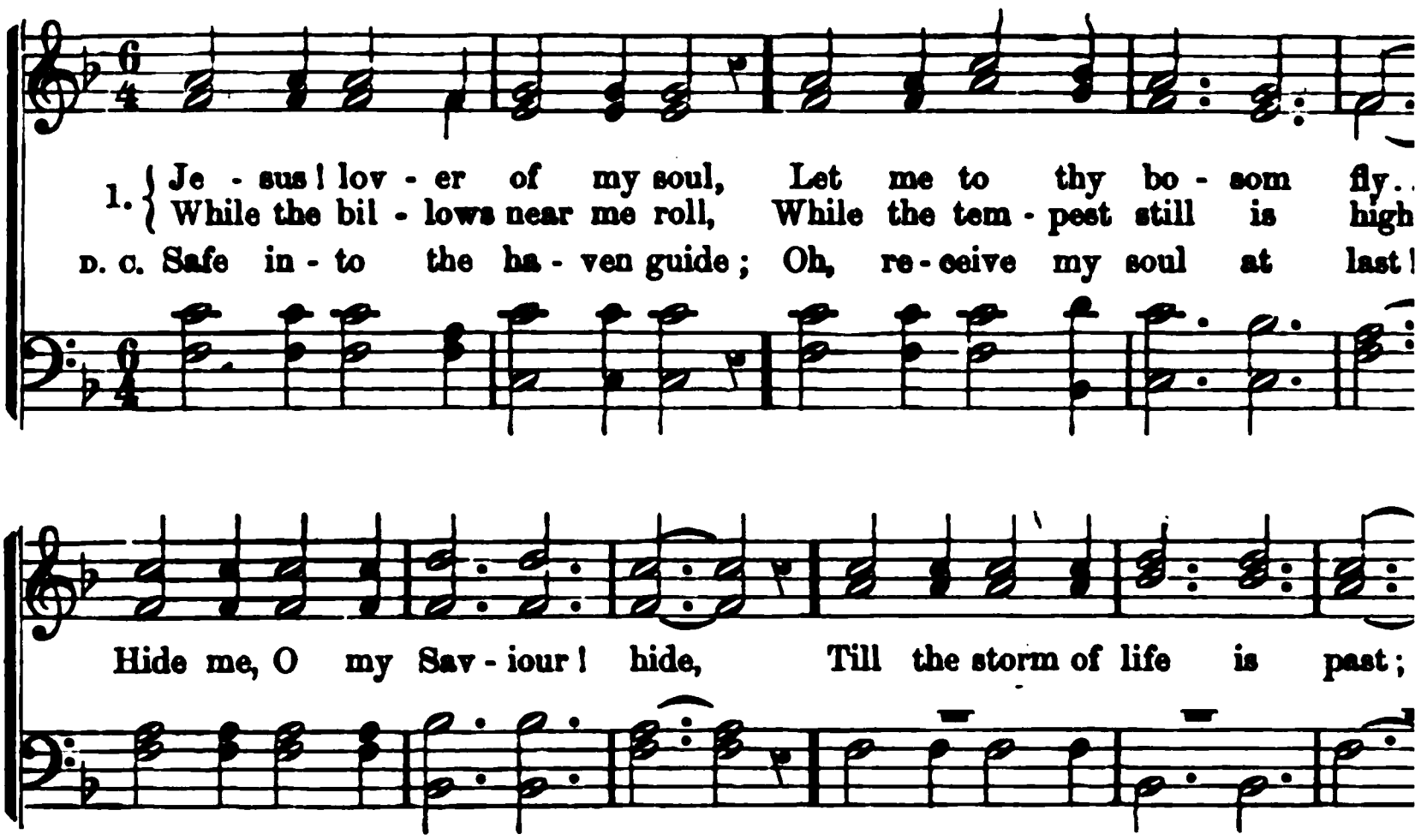

605 *Ps. 57 : 1.* C. WESLEY.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

606 *Deut. 32 : 31.*

LORD, thou art my rock of stren
And my home is in thine arm
Thou wilt send me help at lengt
And I feel no wild alarms:
Sin nor death can pierce the shie
Thy defence has o'er me throw
Up to thee myself I yield,
And my sorrows are thine own

2 When my trials tarry long
Unto thee I look and wait;
Knowing none, though keen and s
Can my trust in thee abate;
And this faith I long have nursed
Comes alone, O God, from thee
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

3 Let thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to thee
In the peace thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally!
Be my all: in all I do,
Let me only seek thy will;
Let my heart to thee be true
And thus peaceful, calm, and

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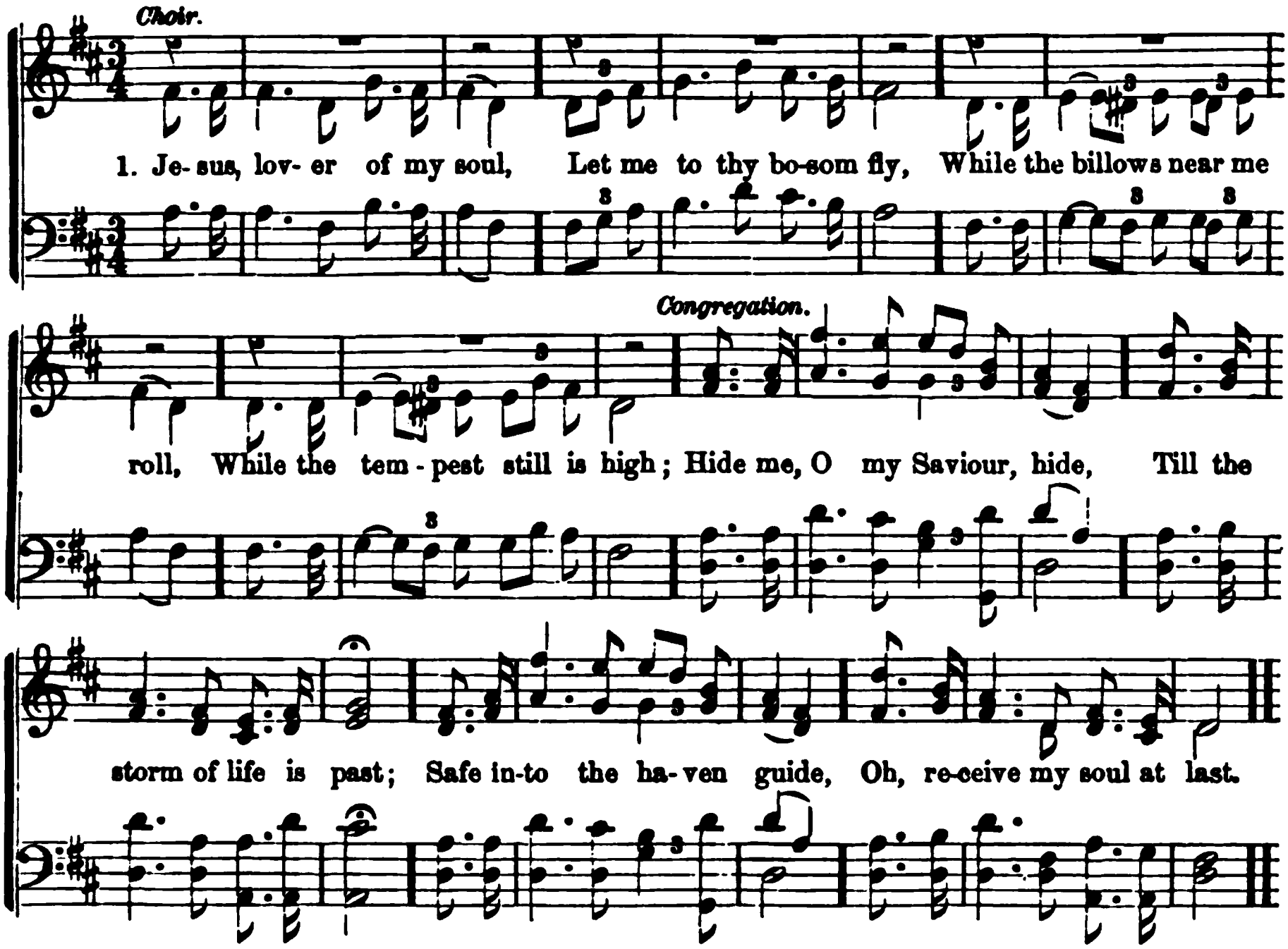


607 *Ps. 31 : 3.* HASTINGS.

JESUS, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child:
On no other arm but thine
Would my weary soul recline;
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live—
Guide the wanderer, day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see,
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Hast thou made me truly thine?
Hast thou bought me by thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me thine own image bear;
Let me love thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

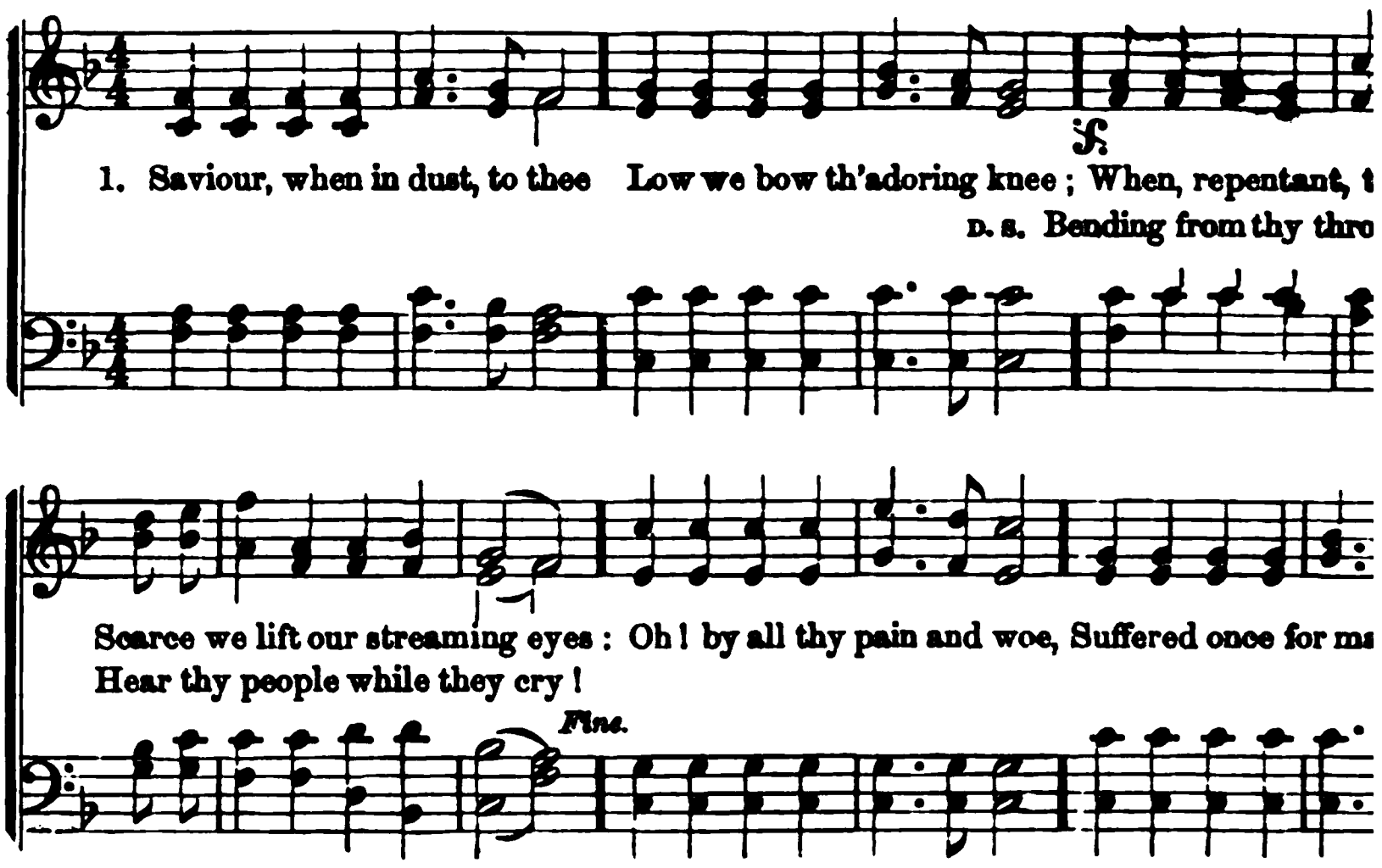
608 *Matt. 11 : 28.* NEWTON

DOES the Gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be?
Then, my soul, advance thy claim—
Sure that promise speaks to thee!
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without;—
All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace,
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast!

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.



609 *The Litany.* GRANT.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes :
Oh ! by all thy pain and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear thy people while they cry.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness :
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear thy people while they cry.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn ;
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries ;
By thy perfect sacrifice ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear thy people while they cry.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save ;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restor
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear thy people while they cr

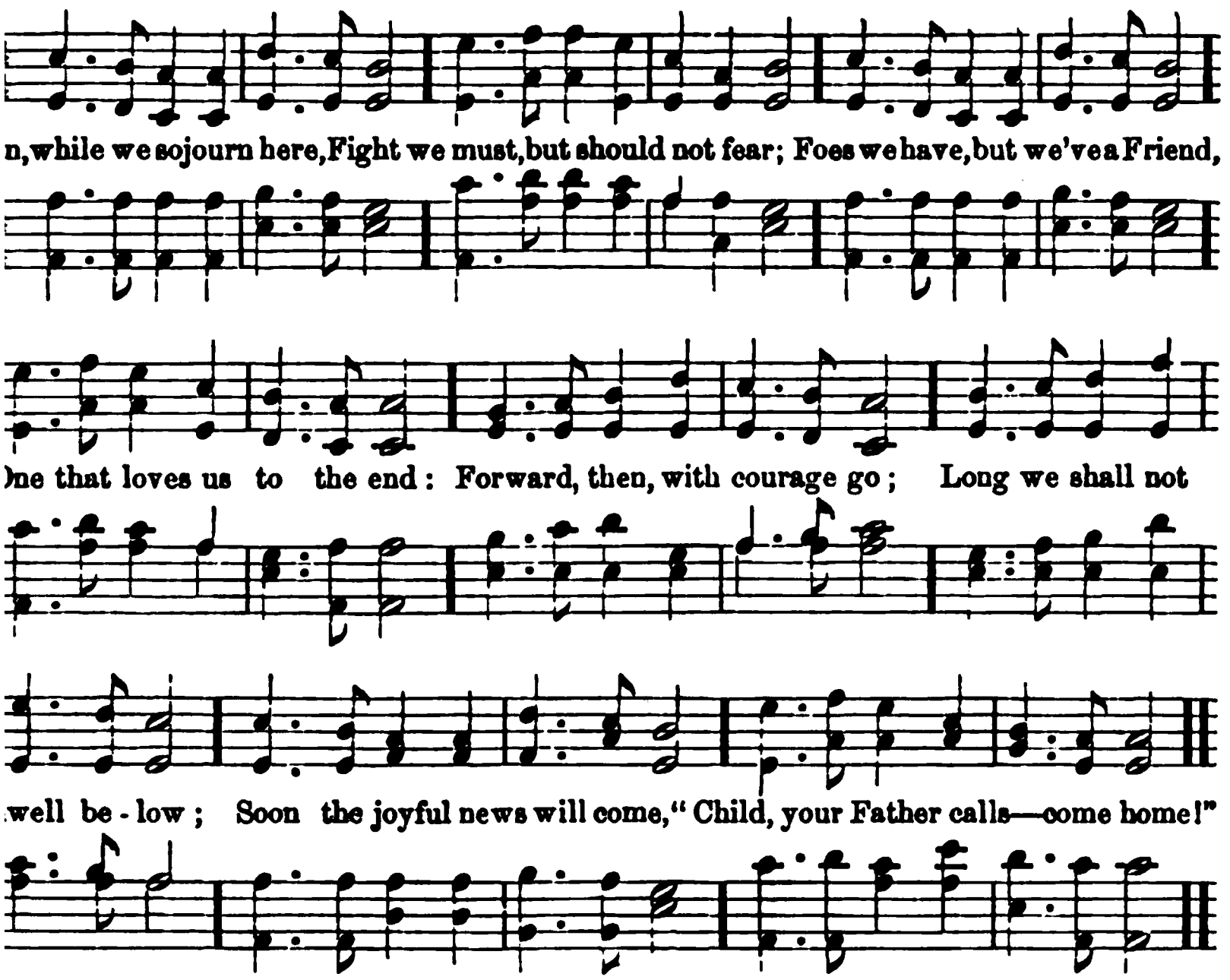
610 *2 Cor. 7 : 5.*

OH, this soul, how dark and bli
Oh, this foolish, earthly mind !
Oh, this froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still !
Oh, these ever-roaming eyes,
Upward that refuse to rise !
Oh, these wayward feet of mine
Found in every path but thine !

2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless kn
Hands so seldom clasped to the
Longings of the soul, that go
Like the wild wind, to and fro !
To and fro, without an aim,
Turning idly whence they came,
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
Only adding weariness !

3 Giver of the heavenly peace !
Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease
Minister thy holy balm ;
Fill me with thy Spirit's calm :
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the
Leave me not in sin to stay ;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt

ESSIAH. 7s. D.



2 Cor. 7 : 5. ANON.

:EN, while we sojourn here,
'e must, but should not fear;
e have, but we 've a Friend,
ıt loves us to the end:
l, then, with courage go;
e shall not dwell below;
ıe joyful news will come,
your Father calls—come home!"

way a thousand snares
take us unawares;
with malicious art,
s each unguarded part:
)m Satan's malice free,
hall soon victorious be;
ıe joyful news will come,
your Father calls—come home!"

all the foes we meet,
) oft mislead our feet,
etray us into sin
e foes that dwell within;
nothing spoil our peace,
hall also conquer these;
e joyful news will come,
your Father calls—come home!"

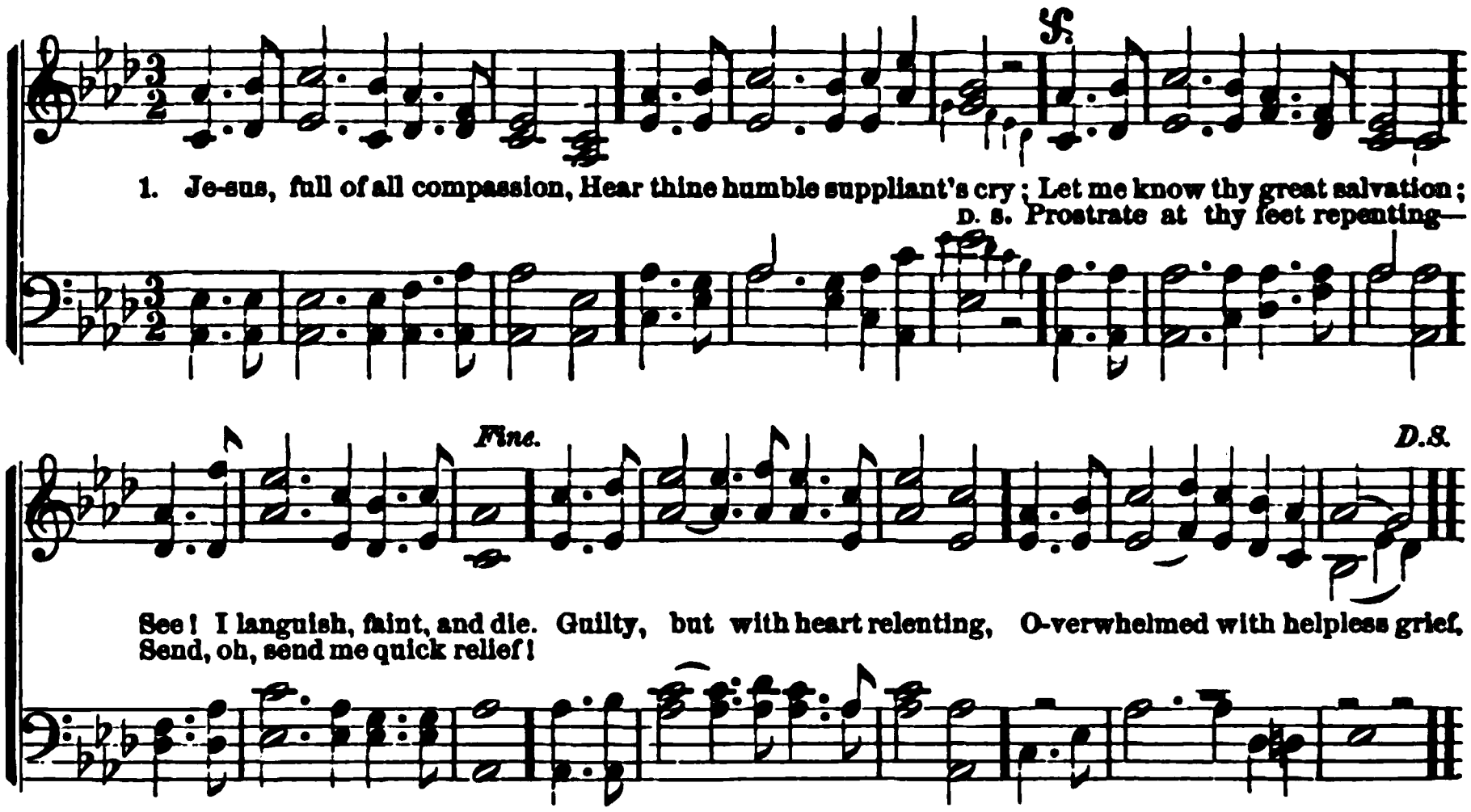
612 *1 Cor. 12 : 27.* ANON.

WHEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear:
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to thy people's moan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang thy members bear:
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gates of heaven;
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.



613 *Ps. 103 : 13.* TURNER.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thine humble suppliant's cry:
Let me know thy great salvation;
See! I languish, faint, and die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, oh, send me quick relief!

2 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the curséd tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
Thou didst suffer thus for me.

3 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
"Here's a soul that perished, sueing
For the Saviour's boasted aid!"
Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

614 *Ps. 42 : 5.* ANON.

LONE, amidst the dead and dying,
Lord, my spirit faints for thee;
Longing, thirsting, drooping, sighing,—
When shall I thy presence see?
Oh, how altered my condition!
Late I led a joyous throng;
Looked my heart for full fruition,
Flowed my lips with grateful song.

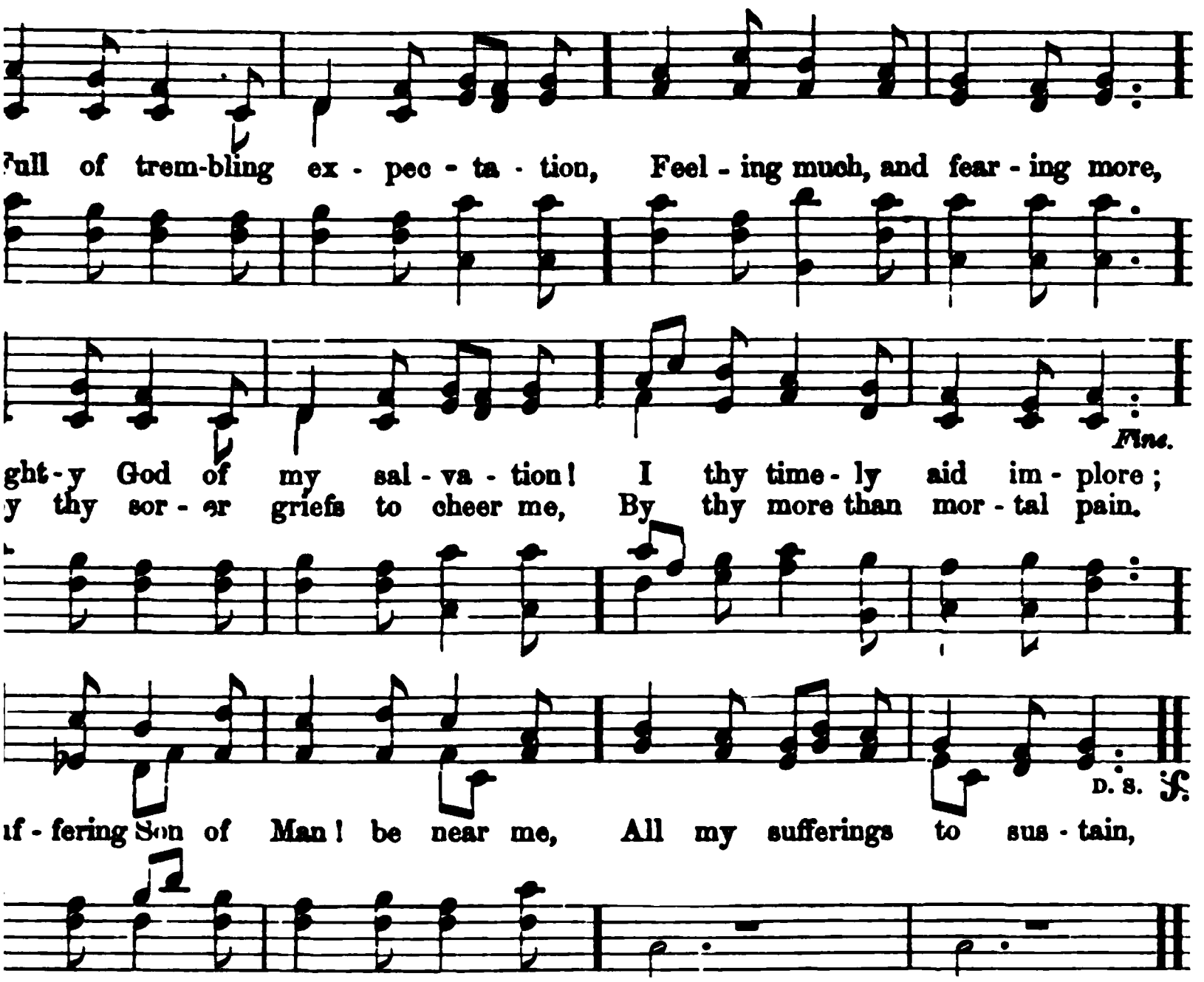
2 Now the storm goes wildly o'er me,
Waves on waves my soul confound;
Naught but boding fears before me,
Naught but threatening foes around.
Save me, save me, O my Father!
To thy faithful word I cling;
Thence, my soul! thy comfort gather;
Hope! and thou again shalt sing.

615 *Ps. 85 : 6.* CODNER.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me!
Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Lost and sinful though I be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.

2 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me!
Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

AYLORD. 8s & 7s. D.



Heb. 2 : 18. C. WESLEY.

f trembling expectation,
ng much, and fearing more,
God of my salvation!
timely aid implore;
ıg Son of Man! be near me,
ny sufferings to sustain,
sorer griefs to cheer me,
hy more than mortal pain.

mind that unknown anguish,
ıy days of flesh below;
thy troubled soul did languish
er a whole world of woe;
thou didst our curse inherit,
ın beneath our guilty load,
ıed with a wounded spirit,
séd by the wrath of God.

most severe temptation,
ıat dark, satanic hour;
last mysterious passion,
ın me from the adverse power!
fainting in the garden,
hy bloody sweat, I pray,
ıpon my heart the pardon,
my sins and fears away.

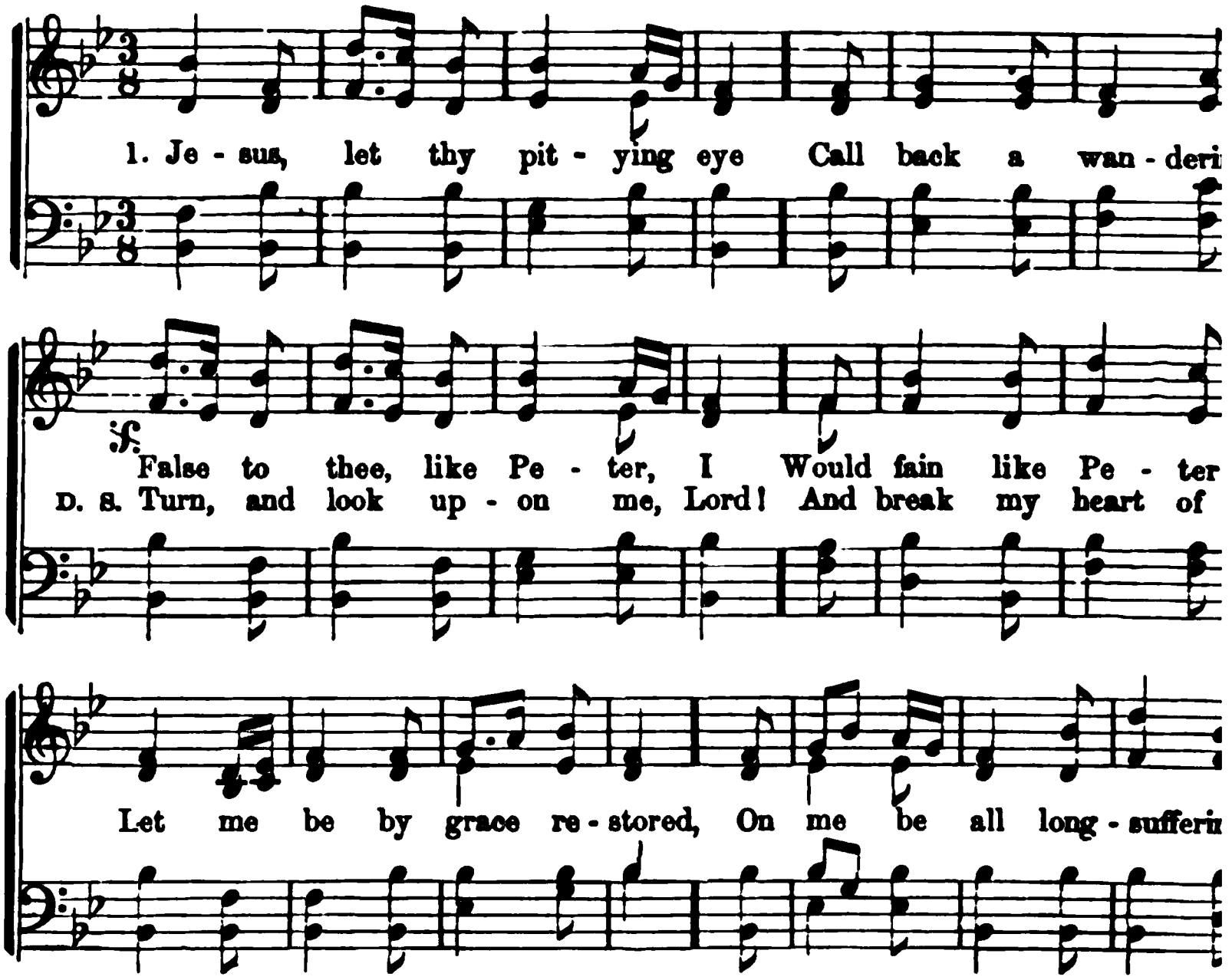
617 *Ps. 51 : 10.* RAY PALMER.

TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through thy Son
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;
Father, take me! all forgiving
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest!

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.



618 *Matt. 26 : 75.* C. WESLEY.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep!
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Beam from thy gracious eye:
If thy mercies now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

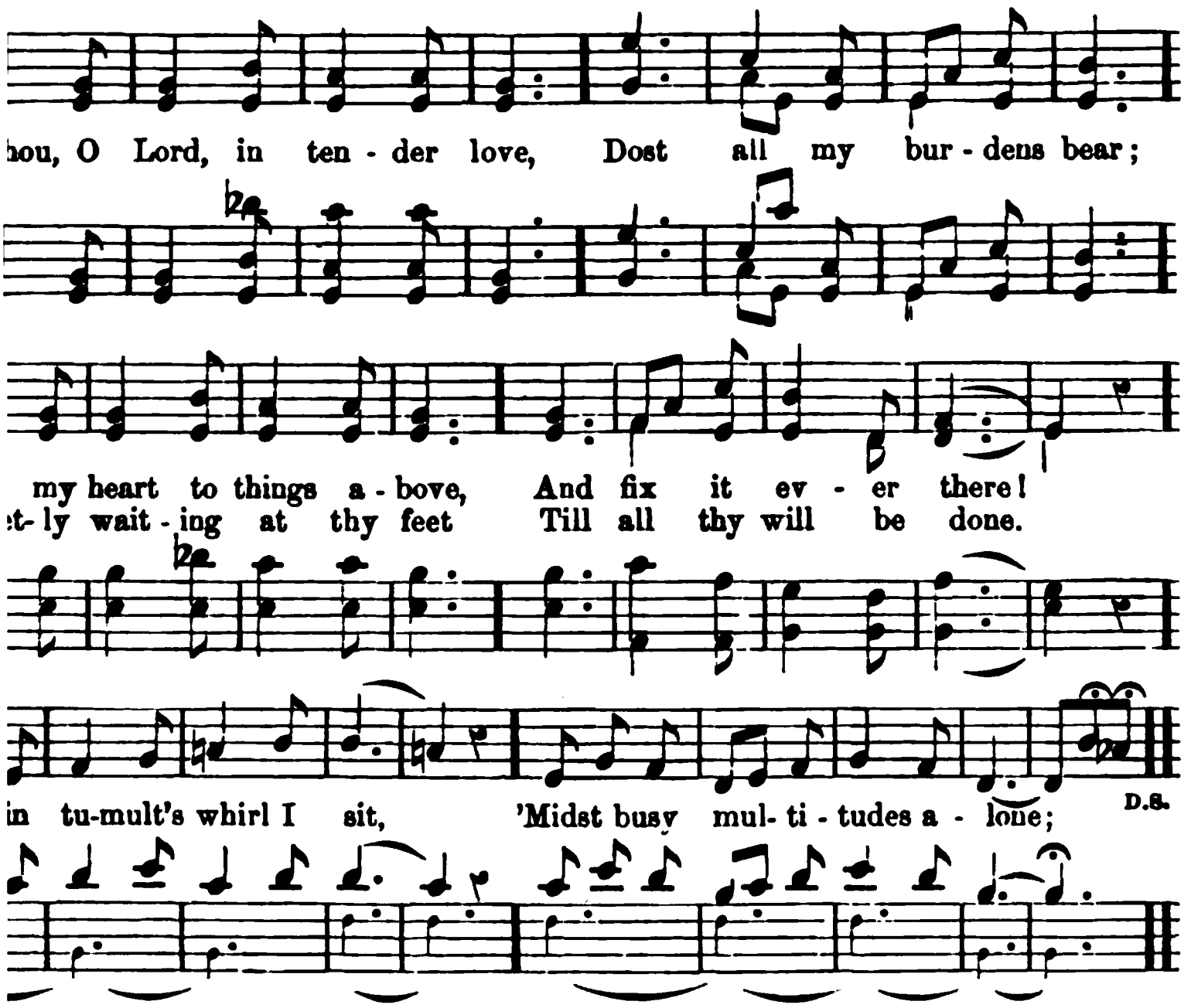
619 *1 Cor. 2 : 2.*

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his b
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth an
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'T is all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Victim died
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

NNAN. 7s, 6s & 8s.



1 Pet. 5 : 7. C. WESLEY.

ord, in tender love,
my burdens bear;
art to things above,
t ever there!
nult's whirl I sit,
sy multitudes alone;
iting at thy feet,
y will be done.

hout care I am,
my happy toil!
ce by Jesus' name,
d by his smile.
my faith to show,
service my reward;
I do below,
the Lord.

rt or the cell,
s blindly fly,
world I dwell,
unspotted, I.
a house of prayer,
I inwardly retire;
nconcerned in care,
onsumed in fire.

621 *1 Tim. 1 : 15.* C. WESLEY.

LET the world their virtue boast,—
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound
Like Jordan's swelling stream;
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him!
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see:—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied;
I shall thy life receive:
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

622 L. M. *Prov. 23 : 26.* STEELE.

JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are!

2 'T is sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
Oh, for one happy, cloudless hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Come, gracious Lord! thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

623 L. M. *Ps. 51.* WATTS.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a sinner seek thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

624 L. M. *Mal. 3 : 7.* DODDRIDGE.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love,
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

625 11s & 5s. *Ps. 130 : 1.* BOWRING.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;
Forgive its weakness!

2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us:
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts us:
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

3 Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

5 Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower escaped through death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

626 L. M. *Ps. 42 : 2.* C. WESLEY.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee—
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out—
A helpless soul that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be;
And let me find my all in thee.

M. *Ps. 106 : 4.* JONES VERY.

hou not visit me?
plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;
lade of grass I see,
n thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

ıou not visit me?
morning calls on me with cheering tone;
'ery hill and tree
but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

for I need thy love,
: than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
like thy Holy Dove,
let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

hou wilt visit me;
plant, nor trees, thine eye delights so well
n from sin set free,
s spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

M. *Ps. 39 : 13.* WATTS.

ave I sat beneath the sound
ıy salvation, Lord!
l how weak my faith is found,
knowledge of thy word!

'equent thy holy place,
hear almost in vain;
nall a portion of thy grace
nemory can retain!

)ld and feeble is my love!
negligent my fear!
w my hope of joys above!
few affections there!

·od! thy sovereign power impart,
ive thy word success:
hy salvation in my heart,
make me learn thy grace.

ıy forgetful feet the way
leads to joys on high:
nowledge grows without decay,
love shall never die.

629 L. M. *Ps. 13.* WATTS.

How long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
How long my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

2 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts opprest?
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Thy mercy now shall end my grief;
For I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

630 7s. *Ps. 31 : 15.* RYLAND.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;—

3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?—
I resign it to thy will.

631 L. M. *Job 22 : 21.* WATTS.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word shall draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity begone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

632 L.M. *Ps. 130.* WATTS.

FROM deep distress and troubled tho'ts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate:
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

633 L.M. *Ps. 51.* MERRICK.

OH, turn, great Ruler of the skies!
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes;
Nor let the offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdued,—
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

3 Oh, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

634 7s. *Ps. 13.* GOODE.

LORD of mercy, just and kind!
Wilt thou ne'er my guilt forgive?
Never shall my troubled mind,
In thy kind remembrance live?

2 Lord! how long shall Satan's art
Tempt my harassed soul to sin,
Triumph o'er my humbled heart,—
Fears without and guilt within?

3 Lord, my God! thine ear incline,
Bending to the prayer of faith;
Cheer my eyes with light divine
Lest I sleep the sleep of death.

635 L.M. *Ps. 146.* DODDRIDGE.

GOD of my life! through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

636 S.M.D. *1 Thes. 5: 17.* C. WESLEY

I WANT a heart to pray—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

& 4. *Hos. 14 : 5.* HERBERT.

rt lies dead; and no increase
my dull husbandry improve:
thy graces, without cease,
op from above.

w doth every morning fall:
shall the dew outstrip thy Dove?—
w for which earth cannot call,
Drop from above!"

rld is tempting still my heart
a hardness void of love;
venly grace, to cross its art,
op from above!

ne; for thou dost know the way!
to me thou wilt not move,
me where I need not say,
Drop from above!"

M. *Ps. 103 : 13.* LYNCH.

ıe, O Lord, forgivingly!
ever be my friend;
ll, when thou reprovest me,
oof with pity blend.

y me, when weak I fall!
as with saddened eyes
rd look, oh, let thy call
e strengthening me to rise.

, dispersed by mercy bright,
clouds again grow black;
ıange the winds that bring such
ght,
drive the darkness back.

arful striving—let it cease!
ı fervent, fruitful days
ield both promise and increase,
make my growth thy praise.

M. *Ps. 42.* TATE.

ts the hart for cooling streams,
n heated in the chase,
gs my soul, O God, for thee,
thy refreshing grace.

e, my God—the living God,
hirsty soul doth pine;
ıen shall I behold thy face,
ı Majesty divine!

estless, why cast down, my soul?
t God; who will employ
l for thee, and change these sighs
hankful hymns of joy.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul!
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

640 C. M. *Rom. 2 : 4.* STEELE.

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed,
From Jesus to depart.

3 But he for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The deep repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

641 C. M. *2 Cor. 4 : 18.* STEELE.

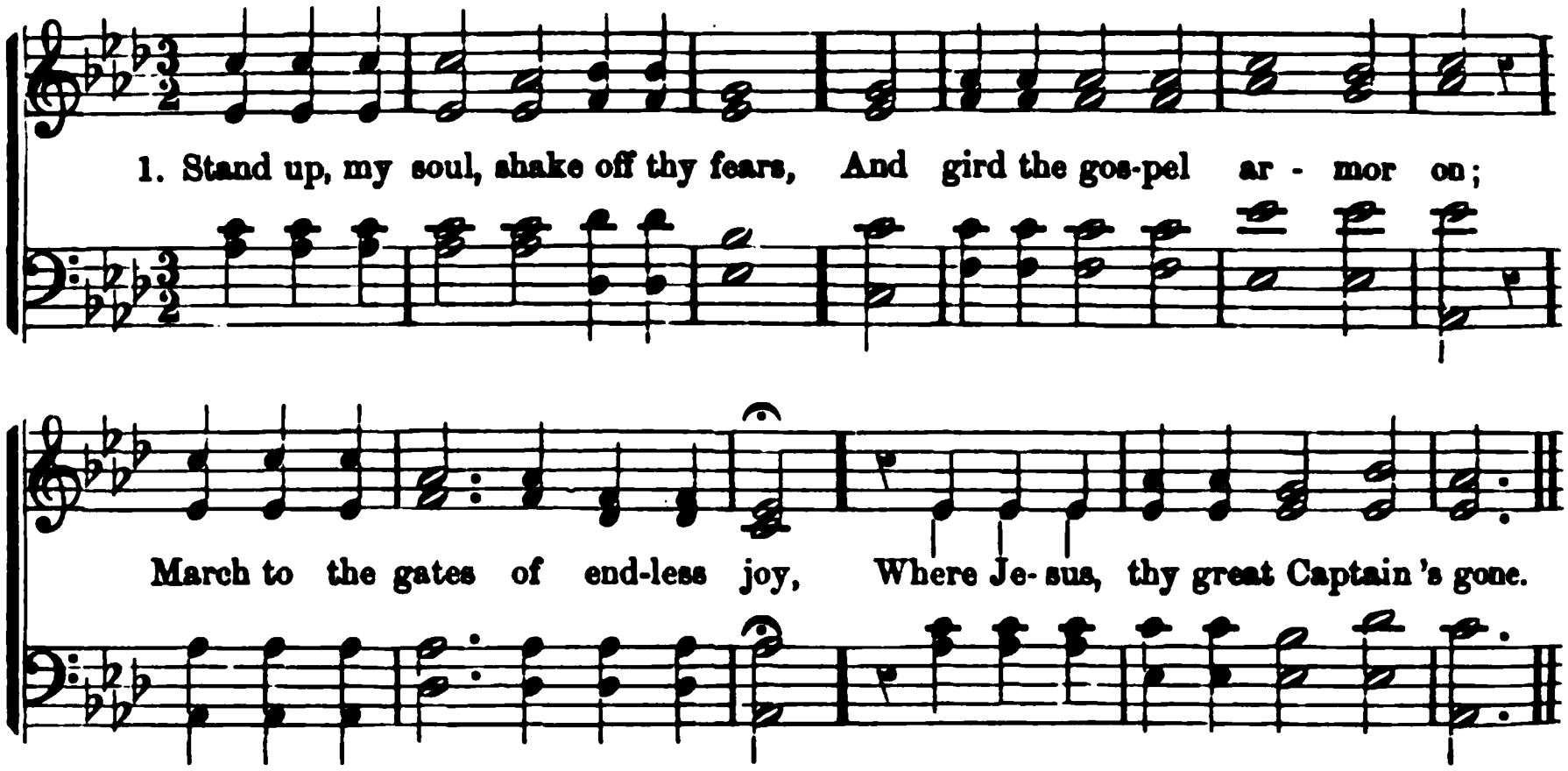
OH! could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds, beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!—

2 There, joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord! send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh! then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



642 *Eph. 6 : 14.* WATTS.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

643 *Isa. 40 : 28-31.* WATTS.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

644 *Eph. 6 : 12.* BARBAULD.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

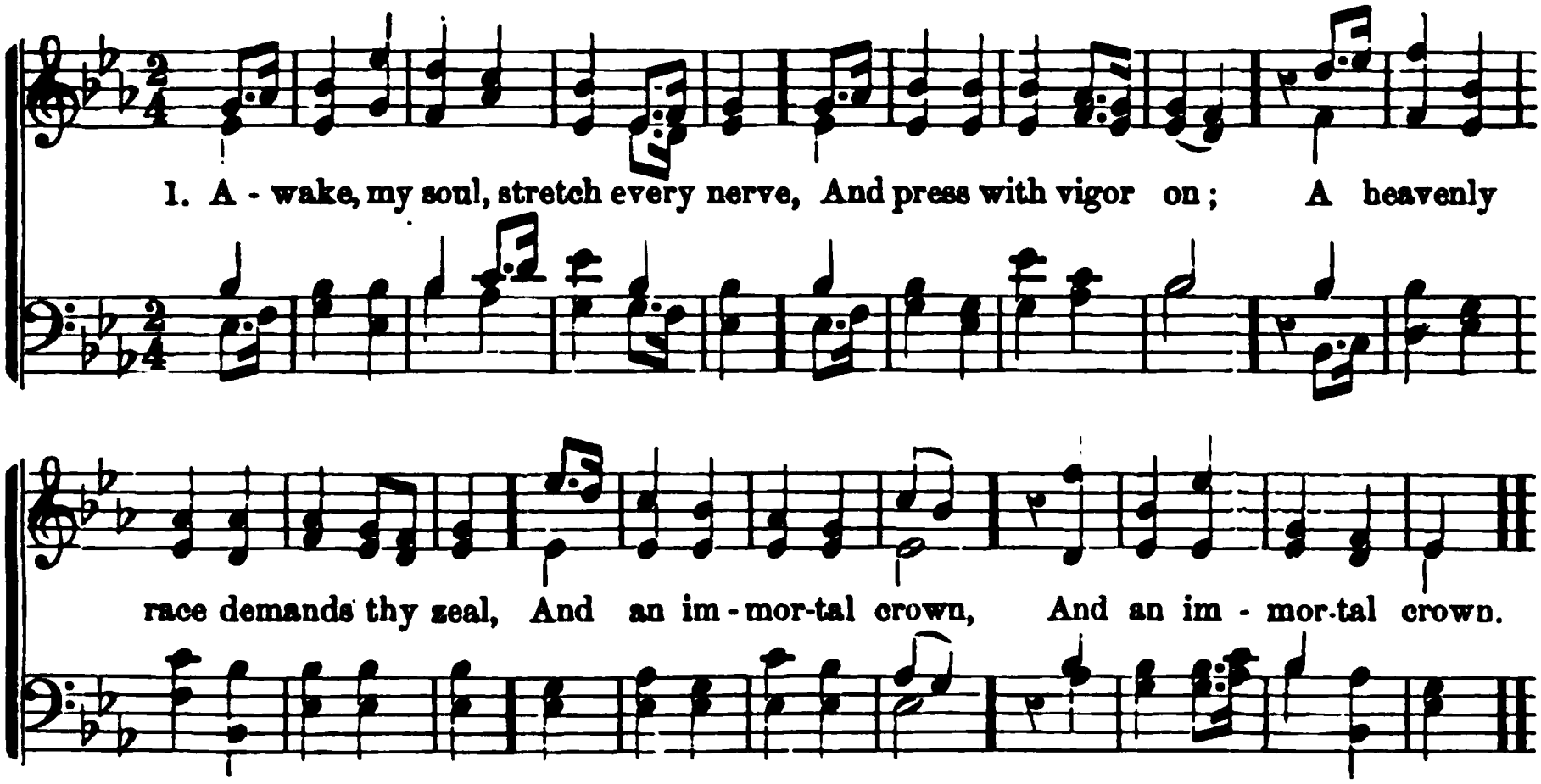
2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part—
But most the traitor in thy heart.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear!

5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.



645 *Phil. 3 : 14.* DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

646 *2 Tim. 2 : 3.* WATTS.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

647 *2 Tim. 1 : 12.* WATTS.

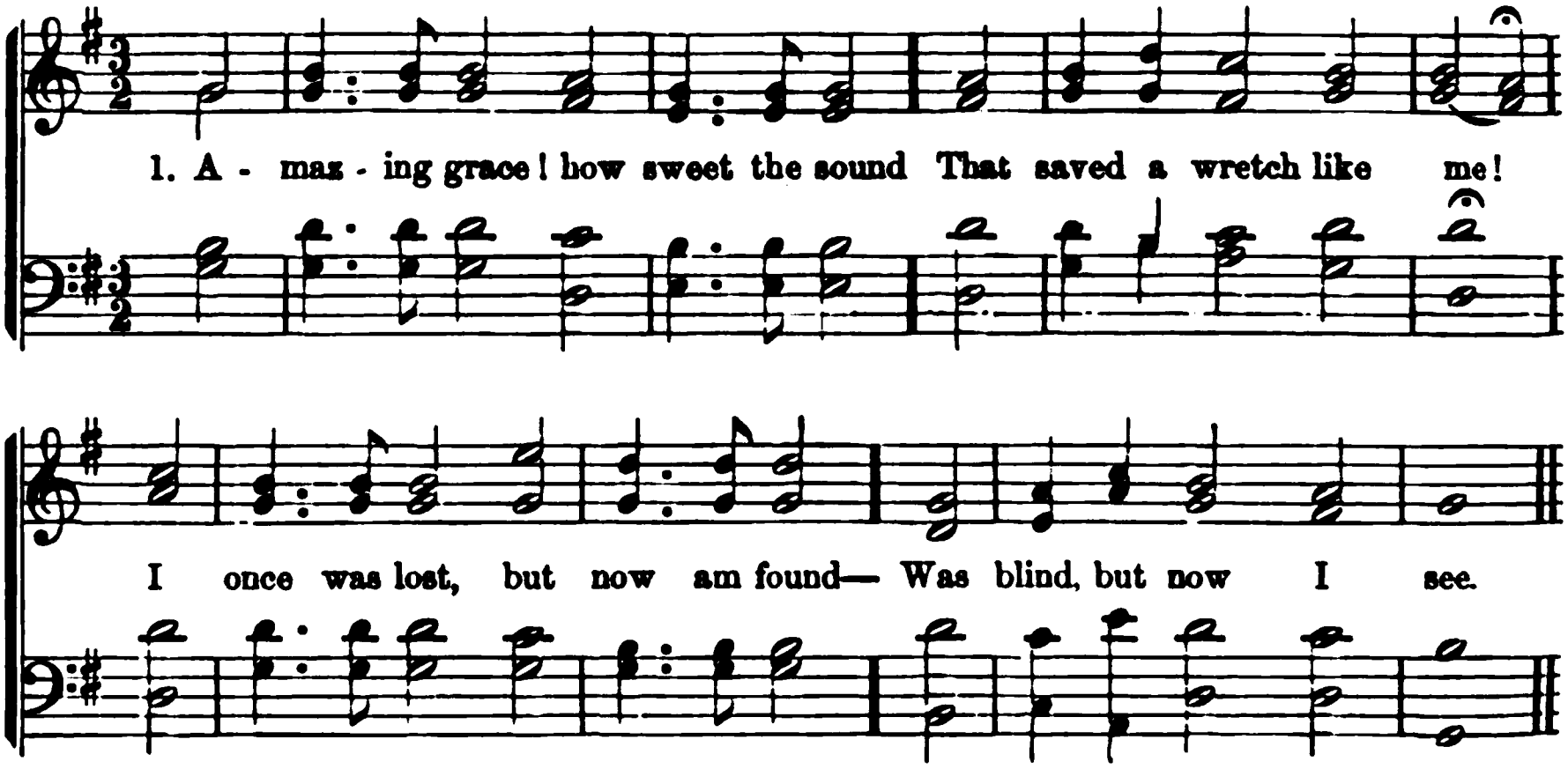
I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



648 *Eph. 2 : 8.* NEWTON.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

649 *Is. 40 : 28-31.* WATTS.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where 's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, or raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot the almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But we who wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

650 *Heb. 11 : 13.* NEEDHAM.

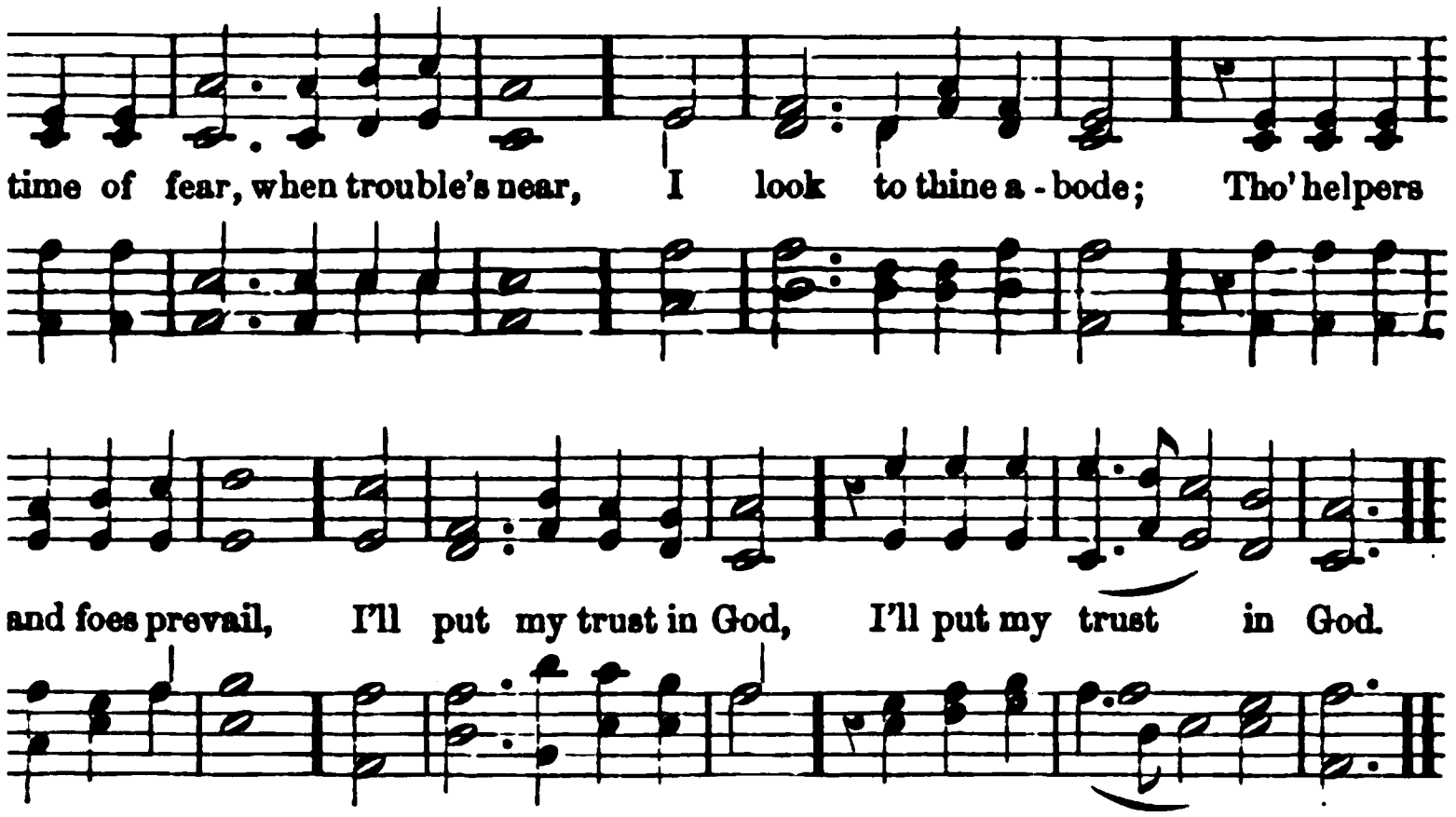
RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blesséd road
That led them safe to heaven.

CADIA. C. M.



Isa. 26 : 3. HASTINGS.

fear, when trouble 's near,
o thine abode;
elpers fail, and foes prevail,
my trust in God.

is life, 'mid toil and strife?
error has the grave?
of power, in peril's hour,
nbling soul will save.

skies, though storms arise,
ot be dismayed:
light, and boundless might,
on thee is stayed!

Isa. 35 : 8-10. DODDRIDGE.

e ransomed of the Lord,
eat Deliverer sing:
is, now for Zion bound,
ul in your King.

divine shall lead you on,
n all the blissful road;
sacred mount you rise,
your gracious God.

lands of immortal joy
oom on every head;
row, sighing, and distress,
adows, all are fled.

in your Redeemer's strength;
his footsteps still;
e prospect cheer your eye
aboring up the hill.

653 *Ps. 76 : 10.* BEDDOME.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

654 *Rom. 8 : 31.* FABER.

GOD'S glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

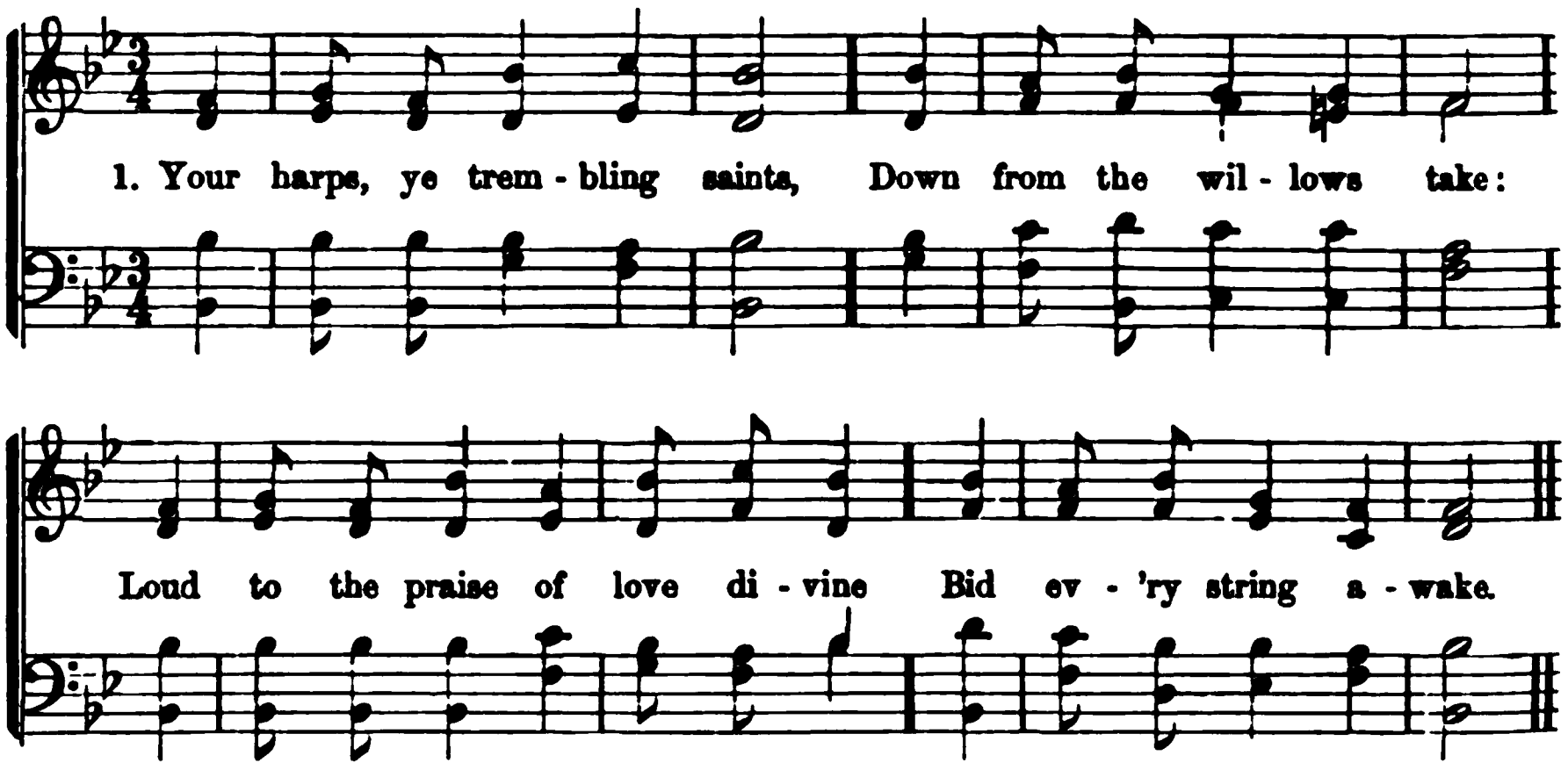
2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

5 And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

OLMUTZ. S. M.



655 *Rom. 13 : 11.* TOPLADY.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O Lord,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

656 *Ps. 37 : 14.* GERHARDT.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

657 *Isa. 54 : 8.* GALLAGHER

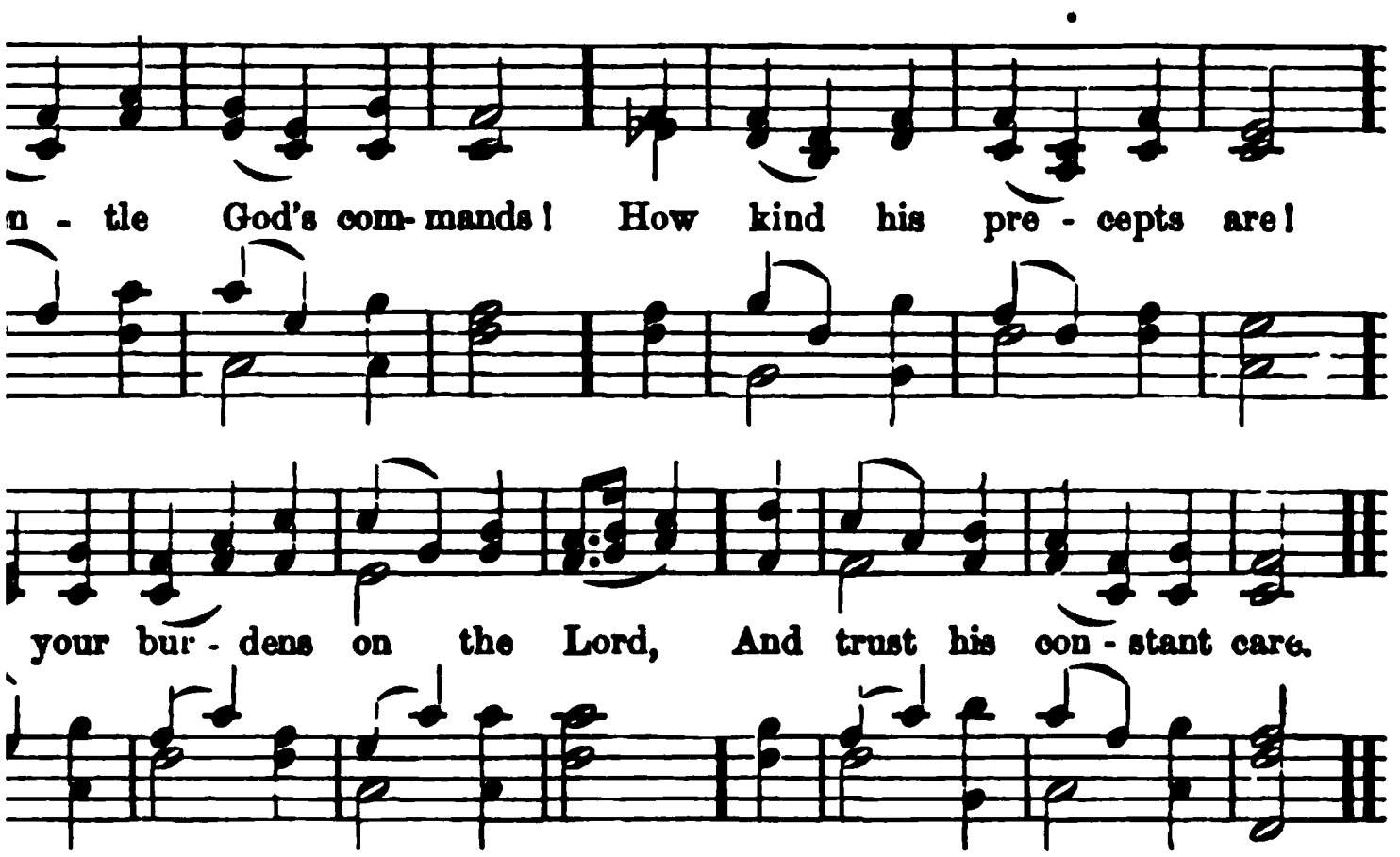
THE sun himself shall fade,
The starry worlds shall fall;
Yet through a vast eternity,
Shall God be all in all.

2 Though now his ways are dark,
Concealed from mortal sight,
His counsels are divinely wise,
And all his judgments right.

3 In God my trust shall stand,
While waves of sorrow roll;
In life or death his name shall be
The refuge of my soul.

4 Cease, cease my tears to flow,
Cease, cease my heart to moan;
Betide what may to me, I'll say
His holy will be done!

IS. S. M.



' *Pet. 5 : 7.* DODDRIDGE.

od's commands!
his precepts are!
our burdens on the Lord,
is constant care.

watchful eye
securely dwell;
ich bears creation up
l his children well.

this anxious load
your weary mind?
heavenly Father's throne,
refreshment find.

stands approved,
l from day to day:
burden at his feet,
song away.

Gen. 22 : 14. SWAIN.

ion's mount,
my starry crown;
earth my hope can shake,
n thrust me down.

s and towers,
eir heads on high,
veled low in dust—
names shall die.

eavens shall fall,
hovah's hands;
an the heavens, the Rock
ation stands!

660 *Ps. 126 : 5.* BURGESS.

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

661 *Rev. 21 : 3, 4.* ANON.

THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.

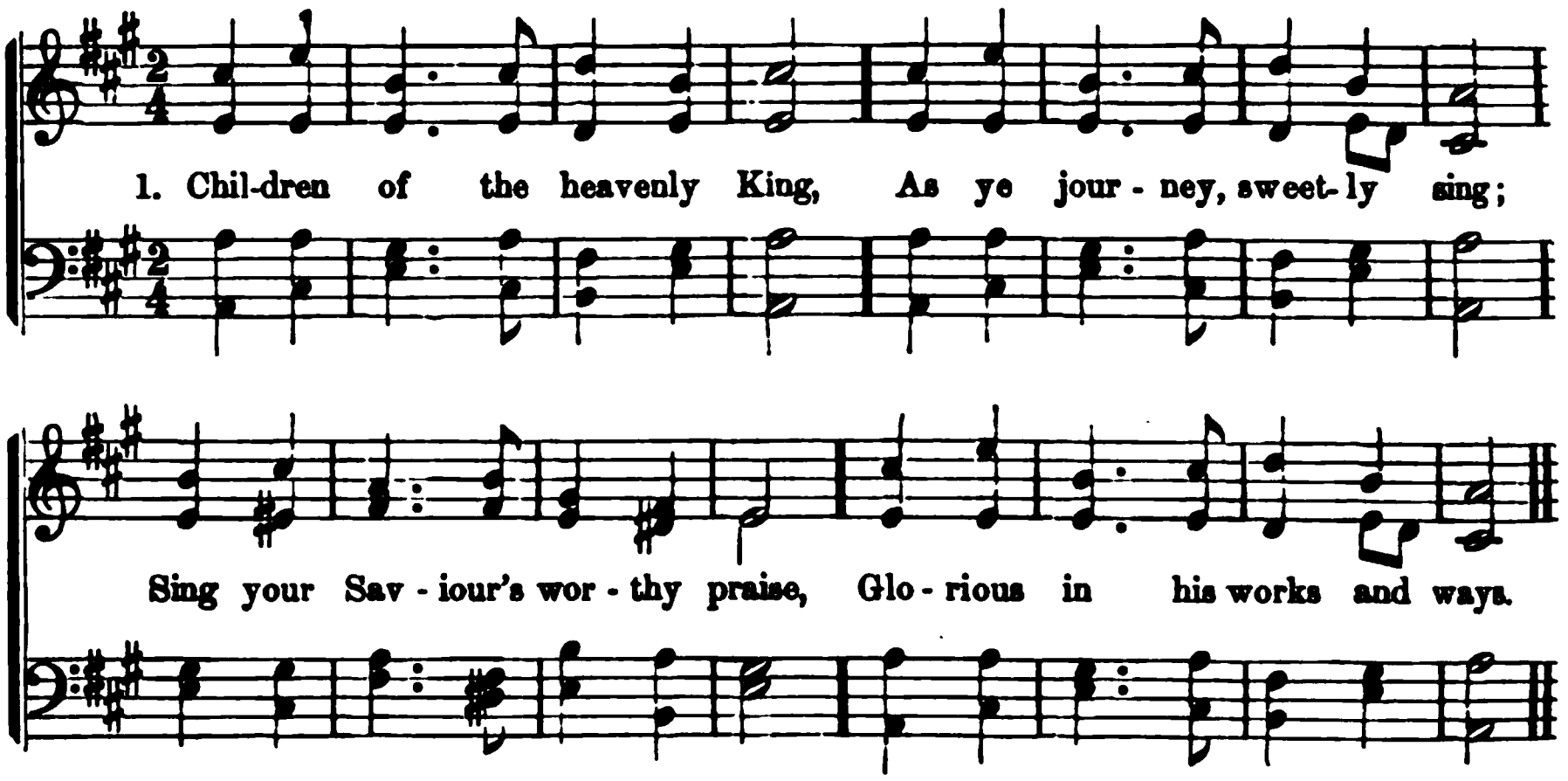
2 'T is conflict here below;
'T is triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'T is gloom and darkness here;
'T is light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing;
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



662 *Isa. 35 : 8-10.* CENNICK.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

663 *Acts 4 : 19, 20.* LOWELL.

THEY are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think.

2 They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

664 *1 Tim. 6 : 12.* H. K. WHITE.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight; and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not: much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians—will ye yield!
Will ye quit the battle-field?
Fight till all the conflict 's o'er,
Nor your foes shall rally more.

4 But, when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

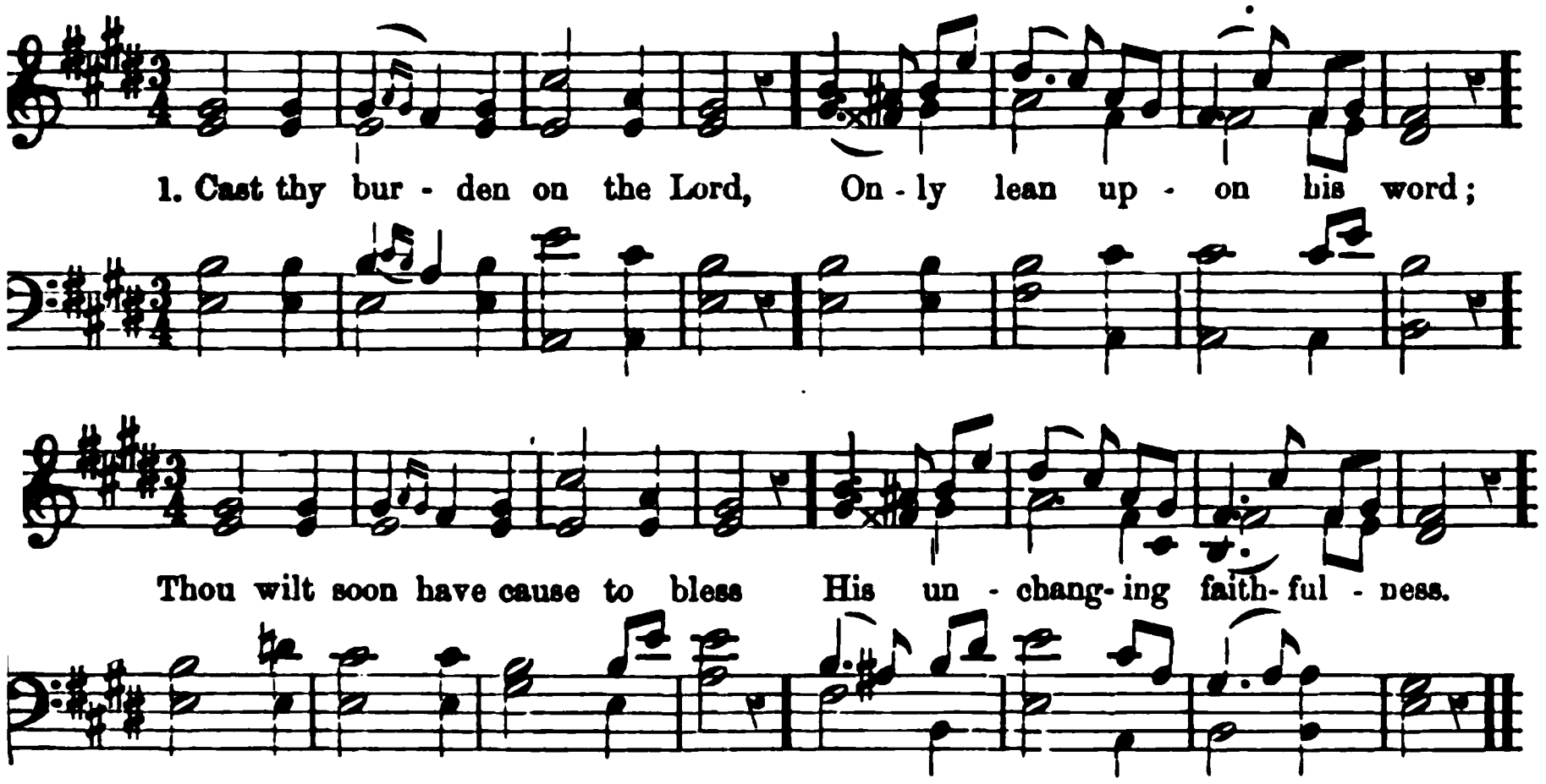
665 *Eph. 6 : 13.* MAITLAND.

CHRISTIAN, let your heart be glad!
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight! nor think the battle long;
Victory soon will tune your song.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Onward then to battle move!
More than conqu'ror you shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldier, onward go!

WELD. 7s.



666 *1 Pet. 5 : 7.* R. HILL.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

667 *Rev. 2 : 10.* ANON.

FAINT not, Christian! though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ thy Guide will bring thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage,
Gird on faith's anointed shield,—
Bear it to the battle-field.

3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian; though within
There 's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all;
He 'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! Jesus near
Soon in glory will appear;
And his love will then bestow
Power to conquer every foe.

6 Faint not, Christian! look on high;
See the harpers in the sky:
Patient, wait, and thou wilt join—
Chant with them of love divine.

668 *Deut. 33 : 25.* LLOYD.

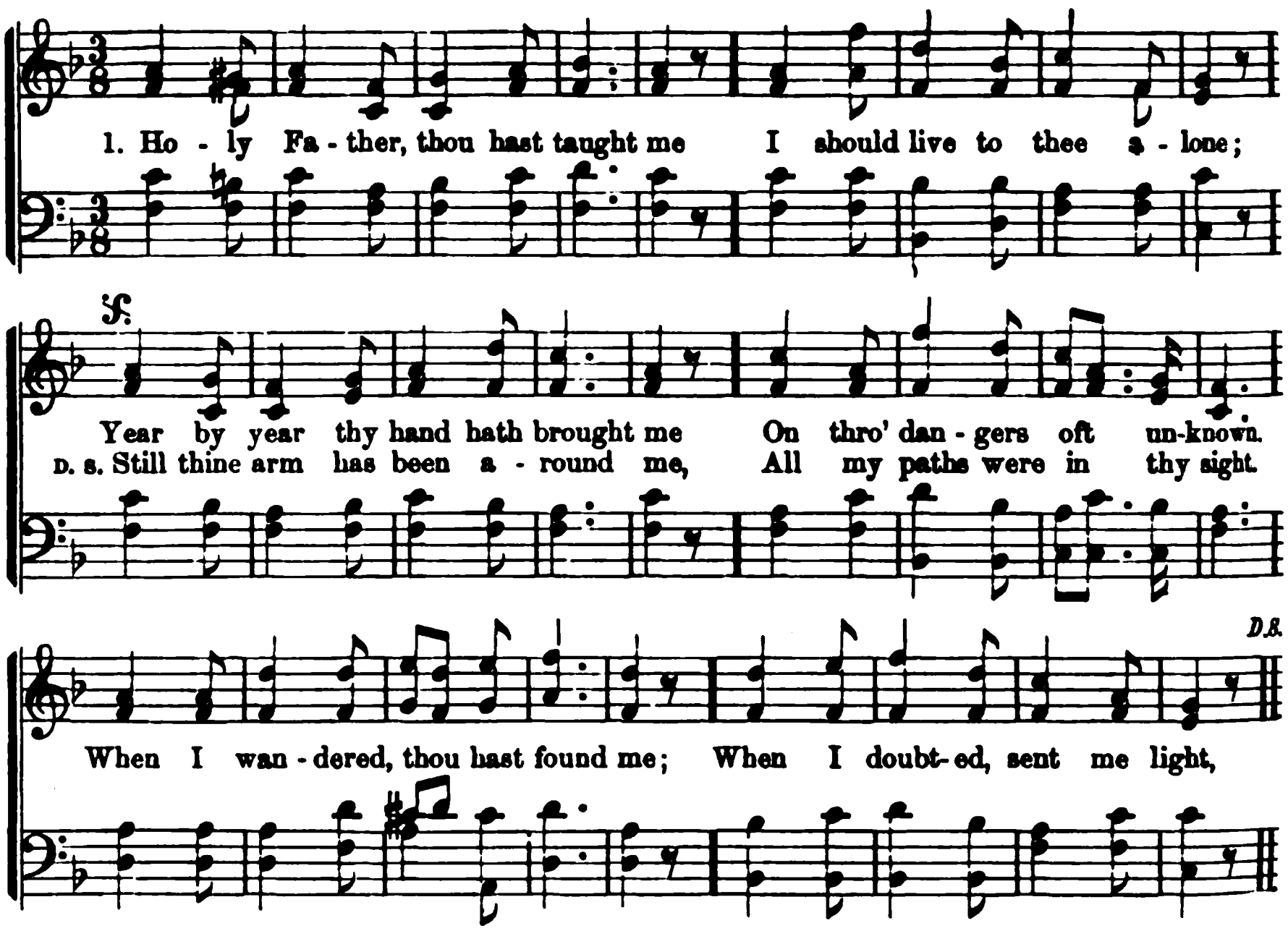
WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I 'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

TRISTE. 8s & 7s. D.



669 *Jer. 3 : 4.* ANON.

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light,
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protection,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy direction,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side!

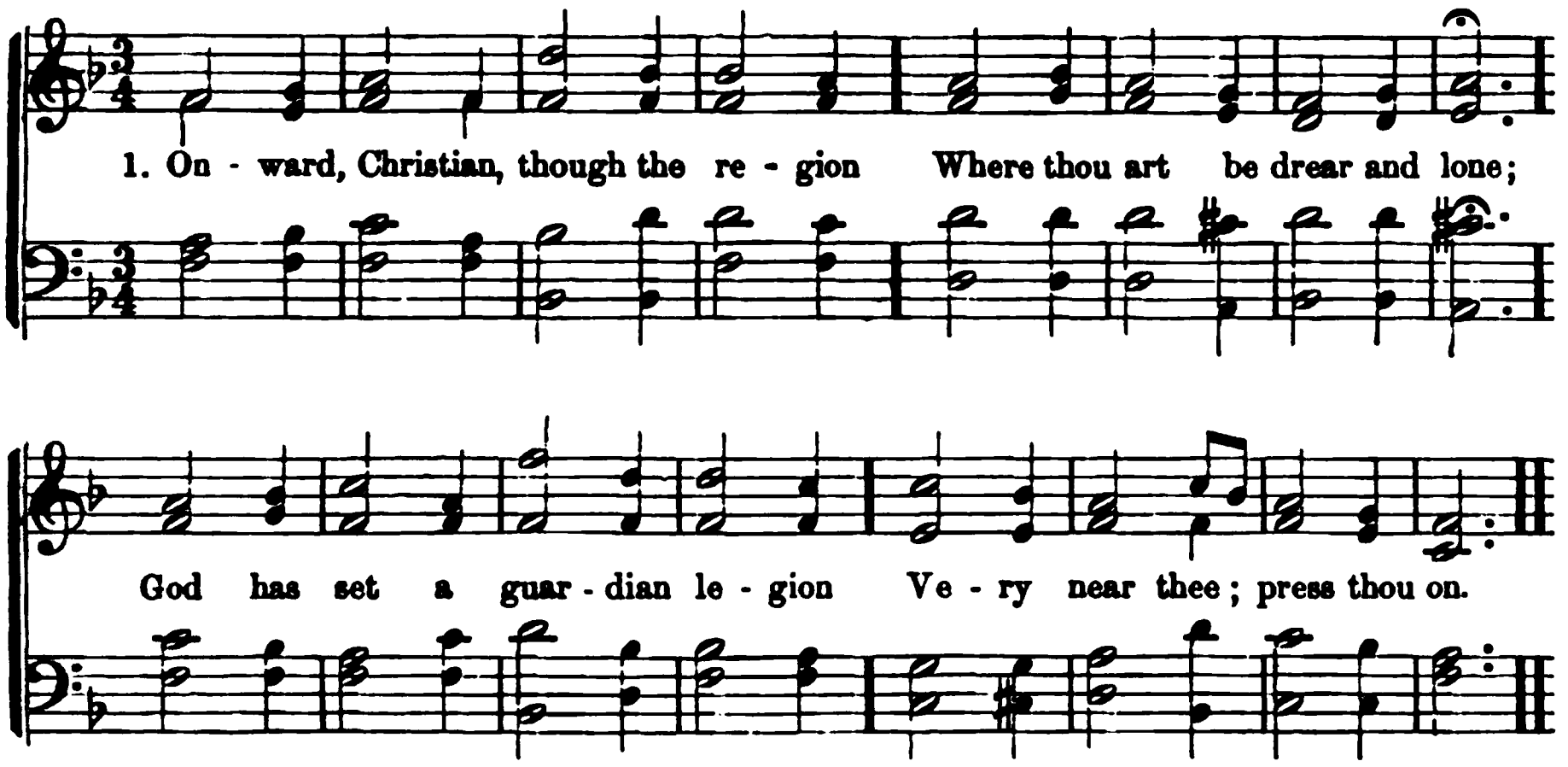
670 *Isa. 60 : 18.* COWPER.

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to-day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God your everlasting Light.

WESTMINSTER. 8s & 7s.



671 *1 Pet. 2 : 21.* JOHNSON.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on.

2 Listen, Christian; their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee; "God is love,"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever; heaven 's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; oh! no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

672 *Gal. 6 : 14.* MORAVIAN.

CROSS, reproach, and tribulation!
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

2 The reproach of Christ is glorious!
Those who here his burden bear,
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.

3 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

4 Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith!
Lift triumphant songs and praises
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

673 *Ps. 91.* MONTGOMERY.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed!

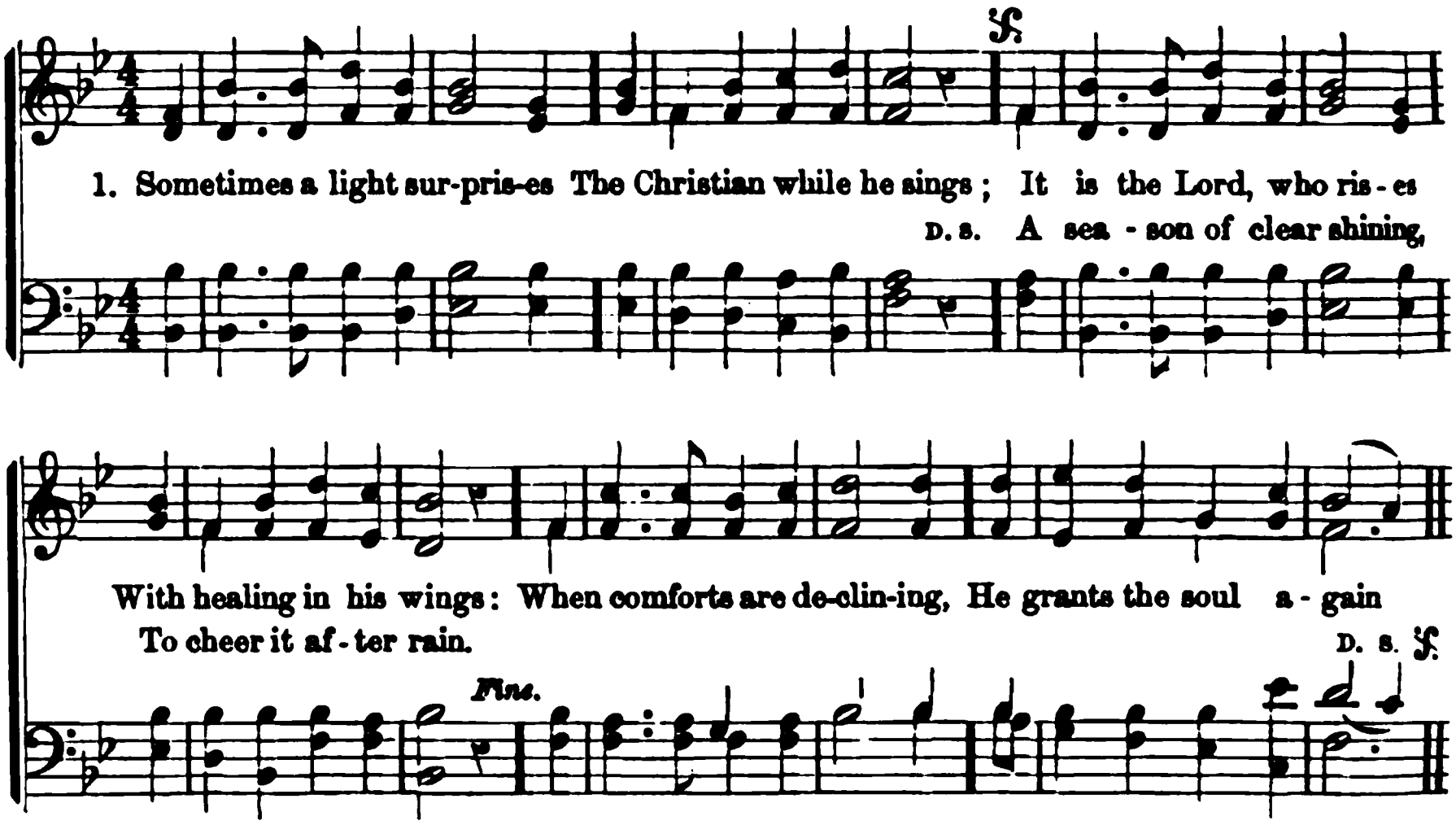
2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Tho' thou walk through hostile regions,
Tho' in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with firm and pure affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.

5 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.



674 *Matt. 6 : 25-34.* COWPER.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

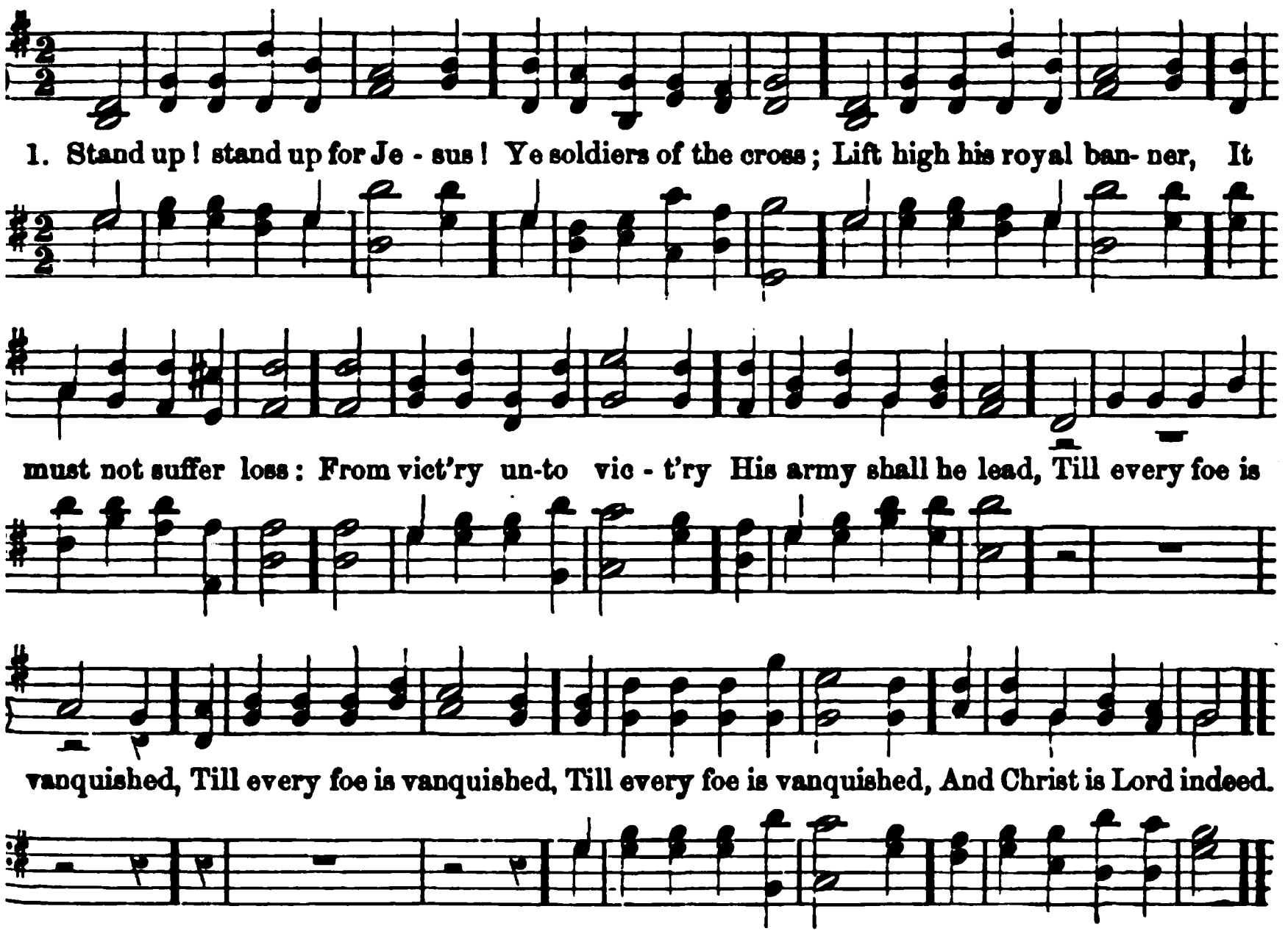
675 *Isa. 26 : 3.* WARING.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s. D.



6 *Eph. 6 : 13.* DUFFIELD.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

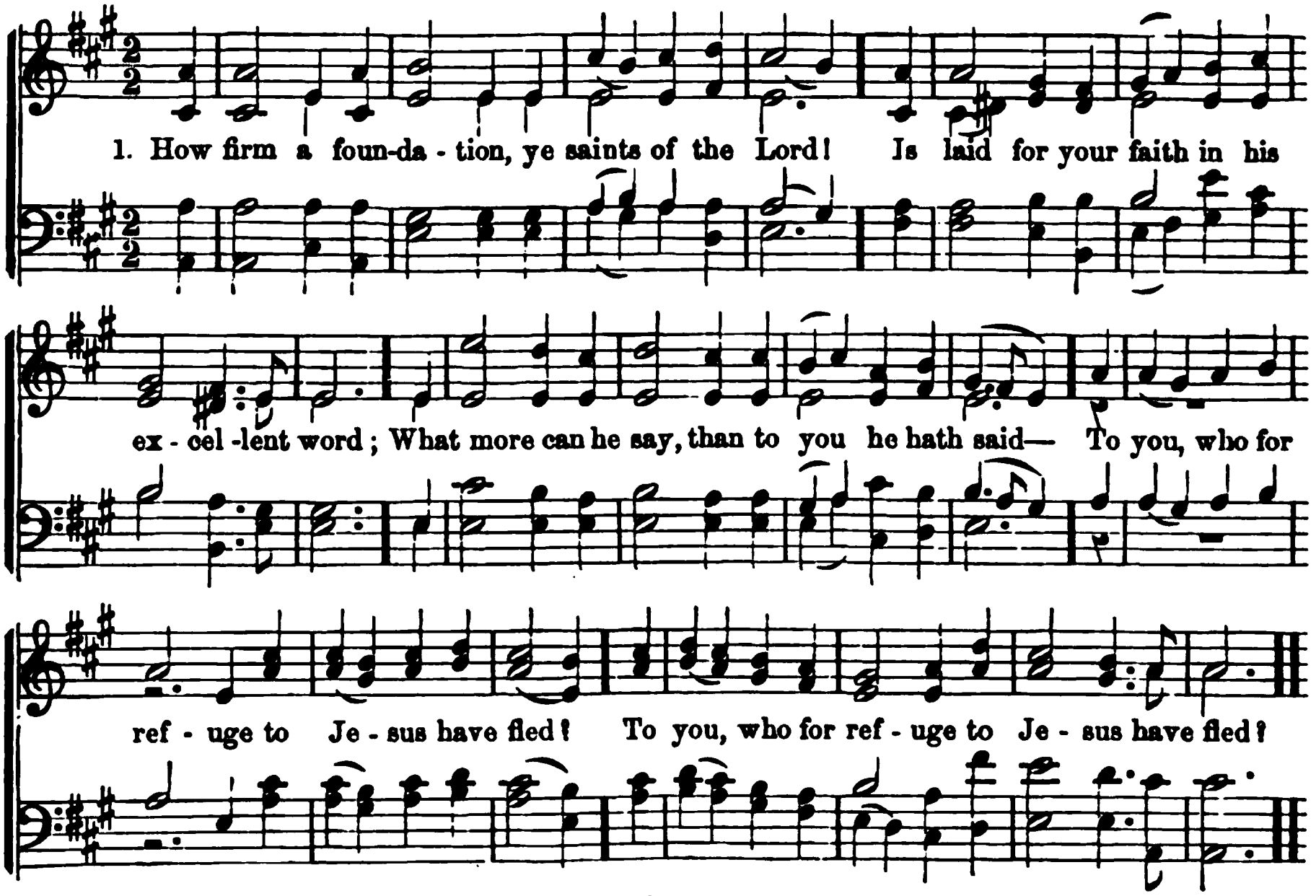
4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

677 *Ps. 27.* MONTGOMERY.

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy day shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace!

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



678 *Heb. 13 : 5.* G. KEITH.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

679 *Mark 4 : 37-41.* GRANT.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave!
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skillful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries;
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land."

680 *Heb. 12 : 2.* ANON.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace [face;
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

681 *Judges 8 : 4.* ANON.

THO' faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads; [feeds!
His flock in the desert how kindly he
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

682 *Ps. 23.* MONTGOMERY.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-neth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God! [above;
Still follow my steps till I meet thee
I seek—by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

683 7s & 6s. *Ps. 77.* MONTGOMERY.

IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord! my feeble cries;
With humble supplication
To thee my spirit flies:
My heart with grief is breaking;
Scarce can my voice complain:
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 Hath God cast off forever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath he his loving-kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No; this is mine own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

3 I call to recollection
The years of his right hand;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand:
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder,
Holy are all thy ways;
The secret place of thunder,
Shall utter forth thy praise.

4 Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw;
They saw thee and they trembled,
Turned, and stood still with awe;
The clouds shot hail,—they lightened,
The earth reeled to and fro;
The fiery pillar brightened
The gulf of gloom below.

5 Thy way is in great waters:
Thy footsteps are not known:
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in thee alone:
Through the wild sea thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore:
Still on the waves thou treadest,
And thy redeemed pass o'er.

684 S. M. D. *Eph. 6 : 13.* C. WESLEY.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

685 S. M. *Ps. 60 : 4.* KELLY.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King!
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

686 C. M. *Isa. 54 : 8.* BOWDLER.

CHILDREN of God, who, faint and slow,
Your pilgrim-path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true!—

2 Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubting mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?

ɪ to know a Saviour's power,
a Father's care;
t's toil, a passing shower,
ıe grief ye share.

›f light, though clouds awhile
de his noon-tide ray,
ı in lovelier beauty smile
the closing day,—

ting through the dusky shroud
ıred his power invest,
ned in light o'er every cloud,
hant to his rest.

ristian, dry the falling tear,
thless doubt remove;
l at last from guilt and fear,
ake thy heart to love.

D. *Exod. 40 : 36–38.* ANON.

he darkening cloud abode,
did Israel rest;
d they till the guiding Lord
htness stood confessed:
spirits! Light of life!
t the cloudy vail!
h in fire amid that night
blackness makes us quail!

! To Christ the power is given;
ls the vail away;
a splendor pours from heaven,
akes our darkness—day!
and follow, all the host,
ry who precedes!
Shechinah, which we boast,
true Canaan leads.

here is jasper-built,
, a golden fire,
rneath the emerald bow
n immortal choir!
r lead us, Lord of light!
h all this wilderness;
glory of that sight
fect are in bliss!

ı *Rom. 13 : 11, 12.* ANON.

, the morn breaks sweetly o'er

the midnight shadows flee,
e the distant skies with glory,
›n-light hung out for thee;

Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee;
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed, and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The height that bounds the promised land:
Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See in what throngs they range the shore!

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray,
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away;
Away! away! leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

689 H. M. *1 Tim. 6 : 12.* MONTGOMERY.

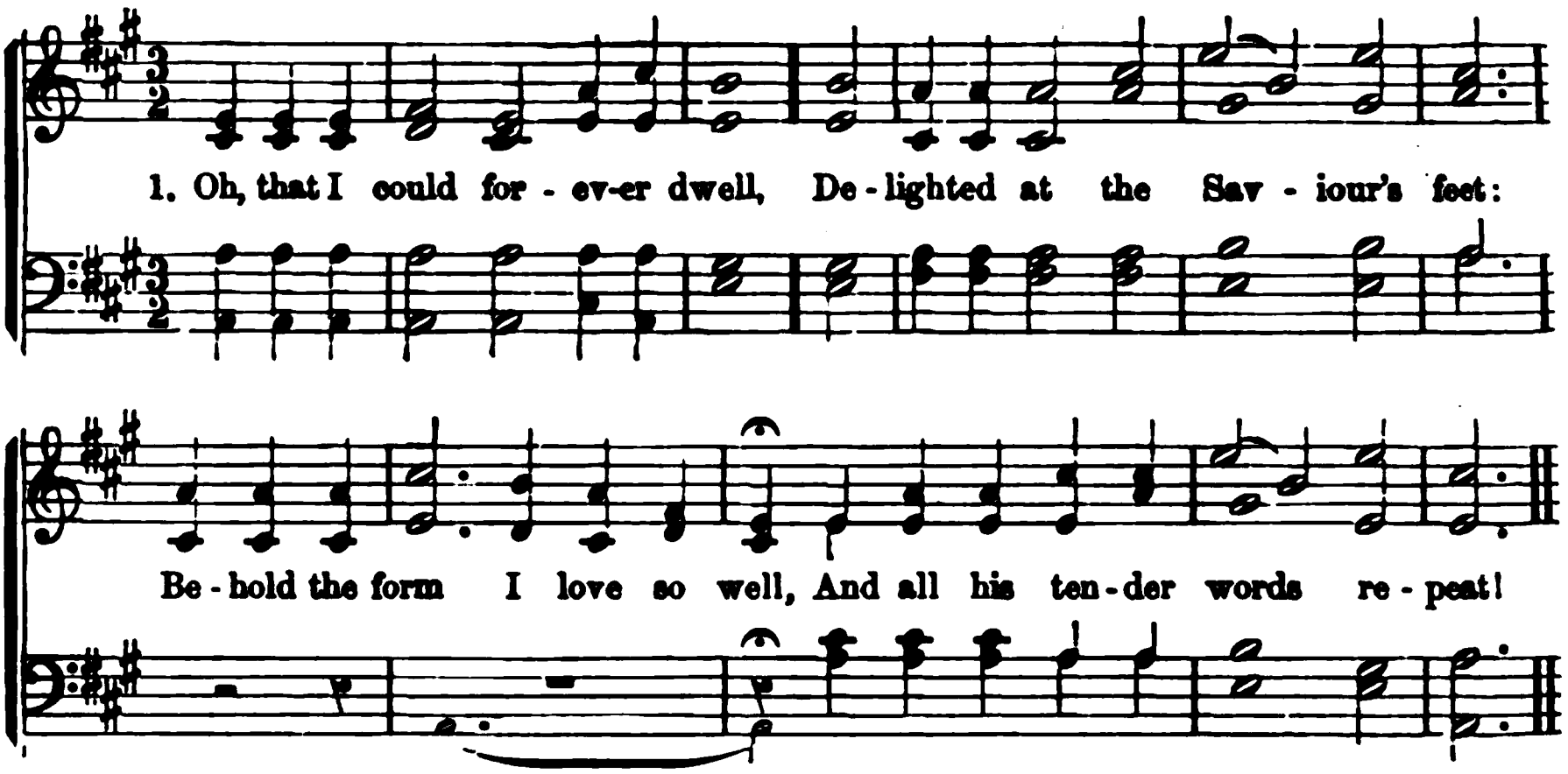
FIGHT the good fight! lay hold
Upon eternal life;
Keep but thy shield,—be bold!
Stand through the hottest strife:
With thy great Captain on the field,
Thou canst not fail, unless thou yield.

2 No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite,
Truth's champion can compel,
However pressed, to flight:
He stands unmoved upon the field;
He cannot fall, unless he yield.

3 Trust in thy Saviour's might;
Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and like him in fight,
By dying conquer death:
And, all-victorious in the field,
Then, with thy sword, thy spirit yield.

4 Great words are these, and strong;
Yet, Lord, I look to thee;
To whom alone belong
Valor and victory:
With thee, my Captain, in the field,
I must prevail—I cannot yield!

WARE. L. M.



690 *Luke 10 : 39.* REED.

OH, that I could forever dwell,
Delighted at the Saviour's feet;
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,—
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;

4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake.

691 *Luke 24 : 29.* KEBLE.

SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

692 *Isa. 7 : 14.* RAY PALMER.

OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

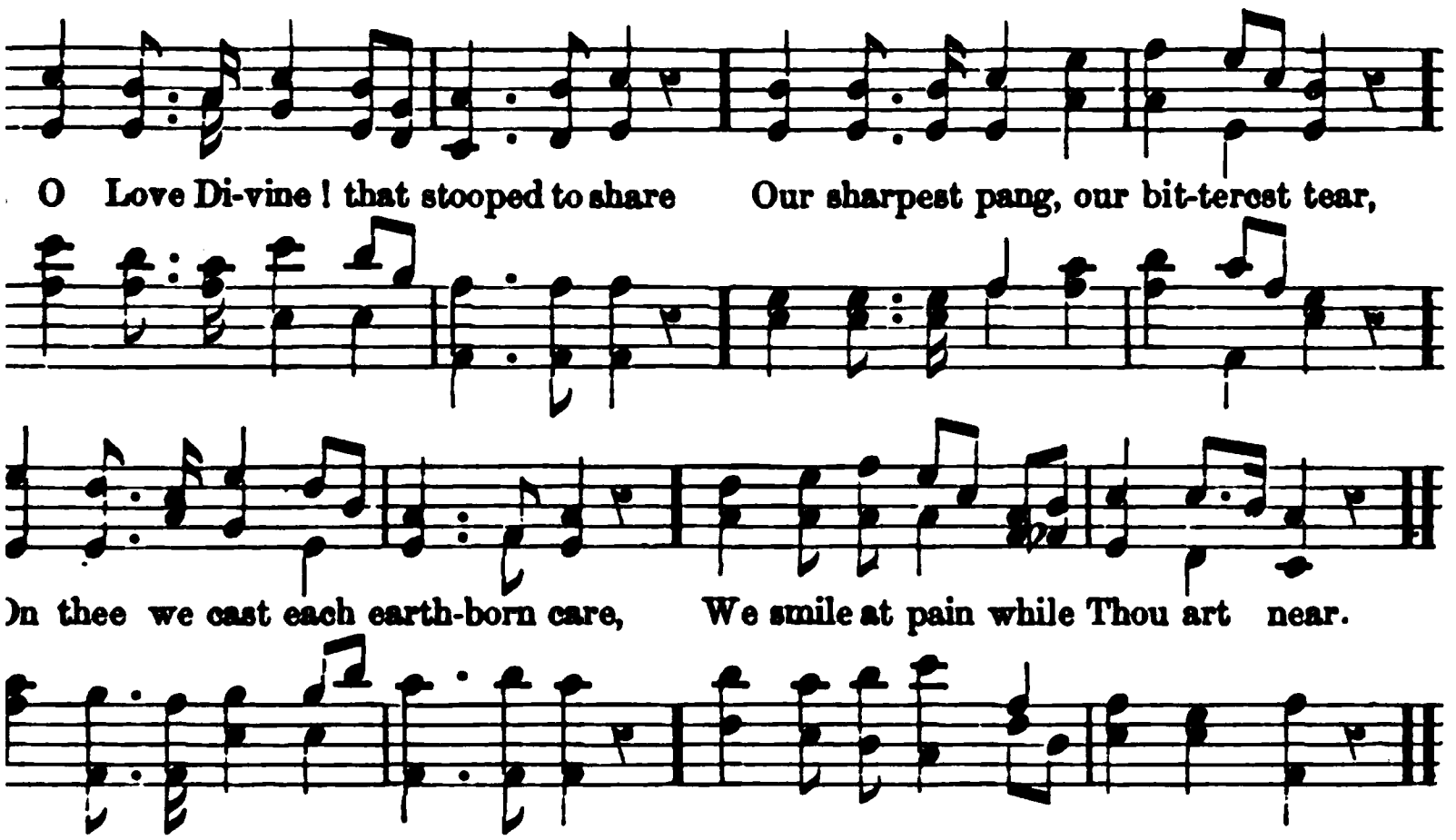
2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust,—on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng!

NIGHT. L. M.



Ps. 119 : 151. HOLMES.

Divine! that stooped to share
rpest pang, our bitterest tear,
we cast each earth-born care,
le at pain while Thou art near.

long the weary way we tread,
row crown each lingering year,
we shun, no darkness dread,
rts still whispering, Thou art near.

rooping pleasure turns to grief,
mbling faith is changed to fear,
muring wind, the quivering leaf,
ftly tell us Thou art near.

we fling our burdening woe,
Divine, forever dear;
to suffer while we know,
r dying, Thou art near!

2 Cor. 12 : 10. WATTS.

but hear my Saviour say,
th shall be equal to thy day;"
rejoice in deep distress,
on all-sufficient grace.

all things—or can bear
ring, if my Lord be there;
leasures mingle with the pains,
e my sinking head sustains.

in infirmity,
rist's own power may rest on me;
am weak, then am I strong;
my shield, and Christ my song.

695 *John 12 : 21.* WATTS

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see—
I wait a visit, Lord! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare—
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

696 *John 6 : 51.* RAY PALMER.

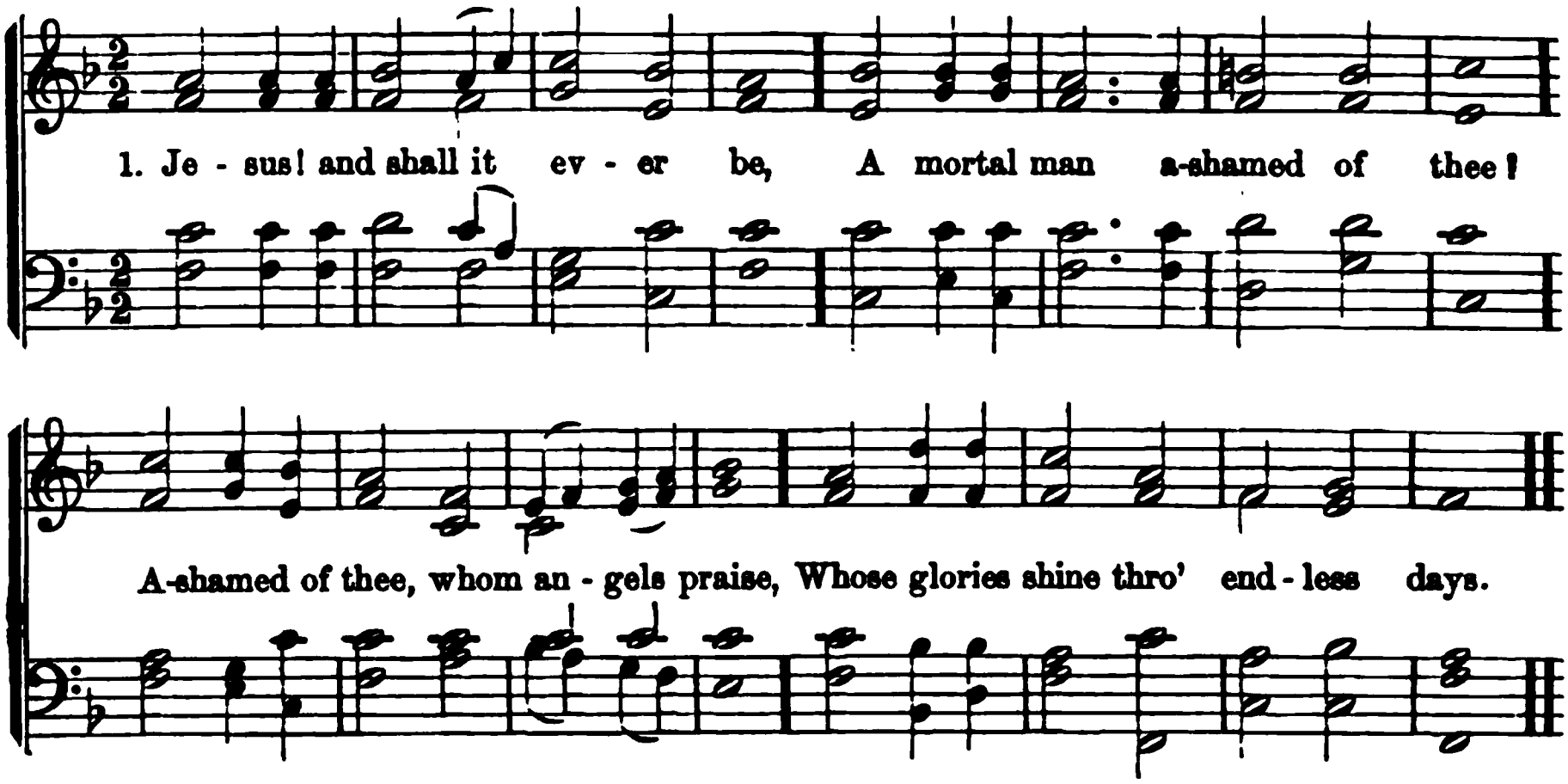
AWAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's immortal food.

2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply:
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
Forever firm on Zion's hill.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



697 *Mark 8 : 38.* GRIGG.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

698 *John 14 : 19.* STEELE.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'T is fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

699 *1 Cor. 6 : 19.* S. F. SMITH.

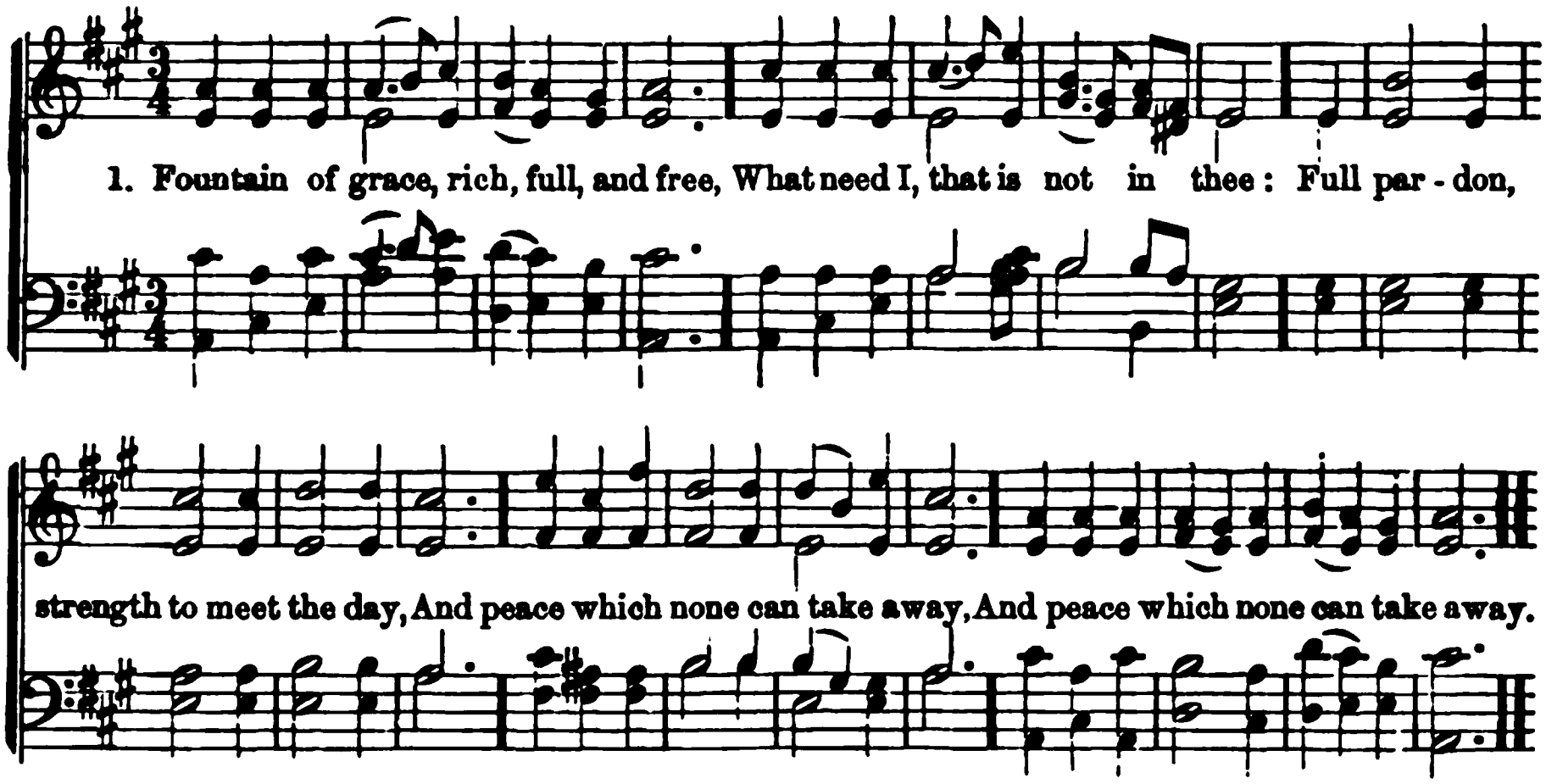
OH, not my own these verdant hills,
And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and wood;
But his who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with his precious blood,

2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul;
But his who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

3 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blesséd Lord, to thee.

4 Oh, not my own; I 'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander nevermore.

PARK STREET. L. M.



700 *Col. 1 : 19.* ANON.

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee:
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'T is sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'T is sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes,—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

701 *Heb. 2 : 16.* GISBORNE.

SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapped in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell;
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze;
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel;
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

702 *Col. 4 : 12.* MRS. HINSDALE.

MY soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—'T is God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

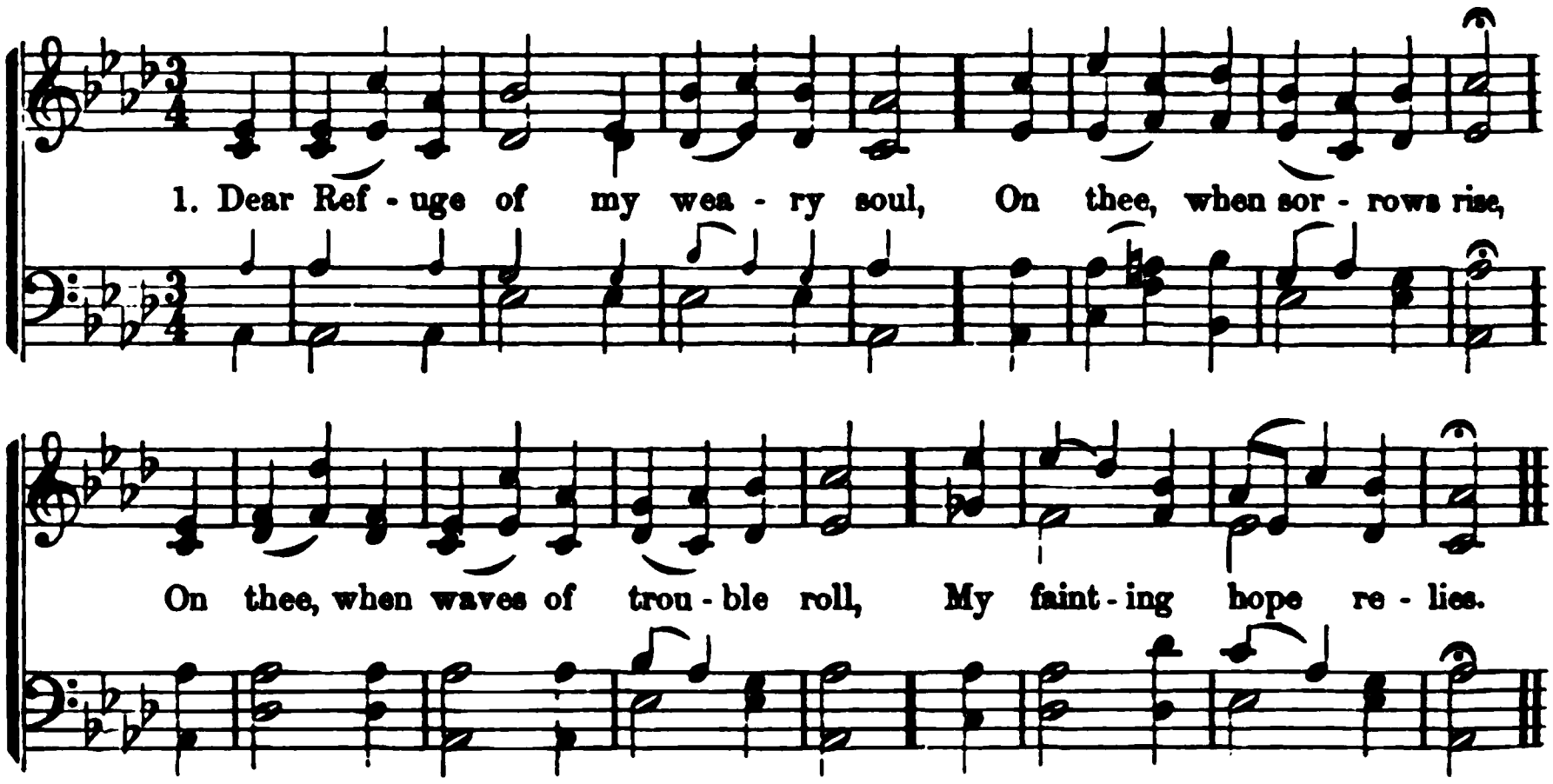
703 *Eph. 5 : 10.* ANON

LIGHT of the soul! O Saviour blest!
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight.

2 Son of the Father! Lord most high!
How glad is he who feels thee nigh!
Come in thy hidden majesty;
Fill us with love, fill us with thee.

3 Jesus is from the proud concealed,
But evermore to babes revealed;
Through him, unto the Father be
Glory and praise eternally!

CHURCH. C. M.



704 *Jer. 16 : 19.* STEELE.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

705 *Ps. 25 : 14.* WESLEY.

SPEAK to me, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, I forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,—
Attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

706 *1 Cor. 1 : 22-24.* WATTS.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

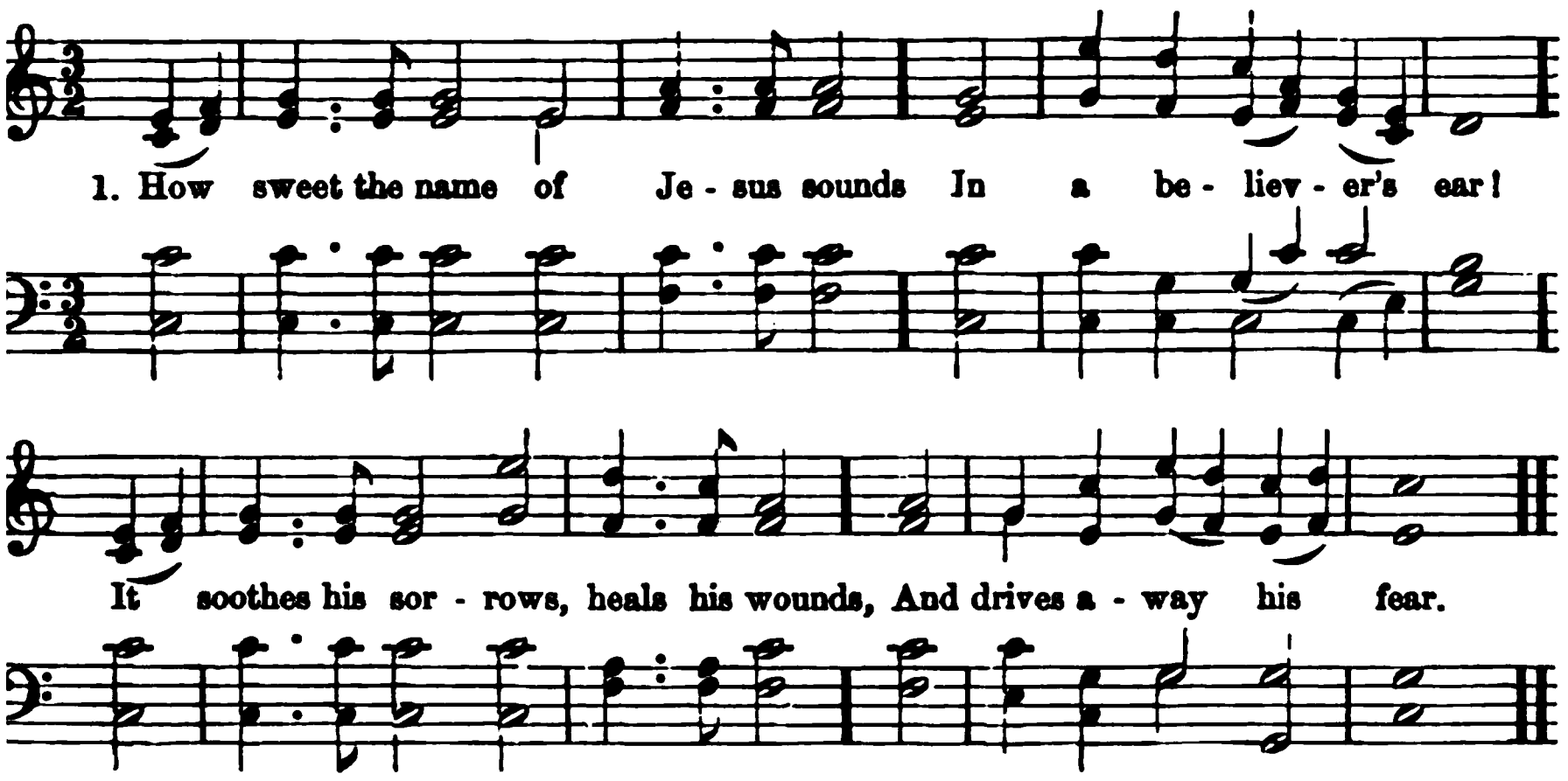
2 'T is by the merits of thy death
Thy Father smiles again;
'T is by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin:
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HEBER. C. M.



707 *1 Pet. 2 : 7.* NEWTON.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a beliiever's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

708 *Matt. 1 : 21.* DODDRIDGE.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes!—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

709 *Matt. 17 : 8.* BERNARD.

JESUS, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

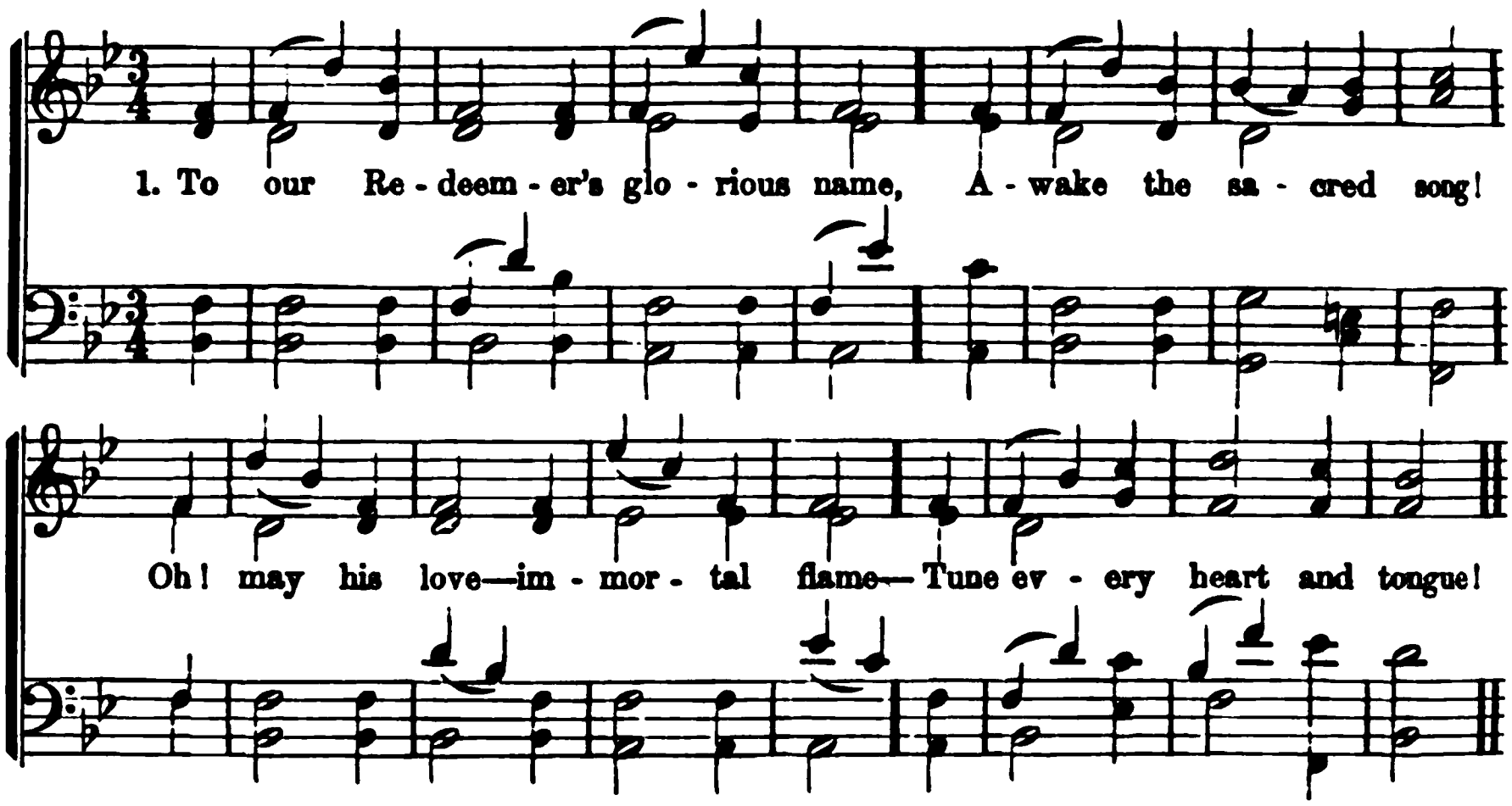
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

GEER. C. M.



710 *Rom. 5 : 8.* STEELE.

To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue!

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,—
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

711 *Rom. 8 : 38, 39.* DECK.

LORD Jesus, are we one with thee?
Oh, height! oh, depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

2 Such was thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Were borne on earth by thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That thou with us art one.

712 *Rom. 8 : 14-17.* NEWTON.

OH, speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my broken heart!
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

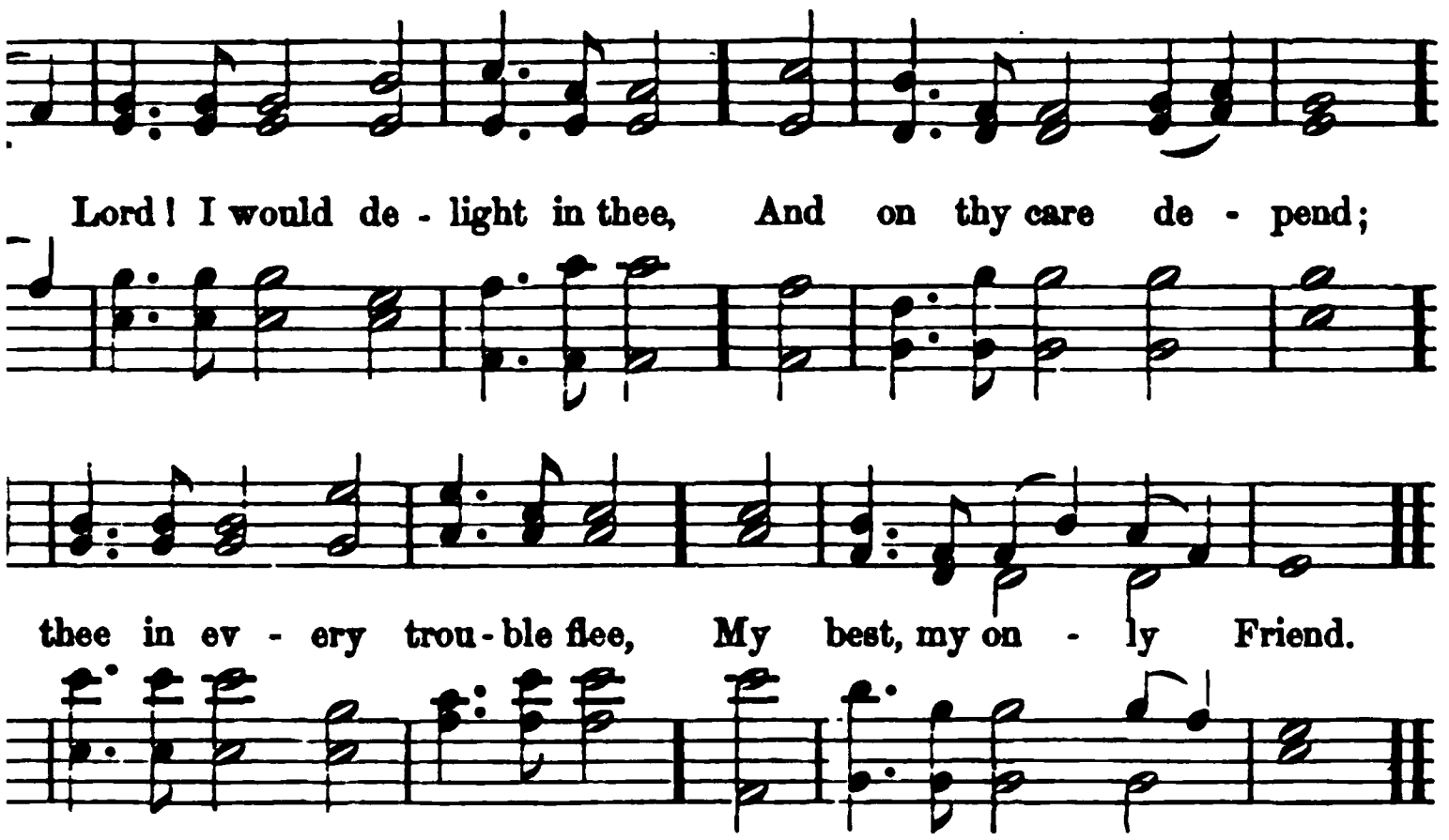
2 And wilt thou still vouchsafe to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And "Abba, Father," cry?

3 Oh, then, let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that healed a soul like mine,
And put my foes to shame!

4 My Saviour, by his powerful word,
Has turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinned away.

5 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore!
Thy grace is all divine:
Oh, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine!

THPORT. C. M.



Ps. 73 : 26. RYLAND.

would delight in thee,
thy care depend;
every trouble flee,
my only Friend.

reated streams are dried,
ıess is the same;
this be satisfied,
y in thy name!

creatures can be found,
be found in thee;
all things, and abound,
od is God to me.

cast my care on thee;
ı and adore;
my great concern shall be
ınd please thee more.

1 Pet. 5 : 7. BAXTER.

longs not to my care
I die or live;
l serve thee is my share,
thy grace must give.

ng, I will be glad
ay long obey;
t why should I be sad
o endless day?

me through no darker rooms
went through before;
his kingdom comes,
ugh his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,
Thy blesséd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

715 *John 6 : 68.* ANON

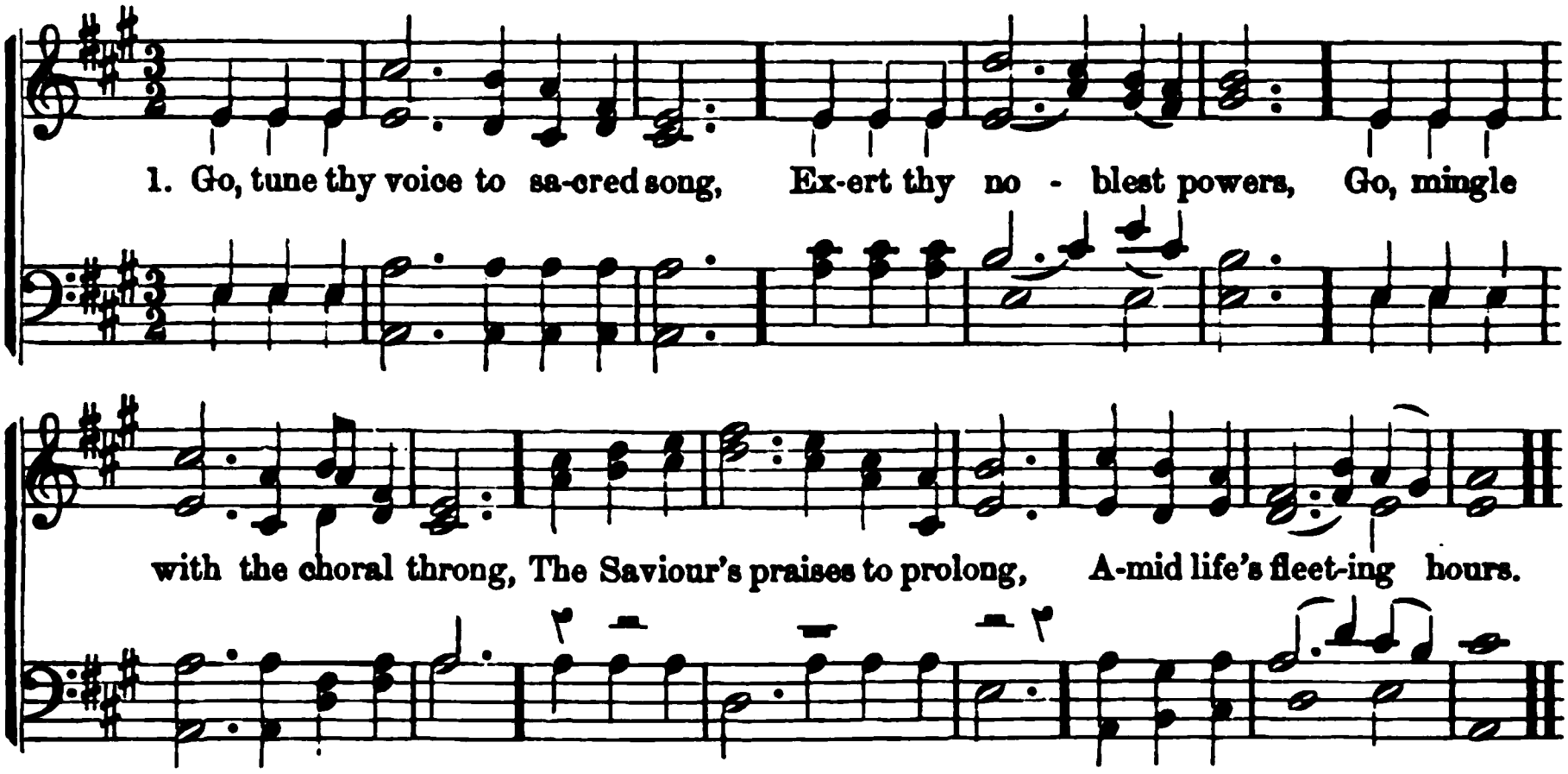
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
If I depart from thee?
My guide through all this vale of woe,
And more than all to me.

2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn;
Oh! they could plait thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.

3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above—
And can we ever part?

4 Ah, no! with thee I 'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

TAPPAN. C. M.



716 *Luke 7 : 47.* HASTINGS.

Go, tune thy voice to sacred song,
  Exert thy noblest powers;
Go, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong,
  Amid life's fleeting hours.

2 Oh! hast thou felt a Saviour's love,
  That flame of heavenly birth?
Then let thy strains melodious prove,
With raptures soaring far above
  The trifling toys of earth.

3 Hast found the pearl of price unknown,
  That cost a Saviour's blood?
Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near the eternal throne,
  Oh, sing the praise of God!

4 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
  That man might be forgiven;
Sing how he broke death's bars in twain
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
  The God of earth and heaven!

717 *Luke 15 : 2.* RAY PALMER.

WOULDST thou eternal life obtain!
  Now to the cross repair;
There stand and gaze and weep and pray
Where Jesus breathes his life away;
  Eternal life is there!

2 Go—'t is the Son of God expires!
  Approach the shameful tree;
See quivering there the mortal dart,
In the Redeemer's loving heart,
  O sinful soul, for thee!

3 Go—there from every streaming wound
  Flows rich atoning blood:
That blood can cleanse thy deepest stain,
Bid frowning justice smile again,
  And seal thy peace with God.

4 Go—at that cross thy heart subdued,
  With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life from Christ to thee
  A vital stream shall flow!

718 *Ps. 88 : 14.* HASTINGS.

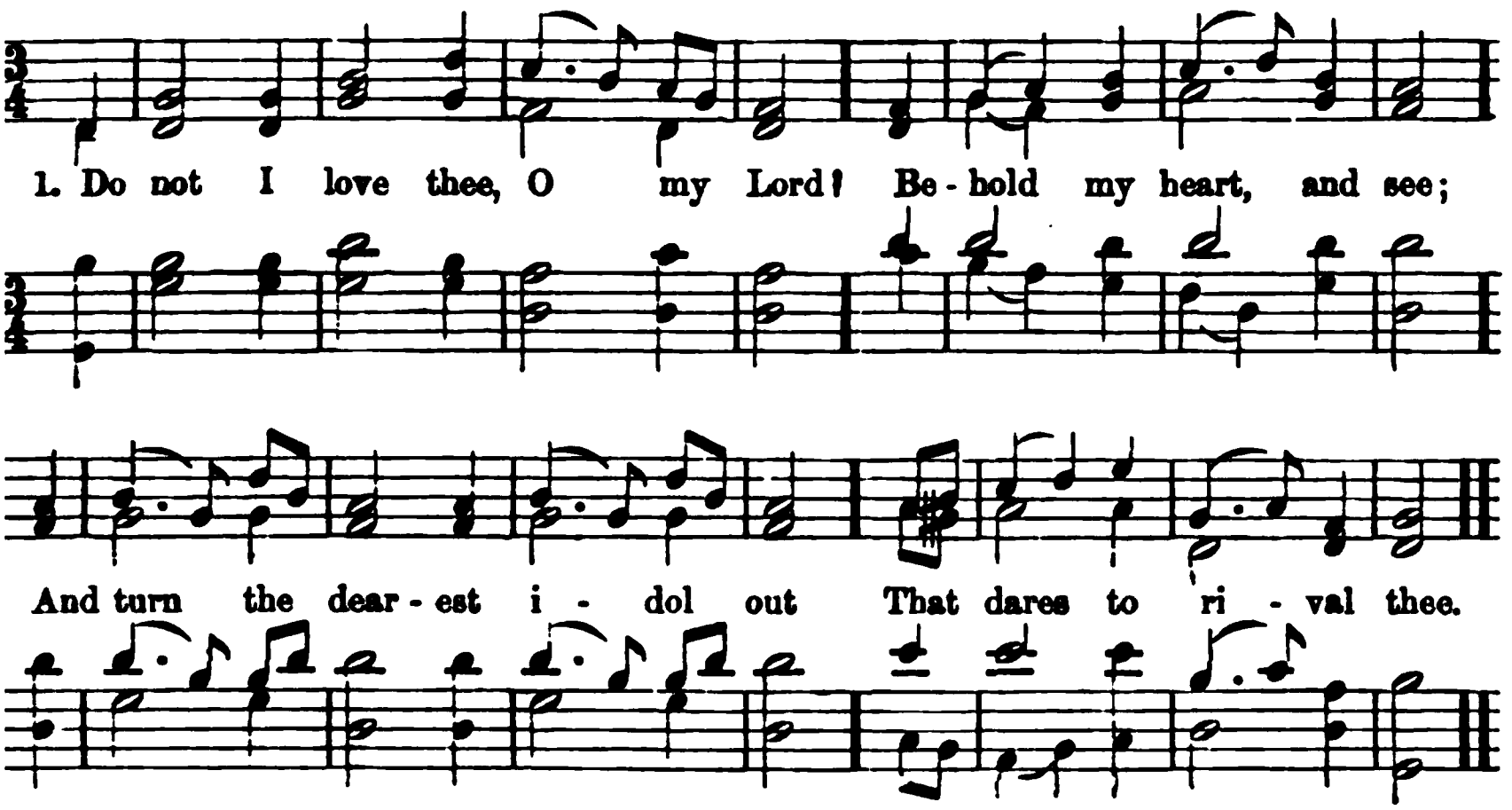
O SAVIOUR, lend a listening ear,
  And answer my request!
Forgive, and wipe the falling tear,
Now with thy love my spirit cheer,
  And set my heart at rest.

2 I mourn the hidings of thy face;
  The absence of that smile,
Which led me to a throne of grace,
And gave my soul a resting-place,
  From earthly care and toil.

3 'T is sin that separates from thee
  This poor benighted soul;
My folly and my guilt I see,
And now upon the bended knee,
  I yield to thy control.

4 Up to the place of thine abode
  I lift my waiting eye;
To thee, O holy Lamb of God!
Whose blood for me so freely flowed,
  I raise my ardent cry.

BRIDGMAN. C. M.



John 21 : 15. DODDRIDGE.

not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
d turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
th not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

st thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
st thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

ould not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
d challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

ou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
But oh! I long to soar
from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Matt. 18 : 3. ANON.

, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love!
though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

is sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
ere is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.

3 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.

4 Let us be simple with him, then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

721 *Luke 23 : 42.* BURNHAM.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

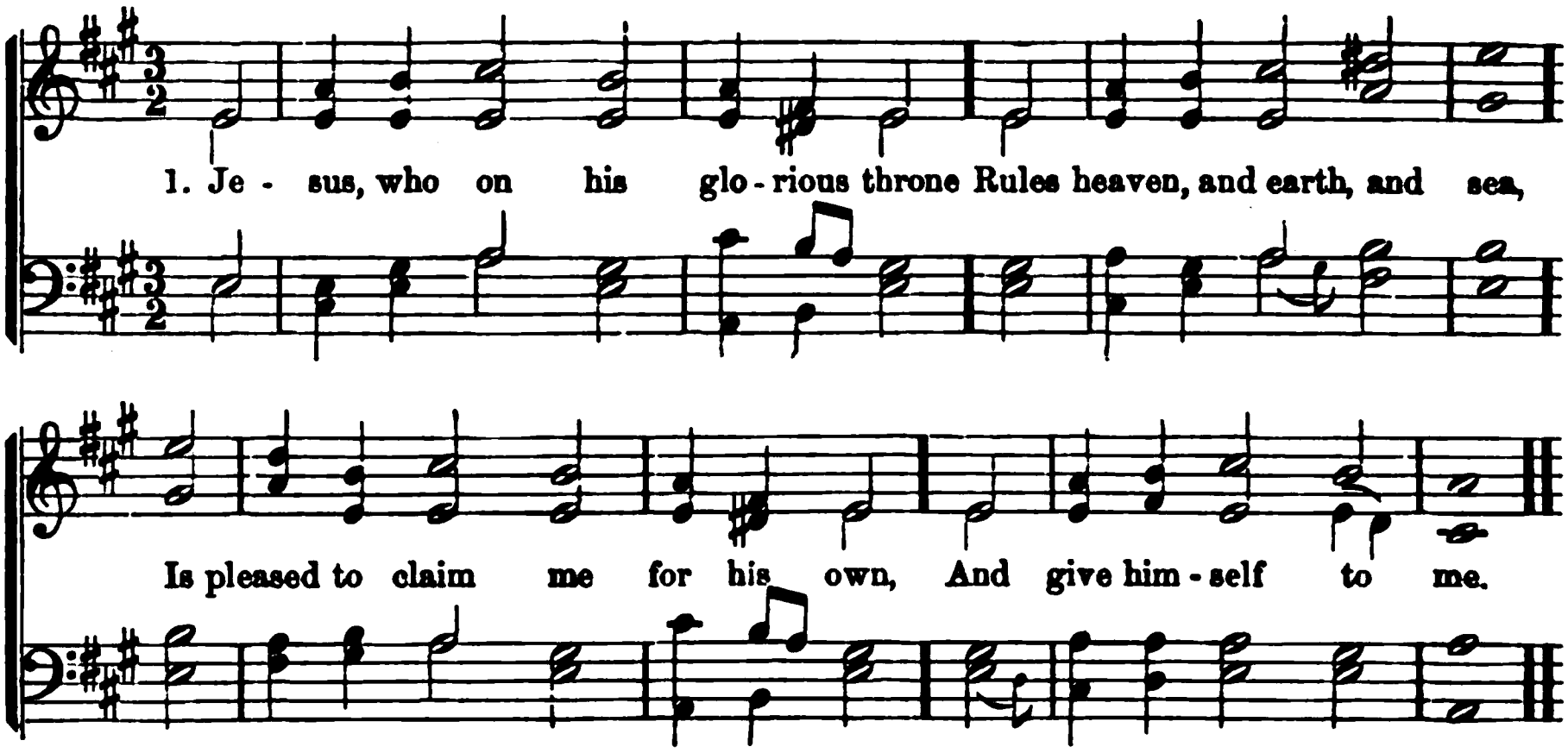
2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When earthly helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God!
I pray, remember me.

MELODY. C. M.



722 *Phil. 1 : 21.* NEWTON.

JESUS, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

2 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

3 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

4 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in my cross,
While he prepares my crown.

723 *Cant. 2 : 16.* WATTS.

MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord!

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

724 *1 Pet. 2 : 7.* HEGINBOTHAM.

BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love!

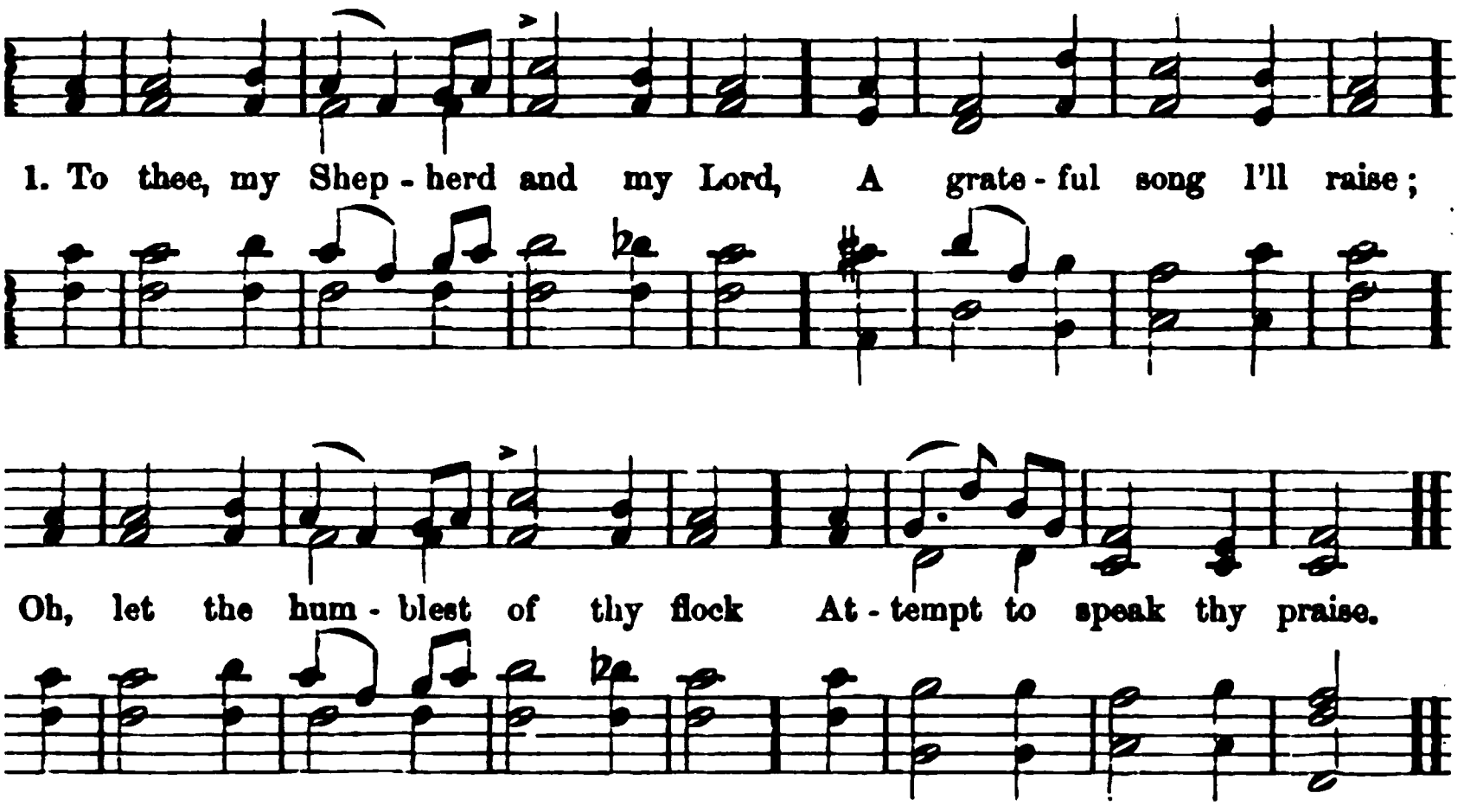
2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy belovéd name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No; thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

MARIAN. C. M.



John 10 : 14. HEGINBOTHAM.

thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
. grateful song I 'll raise;
let the humblest of thy flock
.ttempt to speak thy praise.

life, my joy, my hope, I owe
o thine amazing love;
thousand thousand comforts here,
nd nobler bliss above.

hee my trembling spirit flies,
/ith sin and grief oppressed;
gentle voice dispels my fears,
nd lulls my cares to rest.

l on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
o evil shall I fear;
1 shall I reach thy fold above,
nd praise thee better there.

Rev. 22 : 4. ANON.

N will the heavenly Bridegroom come;
e wedding-guests, draw near,
l slumber not in sin, when he,
he Son of God, is here!

ıe, let us haste to meet our Lord,
.nd hail him with delight;
o saved us by his precious blood,
.nd sorrows infinite!

ide him all the patriarchs old,
.nd holy prophets stand;
glorious apostolic choir,
nd noble martyr band.

4 As brethren dear they welcome us,
And lead us to the throne,
Where angels bow their vailéd heads,
Before the Three in One;—

5 Where we, with all the saints of God,
A white-robed multitude,
Shall praise the ascended Lord, who deigns
To bear our flesh and blood!

6 Our lot shall be for aye to share
His reign of peace above:
And drink, with unexhausted joy,
The river of his love.

727 *Gal. 6 : 14.* NEWTON.

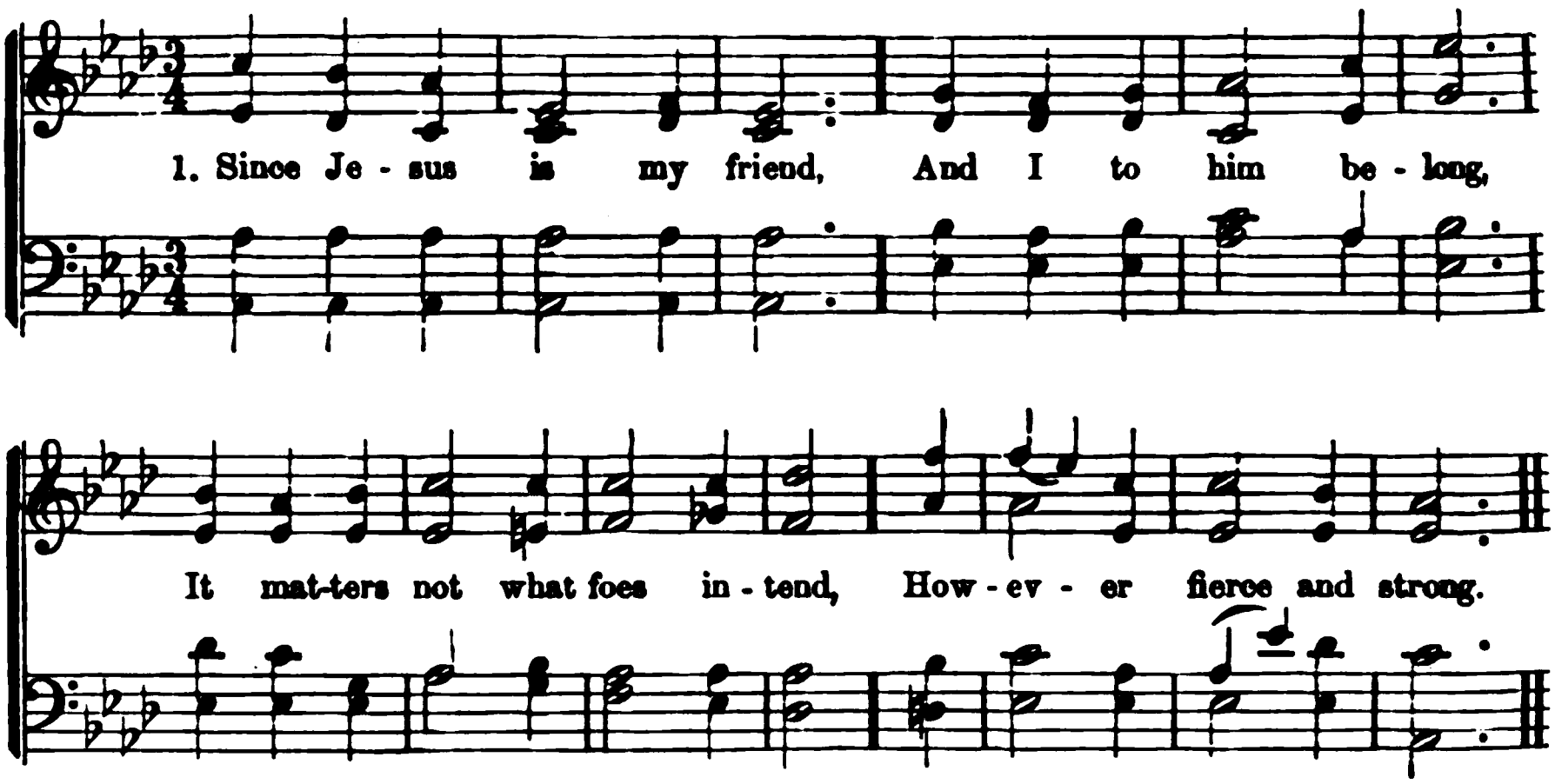
LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

GREENWOOD. S. M.



728 *John. 14 : 3.* GERHARDT.

SINCE Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near;—

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

729 *Ps. 31.* LYTE.

MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline,
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

3 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

730 *Ps. 23 : 4.* STEELE

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear:
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

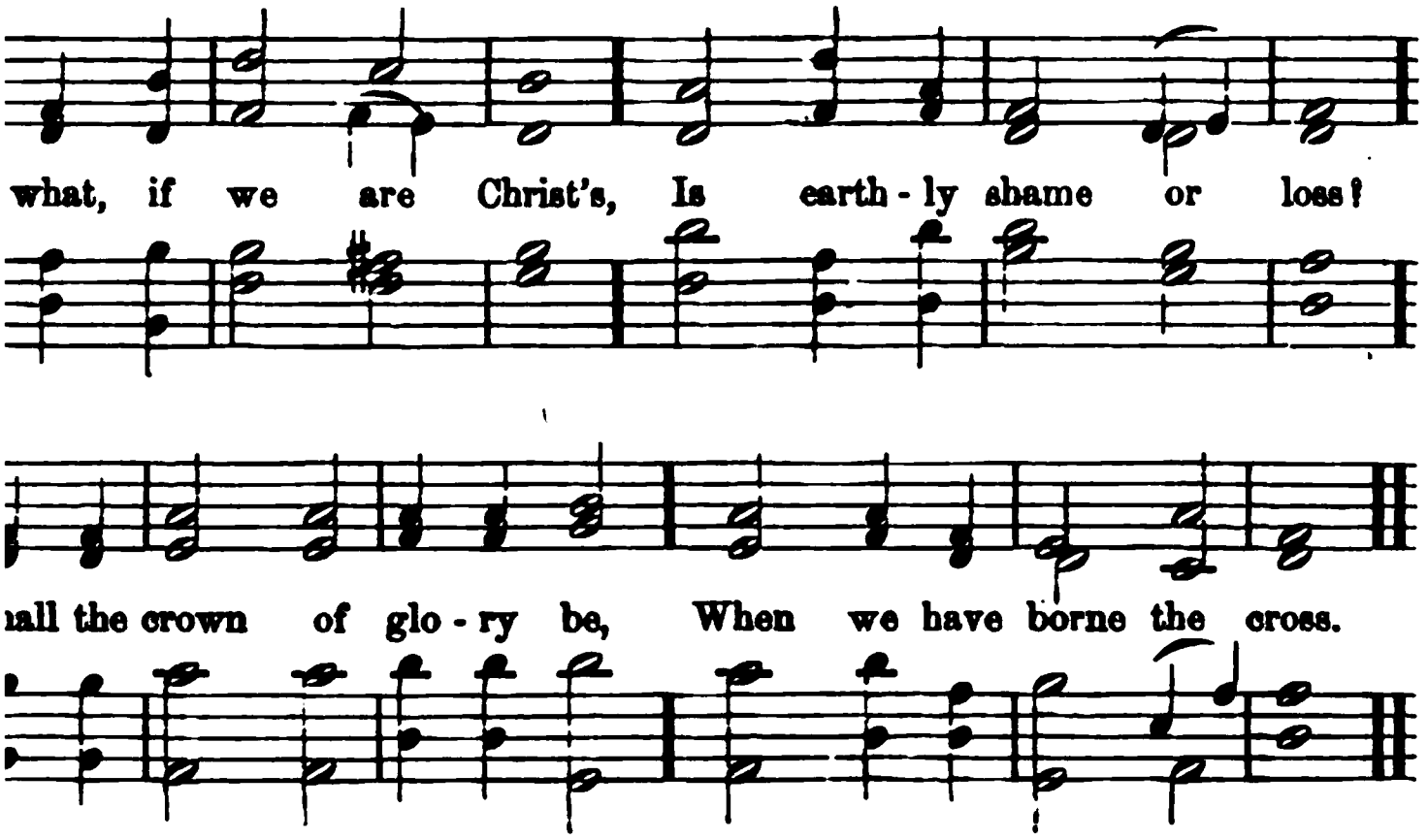
731 *1 Pet. 1 : 8.* WATTS

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

S. M.



Rev. 3 : 11. BAKER.

re are Christ's,
ame or loss?
ie crown of glory be,
ave borne the cross.

trial once,
up of woe,
d saints, baptized in blood,
erings shared below.

glory now,
heir joy above,
bosom of their God,
perfect love.

t grace be ours!
n faith to bear
row, grief, or pain,
portion here!

ou at last
f blessing give,
t beneath thy feet,
ts and angels live!

Ps. 73 : 25. WATTS.

Life, my Love,
thee I call;
if thou remove,
t all in all.

hee alone,
owe their bliss:
id thy gracious throne,
where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford—
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

734 *Phil. 4 : 13.* ANON.

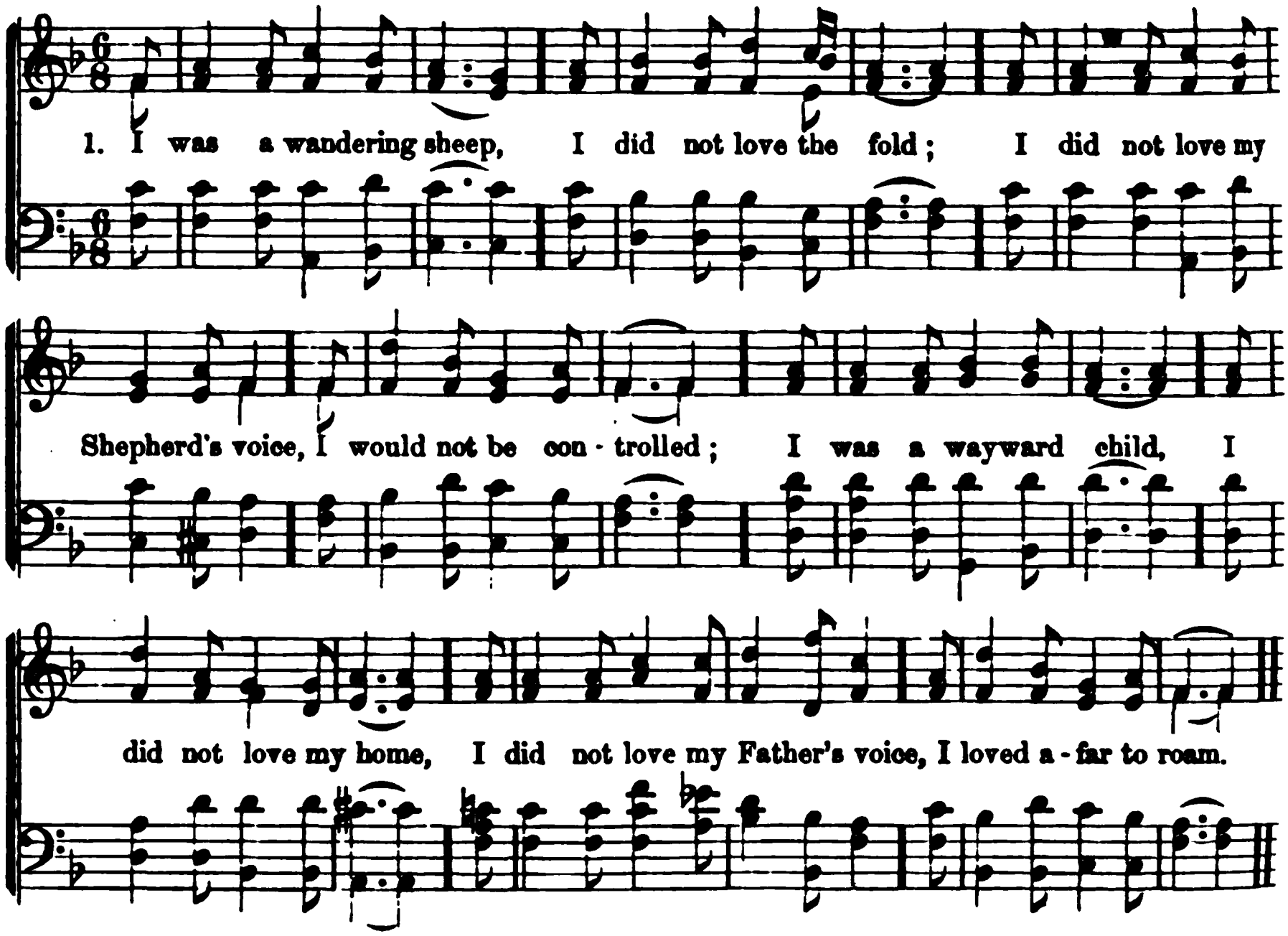
O SAVIOUR, who didst come
By water and by blood;
Confessed on earth, adored in heaven,
Eternal Son of God!

2 Jesus, our life and hope,
To endless years the same;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And rest upon thy name.

3 By faith in thee we live,
By faith in thee we stand,
By thee we vanquish sin and death,
And gain the heavenly land.

4 O Lord, increase our faith;
Our fearful spirits calm;
Sustain us through this mortal strife,
Then give the victor's palm!

BONAR. S. M. D.



735 *1 Pet. 2 : 25.* BONAR.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold:
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was he that loved my soul,
'T was he that washed me in his blood,
'T was he that made me whole:
'T was he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was he that brought me to the fold—
'T is he that still doth keep.

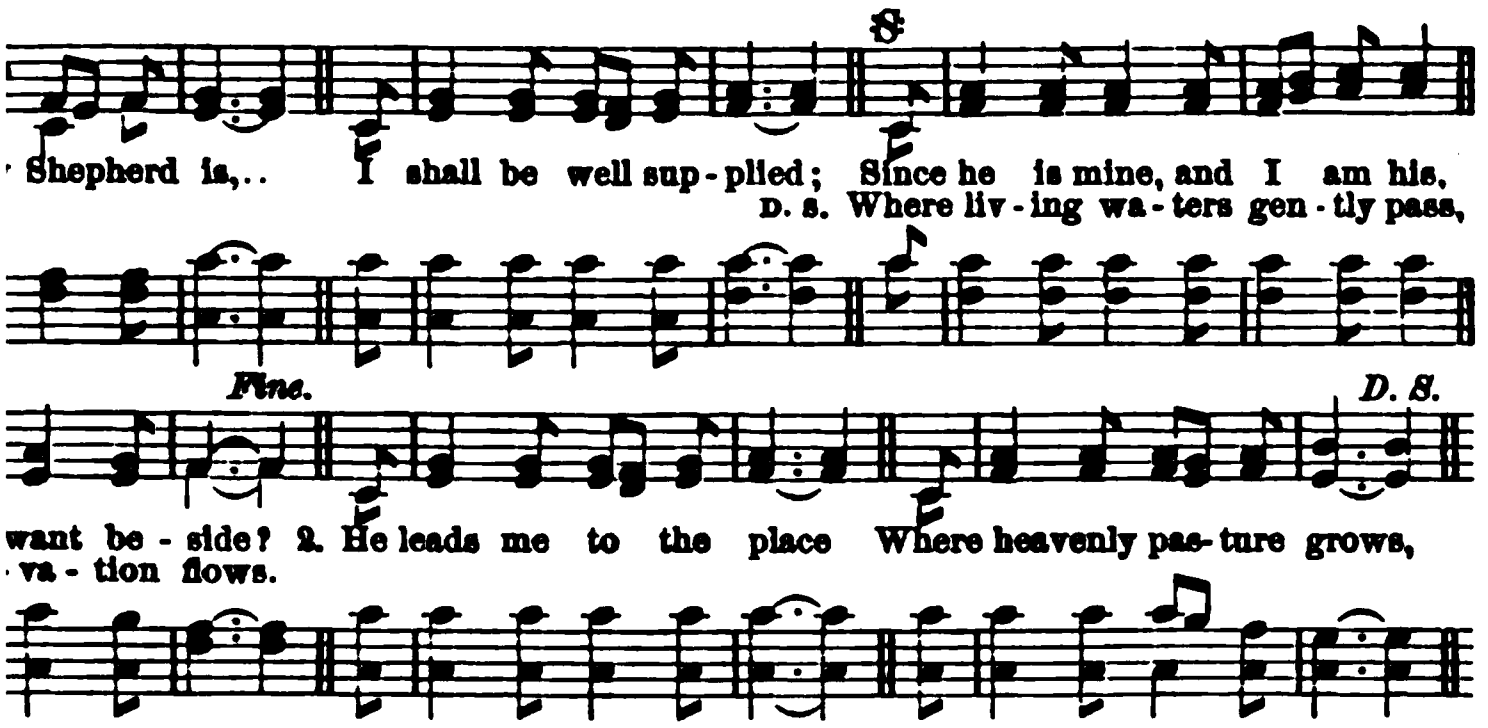
4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice—
I love, I love his home.

736 *Phil. 1 : 21.* ANON.

FOR me to live is Christ,
To die is endless gain,
For him I gladly bear the cross,
And welcome grief and pain.
Faithful may I endure,
And hear my Saviour say,
Thrice welcome home, beloved child,
Inherit endless day!

2 A pilgrimage my lot,
My home is in the skies,
I nightly pitch my tent below,
And daily higher rise;
My journey soon will end,
My scrip and staff laid down;
Oh! tempt me not with earthly toys,
I go to wear a crown.

NON. S. M. D.



Ps. 23. WATTS.

Shepherd is,
ell supplied;
ine, and I am his,
[want beside?
to the place
venly pasture grows,
waters gently pass,
lvation flows.

tray,
y soul reclaim;
ie in his own right way,
st holy name.
rds his aid,
eld to fear; [shade,
l walk thro' death's dark
rd 's with me there.

l my foes,
my table spread;
blessings overflows,
alts my head.
of thy love
i my future days;
house will I remove,
o speak thy praise.

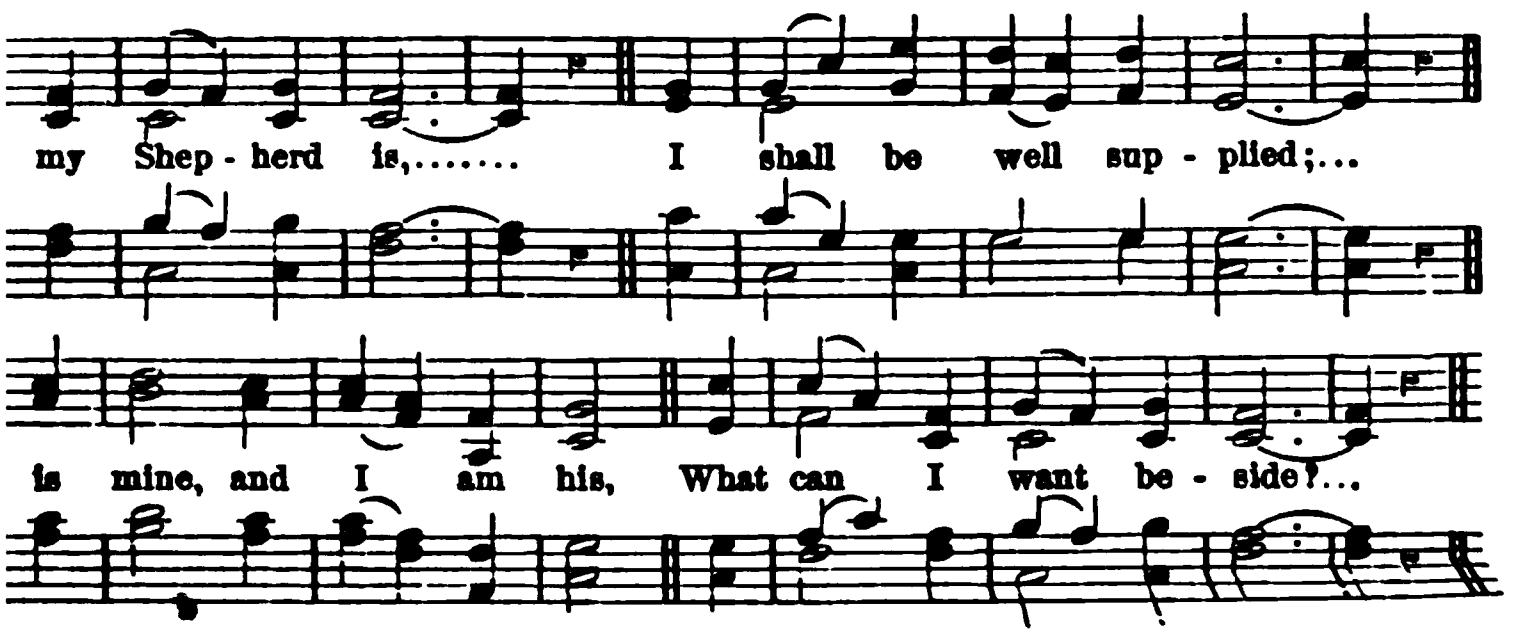
738 *Matt. 16 : 16.* BONAR.

JESUS, the Christ of God,
The Father's blessed Son;
The Father's bosom thine abode,
The Father's love thine own;
Jesus, the Lamb of God,
Who us from hell to raise
Hast shed thy reconciling blood;—
We give thee endless praise!

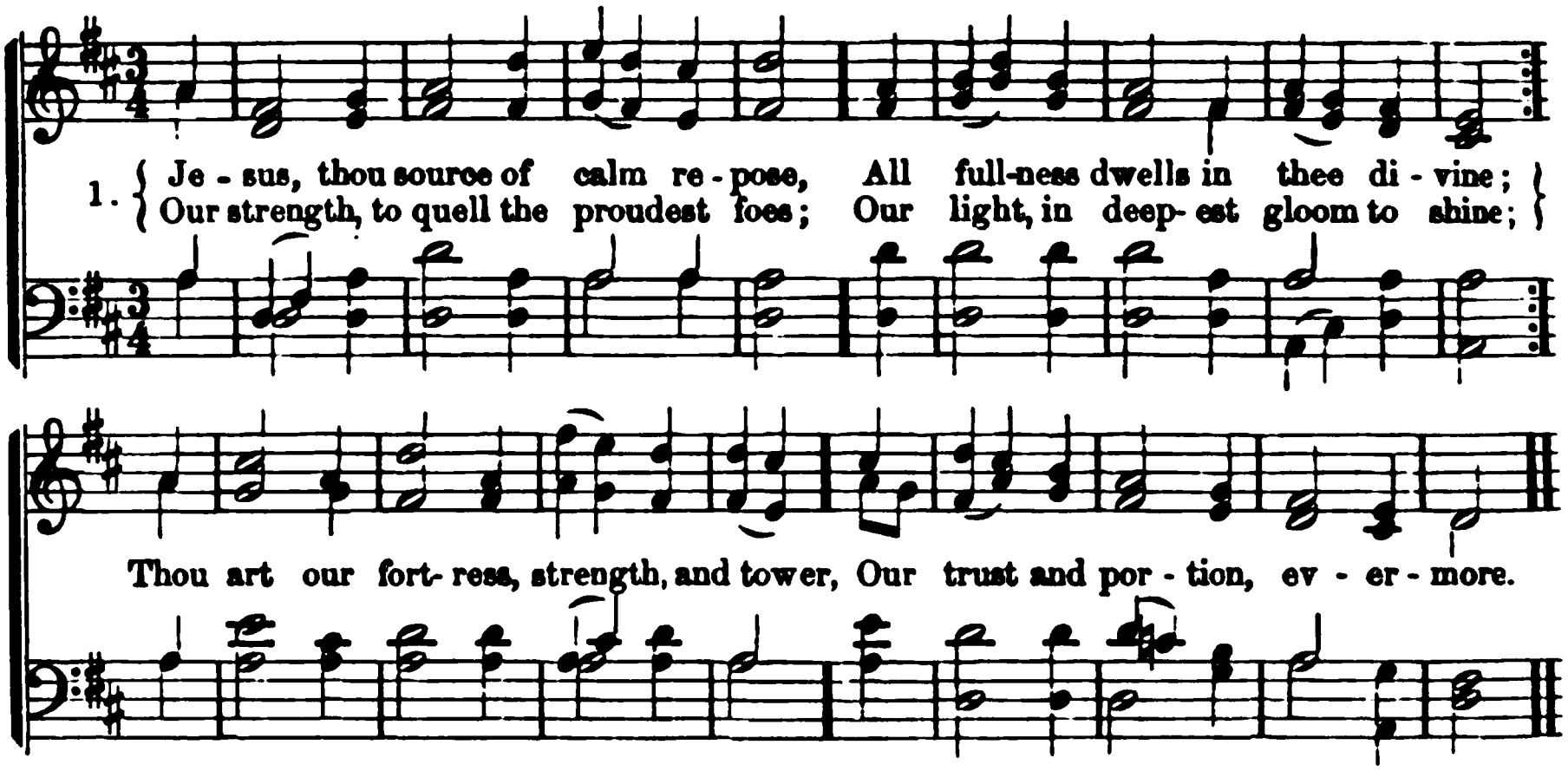
2 God, and yet man thou art!
True God, true man art thou;
Of man, and of man's earth a part,
One with us thou art now;
Great sacrifice for sin,
Giver of life for life,
Restorer of the peace within,
True ender of the strife.

3 To thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing;
The bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King:
Rest of the weary, thou!
To thee our rest we come;
In thee to find our dwelling now,
Our everlasting home.

S. M.



ST. PETERSBURGH. L. M. 6 lines.



739 *Col. 1 : 19.* C. Wesley.

Jesus, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength and tower,
Our trust and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, our glory and our crown;—

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort, amidst grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

740 *Heb. 2 : 14-18.* J. Edmeston.

As oft with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 Does sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here;
His life how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been;
My God, my Saviour! look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

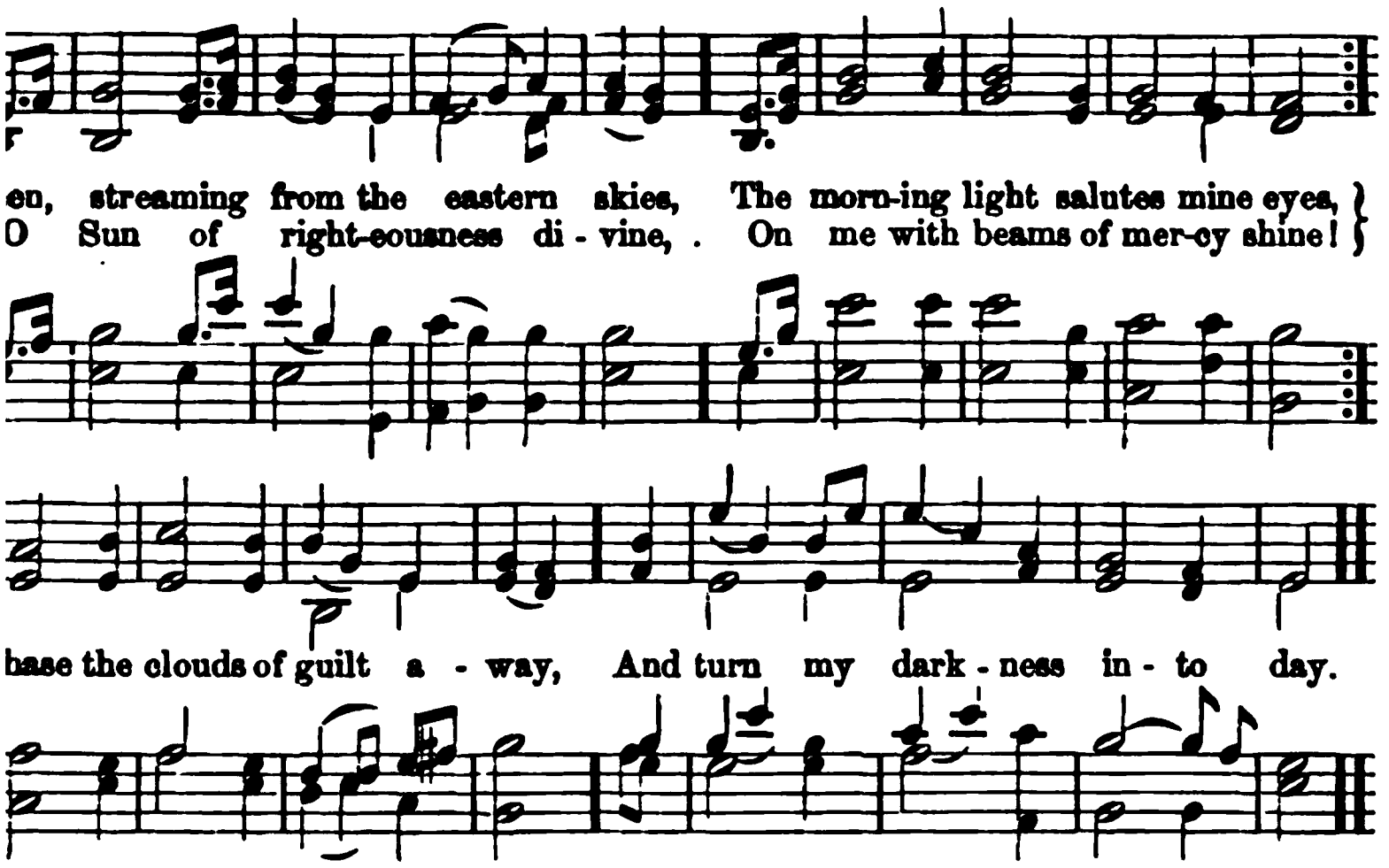
741 *Hab. 3 : 17.* Newton.

Why should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempest's power!
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
Though hot the fight, why quit the field!
Why should I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield!

2 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows and will provide.

3 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine:
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

AKLEY. L. M. 6 lines.



Ps. 65 : 8. SHRUBSOLE.

eaming from the eastern skies,
ing light salutes mine eyes,
righteousness divine,
th beams of mercy shine!
e the clouds of guilt away,
my darkness into day.

to heaven's all-glorious King
ng sacrifice I bring,
rning o'er my guilt and shame,
y in my Saviour's name;
is, cleanse me with thy blood,
y Advocate with God.

h day's scenes and labors close,
ied nature seeks repose,
loning mercy richly blest,
, my Saviour, while I rest;
ach morning sun shall rise,
ne onward to the skies!

y life's last setting sun,
:ts o'er, my labors done,
heavenly radiance shed,
and bless my dying bed;
death's gloom my spirit raise,
face, and sing thy praise.

Phil. 4 : 19. GERMAN.

s me, Saviour, with thy love,
can meet such needs as mine;
t me, as thou shalt approve,
efits a child of thine!
y fear and doubt release,
me confidence and peace.

2 Give me a faith shall never fail,
One that shall always work by love;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in thee to live:—

3 A heart, that, when my days are glad,
May never from thy way decline,
And when the sky of life grows sad,
May still submit its will to thine,—
A heart that loves to trust in thee,
A patient heart, create in me!

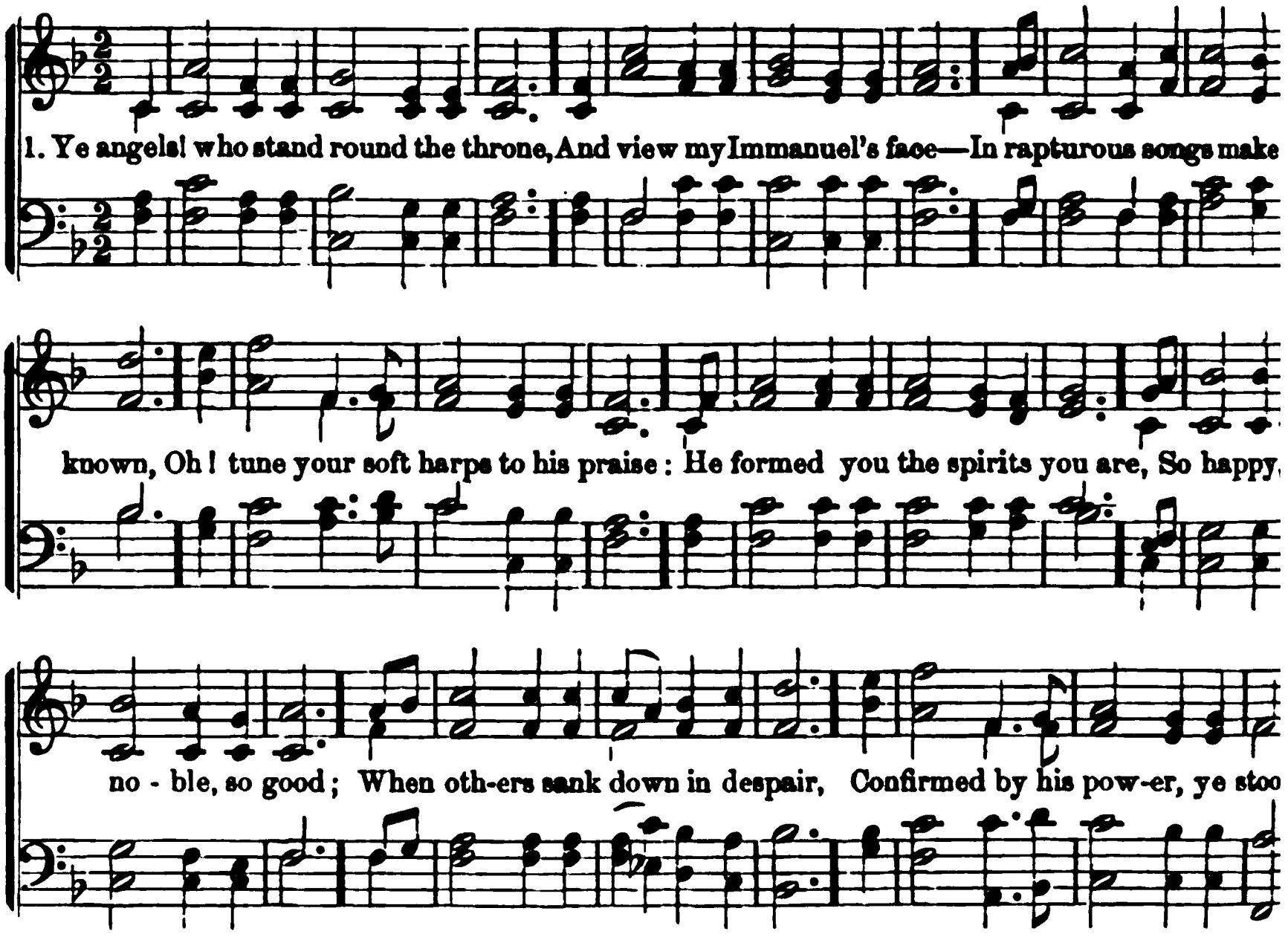
744 *Matt. 18 : 3.* J. WESLEY.

My Saviour, thou thy love to me,
In want, in pain, in shame, hast shown,
For me upon the accurséd tree,
Didst by thy precious death atone;
Thy death upon my heart impress,
That nothing may it thence erase.

2 Oh, that I, like a little child,
May follow thee; nor ever rest
Till sweetly thou hast poured thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Oh, may I now and ever be,
One spirit, dearest Lord, with thee!

3 What in thy love possess I not?
My Star by night, my Sun by day,
My spring of life when parched with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.

MADISON. 8s. D.



745 *Phil. 1 : 23.* DE FLEURY.

YE angels! who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,—
In rapturous songs make him known,
Oh! tune your soft harps to his praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh! when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I 'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I want—oh! I want to be there,
To sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with you!

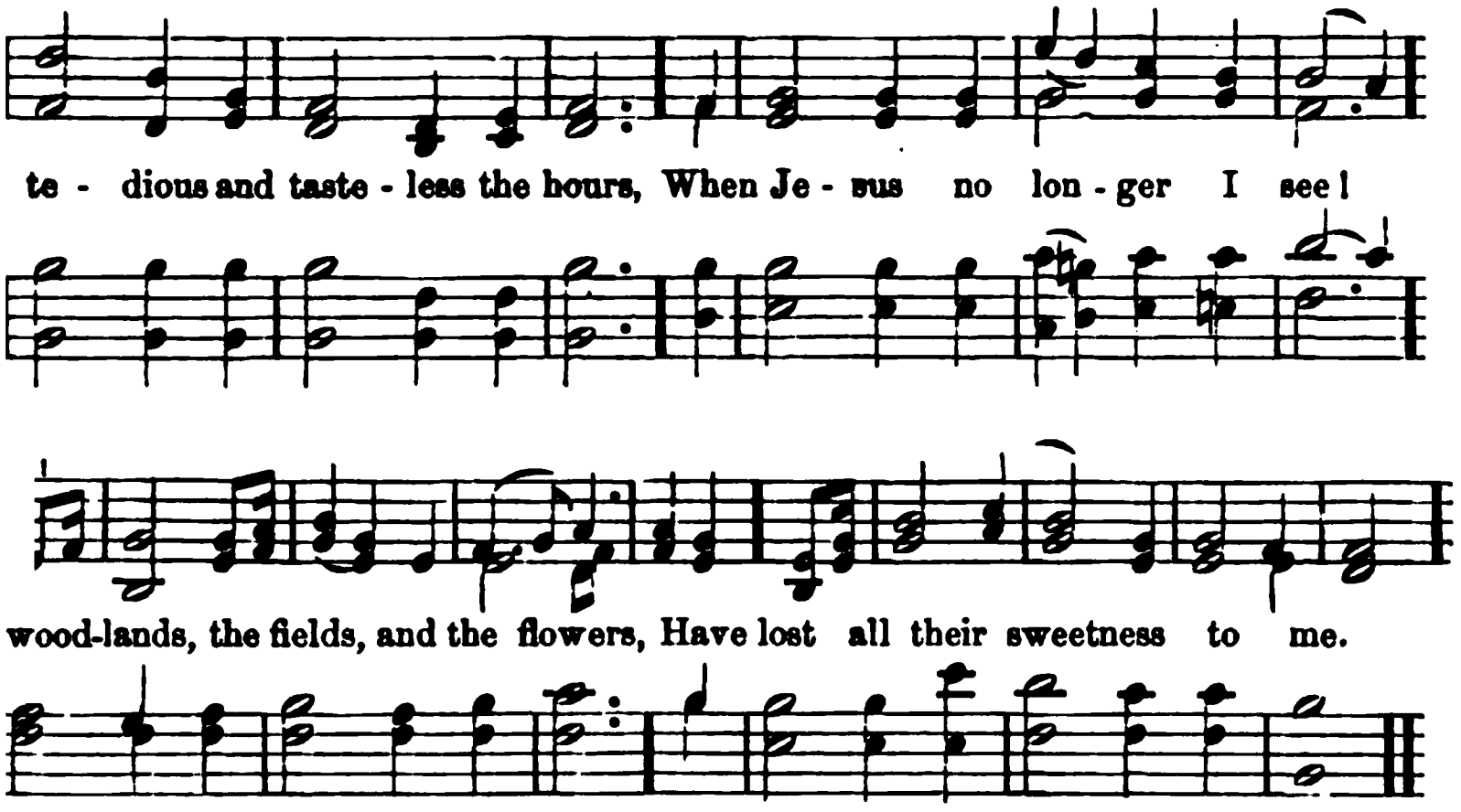
746 *1 Pet. 1 : 8.* COW

MY Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve thou those bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh! then shall the vail be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

NEPY. 8s.



Ps. 73 : 25. NEWTON.

ous and tasteless the hours,
Jesus no longer I see!
ands, the fields, and the flowers,
st all their sweetness to me.

yields the richest perfume,
fter than music his voice;
ice can banish my gloom,
l all within me rejoice.

! if indeed I am thine,
ou art my light and my song;
do I languish and pine,
ıy are my winters so long?

these dark clouds from the sky,
il-cheering presence restore;
soar upward on high,
winters and storms are no more.

Heb. 1 : 14. TOPLADY.

and hearer of prayer,
iepherd and Guardian of thine,
thy covenant care
ng or waking resign.

t my shield and my sun,
ht is no darkness to me;
as my moments roll on,
ring me but nearer to thee.

tering spirits descend
:h while thy saints are asleep;
id by night they attend,
rs of salvation to keep.

4 Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

5 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

6 I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

749 *Rev. 1 : 5, 6.* FRANCIS.

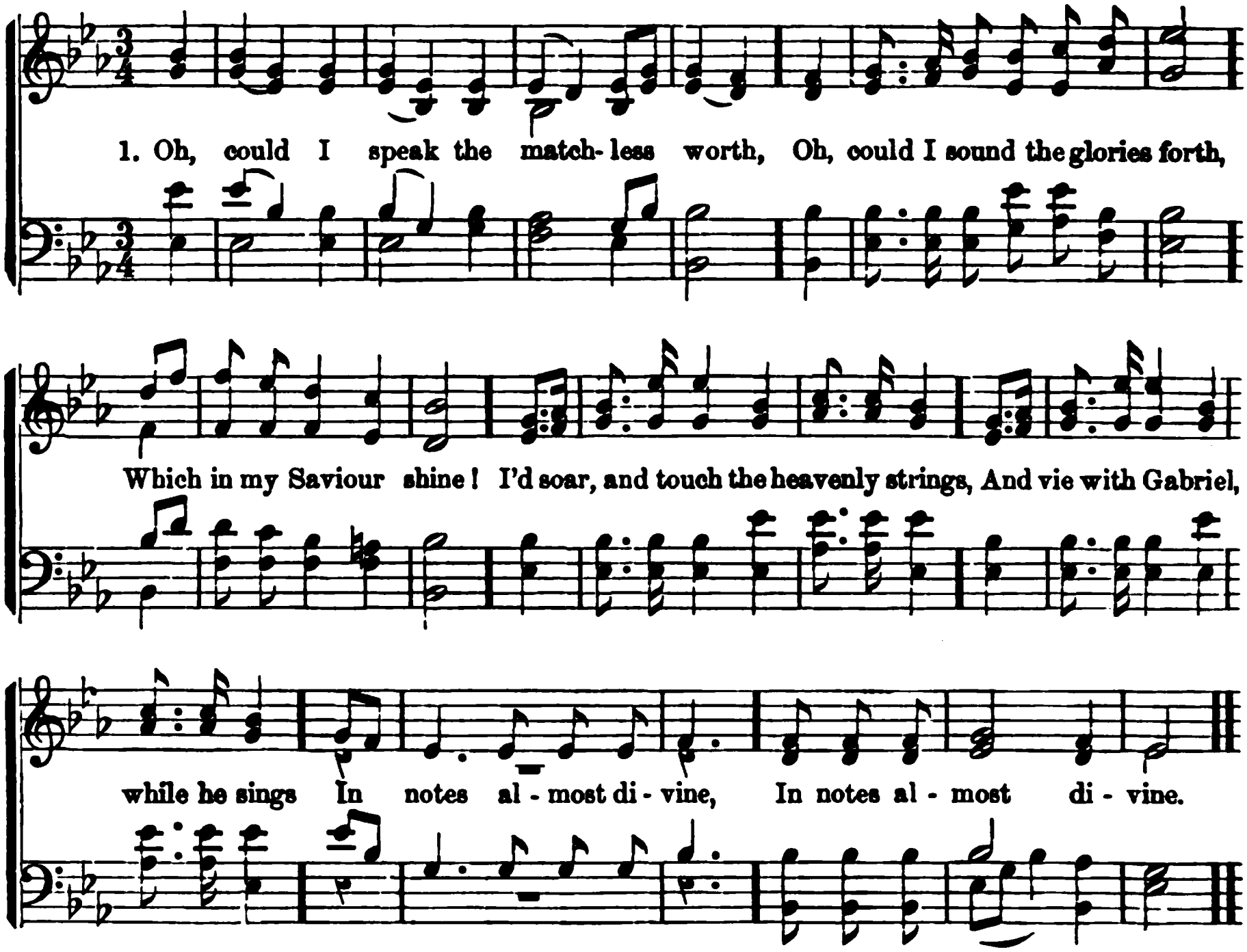
My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim:
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.

2 To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

3 He freely redeemed with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:—

4 To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King!

ARIEL. C. P. M.



750 *1 Pet. 2 : 7.* MEDLEY.

OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

751 *Luke 10 : 42.* C. WESLEY.

OH, that I could forever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

2 Oh that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord! to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh; for thee I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine the better part!

1 Pet. 1 : 8. ANON.

ve thee! thou dost know
ny love, how deep my woe;
oo deep to bear!
ilt guide me by thy hand,
hy strength I yet may stand,
ing in thy care.

ıot leave the weakest one;
ery outward hope be gone,
hat thou art nigh;
not what my sufferings are,
know; he would not care;
ı art sympathy.

ıot let my footsteps fail,
journeying through this vale,
ı thy gospel shame;
ıght is mine but sin and woe,
righteousness I go,
mph in thy name.

the bitter cup is past,
I sink in death at last,
e with thee;
ith thee in clouds of heaven,
pure, holy, thine, forgiven,
reign with thee.

Col. 2 : 10. ANON.

ye saints, with heart and voice,
esus to rejoice,
ship at his feet;
his praises on your tongues,
o him your thankful songs,
ye are complete!"

o all our praise excels,
s of the Godhead dwells,
perfections meet:
f all celestial powers,
eirs, divinely ours;
ye are complete!"

d urge your heavenly way,
on him day by day,
ence still entreat;
ıs name forever bless,
, strength and righteousness,
ye are complete!"

pass the vale of death;
arms resign your breath,
ke the passage sweet;
The gloom and fears of death shall flee,
And your departing souls shall see
"In him ye are complete!"

754

Matt. 1 : 21. ROSCOE.

OH, let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest;
To heal the sinner's wounded breast;
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around;
And to the world's remotest bound,
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save,
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

755

Luke 12 : 32. ALTENBURG.

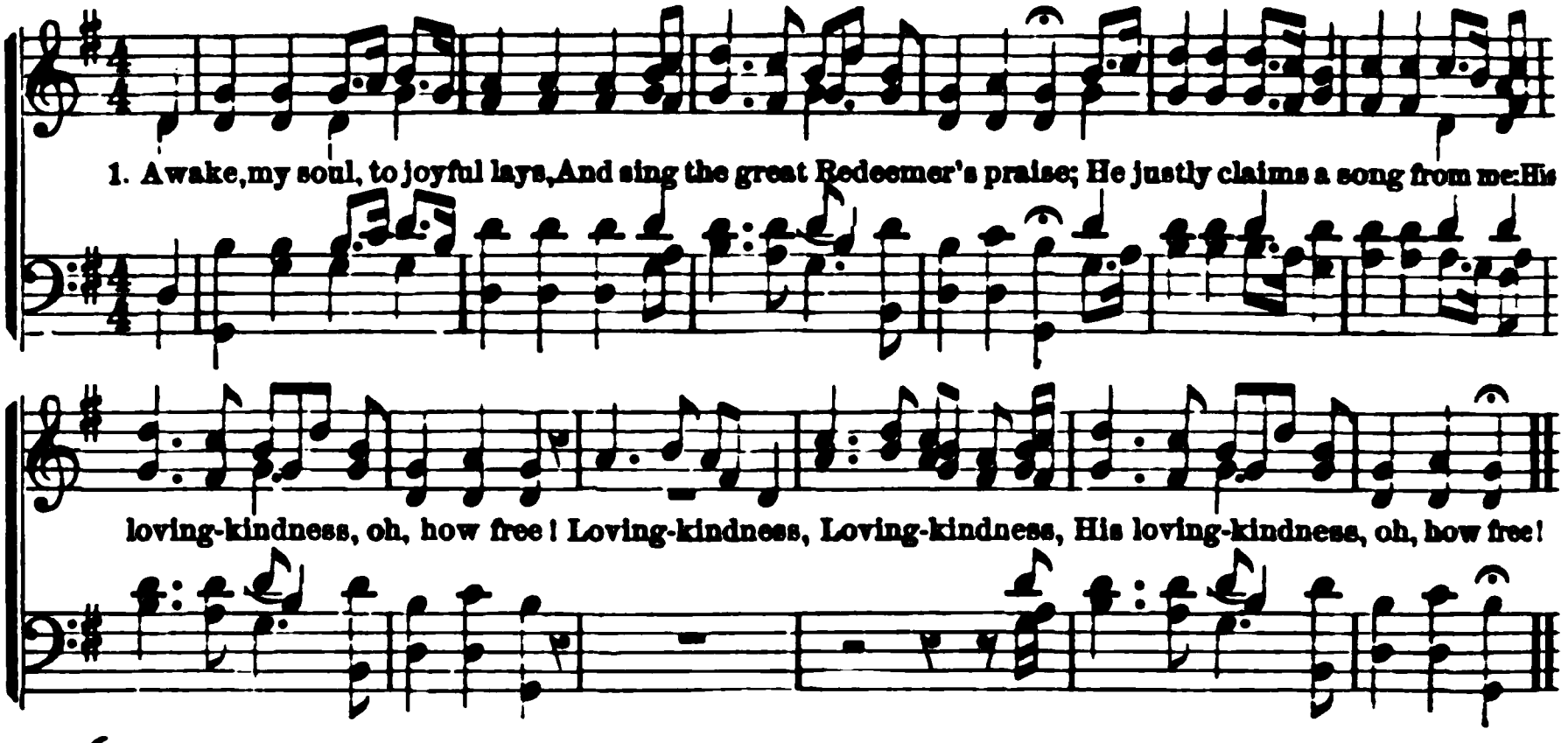
FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to him, our Lord!
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon that shall rise
To save us, and his word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail;
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end: Amen!

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.



756 *Ps. 36 : 7.* MEDLEY.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

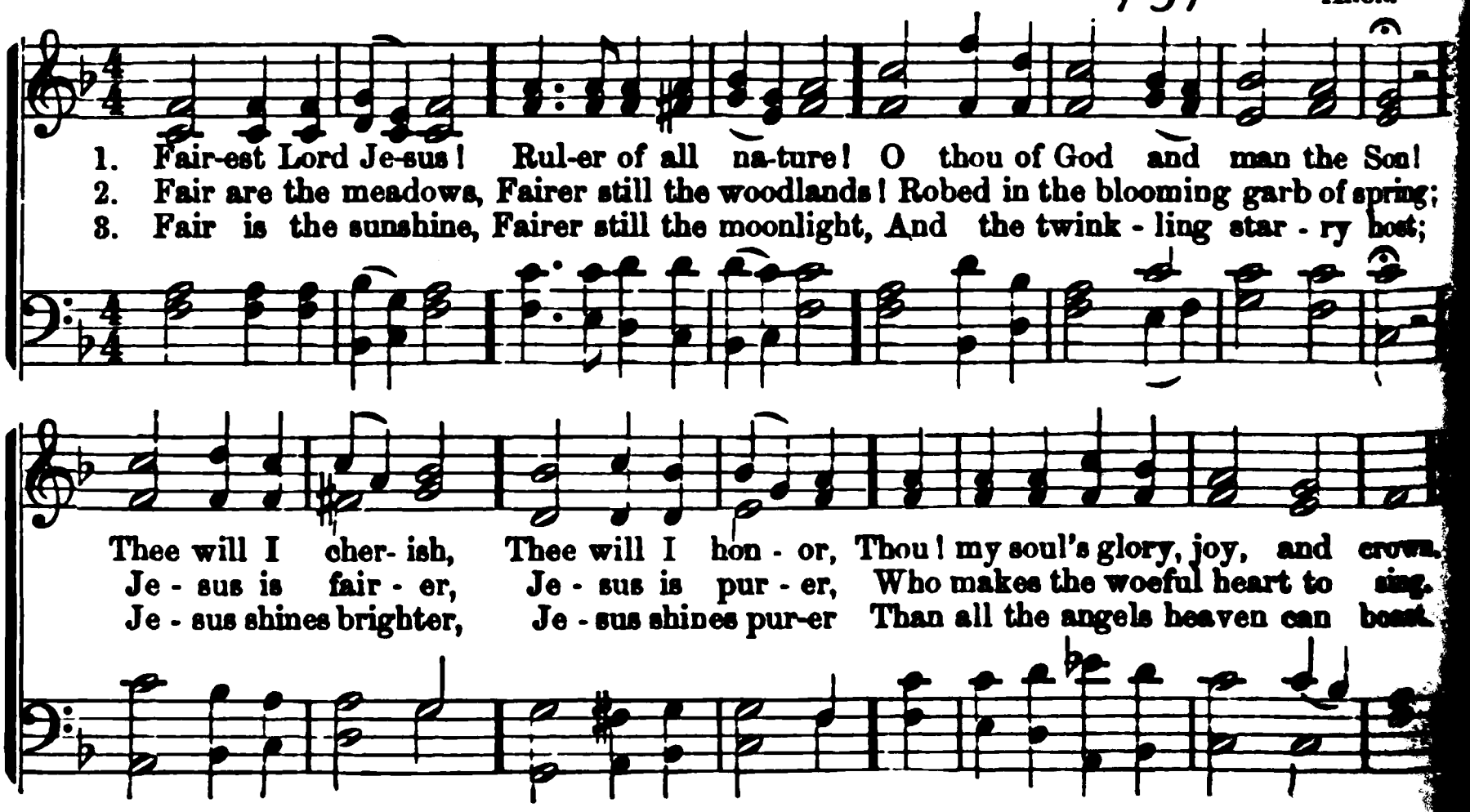
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

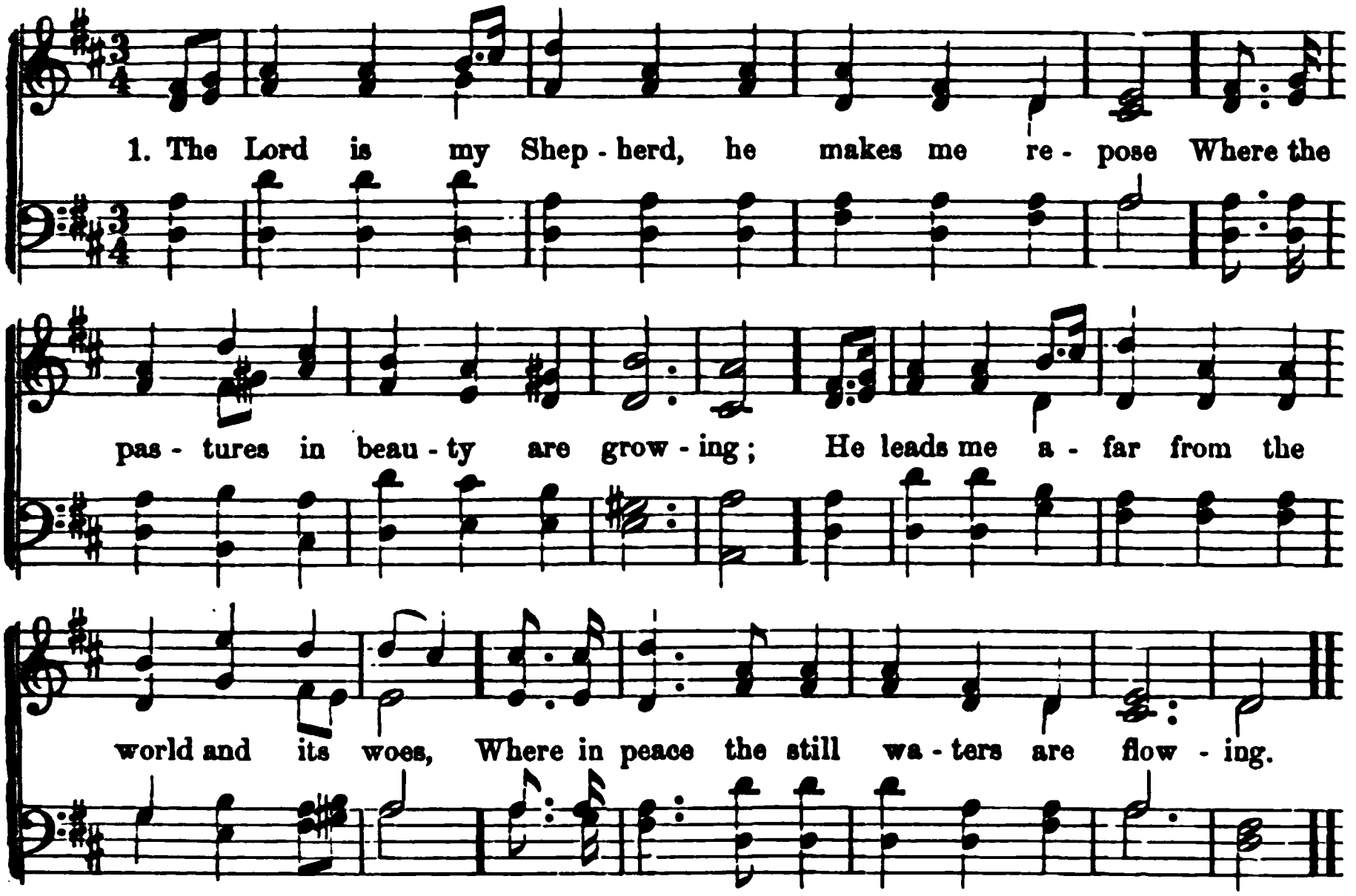
6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

CRUSADERS' HYMN. P. M.

HYMN 757 ANON.



SHEPHERD. 11s & 10s.



758 *Ps. 23.* KNOX.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing,
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me,
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

59 *Cant. 1: 7, 8.* HASTINGS.

OH, tell me, thou Life and Delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

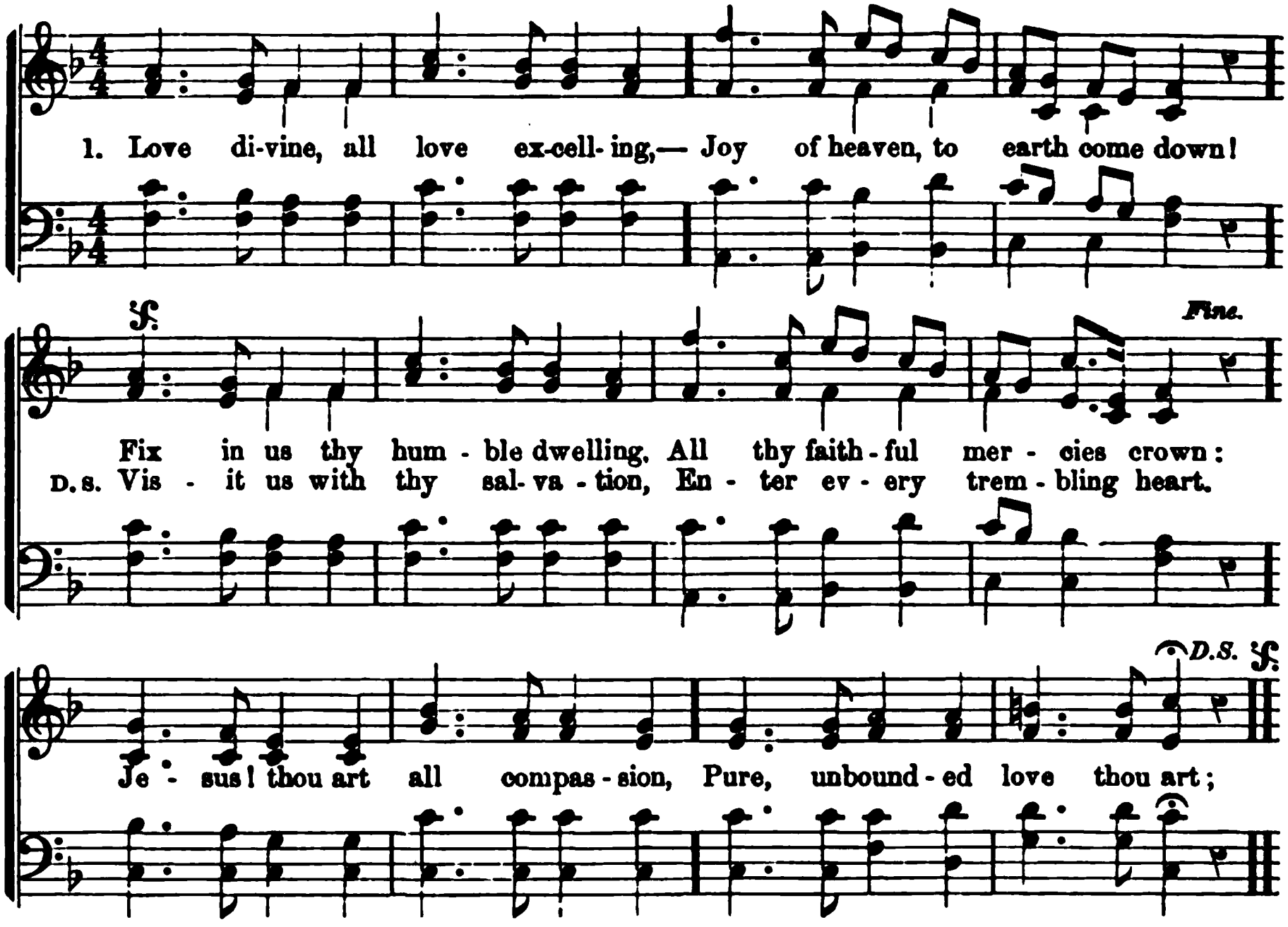
Oh, tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 And why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
In the desert where now they are roving;
Where hunger and thirst, where contentions and woes
And fierce conflicts their ruin are proving?

4 Ah, when shall my woes and my wandering cease,
And the follies that fill me with weeping?
O Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace,
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping!

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids me return,
By the way where the footprints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn:
And homeward my spirit is flying.

BAYLEY. 8s & 7s. D.



760 *Phil. 1 : 6.* C. WESLEY.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

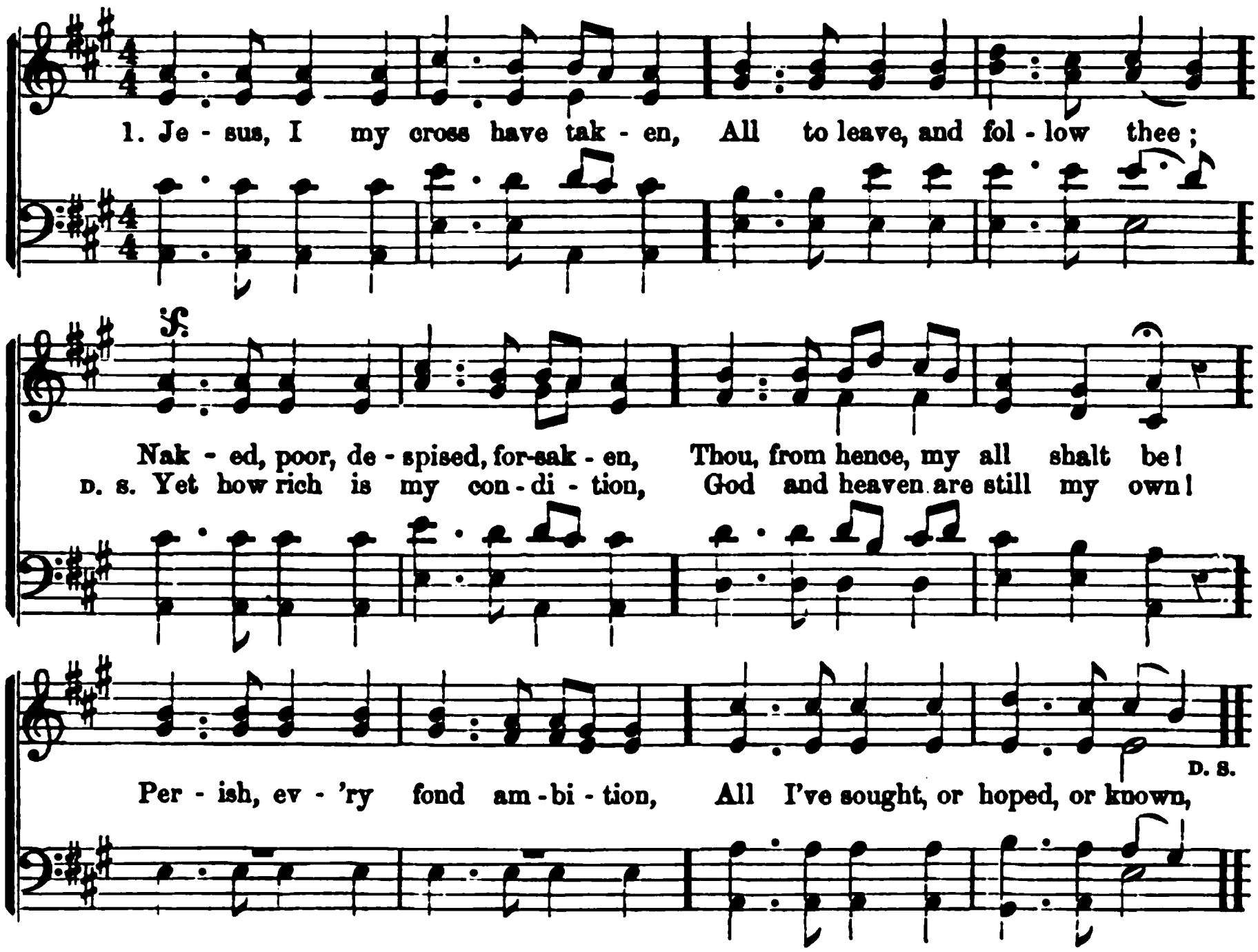
761 *John 15 : 4.* SPITTA.

ALL is dying; hearts are breaking
Which to ours were closely bound;
And the lips have ceased from speaking
Which once uttered such sweet sound;
And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our support and stay;
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.

2 Everything we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave.
All is fading, all is fleeing;
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

3 Yet unchanged while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust;
Lean on me alone, he sayeth;
Hope and love, and firmly trust!
Oh, abide, abide with Jesus,
Who himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives!

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D.



762 *Luke 9 : 23.* LYTE.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

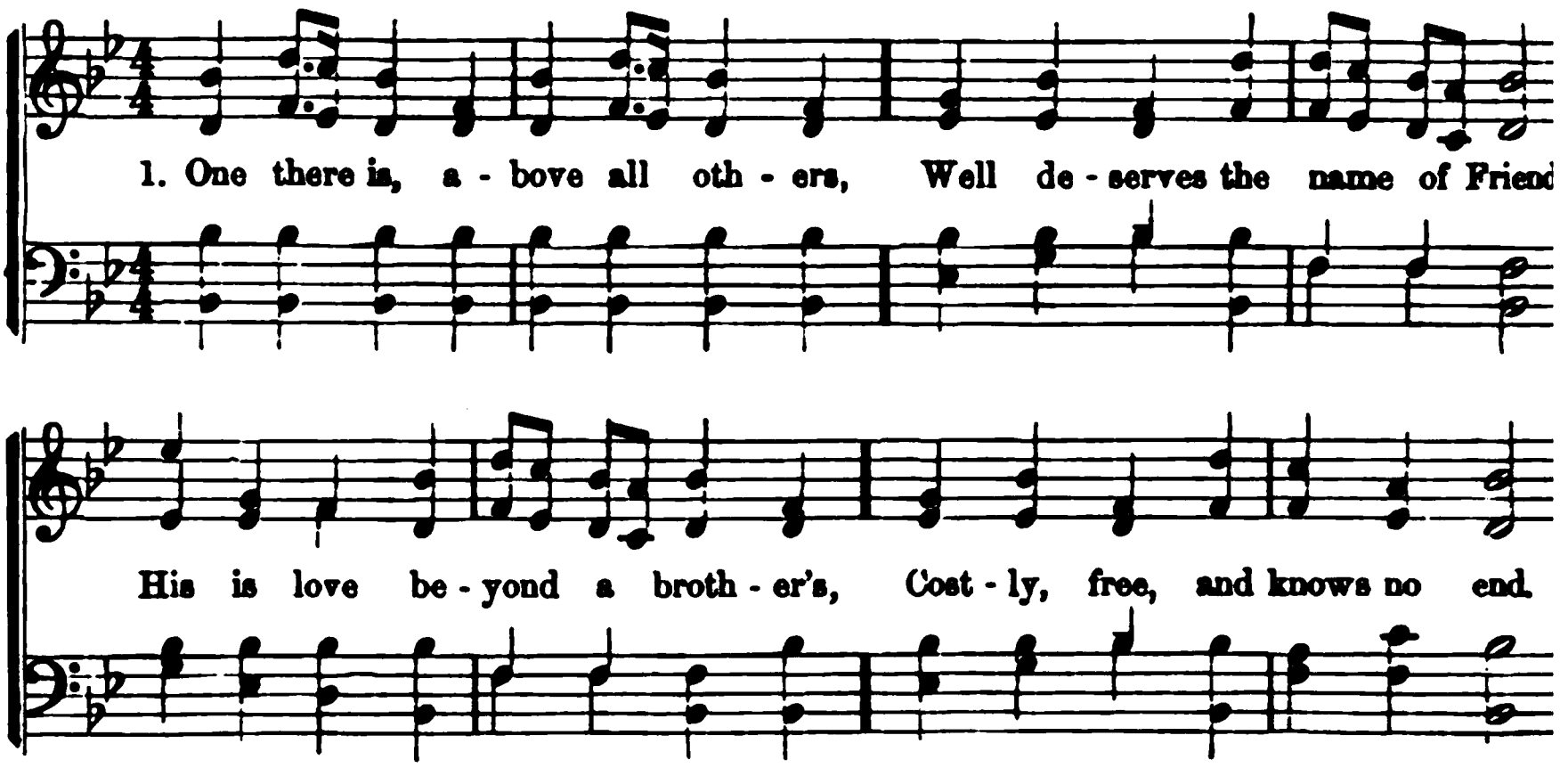
3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



763 *Prov. 18 : 24.* NEWTON.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

764 *Matt. 17 : 8.* NASON.

JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bri
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

765 *John 8 : 36.* A

SAVIOUR, hear us, through thy merit;
Lowly bending at thy feet;
Oh, draw near us by thy Spirit;
Prostrate at thy mercy-seat.

2 For the joys of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee;
Hear the voice of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.

766 *Matt. 28 : 20.* NEW

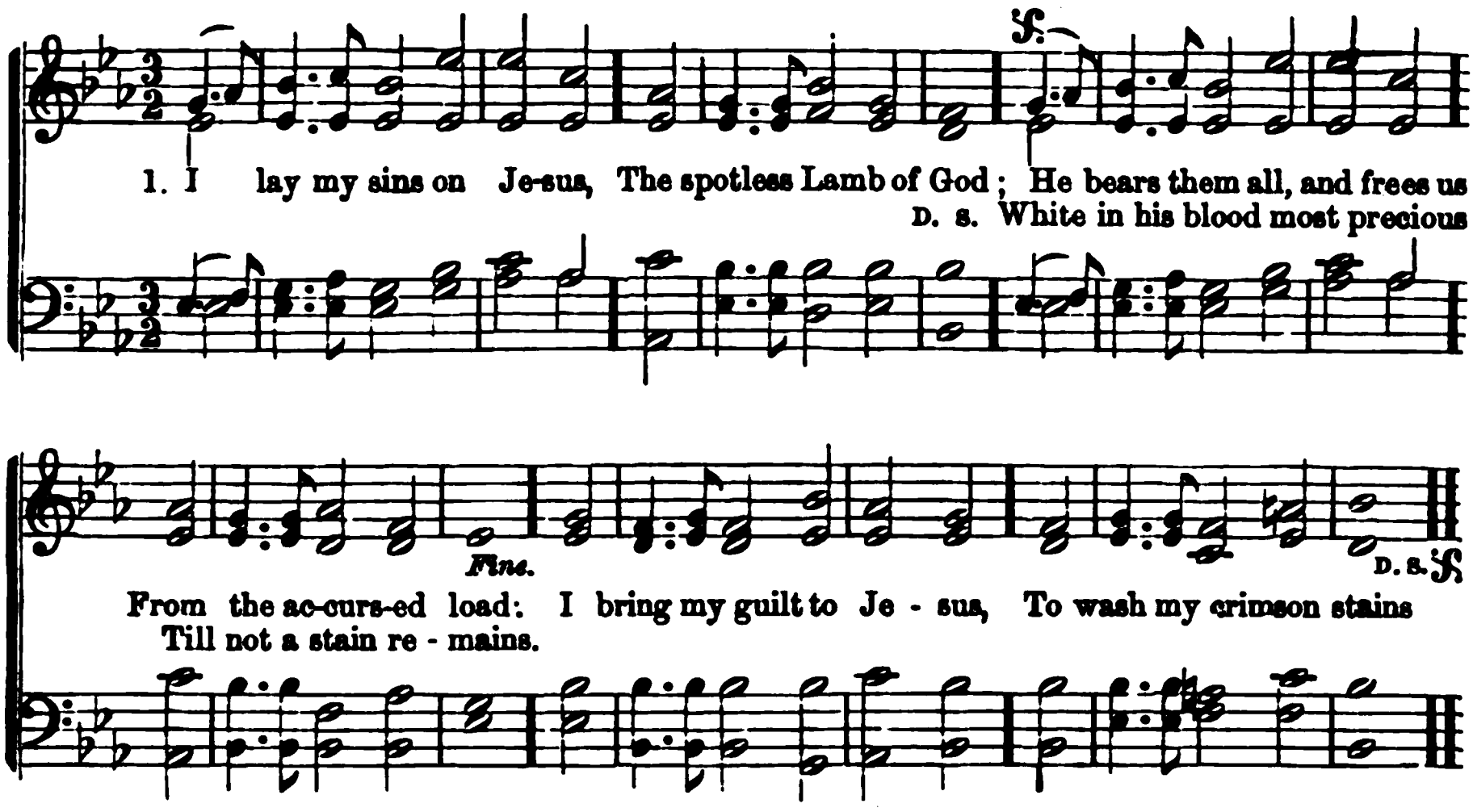
ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

TULLY. 7s & 6s. D.



767 *Isa. 53 : 4.* BONAR.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

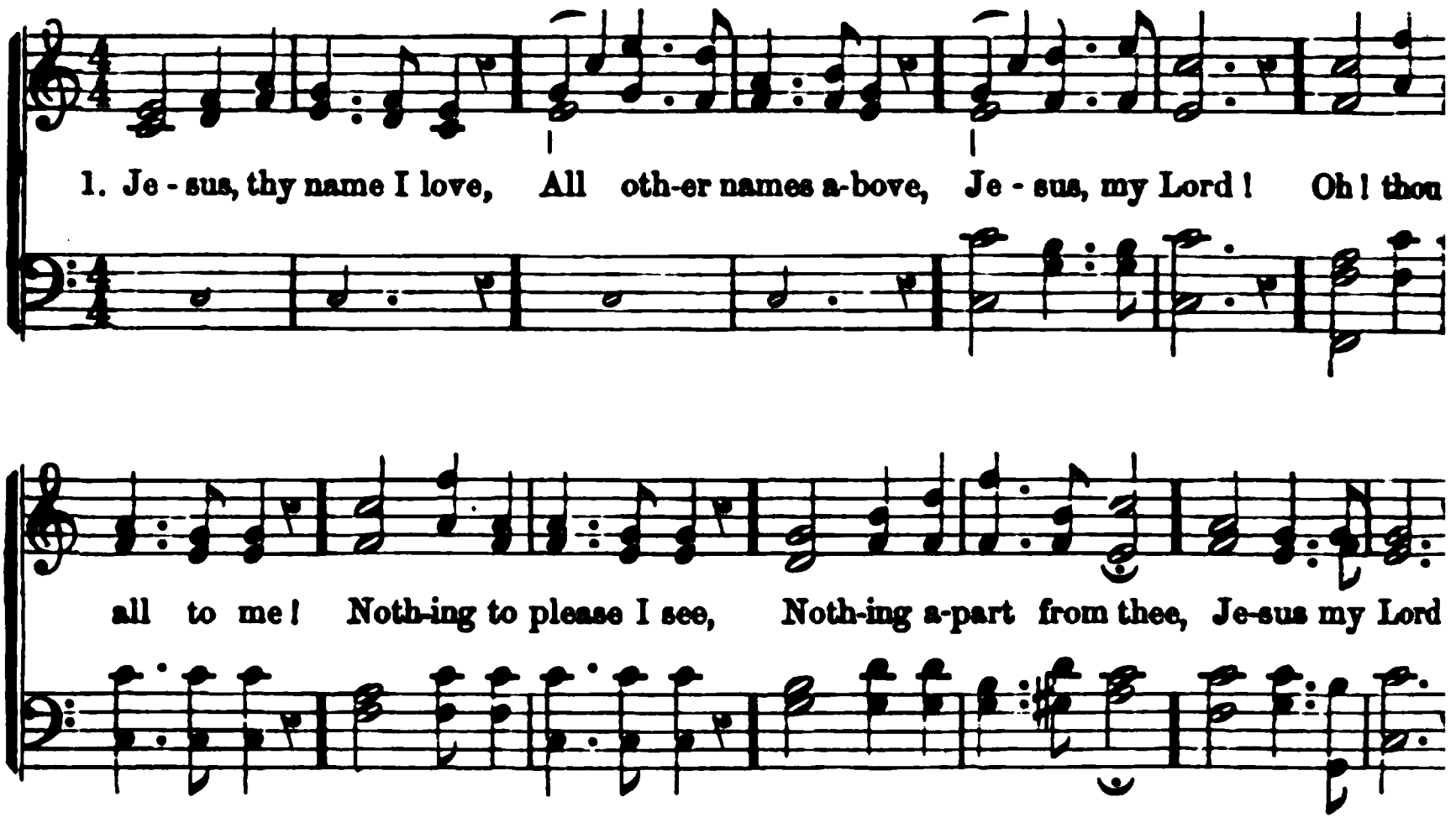
768 *Jude 25.* HAWEIS.

To thee, my God and Saviour!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I 'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn, with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased the Lord shall hear:
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I 'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee:—
What could an angel more?

LYTE. 6s & 4s.



769

1 John 4 : 19. ANON.

JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blesséd Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I 'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

770

Ps. 37 : 25. H.

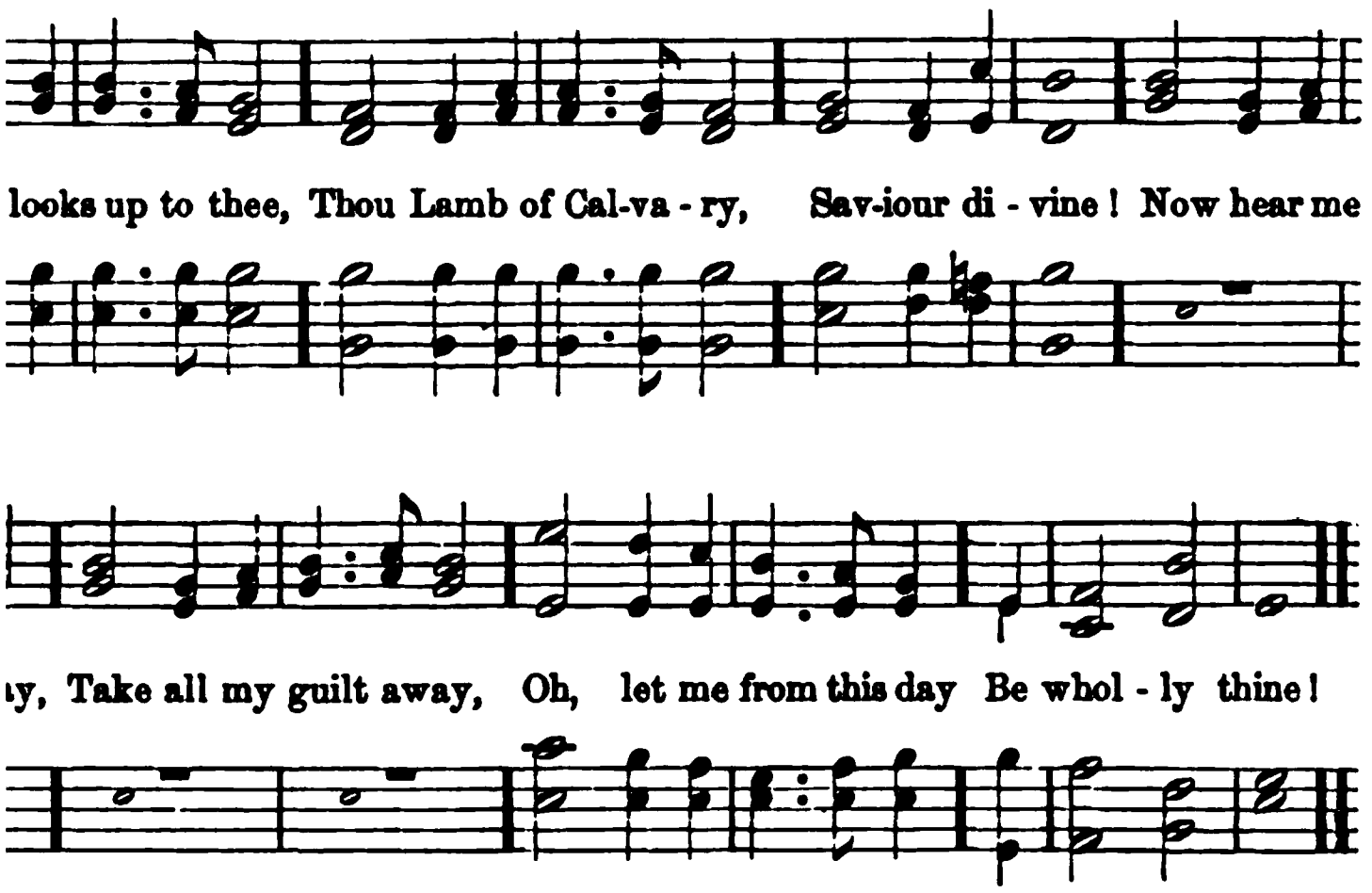
Now I have found a Friend
Whose love shall never end;
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold;
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4 Father! thy name I bless;
Thine was the sovereign grace;
Praise shall be thine;
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

Γ. 6s & 4s.



ı. 45 : 22. RAY PALMER.

ks up to thee,
of Calvary,
vine!
e while I pray,
guilt away,
om this day
thine!

ı grace impart
ny fainting heart;
spire;
died for me,
love to thee
and changeless be,
re.

lark maze I tread,
round me spread,
ıy guide;
turn to-day,
's tears away,
ver stray
aside.

ife's transient dream,
s cold, sullen stream
me roll,
! then, in love,
rust remove;
safe above,
d soul!

772 *Heb. 12 : 2.* HASTINGS.

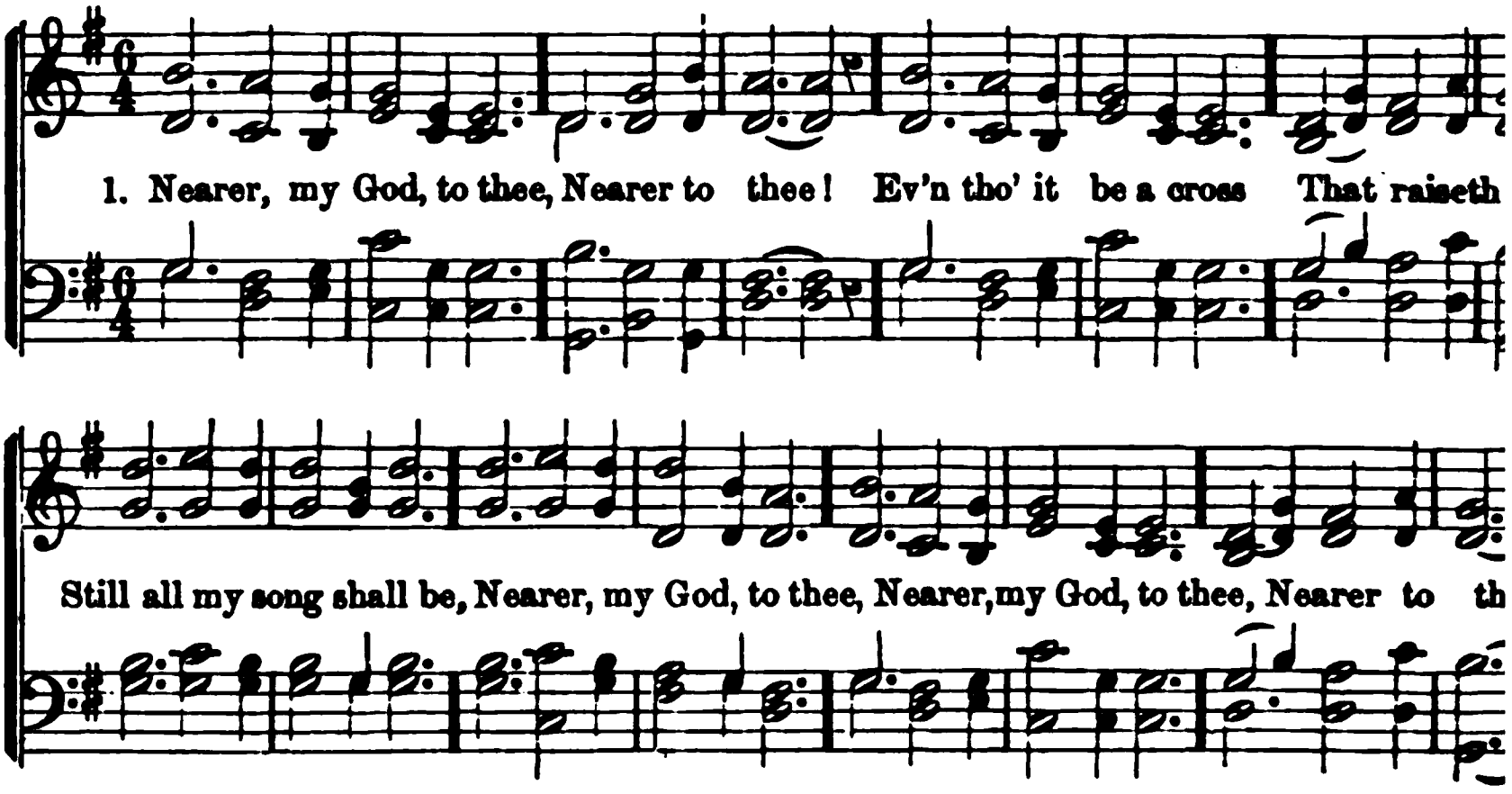
SAVIOUR, I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me,
'Mid storms that lower;
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.

2 Saviour, I look to thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

3 Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fullness see,
Save me from fear;
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

4 Saviour, I look to thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer:
Thou art my only aid,
On thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade,
While thou art near.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



773 *Isa. 42 : 16.* C. S. R.

SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

774 *Cant. 2 : 16.* MRS

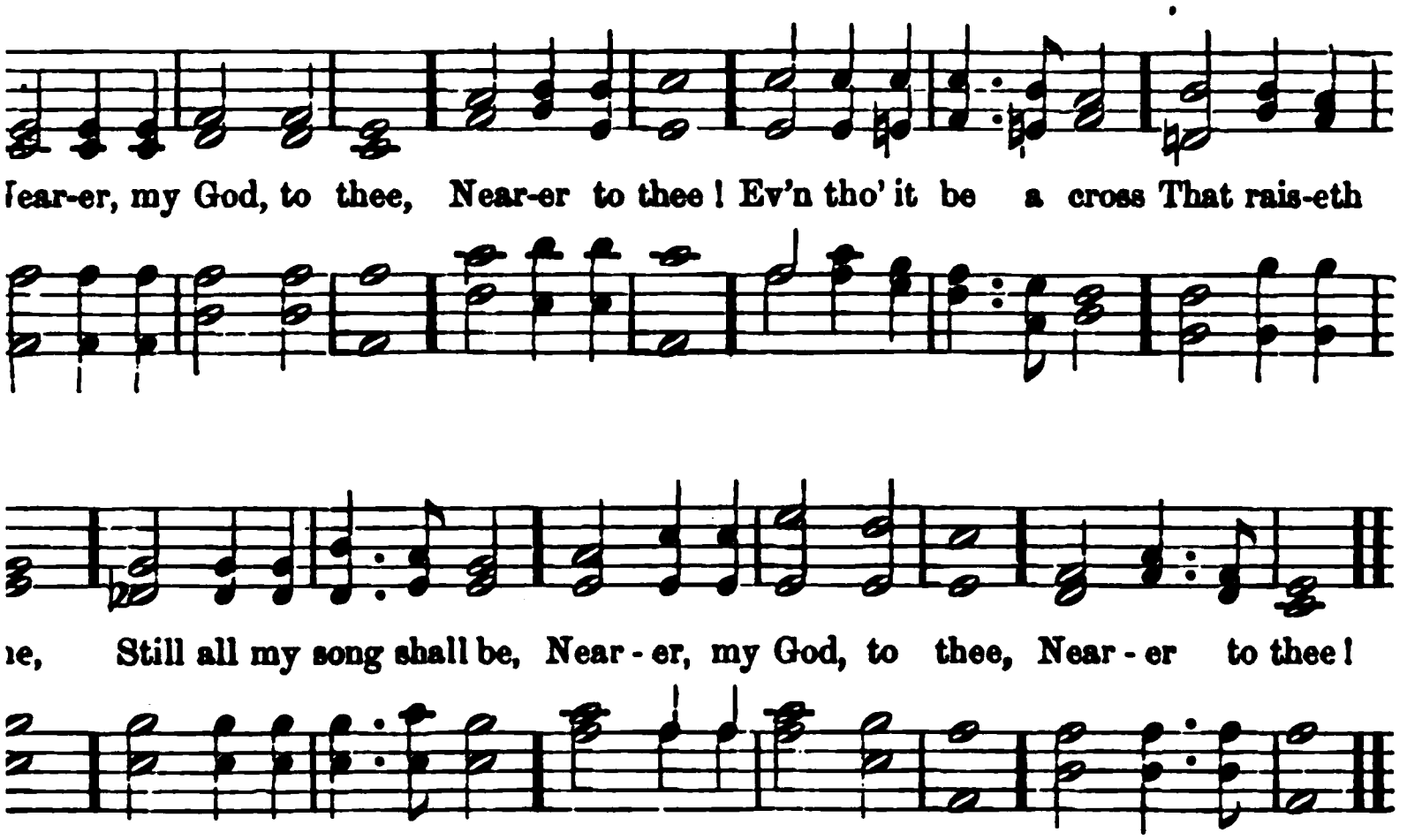
FADE, fade, each earthly joy
Jesus is mine!
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine:
Dark is the wilderness;
Earth has no resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine:
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine:
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, O loved and blest!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest
Welcome, my Saviour's breast
Jesus is mine!

Y. 6s & 4s.



Gen. 28 : 10-22. S. F. ADAMS.

:R, my God, to thee,
rer to thee!
hough it be a cross
t raiseth me!
l my song shall be,
, my God, to thee,
rer to thee!

h like the wanderer,
sun gone down,
ess be over me,
rest a stone,
my dreams I'd be
, my God, to thee,
rer to thee!

let the way appear,
)s unto heaven;
at thou sendest me,
nercy given;
s to beckon me
, my God, to thee,
rer to thee!

with my waking thoughts
ght with thy praise,
my stony griefs
hel I'll raise;
my woes to be
, my God, to thee,
rer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

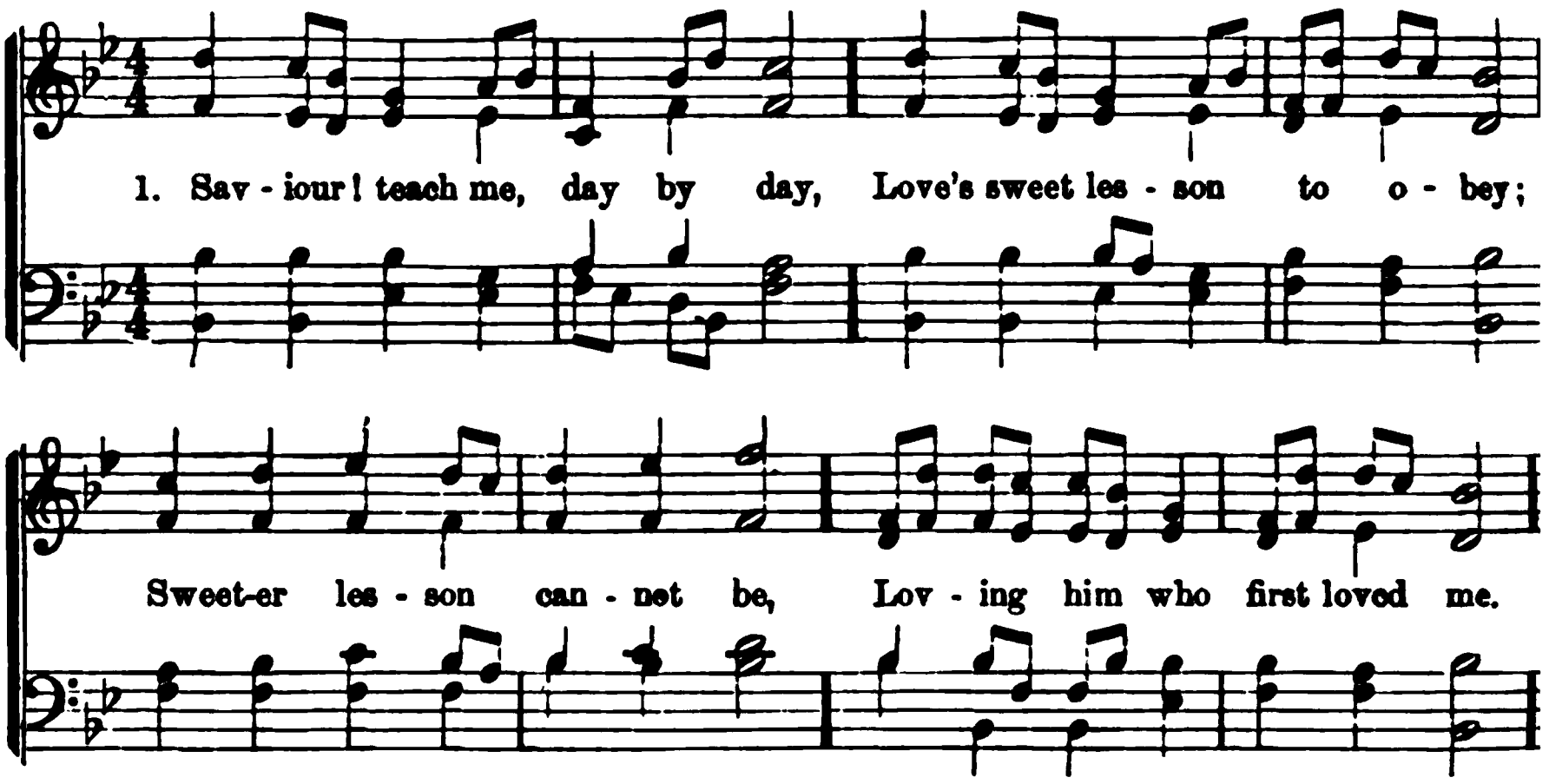
776 *1 Pet. 1 : 8.* HASTINGS

SAVIOUR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fullness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
Forevermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

FULTON. 7s.



777 *1 John 4 : 19.* J. E. Leeson.

Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

778 *John 14 : 6.* Furness.

Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God! my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blesséd Father, gracious One!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Saviour, near.

779 *1 Cor. 15 : 10.* Kelly.

Blessed fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me,
To this source alone I trace
What I am and hope to be.

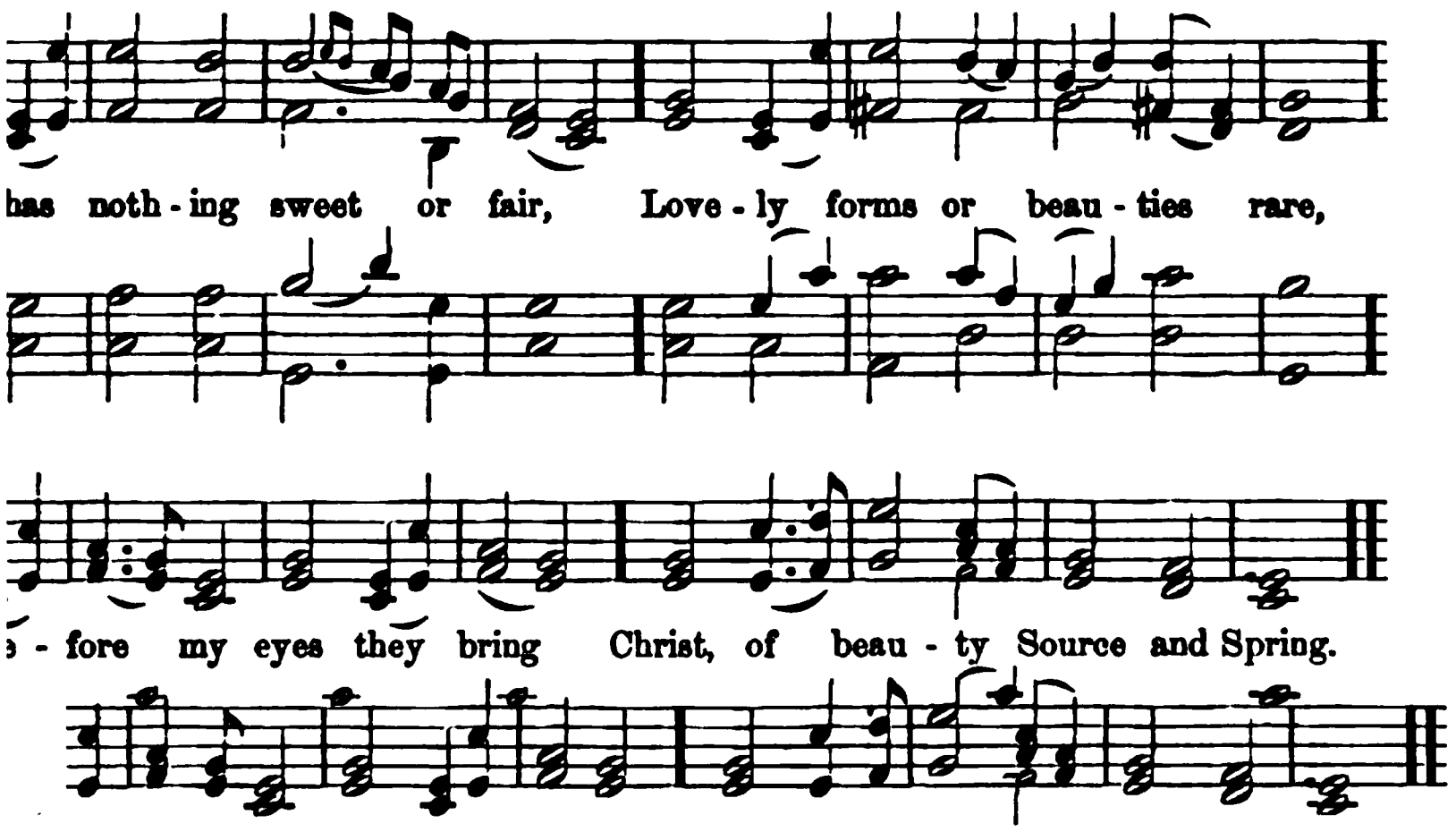
2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;
When I join the heavenly throng;
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a vail that stands between.

5 Blesséd fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

RL. 7s.



Cant. 5 : 16. SCHEFFLER.

s nothing sweet or fair,
:ms or beauties rare,
e my eyes they bring
beauty Source and Spring.

morning paints the skies,
golden sunbeams rise,
Saviour's form I find
maged on my mind.

star-beams pierce the night,
k on Jesus' light,
w bright that light will be,
rough eternity.

rd Jesus! and dispel
cloud in which I dwell,
e the power impart
. thee as thou art.

Isa. 7 : 14. NEWTON.

sounds than music knows
me in Immanuel's name;
pes my spirit owes
birth, and cross, and shame.

came, the angels sung,
be to God on high:"
ose my stammering tongue;
ould louder sing than I?

ord a man become,
might the law fulfill,
suffer in my room,—
nst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour! Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend—
Every precious name in one!
I will love thee without end.

782

Isa. 9 : 6. ANON.

HE has come, the Christ of God!
Left for us his glad abode;
Stooping from his throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness!

2 He has come, the Prince of peace!
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter, with his light,
All the shadows of our night.

3 He, the mighty King, has come!
Making this poor earth his home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load,
Son of David, Son of God!

4 He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race!
Left for us his glad abode,
Son of Mary, Son of God!

5 He has come from God's own heaven!
Unto us a Son is given;
Bringing with him from above
Holy peace, and holy love!

783 7s. *Matt. 1 : 23.* Anon.

God with us! oh, glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite;
Oh, mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

784 L. M. *Luke 24 : 51.* Cennick.

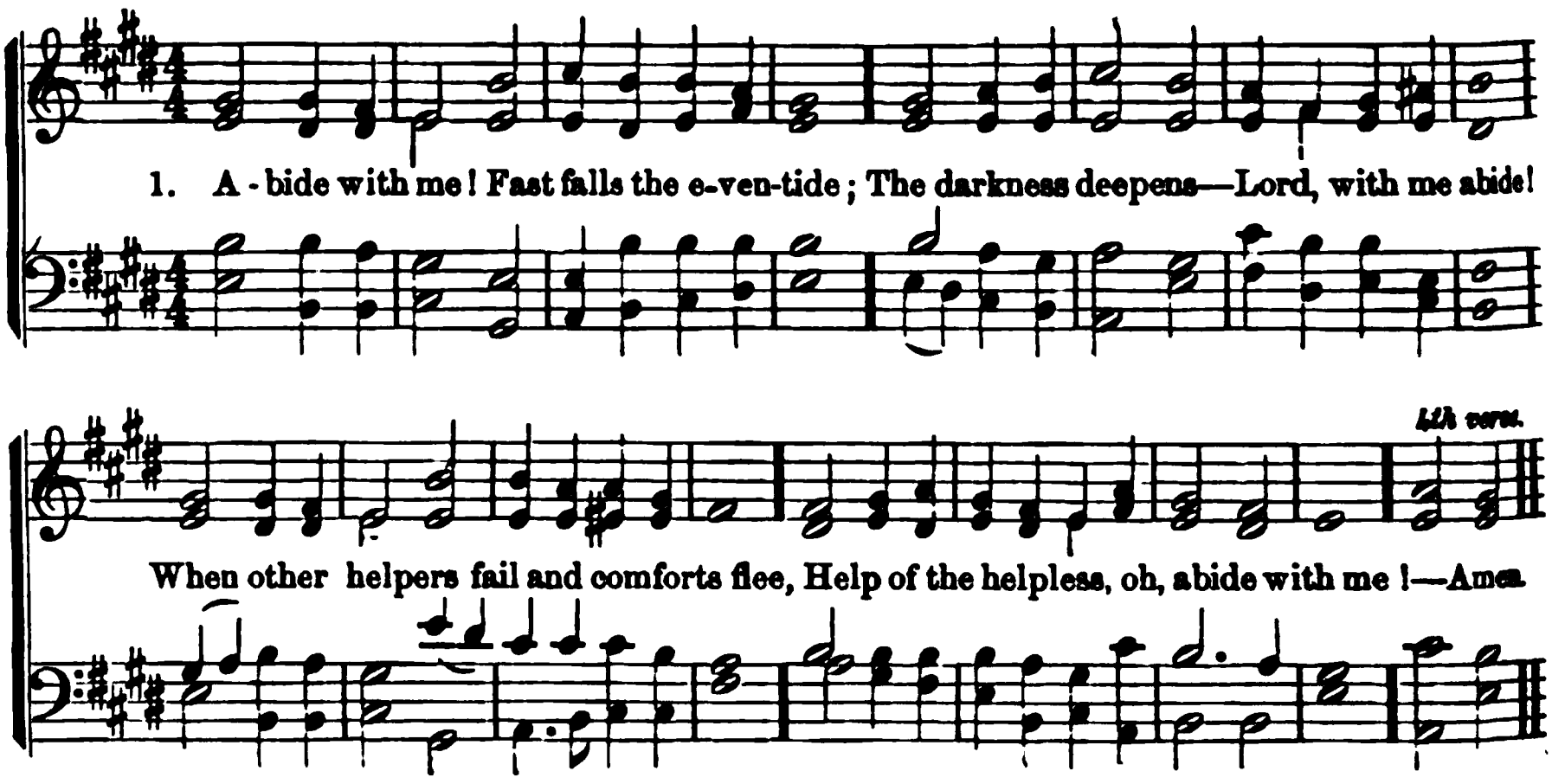
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I 'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.

3 The more I strove against their power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way!"

4 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

EVENTIDE. 10s.



785 *Luke 24 : 29.* Lyte.

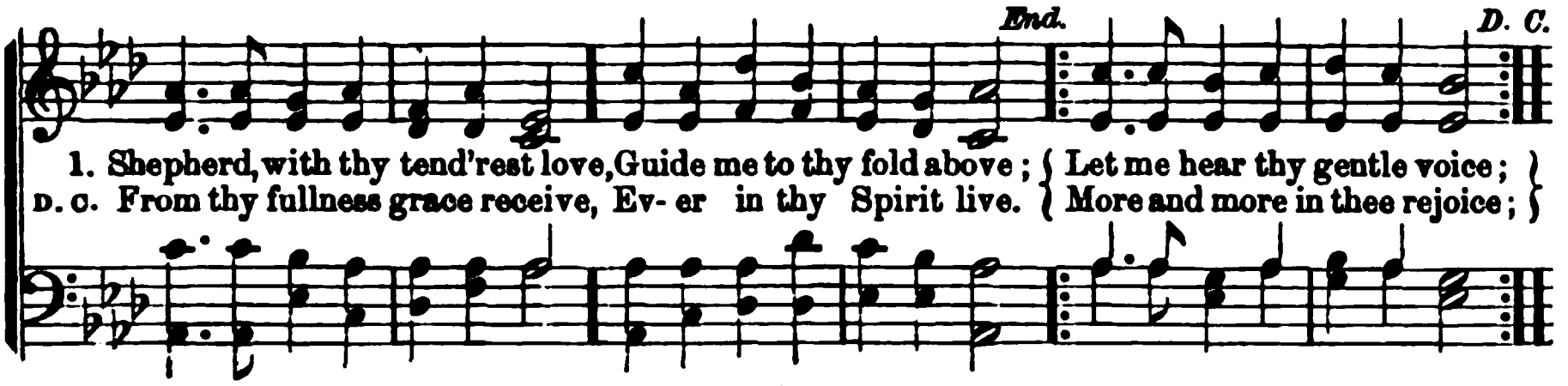
Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Not a brief glance I long, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6 lines.



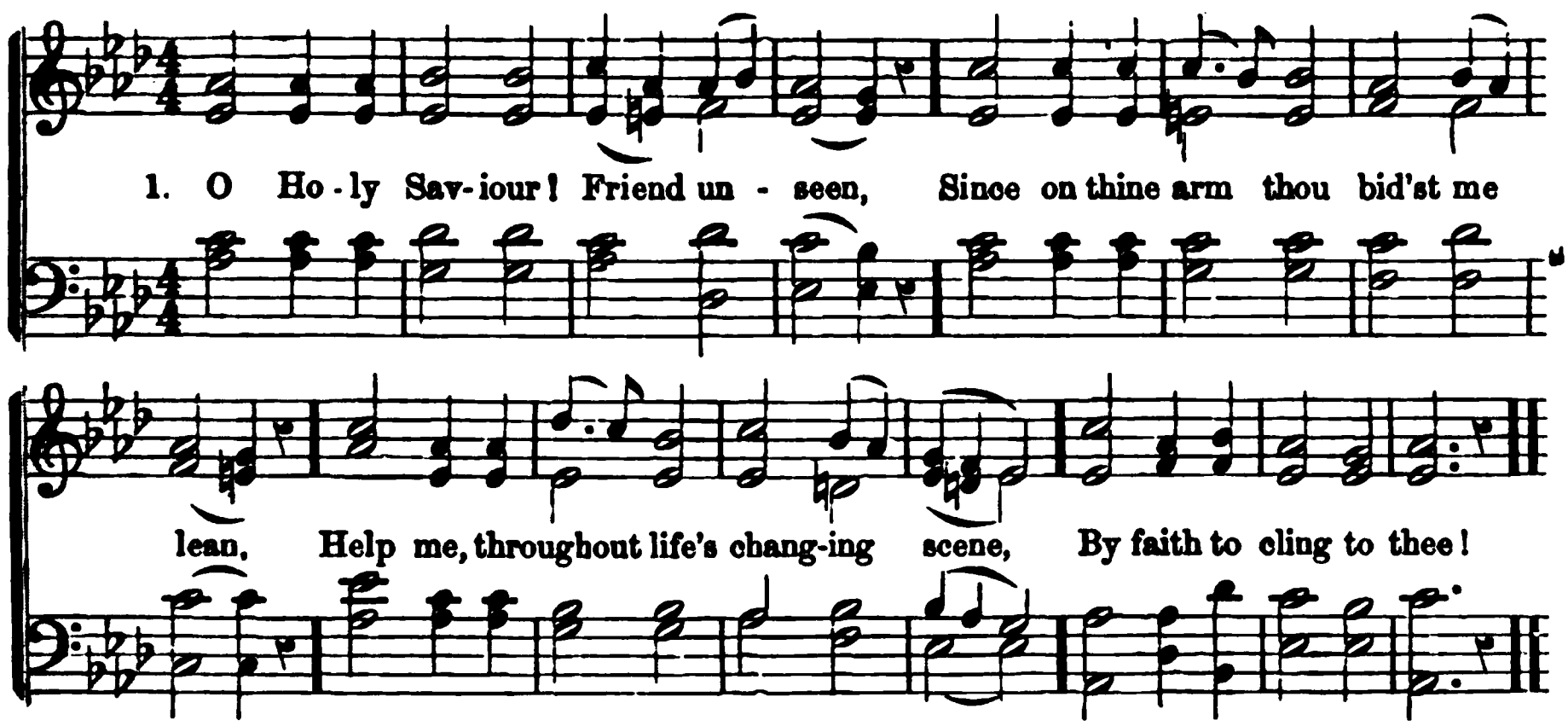
786 7s. 6l. *John 10 : 11.* ANON.

SHEPHERD, with thy tenderest love,
Guide me to thy fold above;
Let me hear thy gentle voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
From thy fullness grace receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows:
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guard me through the gate of death,
And at last, oh, let me stand,
With the sheep at thy right hand.

FLEMMING. 8s & 6s.



787 8s & 6s. *John 15 : 5.* C. ELLIOTT.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

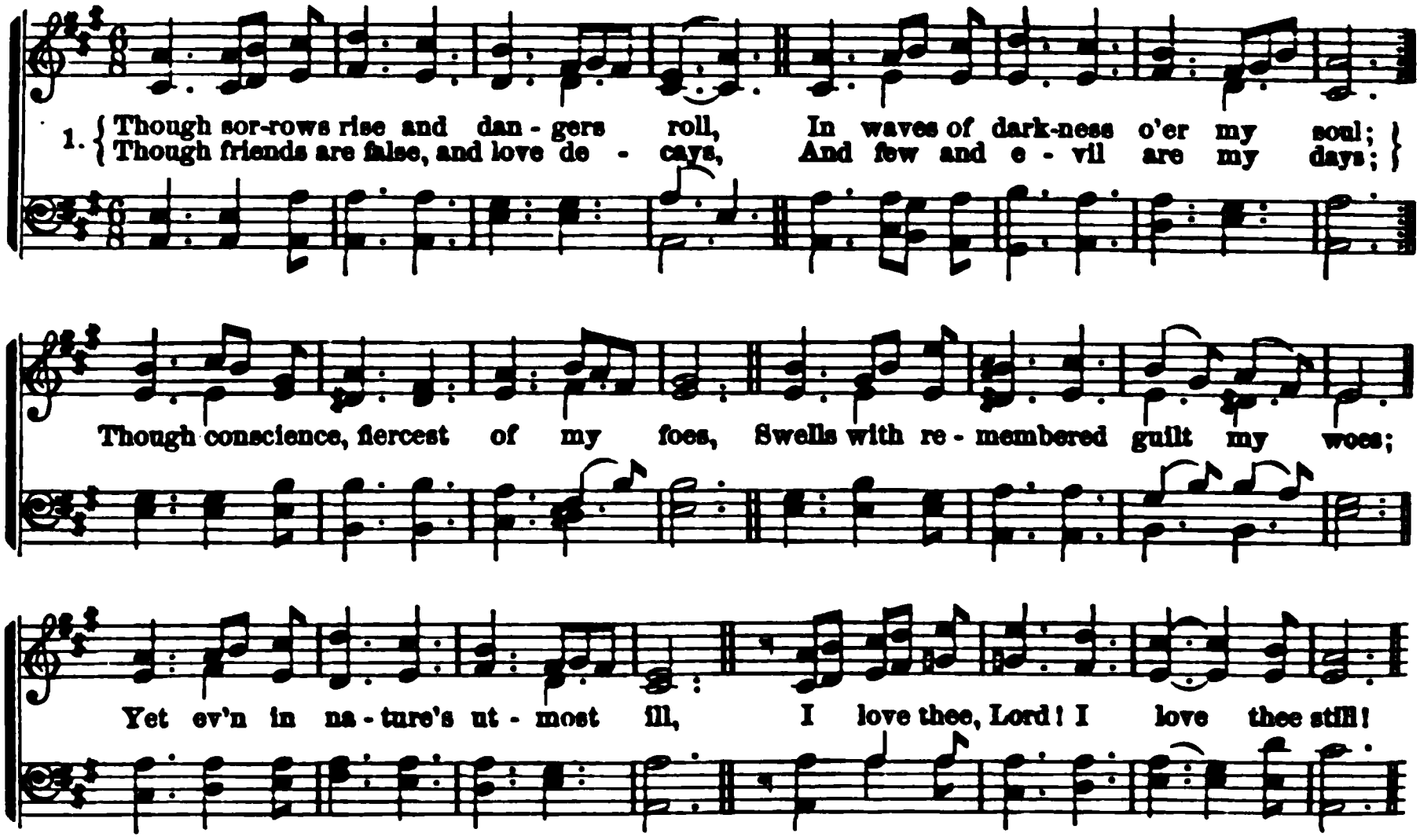
3 Though far from home, fatigued, opprest,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
Because I cling to thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.

5 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

6 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

MEMORIAL. L. M. D.



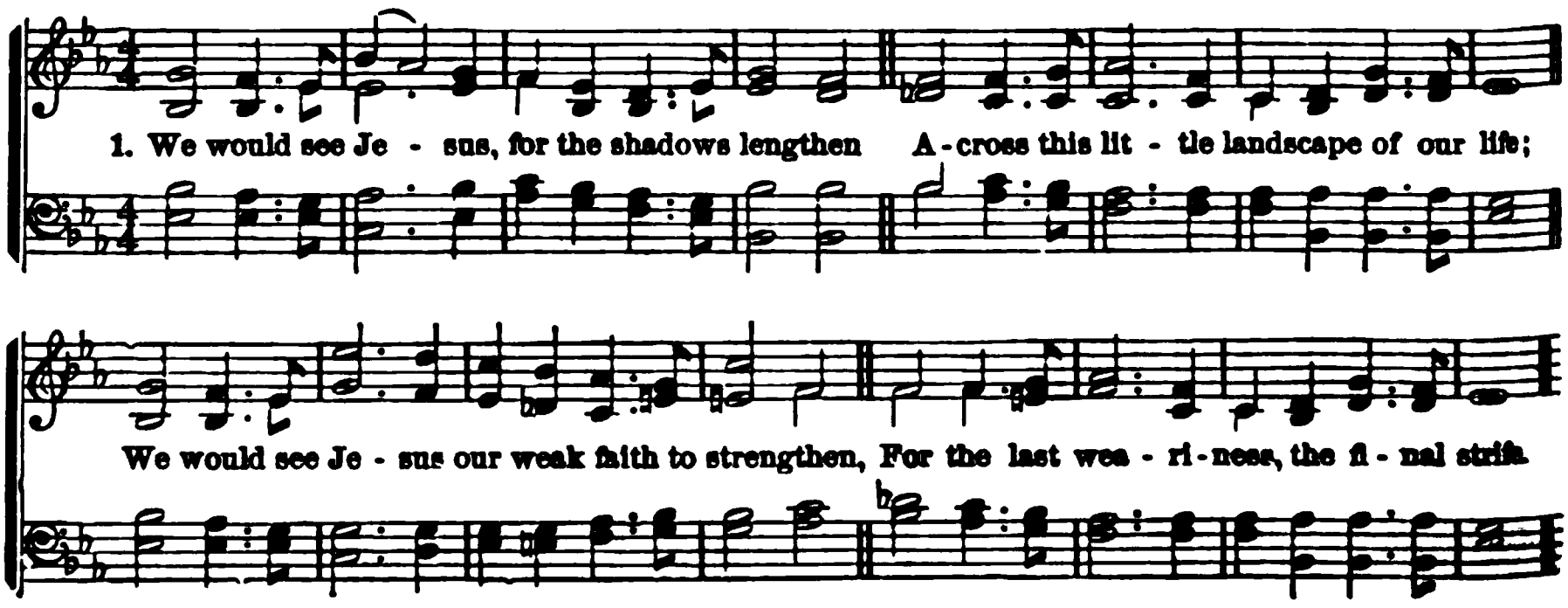
788 L. M. D. *1 John 4 : 18-21.*

Though sorrows rise and dangers roll,
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false, and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes;
Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

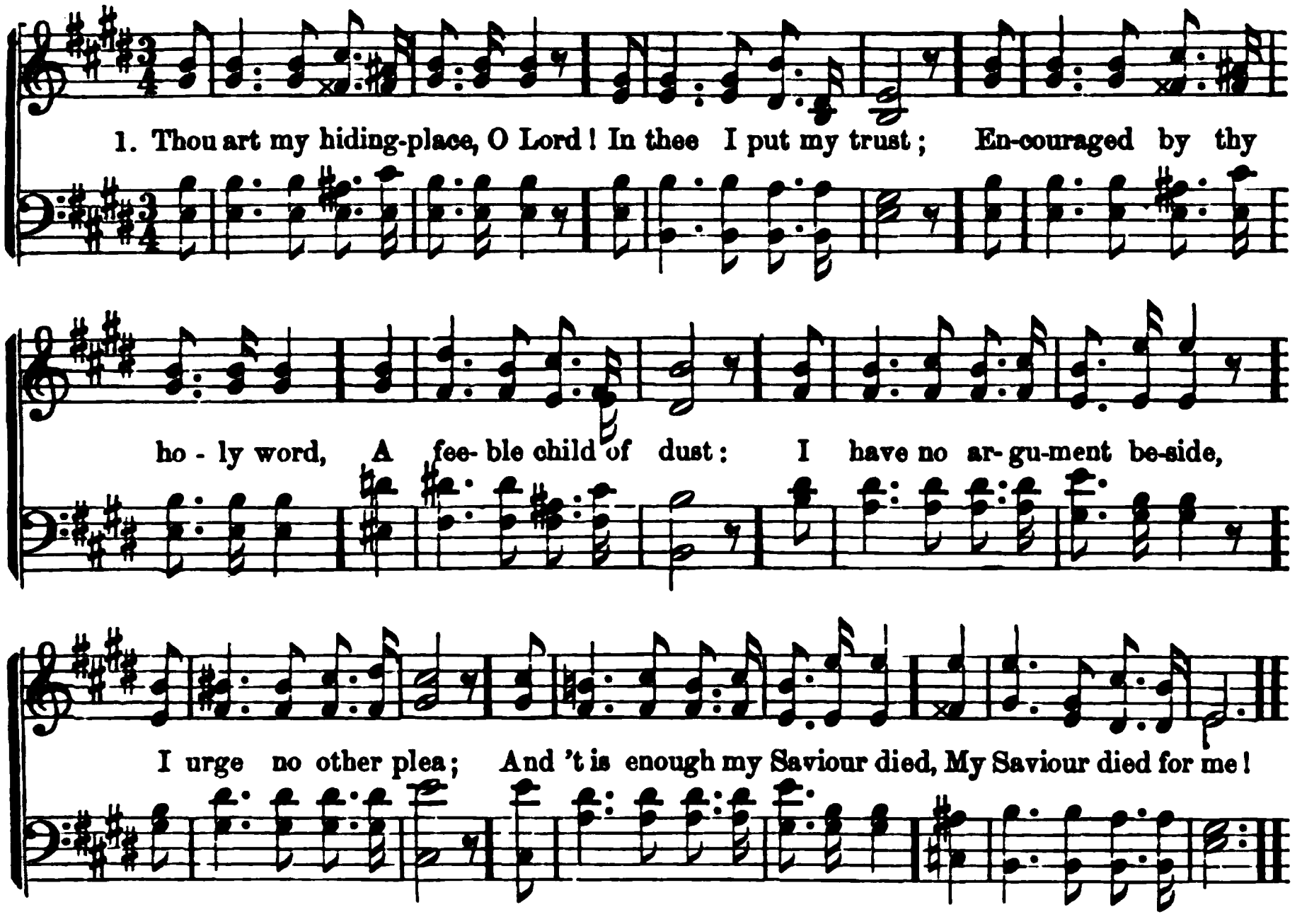
2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain;
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

3 Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart,
Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
I know, I feel thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord! thou lov'st me still!

RAYNOLDS. 11s & 10s.



GREENPORT. C. M. D.



789 11s & 10s. *John 12 : 21.* ANON.

WE would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus our weak faith to strengthen,
For the last weariness—the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are fading,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we 're needing,
Strength, joy and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

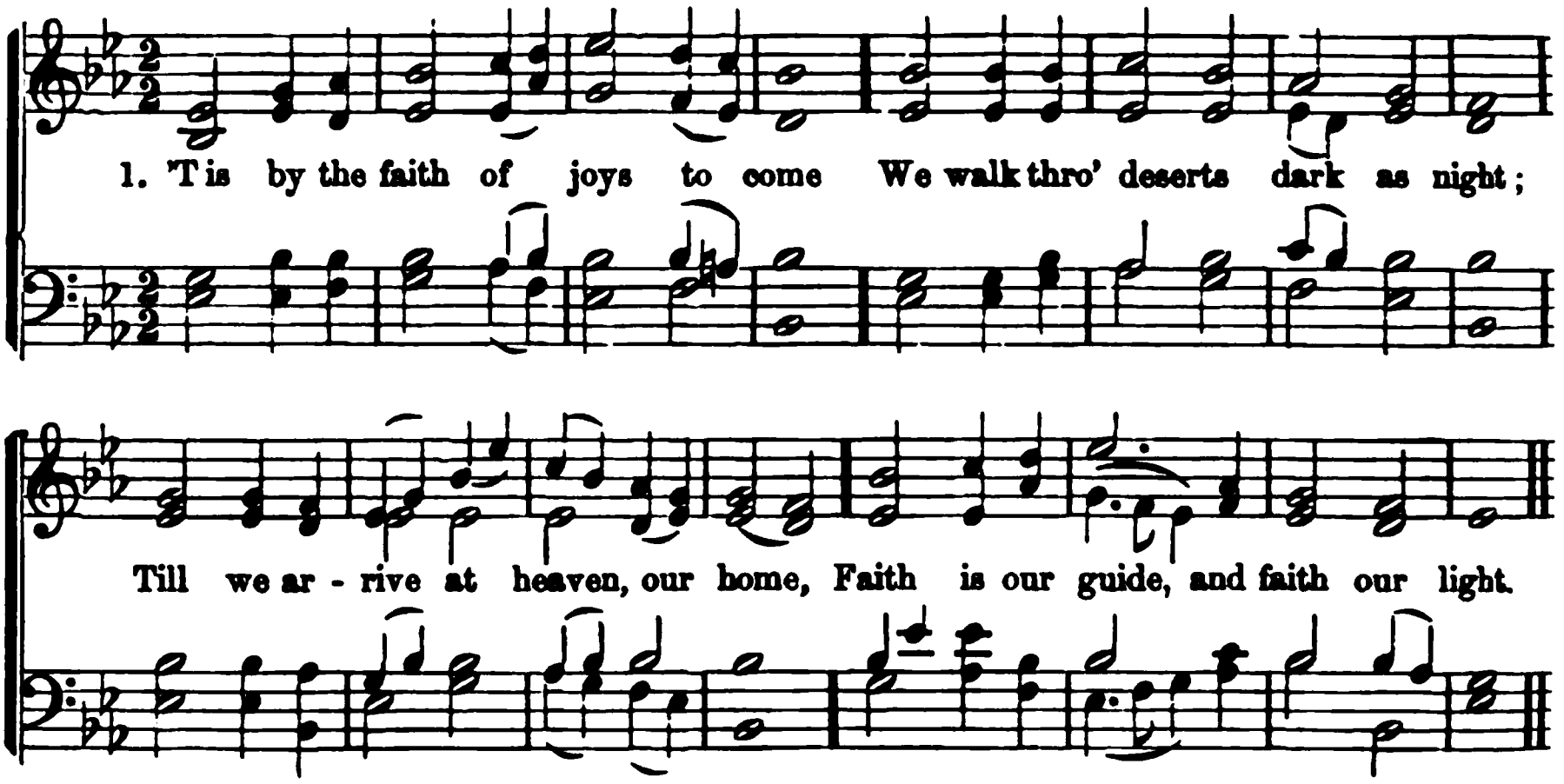
790 C. M. D. *Ps. 32 : 7.* RAFFLES.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
In thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust:
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 't is enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail:
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me!

3 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

DUKE STREET. L. M.



791 Faith.—*Heb. 11 : 8.* WATTS.

'T is by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

792 Self-denial.—*Luke 9 : 23.* KEBLE.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

793 Love.—*1 Cor. 13 : 1.* WATTS.

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell—
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

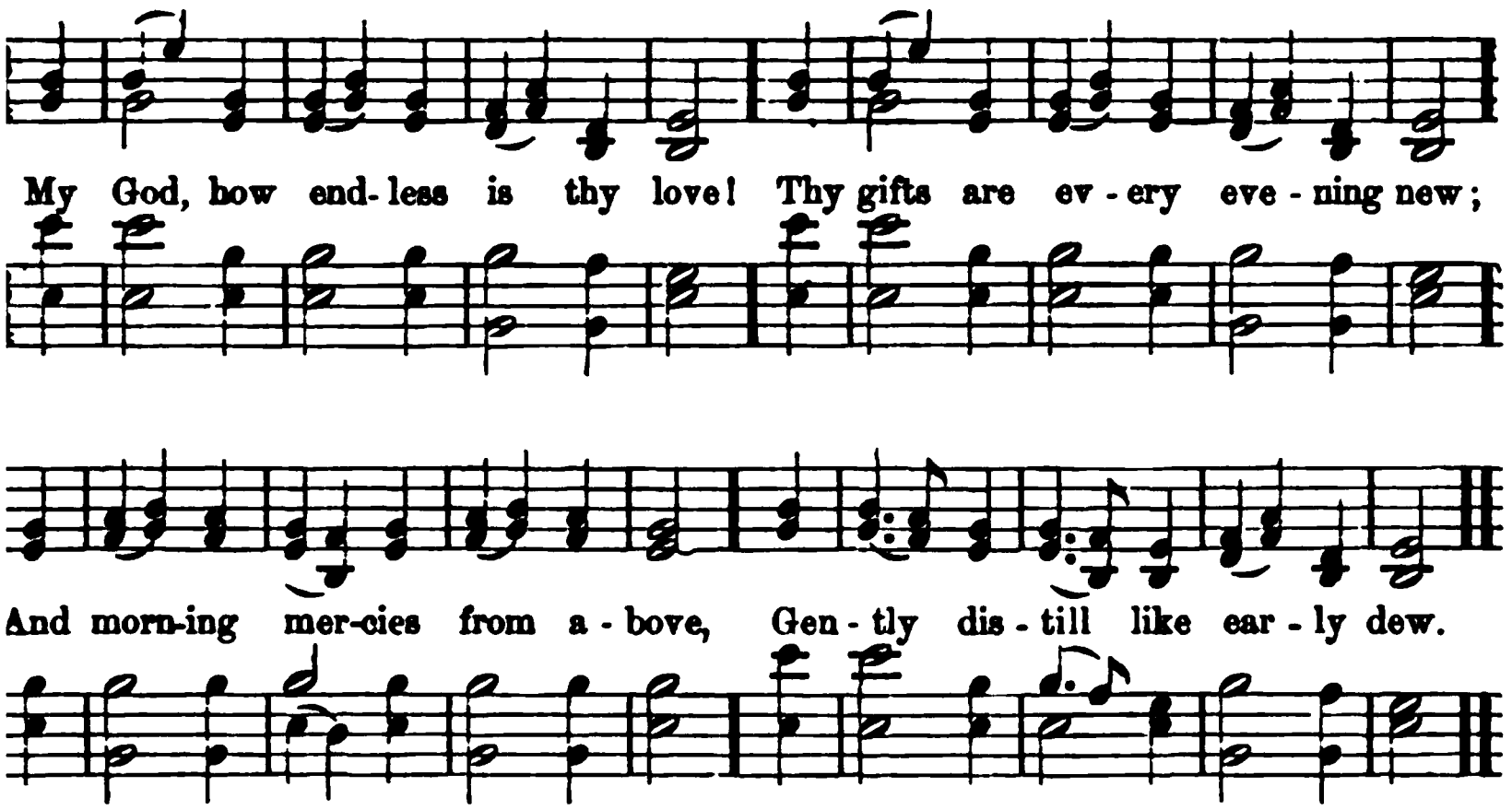
794 Consistency.—*Titus 2 : 10-13.* WATTS.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

RATITUDE. L. M.



Gratitude.—*Lam. 3 : 23.* WATTS.

od, how endless is thy love!
ifts are every evening new;
norning mercies from above,
y distill like early dew.

spread'st the curtains of the night,
guardian of my sleeping hours;
overeign word restores the light,
quickens all my drowsy powers.

l my powers to thy command;
ee I consecrate my days;
tual blessings from thine hand
nd perpetual songs of praise.

Completeness.—*Col. 2 : 10.* A. R. W.

LETE in thee! no work of mine
ake, dear Lord, the place of thine;
lood has pardon bought for me,
am now complete in thee.

lete in thee—no more shall sin,
race has conquered, reign within;
oice will bid the tempter flee,
shall stand complete in thee.

lete in thee—each want supplied,
o good thing to me denied,
thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
no more—complete in thee.

Saviour! when, before thy bar
bes and tongues assembled are,
g thy chosen may I be
y right hand—complete in thee.

797 Contentment.—*Phil. 4 : 11.* GUION.

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

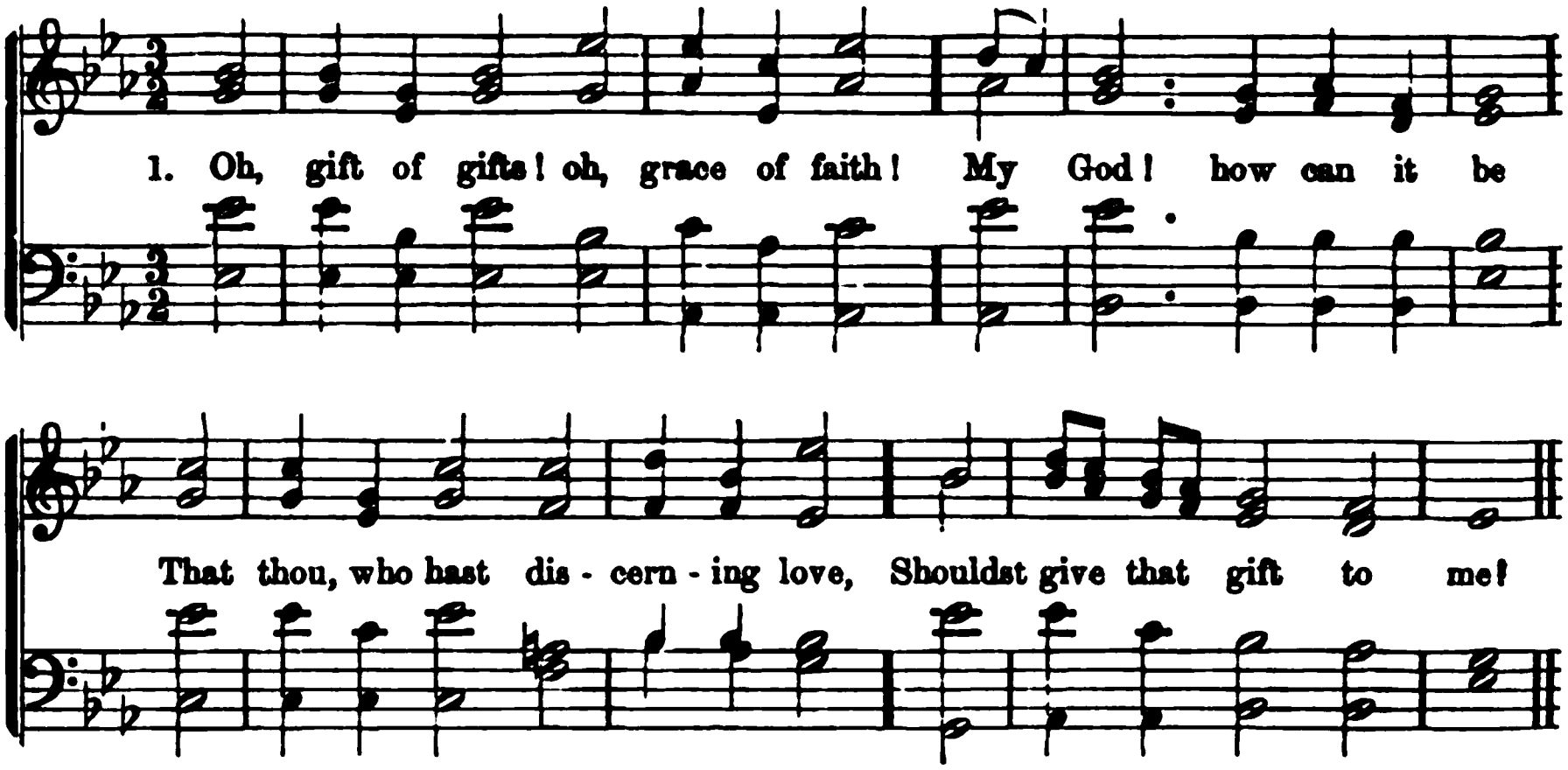
798 Meekness.—*Matt. 5 : 5.* T. SCOTT.

HAPPY the meek whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild!
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess:
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

VALENTIA. C. M.



799 Faith.—*Eph. 2 : 8.* FABER.

OH, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

800 Godly Sincerity.—*Eph. 5 : 8.* BARTON.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

801 Gentleness.—*2 Tim. 2 : 24.* BATES.

SPEAK gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

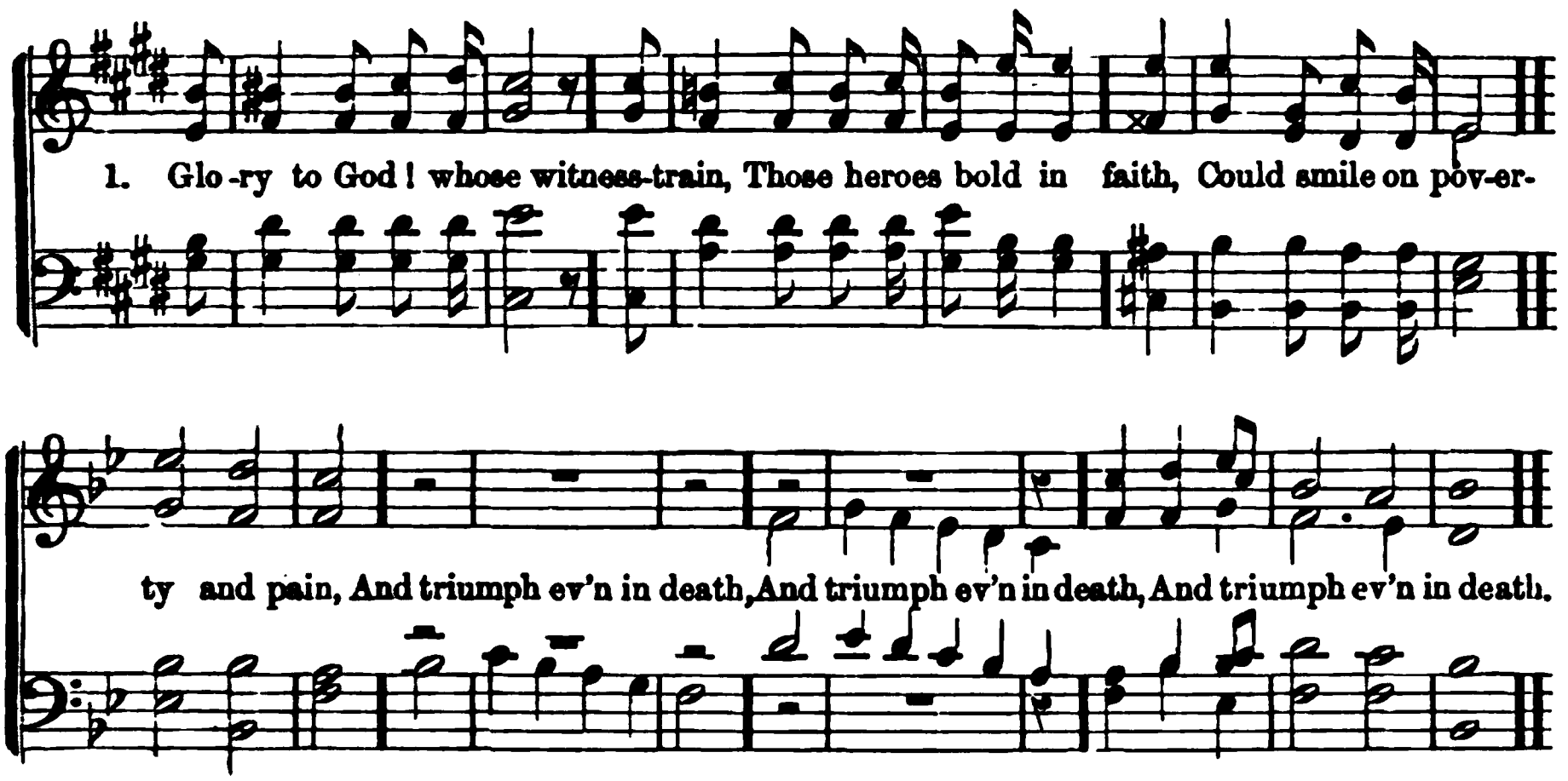
2 Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may
'T is full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the agéd one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

5 Speak gently—'t is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.



802 Martyr-faith.—*Heb. 11 : 13.* MORAVIAN.

GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

2 Oh! may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

803 Trust.—*Hab. 3 : 17-19.* LOGAN.

WHAT tho' no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no food supply;—

2 Though from the fold with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be;—

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him rejoice, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

804 Spirituality.—*Gal. 5 : 22.* ANON.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire—
This one great gift impart—
What most I need—and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven:
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free,
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

805 Faith.—*Mark 9 : 24.* WREFORD.

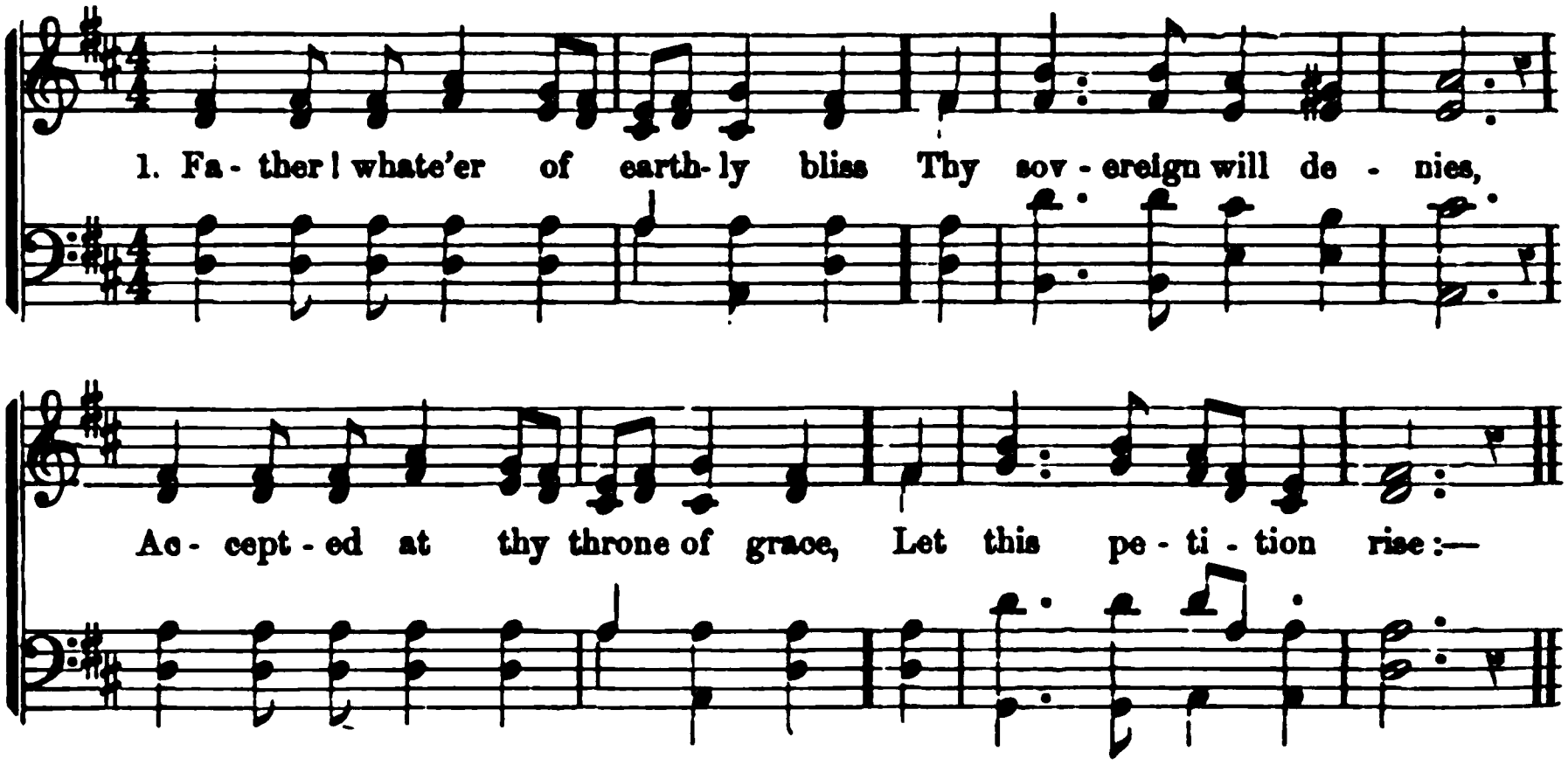
LORD, I believe; thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears,
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

NAOMI. C. M.



806 Humble Devotion. STEELE.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

807 Humility.—*Ps. 131.* WATTS.

Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

808 Humility.—*Isa. 57 : 15.* ANON.

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I 'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

809 Calmness.—*Isa. 26 : 3.* BONAR.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

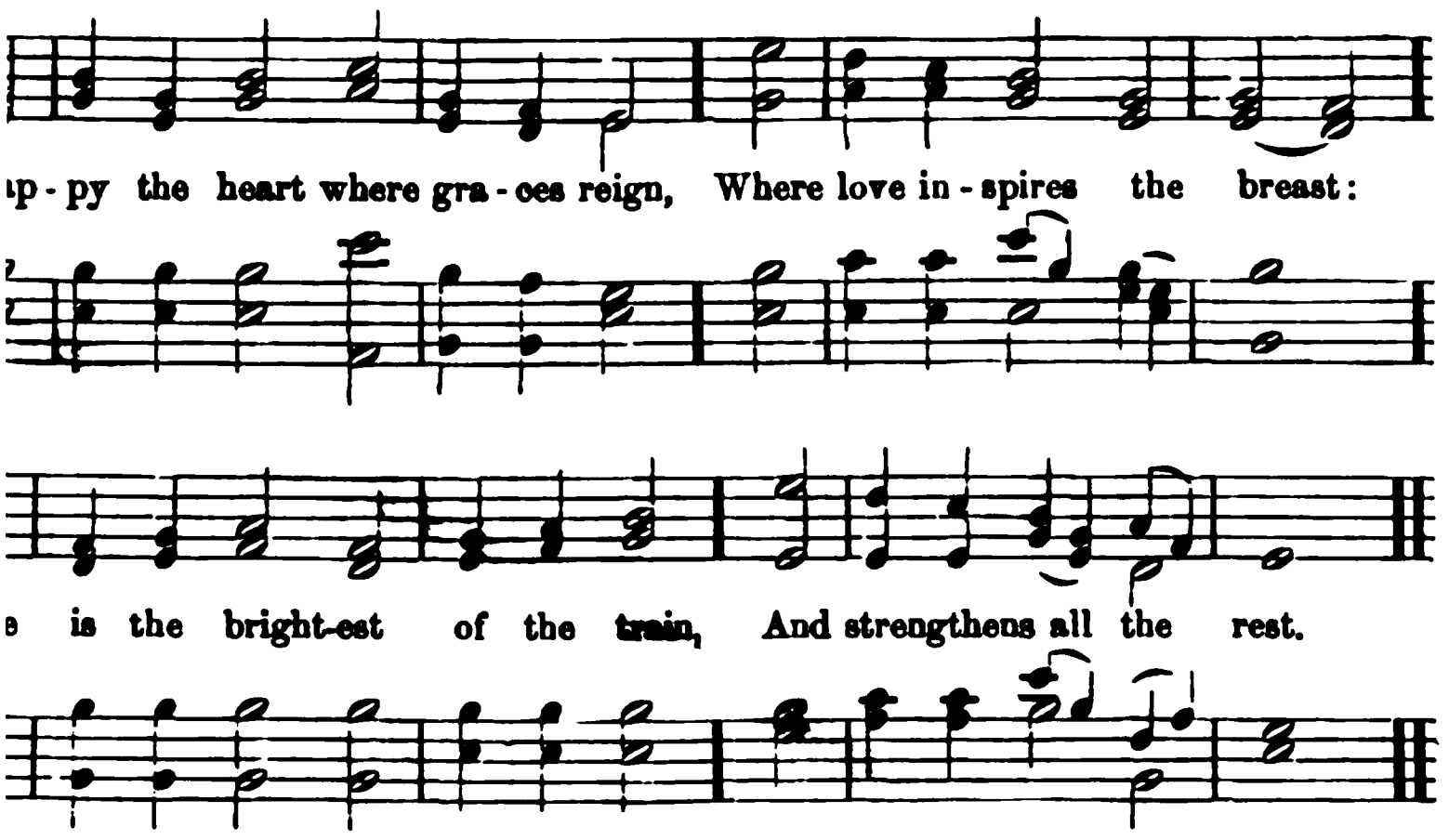
2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

JNT AUBURN. C. M.



ove.—*1 Cor. 13 : 13.* WATTS.

e heart where graces reign,
love inspires the breast:
e brightest of the train,
engthens all the rest.

e—alas! 't is all in vain,
in vain our fear;
orn sins will fight and reign,
oe absent there.

grace that lives and sings,
aith and hope shall cease;
hall strike our joyful strings,
weet realms of bliss.

quite forsake our clay,
this dark abode,
of love bear us away,
our smiling God.

Charitableness. FLETCHER.

ıtly of the erring one!
us not forget,
larkly stained by sin,
ır brother yet.

e same inheritance,
f the self-same God;
ut stumbled in the path,
e in weakness trod.

thou hast often sinned,
ful yet must be:
y with the erring one,
has dealt with thee.

812 Sensibility. HEGINBOTHAM.

AND can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groaned and died for me?

2 Blest Jesus! let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

813 Faith.—*1 Cor. 5 : 7.* WATTS.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.

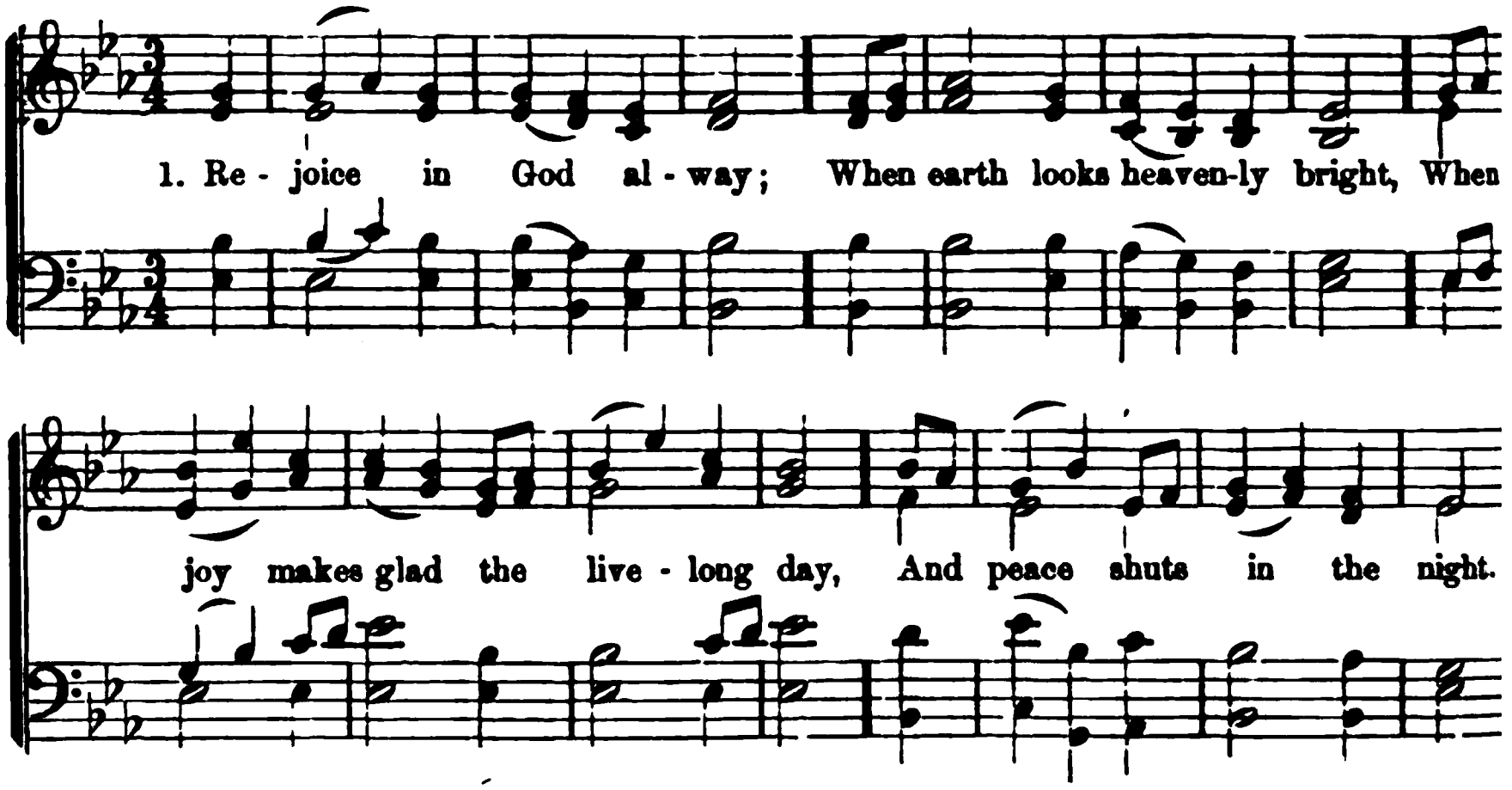
2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

TUCKER. S. M.



814 Joy.—*Phil. 4 : 4.* MOULTRIE.

REJOICE in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

3 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls;
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls?

5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

815 Self-renunciation. COWPER.

MAN'S wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And ev'n an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

2 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

3 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says,—"I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

816 Purity.—*Matt. 5 : 8.* KEB

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord! we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

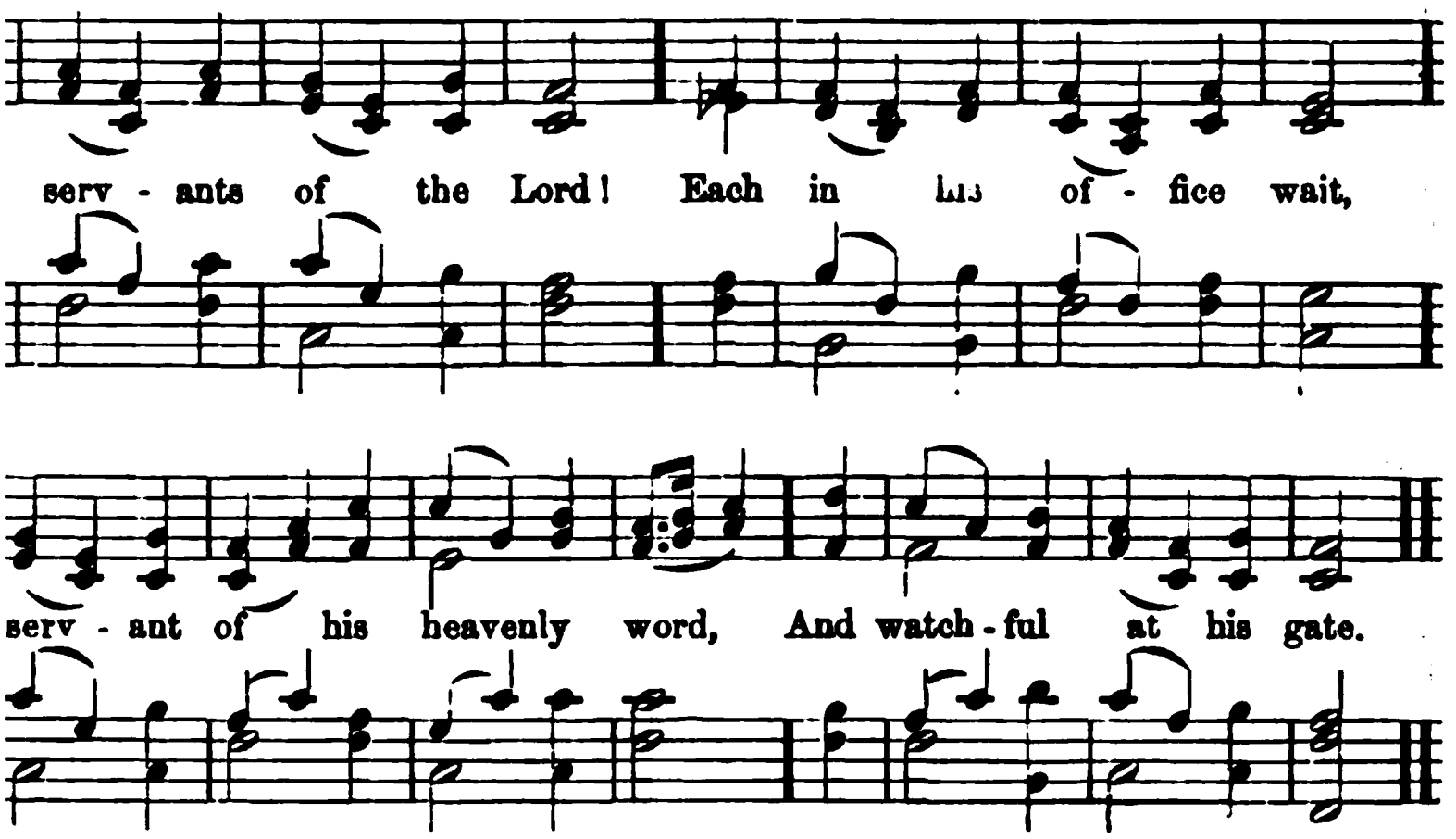
817 Confidence. C. WESL

IN true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend;
And calmly, confidently look
Till he salvation send.

2 I shall his goodness see,
While on his name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.

3 Jesus, to thee I fly,
My refuge and my tower;
Upon thy faithful love rely,
And find thy saving power.

NNIS. S. M.



Watchfulness. DODDRIDGE.

its of the Lord!
i his office wait,
, of his heavenly word,
atchful at his gate.

ur lamps be bright,
m the golden flame;
our loins as in his sight,
ful is his name.

't is your Lord's command;
nile we speak he 's near;
first signal of his hand,
ady all appear.

r servant he,
a posture found!
his Lord with rapture see,
with honor crowned.

Fruits of the Spirit. C. WESLEY.

y strength, my hope,
I cast my care,
ible confidence look up,
ow thou hear'st my prayer.

n thee to wait,
an all things do;
lmighty to create,
ty to renew.

ober mind,
enouncing will,
ples down, and casts behind
es of pleasing ill;—

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross;—

5 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;—

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

820 Trust.—*1 Pet. 5 : 7.* SIGOURNEY.

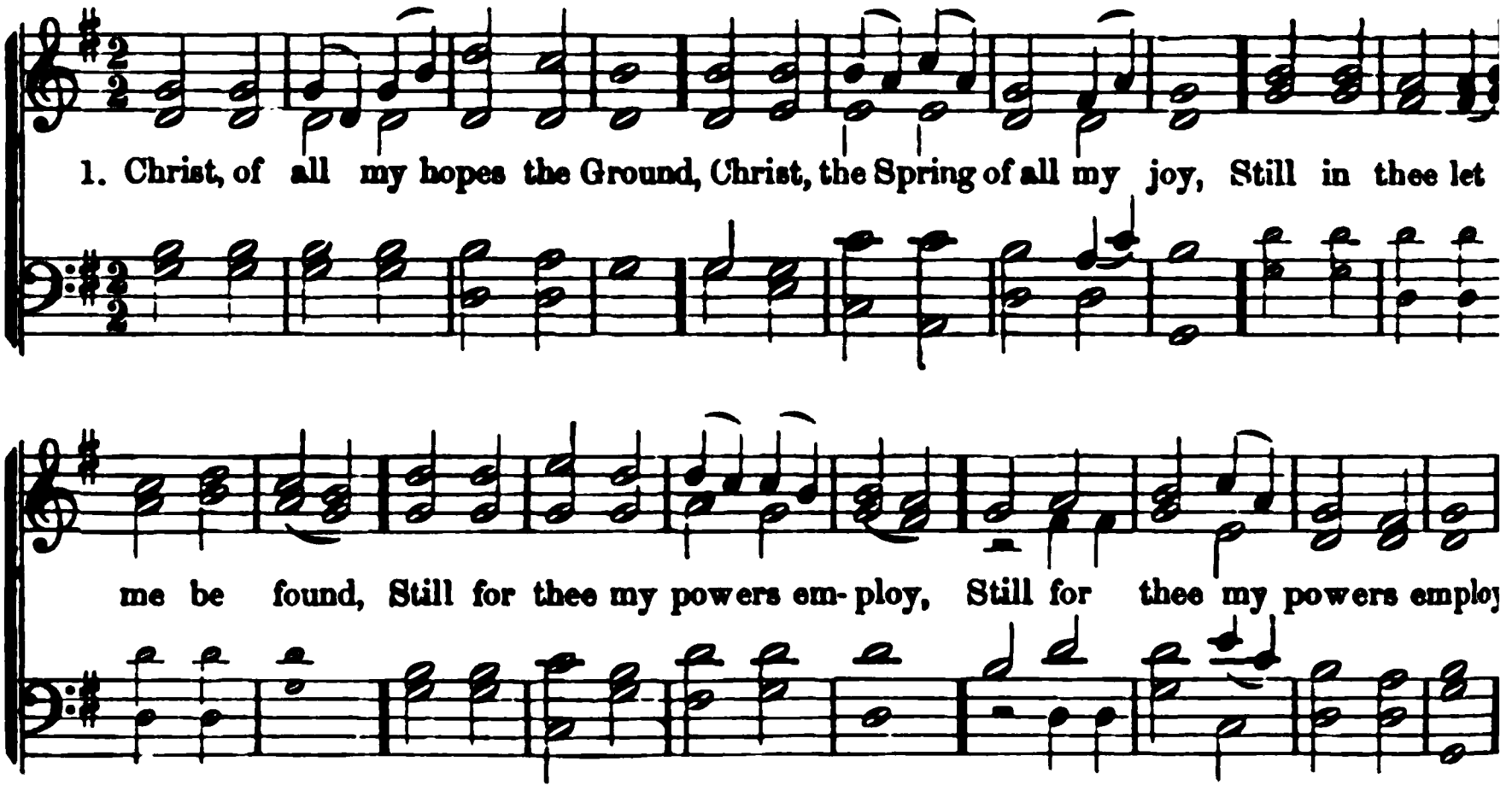
WHERE wilt thou put thy trust?
In a frail form of clay,
That to its element of dust
Must soon resolve away?

2 Where wilt thou cast thy care?
Upon an erring heart,
Which hath its own sore ills to bear,
And shrinks from sorrow's dart?

3 No,—place thy trust above
This shadowy realm of night,
In him, whose boundless power and love
Thy confidence invite.

4 His mercies still endure
When skies and stars grow dim,
His changeless promise standeth sure,—
Go,—cast thy care on him.

HENDON. 7s.



821 In Christ.—*Phil. 1 : 21.* WARDLAW.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blesséd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll!
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus,—oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

822 Likeness to Christ. MONTGOMERY.

FATHER of eternal grace!
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,—
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will:—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord! the perfect mind
Of thy well belovéd Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,—
Rise with him, to thee, my God!

823 Fellowship.—*Eph. 4 : 5.* C. WESLEY.

FATHER, hear our humble claim;
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

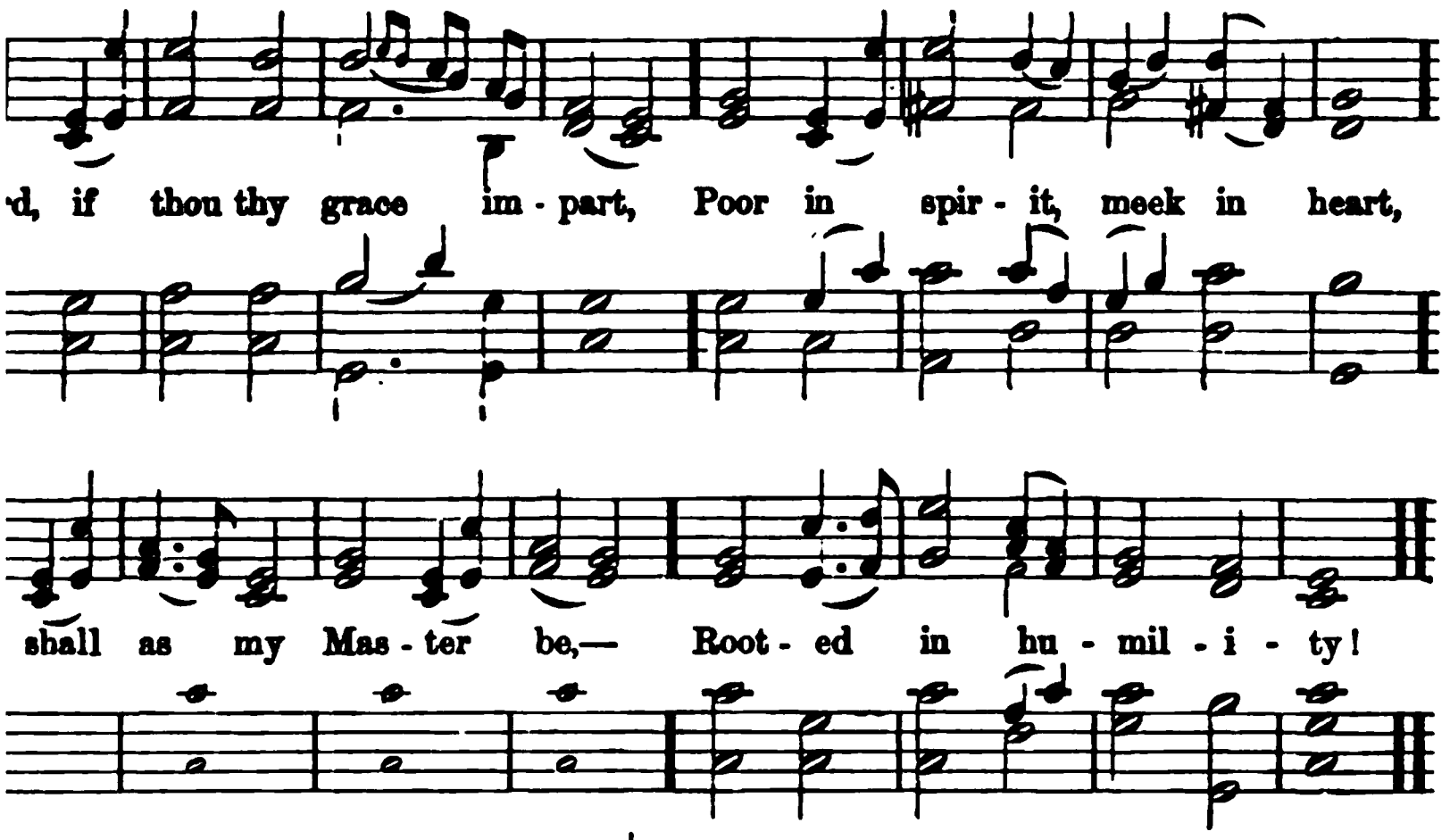
2 Lord, our fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our hearts, O Father! join
Each to each, and all to thine.

3 Move and actuate and guide,
Diverse gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us each his work fulfill.

4 Build us in one spirit up,
Called in one high calling's hope,
One the spirit, one the aim,
One the pure baptismal flame;—

5 One the faith, and one the Lord,
Whom, by heaven and earth adored,
We our God and Father call;—
O'er all, through all, with us all.

ARL. 7s.



Humility.—*Ps. 131.* C. WESLEY.

f thou thy grace impart,
spirit, meek in heart,
as my Master be,—
in humility!

teachable, and mild,
d into a little child;
with all the Lord provides,
l from all the world besides.

fix my soul on thee;
evil let me flee;
g want, beneath, above,
in thy precious love.

t all may seek and find
good in Jesus joined!
Israel still adore,
im, praise him evermore.

Conformity to Christ. C. WESLEY.

Lord, we look to thee;
in thy name agree;
nyself the Prince of Peace;
jars forever cease.

reconciling love,
tumbling-block remove:
each unite, endear;
and spread thy banner here.

s of one heart and mind—
ous, pitiful, and kind;
meek, in thought and word—
her like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express—
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

826 Consecration.—*Rom. 12:1.* ANON.

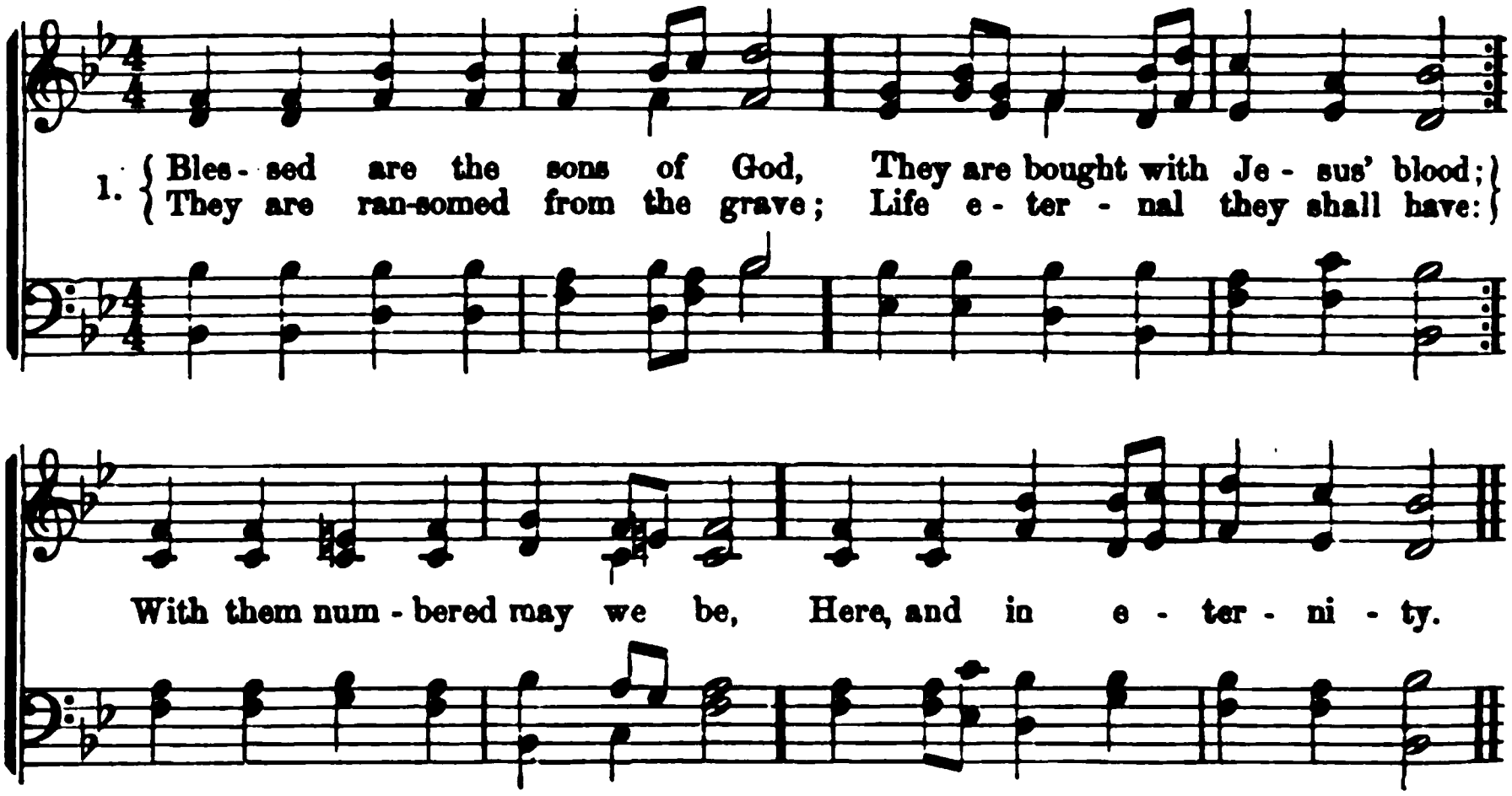
GIVER of each perfect gift!
By thy cleansing mercy healed,
Up to thee our souls we lift,
And to thee our bodies yield.

2 Now our sacrifice receive,
Humbly offered through thy Son;
In thee may we ever live;
In us may thy will be done.

3 Meet it is, and just and right,
Wholly thine that we should be;
In thy sacred word delight,
Now and through eternity.

4 Oh, that every deed and word
May proclaim how good thou art!
Holiness unto the Lord,
Now be written on each heart!

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.



827 Brotherly love. HUMPHREYS.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one:
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

828 Spirituality.—*Rom. 8 : 15.* C. WESLEY.

ABBA, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine:
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Renovate and fill the whole;
Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow.

3 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in thy temple stay:
Now, thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

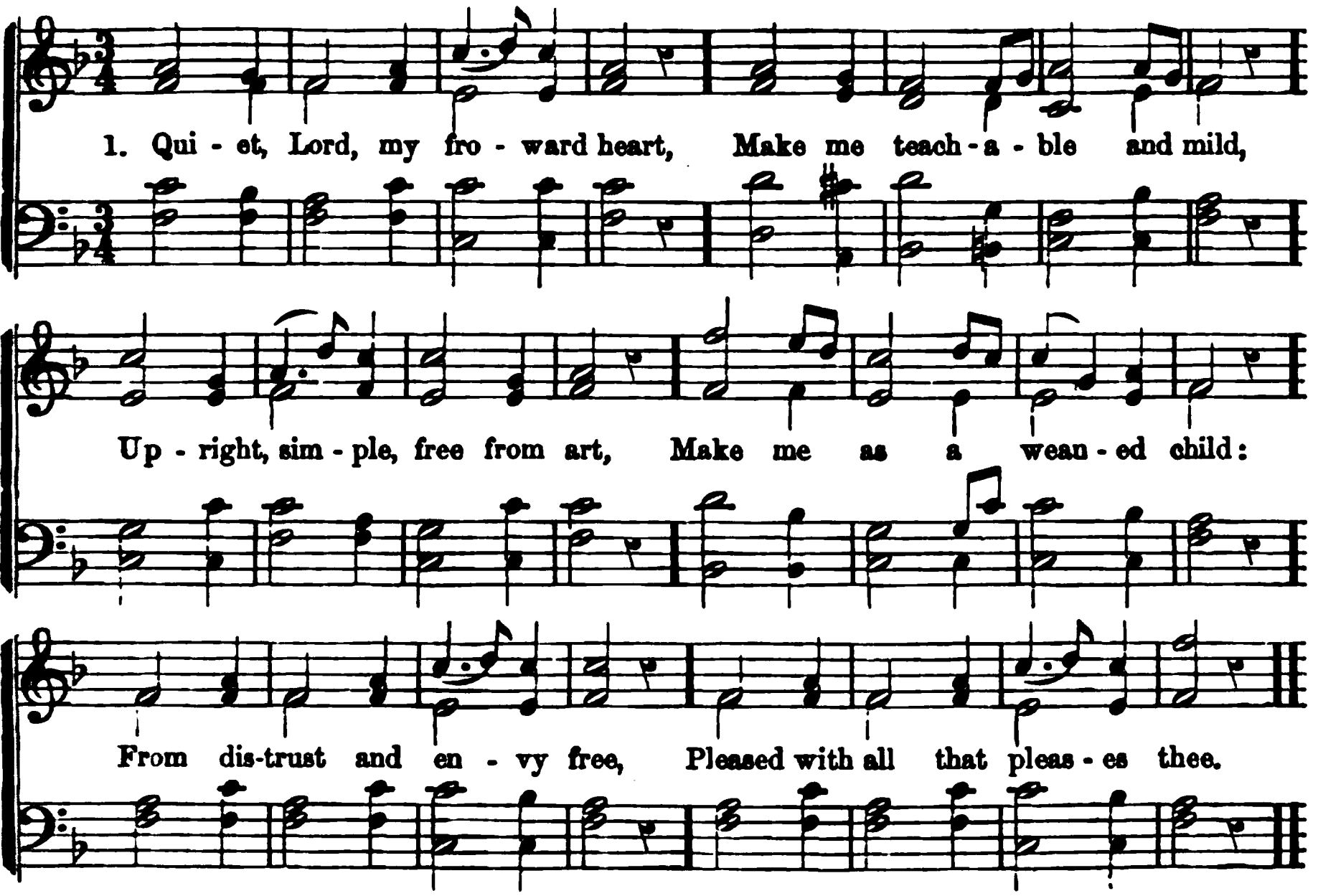
829 Charity.—*1 Cor. 13 : 1.* LANGE.

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues
Bravest words of strength and fire,
They are but as idle songs,
If no love my heart inspire;
All the eloquence shall pass
As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see,—
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
Who didst forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove;
Let me all thy impulse heed;
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

REPOSE. 7s. 6 lines.



830 Tranquillity.—*Ps. 131.* NEWTON.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanéd child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

831 Trust.—*Isa. 12 : 2.* NEVINS.

HAPPY, Saviour, would I be,
If I could but trust in thee;
Trust thy wisdom me to guide;
Trust thy goodness to provide;
Trust thy saving love and power;
Trust thee every day and hour:—

2 Trust thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health;
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy and trust in grief;
Trust thy promise for relief:—

3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust thy grace to make me whole;
Trust thee living, dying too;
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

832 Consecration.—*Ps. 119 : 94.* ANON.

Now, O God, thine own I am!
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

2 Take me, Lord, and all my powers;
Take my mind, and heart, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my soul and make it new!

833 C. M. Fruits of Spirit.—*John 16 : 7.* Anon.

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And all as viewless, too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, calms every fear,
And whispers us of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every virtue won,
And every thought of holiness
Is his and his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier thee!

834 C. M. Submission. Cowper.

O Lord! my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Thy love forbids my fears;
Why tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No,—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
Thou never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
What more I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.

835 S. M. Gratitude.—*Ps. 103.* Watts.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins;
'T is he relieves thy pain;
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and gra
By his belovéd Son.

836 7s. Consecration. C. Wes.

Jesus, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am:
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part:
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know:
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

837 S. H. M. Faith.—*Gal. 5 : 6.* An

Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day:
It points the course, where'er he rou
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

2 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given:
It is the bright triumphal arch
Through which the saints to glory ma

3 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strif
And triumphs in immortal life.

838 7s, 6l. Consistency. McCheyne.

Chosen not for good in me,
Waked from coming wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified—
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blesséd Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns—
Morning comes, and joy returns:
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe.

4 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I 'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise—
Jesus comes—the tempter flies:
Blesséd Jesus! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

839 C. M. Consecration. Beddome.

Witness, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield,
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

840 H. M. Unity.—*Eph. 4: 5.* Robinson.

One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above—
Zion, one faith is thine,
Only one watchword—love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne—
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath!
The catholic, the true,—
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

841 C. M. Acquiescence. Merrick.

Author of good! to thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern—
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Oh, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

3 And since by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

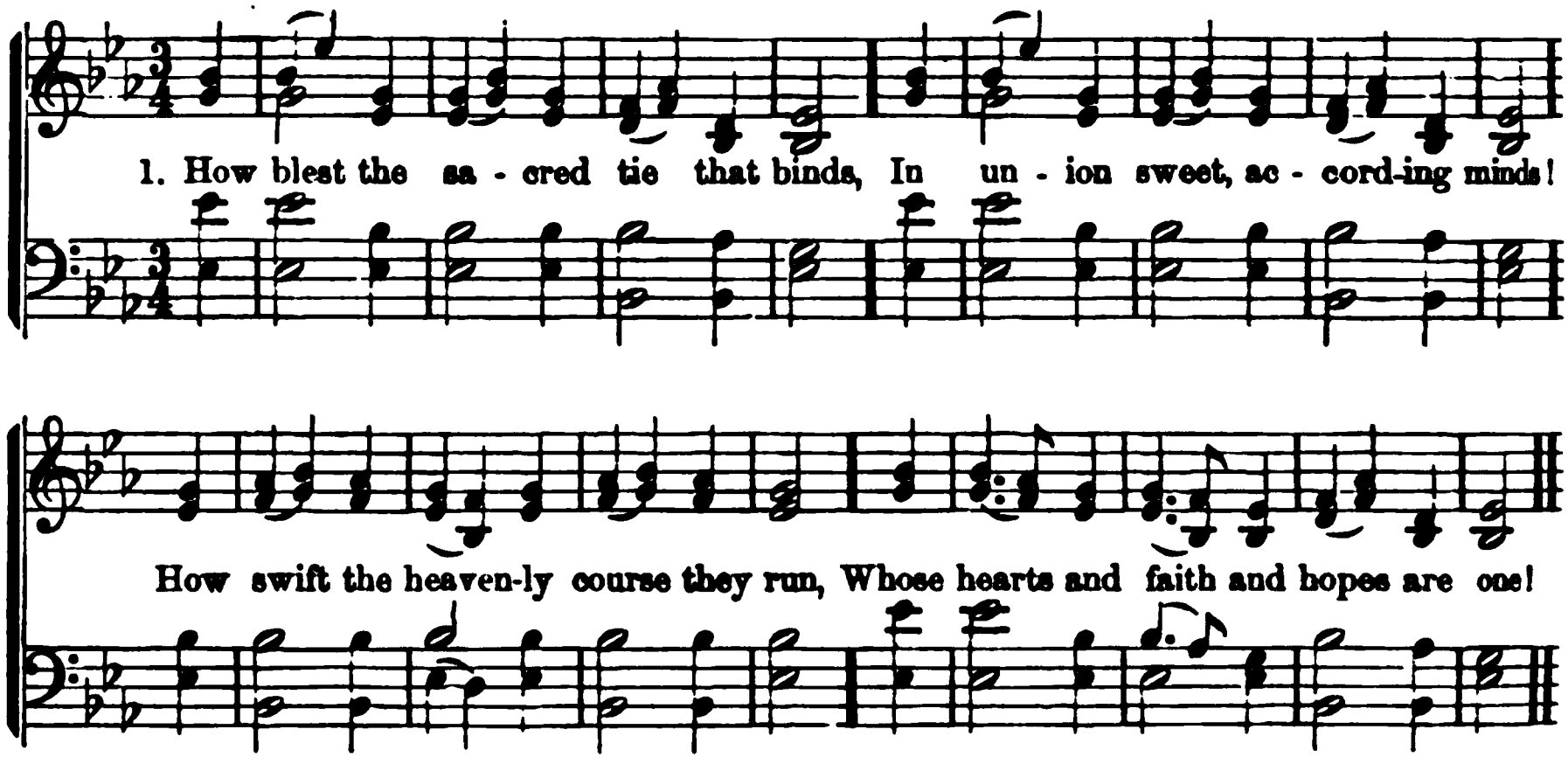
842 S. P. M. Fellowship.—*Ps. 133.* Watts.

How pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move;
And each fulfill his part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'T is like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distills.

GRATITUDE. L. M.



843 *Acts. 4 : 32.* BARBAULD.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous care, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within,
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

844 *Acts 10 : 33.* NEWTON.

KINDRED in Christ! for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 Thus,—as the moments pass away,—
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

845 *Eph. 4 : 30–32.* WATTS.

THE Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life!

2 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ, his Son.

846 *Matt. 10 : 40–42.* KELLY.

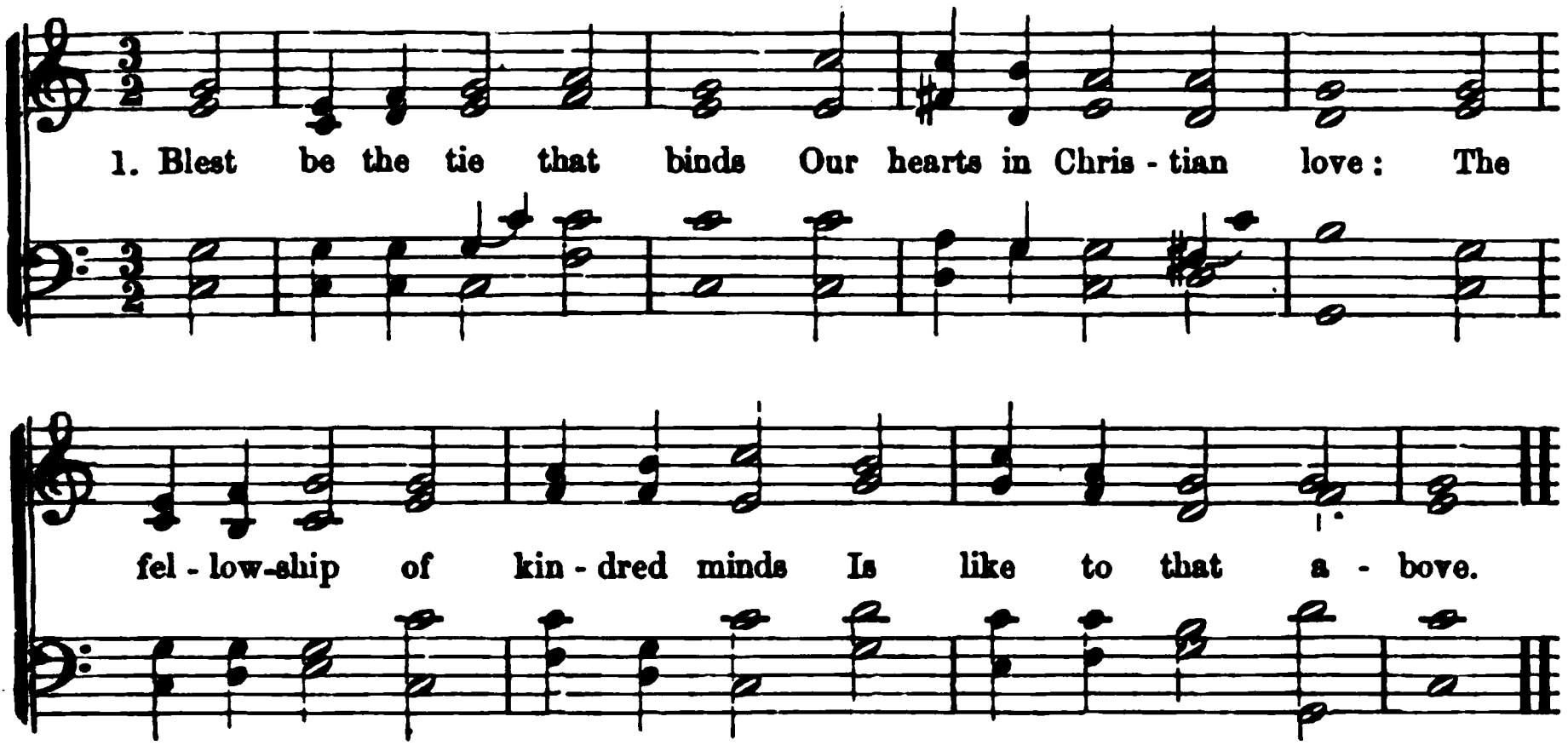
COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove;
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh! may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



847 *Rom. 12 : 5.* FAWCETT.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

848 *Matt. 18 : 20.* C. WESLEY.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know thou art,
But oh, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

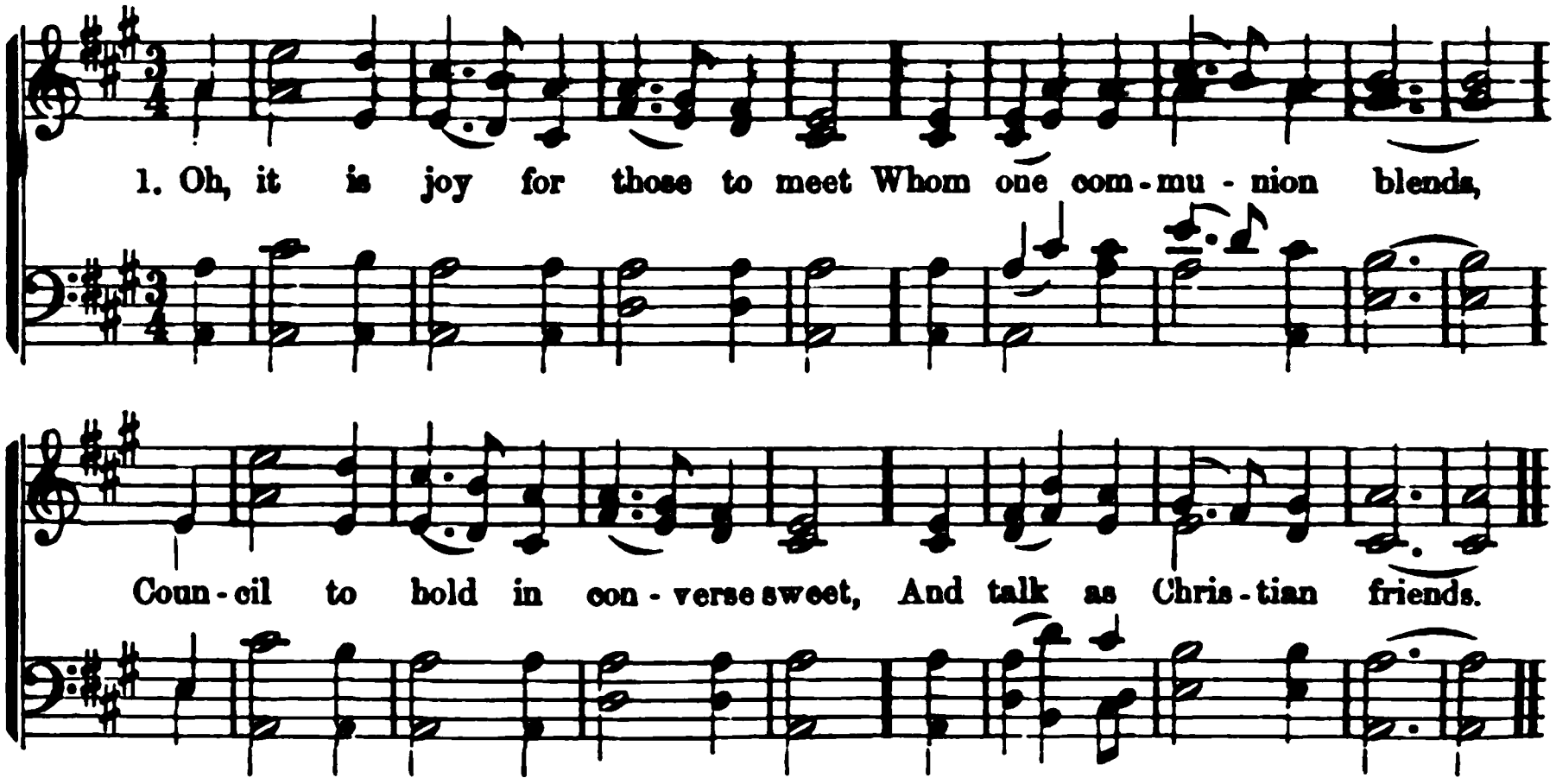
849 *1 Cor. 12 : 13.* BEDDOME.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

BOARDMAN. C. M.



850 *Matt. 18 : 20.* ANON.

OH, it is joy for those to meet
Whom one communion blends,
Council to hold in converse sweet,
And talk as Christian friends.

2 'T is joy to think the angel train,
Who 'mid heaven's temple shine,
To seek our earthly temples deign,
And in our anthems join.

3 But chief 't is joy to think that He
To whom his church is dear,
Delights her gathered flock to see,
Her joint devotions hear.

4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
While here such joys are given;
"This is indeed the house of God,
And this the gate of heaven!"

851 *Eph. 4 : 15.* C. WESLEY.

BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Not joy nor grief nor time nor place
Nor life nor death can part.

852 *Eph. 3 : 15.* C. WESLEY.

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family—we dwell in him—
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;—

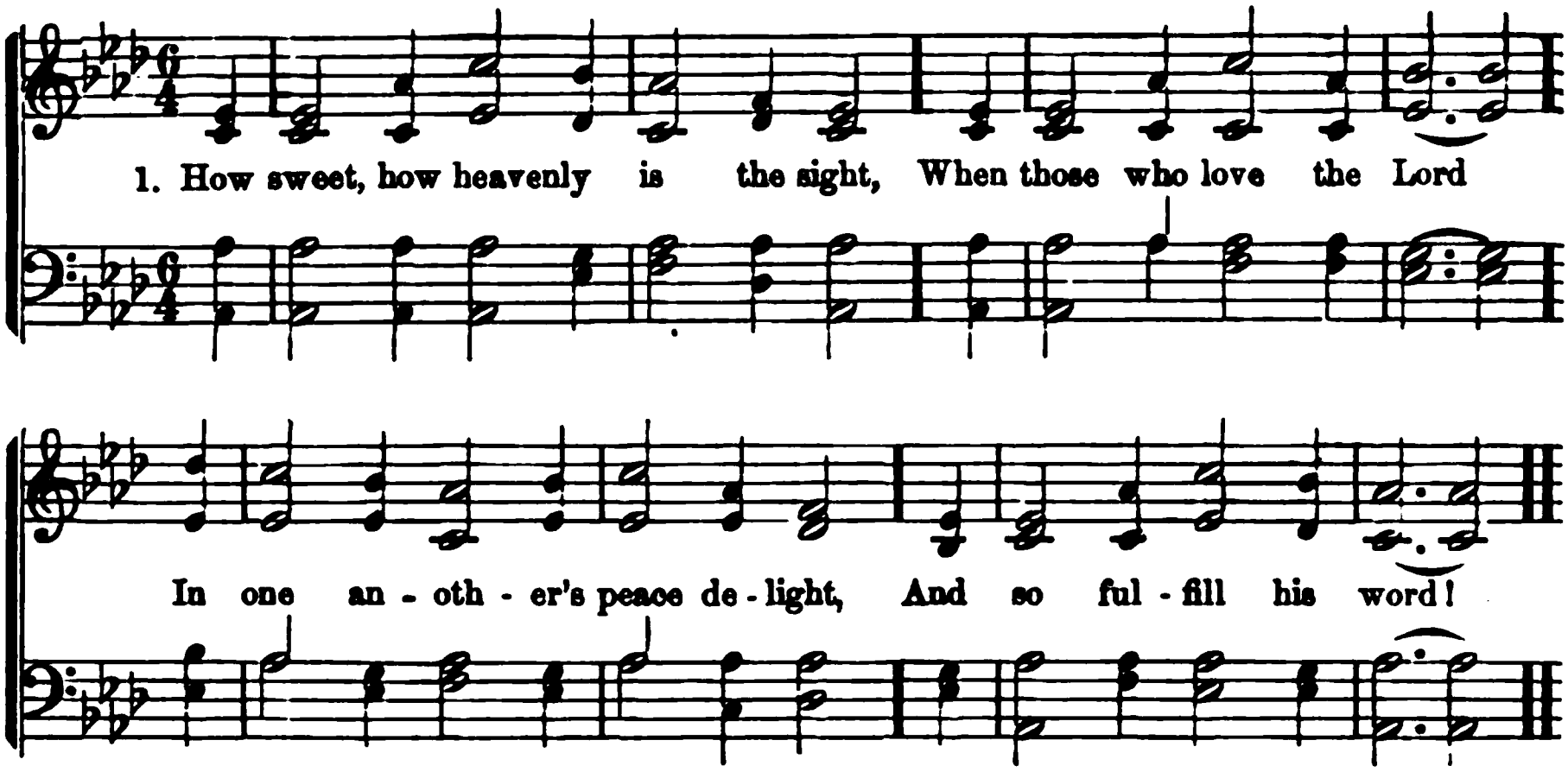
3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

5 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed blesséd bands
Upon the eternal shore.

6 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide
And land us safe in heaven.

EVAN. C. M.



853 *1 John 4 : 21.* SWAIN.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

854 *1 Cor. 12 : 27.* C. WESLEY.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

855 *John 13 : 1.* RAY PALMER.

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

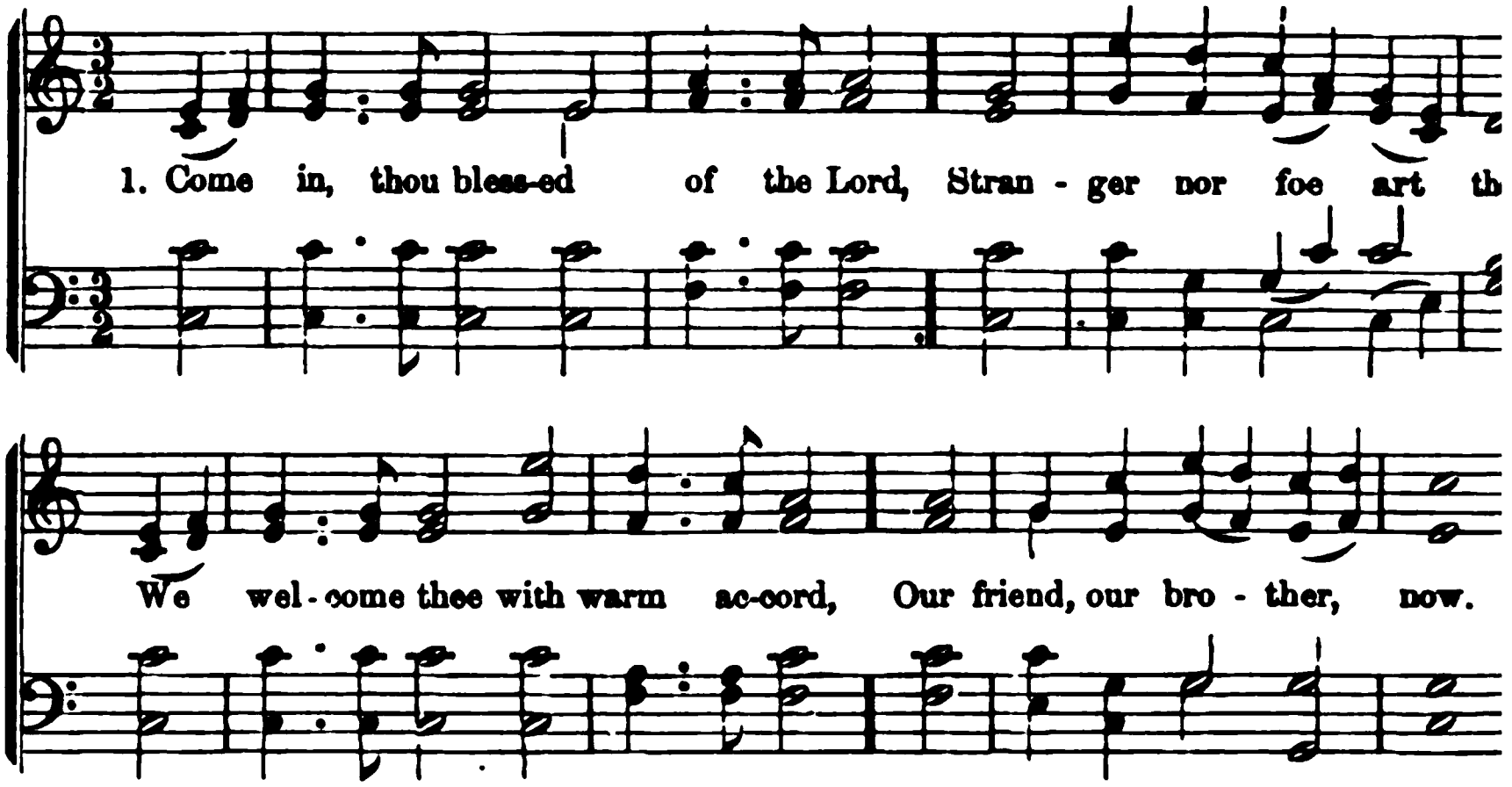
2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear thy name.

4 One blessèd fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.

5 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears!

HEBER. C. M.



856 *Gen. 24 : 31.* MONTGOMERY.

COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 Come with us,—we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
And star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

857 *Luke 24 : 32.* W. E. MILLER.

OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T is heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh, sweep the nations, shake the ea
'Till all proclaim thee, God!

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels u
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall sh
Proclaimed by thee thine own;—

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face!

858 *Rom. 6 : 5.* S. F. S

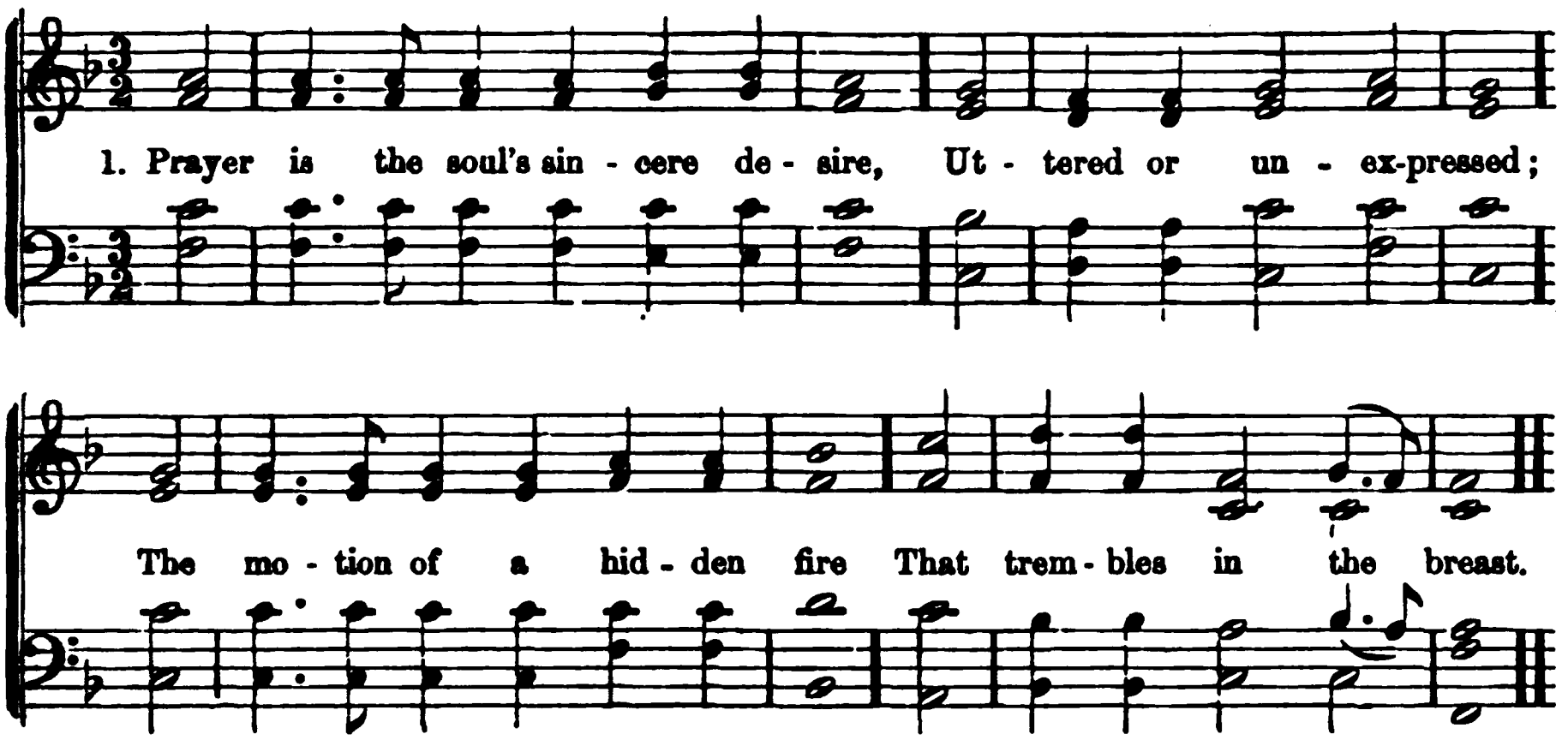
PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and jo
We yield to thee, O Lord!

2 Joined in one body may we be:
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hop
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in lig
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine!

BYEFIELD. C. M.



859 *Ps. 65 : 2.* MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

860 *Mark 13 : 33.* HASTINGS.

THE Saviour bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
O Christian! hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys!

861 *1 Sam. 1 : 12, 13.* BEDDOME.

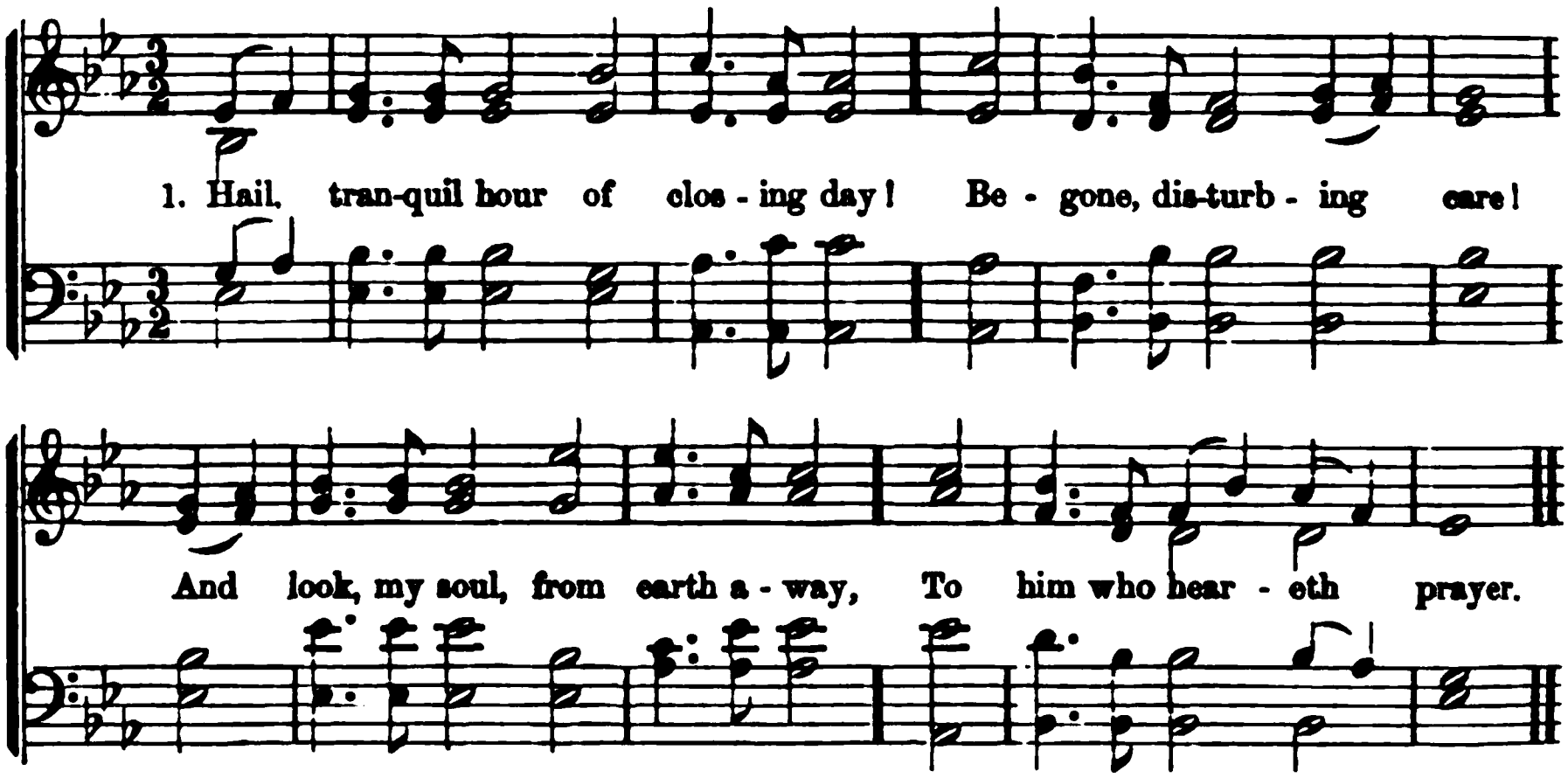
PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.



862 *Ps. 104 : 34.* BACON.

HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away,
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, thro' long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall;
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust his love for all.

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even
Retire to glorious rest.

863 *Matt. 18 : 20.* HASTINGS.

WHEREVER two or three may meet,
To worship in thy name,
Bending beneath thy mercy-seat,
This promise they may claim:—

2 Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place;
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.

3 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
Fountain of peace and love,
Fulfill to us thy precious word,
Thy loving-kindness prove.

4 Now to our God—the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing!
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring.

864 *Ps. 68 : 6.* H. K. WHITE.

O LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

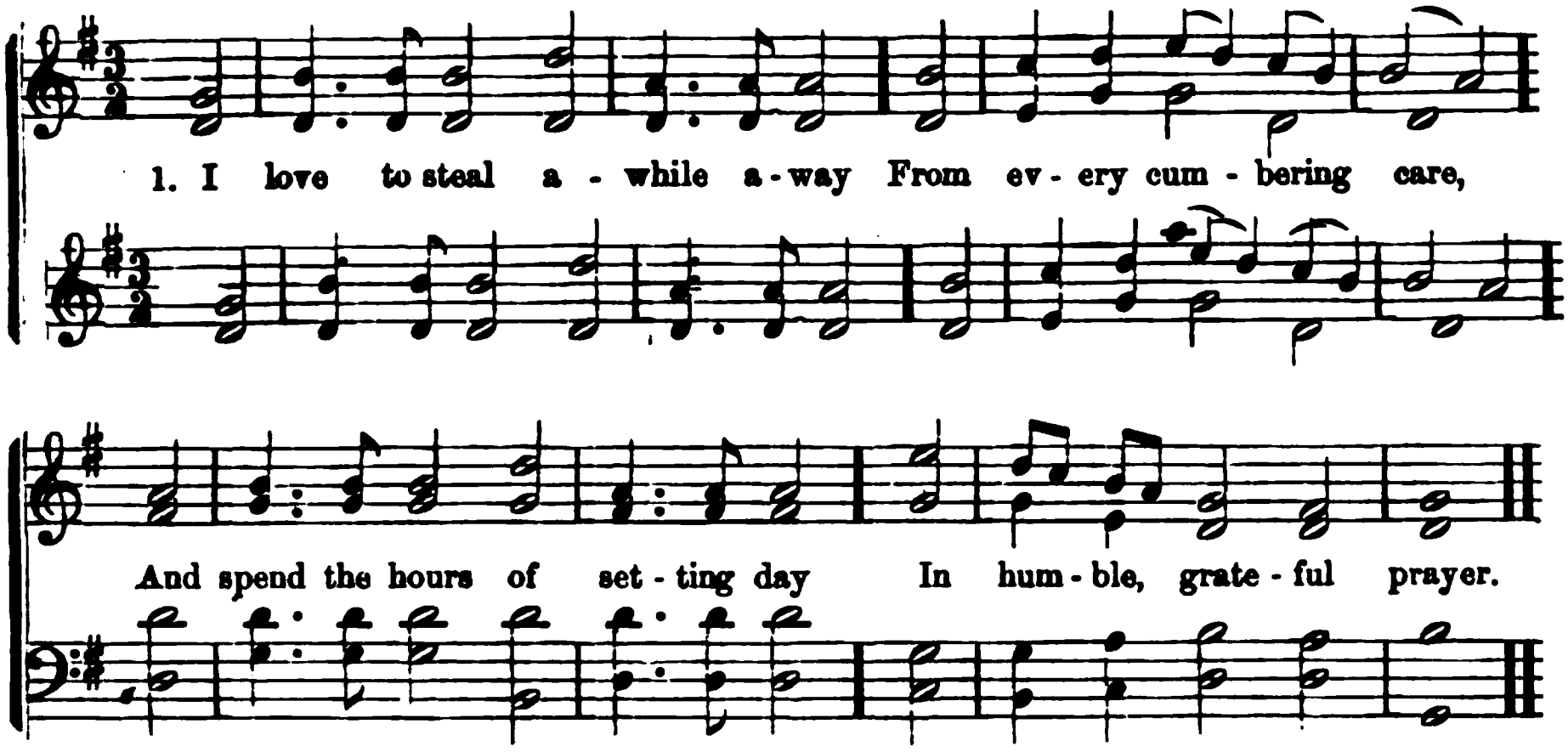
2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thy everlasting love.

4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.



865 *Luke 10: 38-42.* BROWN.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

866 *1 John 5: 14.* WALLACE.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

867 *Ps. 145: 18.* STEELE.

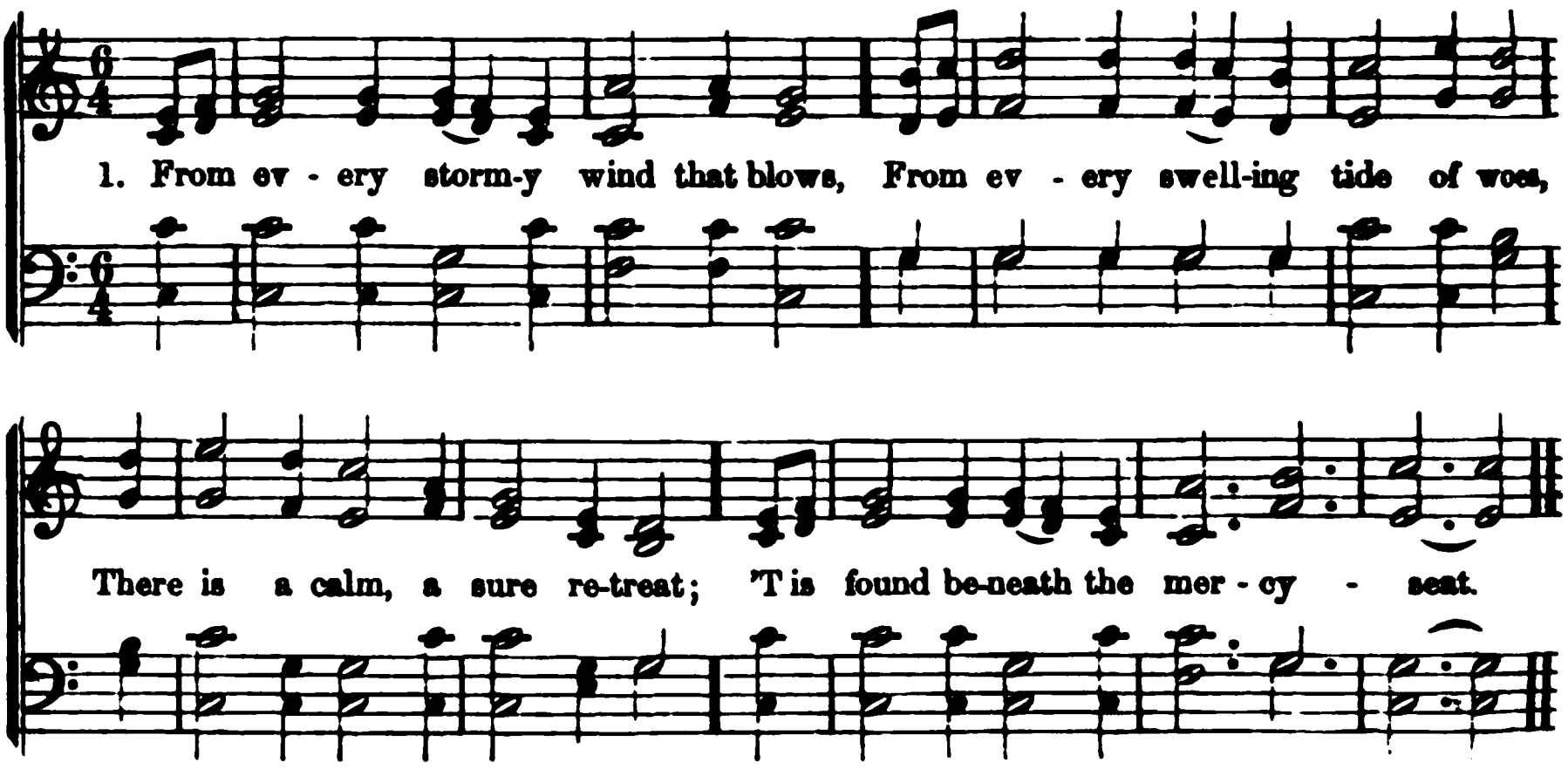
DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

RETREAT. L. M.



868 *Ex. 25 : 22.* STOWELL.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

869 *Heb. 4 : 15, 16.* BRUCE.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,—
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

870 *Matt. 21 : 22.* NEWTON.

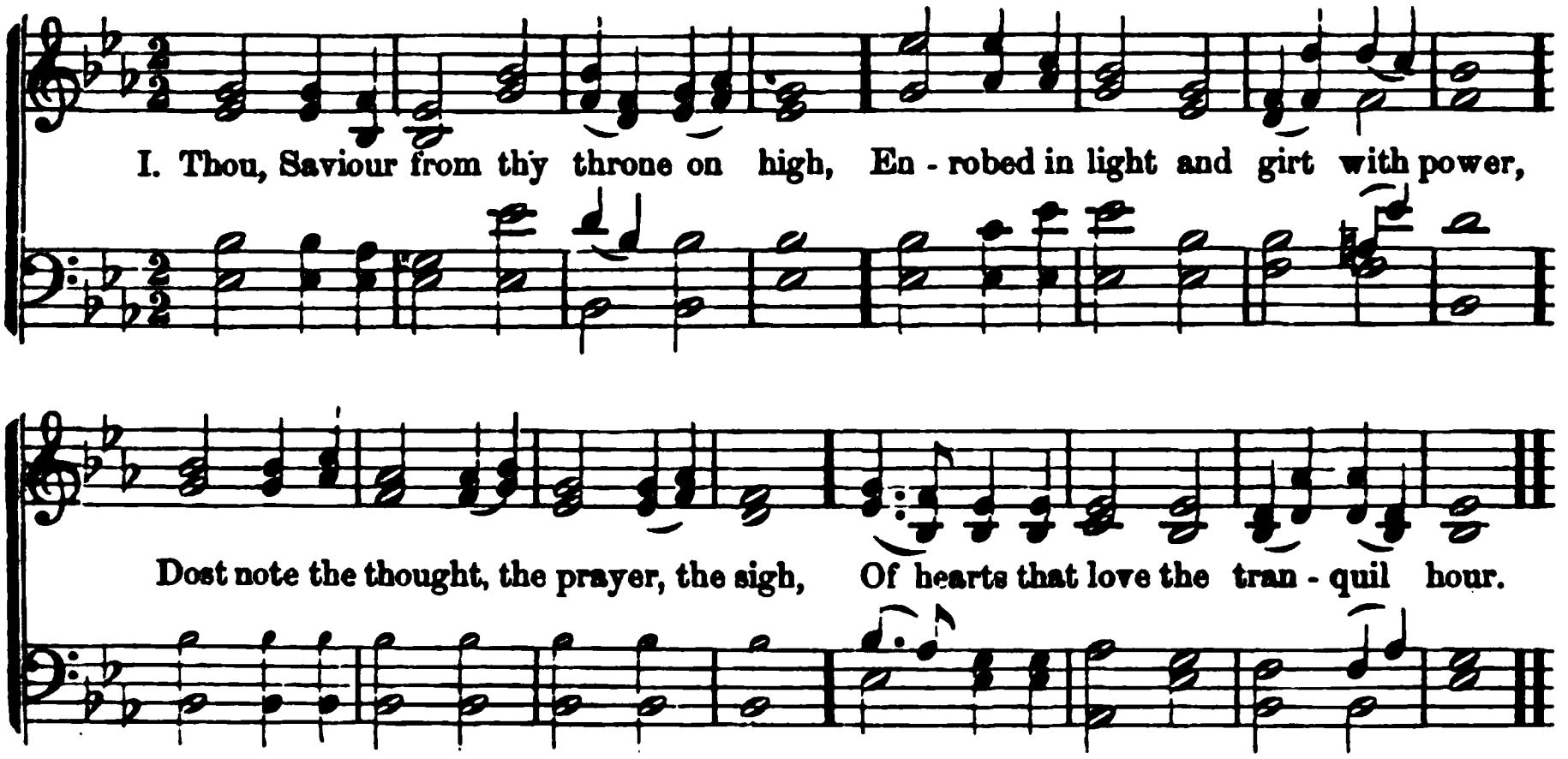
AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt!"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength:
Oh! be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

BERA. L. M.



871 *Luke 21 : 37.* RAY PALMER.

THOU, Saviour, from thy throne on high,
Enrobed in light and girt with power,
Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh,
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

2 Oft thou thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray
Till morning watches were begun.

3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, thy face reveal;
And as we worship, kindly smile,
And for thine own our spirits seal.

5 To thee we bring each grief and care,
To thee we fly while tempests lower;
Thou wilt the weary burdens bear
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

872 *Acts 2 : 1.* MONTGOMERY.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,—
Say to the weakest, Follow me.

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One True, Eternal God confessed;
Whom thou hast joined none may divide;
None dare to curse whom thou hast blessed.

873 *Ps. 104 : 34.* C. ELLIOTT.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

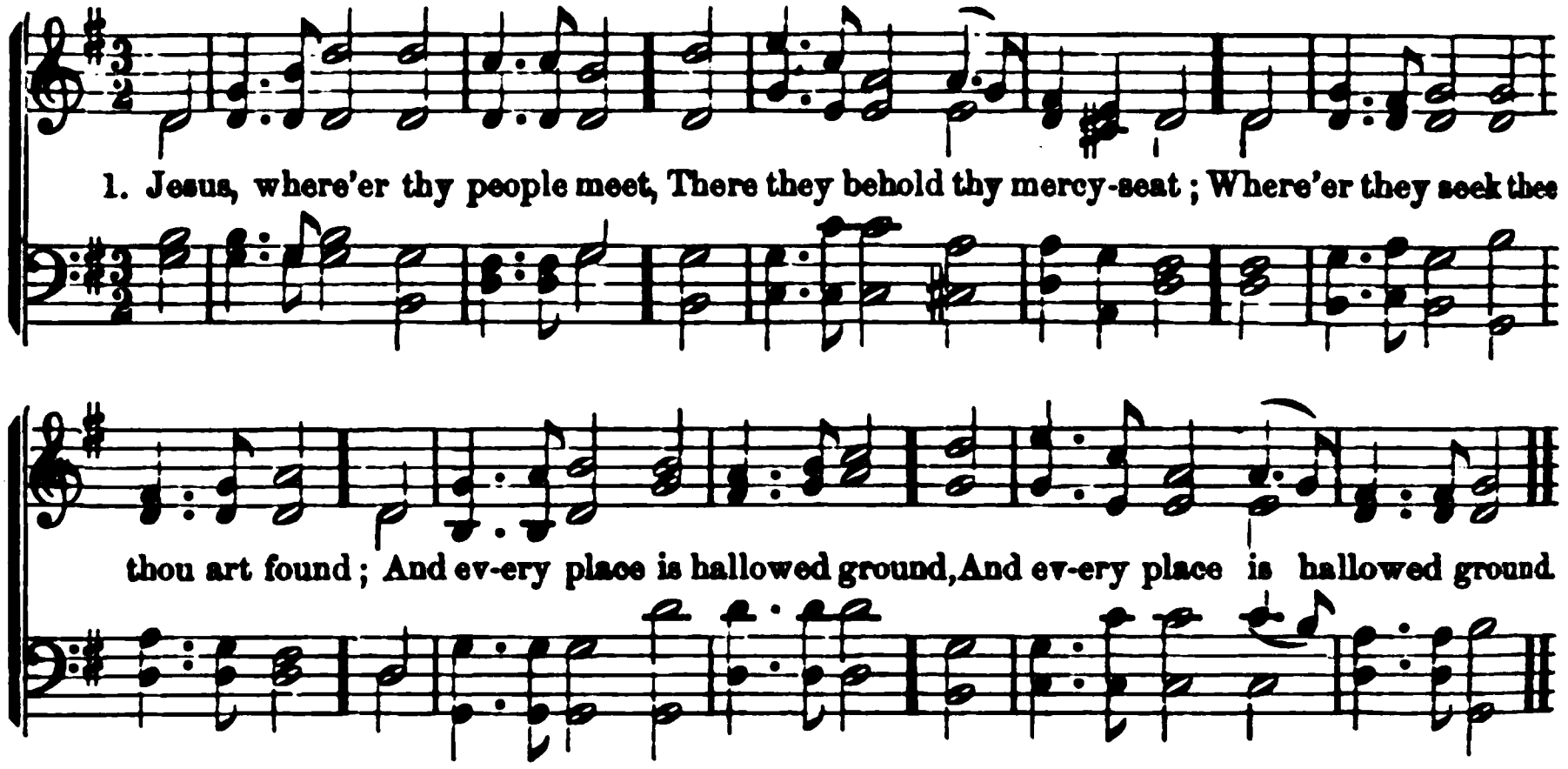
2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
This fair, but transient, world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want, I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

5 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful filial prayer to thee!

VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M.



874 *John 4 : 21.* COWPER.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

875 *Matt. 18 : 20.* STENNETT.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;—

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company;
There, to unvail his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord!
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

876 *Gen. 28 : 17.* KELLY.

How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear
And let thy presence fill this place.

877 *1 Pet. 3 : 7.* COWPER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

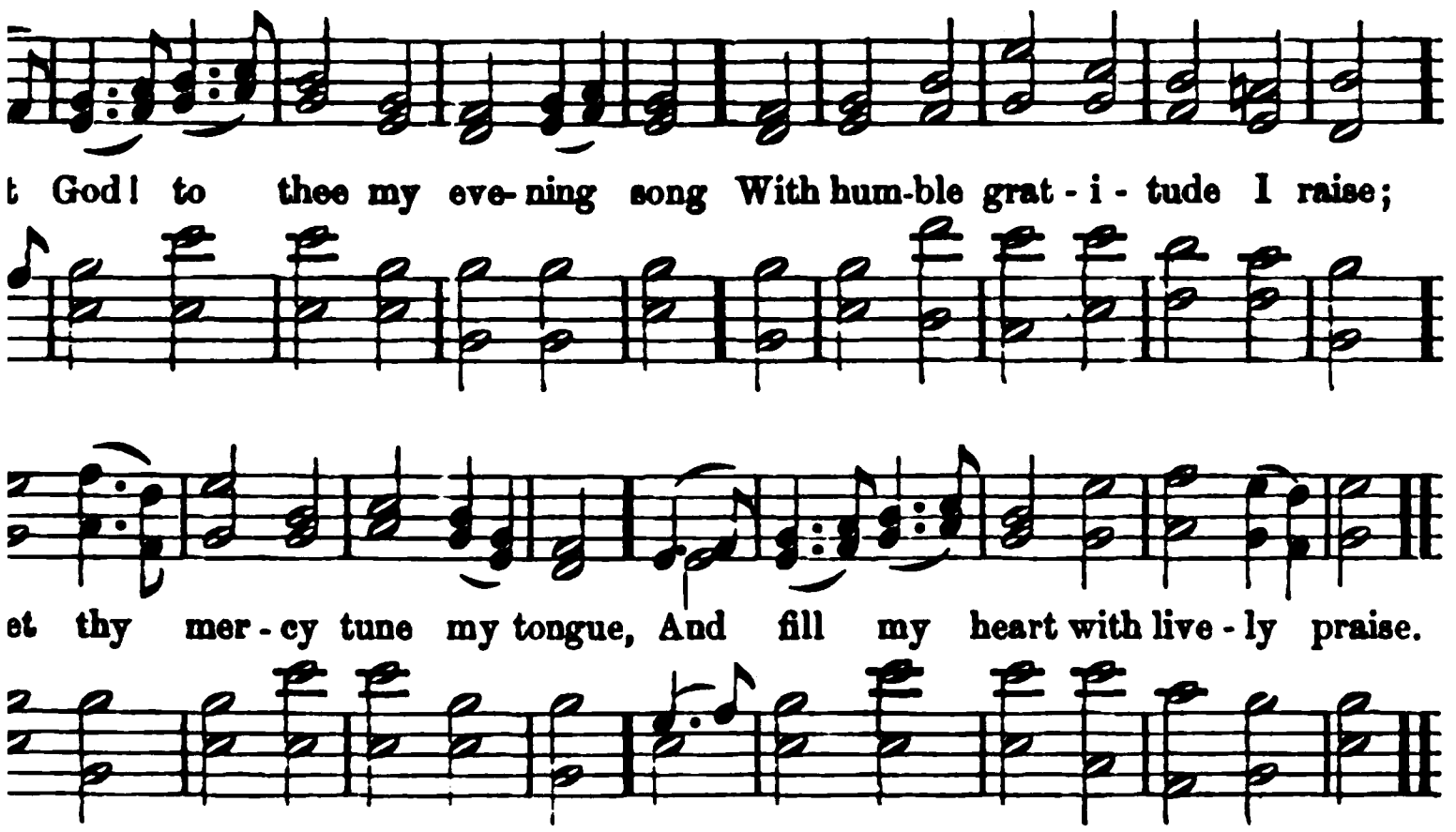
2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

:NOIS. L. M.



Ps. 4: 8. STEELE.

d! to thee my evening song
ble gratitude I raise;
' mercy tune my tongue,
y heart with lively praise.

nclouded as they pass,
gentle, rolling hour,
nents of wondrous grace,
ss to thy love and power.

is thoughtless, wretched heart,
gardless of thy love,
l, can from thee depart,
of trifles, vainly rove.

rgiveness in the blood
his dear name alone
' pardon, gracious God!
acceptance at thy throne.

est hope mine eyelids close,
refresh my feeble frame;
' care may I repose,
with praises to thy name.

Phil. 4: 6. CENNICK.

e, Lord, where'er I go,
vhat thou wouldst have me do;
nate'er I think or say;
in thy narrow way.

e lest I harbor pride,
nine own strength confide;
ny weakness, let me see
power, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love;
My kind protection ever prove:
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Oh, may I never do my will,
But thine and only thine fulfill;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

880

Jas. 5: 13. COWPER.

GOD of my life, to thee I call!
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

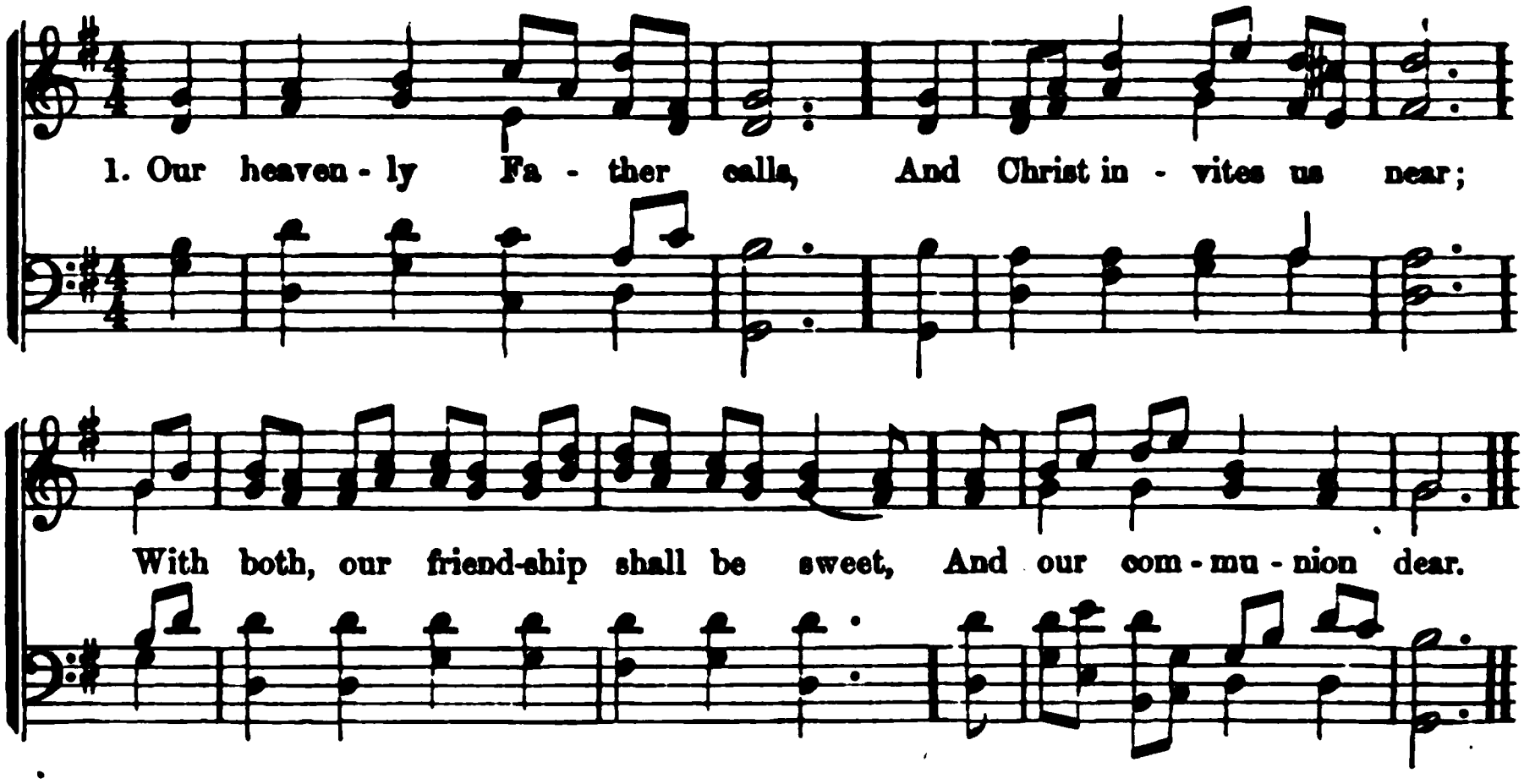
2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am—despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Saviour deigns to plead.

SHIRLAND. S. M.



88 I *1 John 1 : 3.* DODDRIDGE.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

882 *Heb. 4 : 16.* NEWTON.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

883 *Luke 18 : 1.* NEWTON.

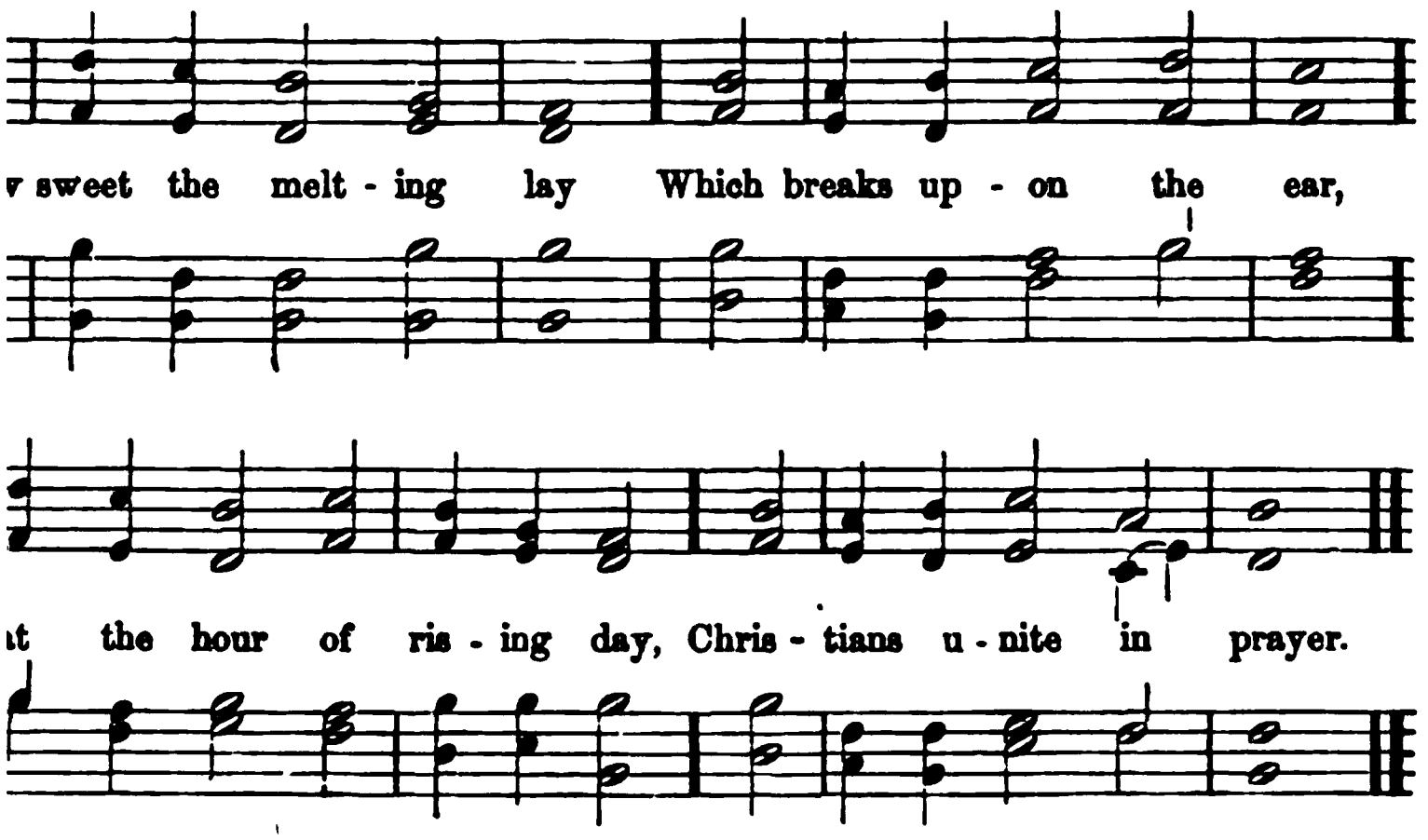
JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

ΓE STREET. S. M.



Matt. 14 : 23. MRS. BROWN.

the melting lay
reaks upon the ear,
e hour of rising day
s unite in prayer.

waft their cries
hovah's throne;
o their humble sighs,
ls his blessings down.

se to pray
.e morning light—
: chilling mount did stay,
ıtle all the night.

ll doth pray
.e morning bright,
y mountains far away,
: toil here in night.

, thy vigil there,
upon life's wave;
: bark through midnight air,
n shall cease to rave.

Ps. 137. DWIGHT.

kingdom, Lord,—
e of thine abode,
our blest Redeemer saved
own precious blood.

hurch, O God!
before thee stand,
apple of thine eye,
en on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

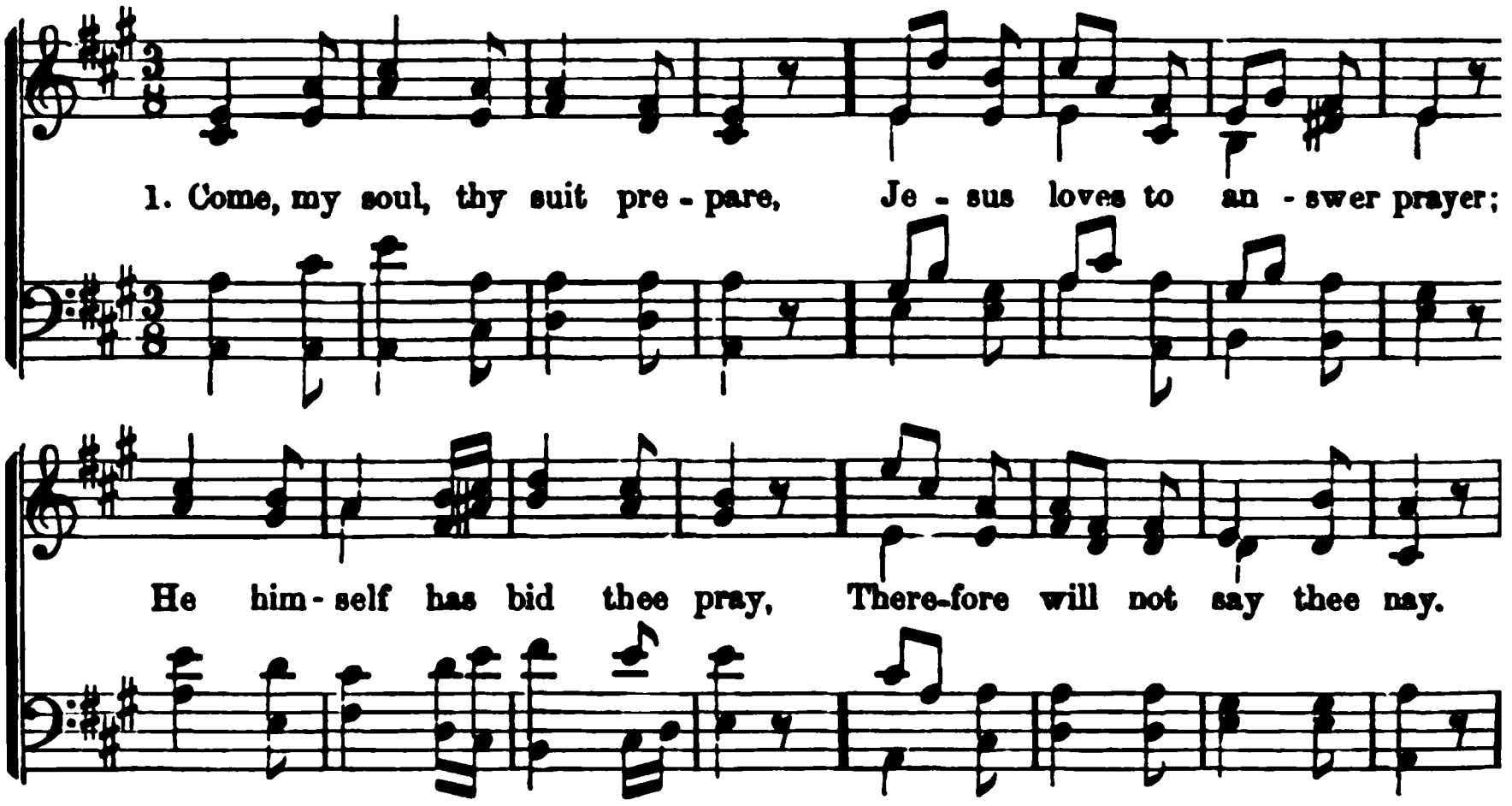
886 *1 Tim. 2 : 8.* ANON

COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

HORTON. 7s.



887 *Matt. 7 : 7.* NEWTON.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

888 *Gen. 32 : 26.* NEWTON.

LORD! I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou!

4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last!

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

889 *Col. 4 : 3.* ANON.

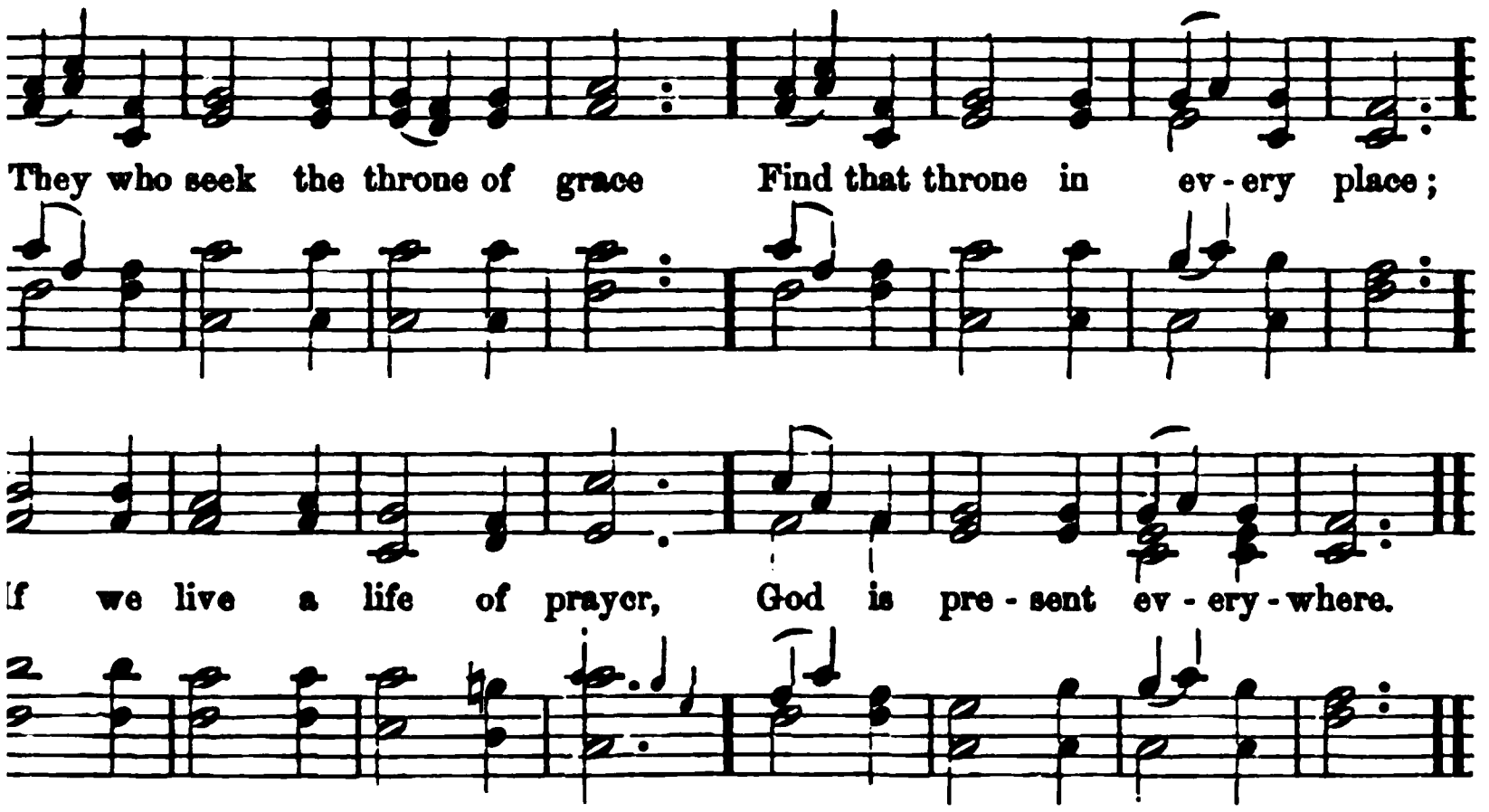
HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

ALETTA. 7s.



Eph. 6 : 18. ANON.

who seek the throne of grace
hat throne in every place;
live a life of prayer,
present everywhere.

sickness and our health,
want, or in our wealth,
look to God in prayer,
present everywhere.

our earthly comforts fail,
the foes of life prevail,
ıe time for earnest prayer;
present everywhere.

my soul, in every strait,
Father come, and wait;
ll answer every prayer:
present everywhere.

Isa. 56 : 7. HASTINGS.

nd holy is the place,
ere the light that beams from
eaven
the Saviour's smiling face,
h the joy of sin forgiven.

with one accord we meet,
the words of life to hear;
ıg low at Jesus' feet,
shiping with godly fear.

world and all its cares
retire from every breast;
tempter and his snares
ıe to hinder or molest.

4 Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
Fairest type of heaven above!
Purest joy thy scenes afford
To the heart that's tuned to love.

892 *Acts 16 : 13.* EDMESTON.

HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine;
May we from the world depart,
Breathing after things divine.

2 Lead us forth with joy and peace,
To thy temple, in thy ways;
And when this sweet day shall cease,
May its sun go down with praise.

893 *Acts 10 : 33.* RAY PALMER.

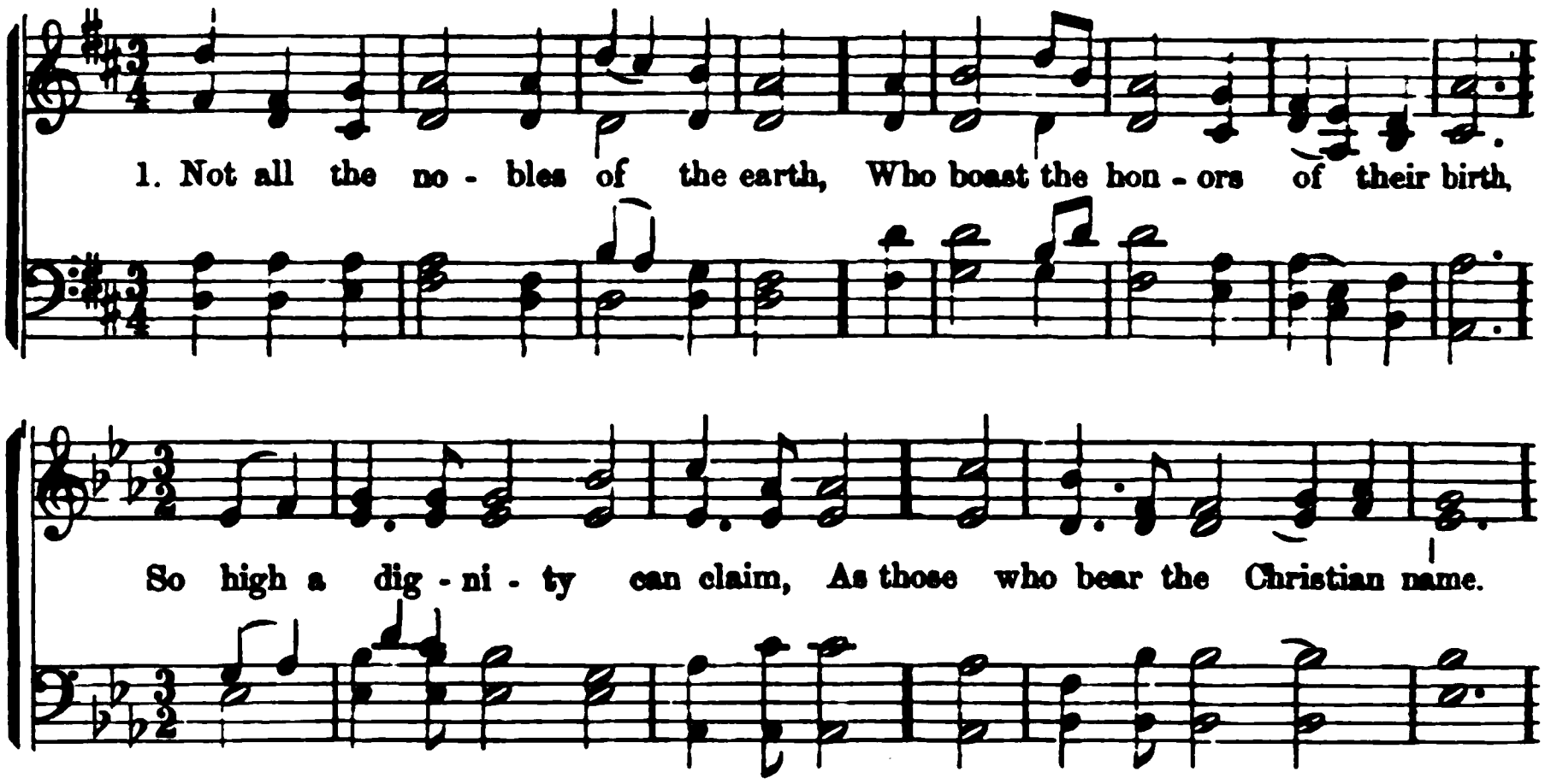
STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.

BLENDON. L. M.



894 **Adoption.** STENNETT.

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
So high a dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

895 **Perseverance.**—*Rom. 8: 33.* WATTS.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'T is God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ who suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too!

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

896 **Security.** WATTS.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

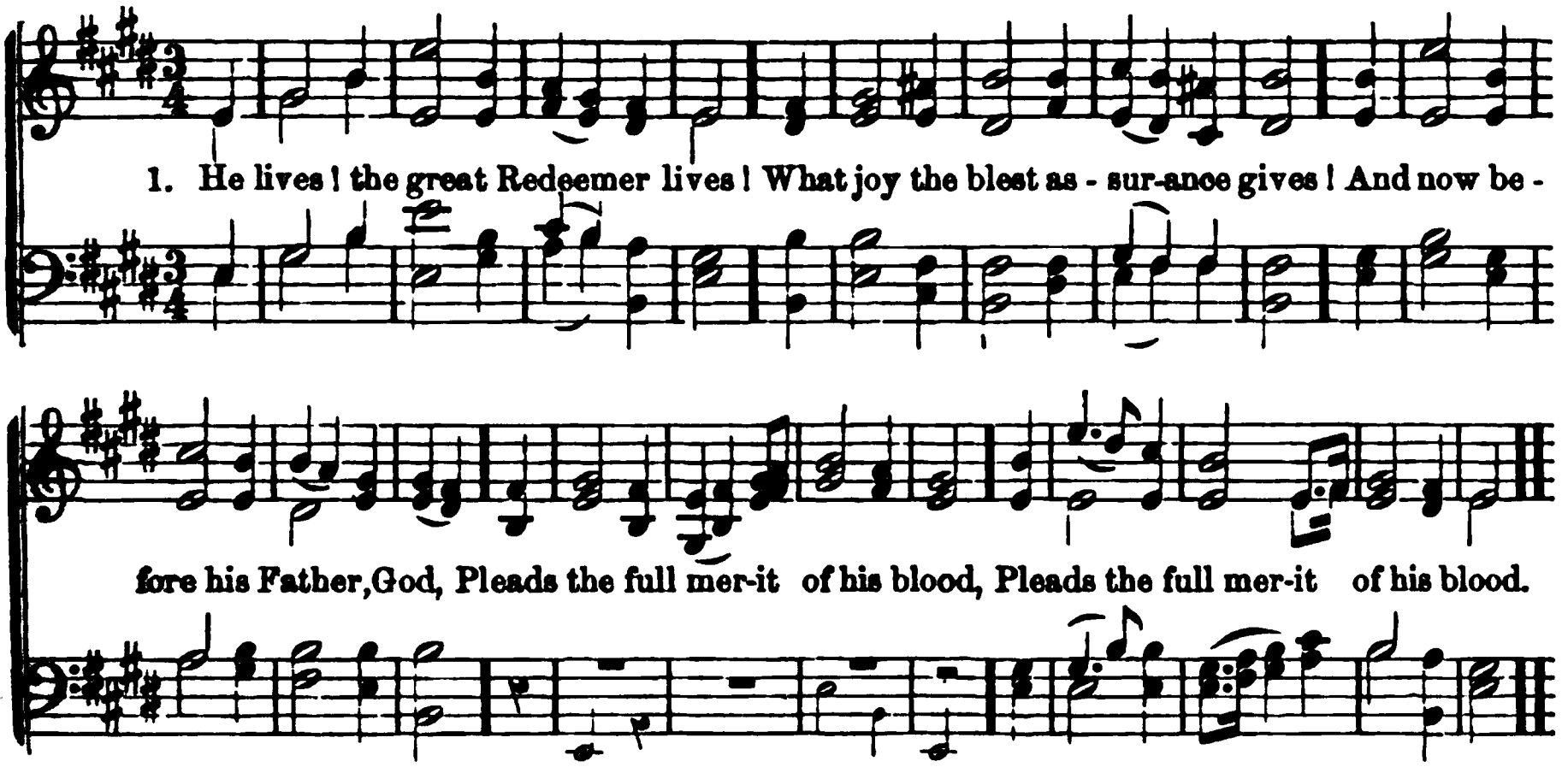
2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the rest
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their dear

ROTHWELL. L. M.



897 Christ's Intercession. STEELE.

He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

898 Pardoned Sin. HEGINBOTHAM.

SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest,
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 O God of hope and peace divine!
Make thou these secret pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And fill my heart with joy and love.

899 Grace.—*Luke 10 : 20.* DODDRIDGE.

No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong! your valor trust;
No more, ye rich! survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

2 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,—
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have owned his sovereign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

3 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blesséd, deigns to love!

900 Remembrance.—*Ps. 112 : 6.* BOWRING.

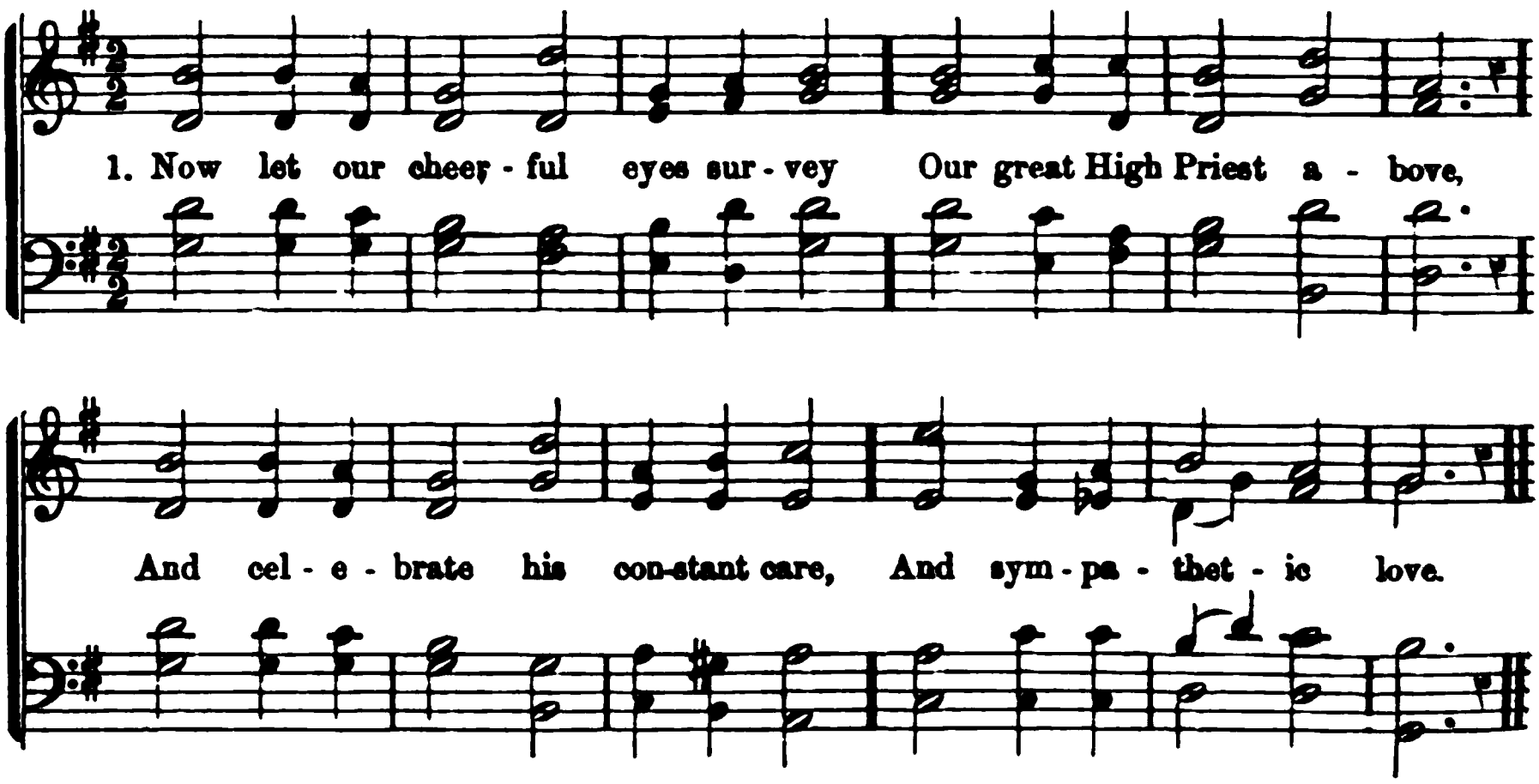
EARTH'S transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures, pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;

3 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light forever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age;—

4 So, through the ocean tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

CLINTON. C. M.



901 Security.—*Isa. 49 : 16.* DODDRIDGE.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;—

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Engraven on his heart;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from his care depart.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

902 God's Peace.—*Phil. 4 : 7.* ANON.

We bless thee for thy peace, O God!
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;—

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;—

4 That peace which flows serene and deep—
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep:
God's sunshine o'er the whole!

5 Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

903 *1 Cor. 3 : 21-23.* BRIDGE

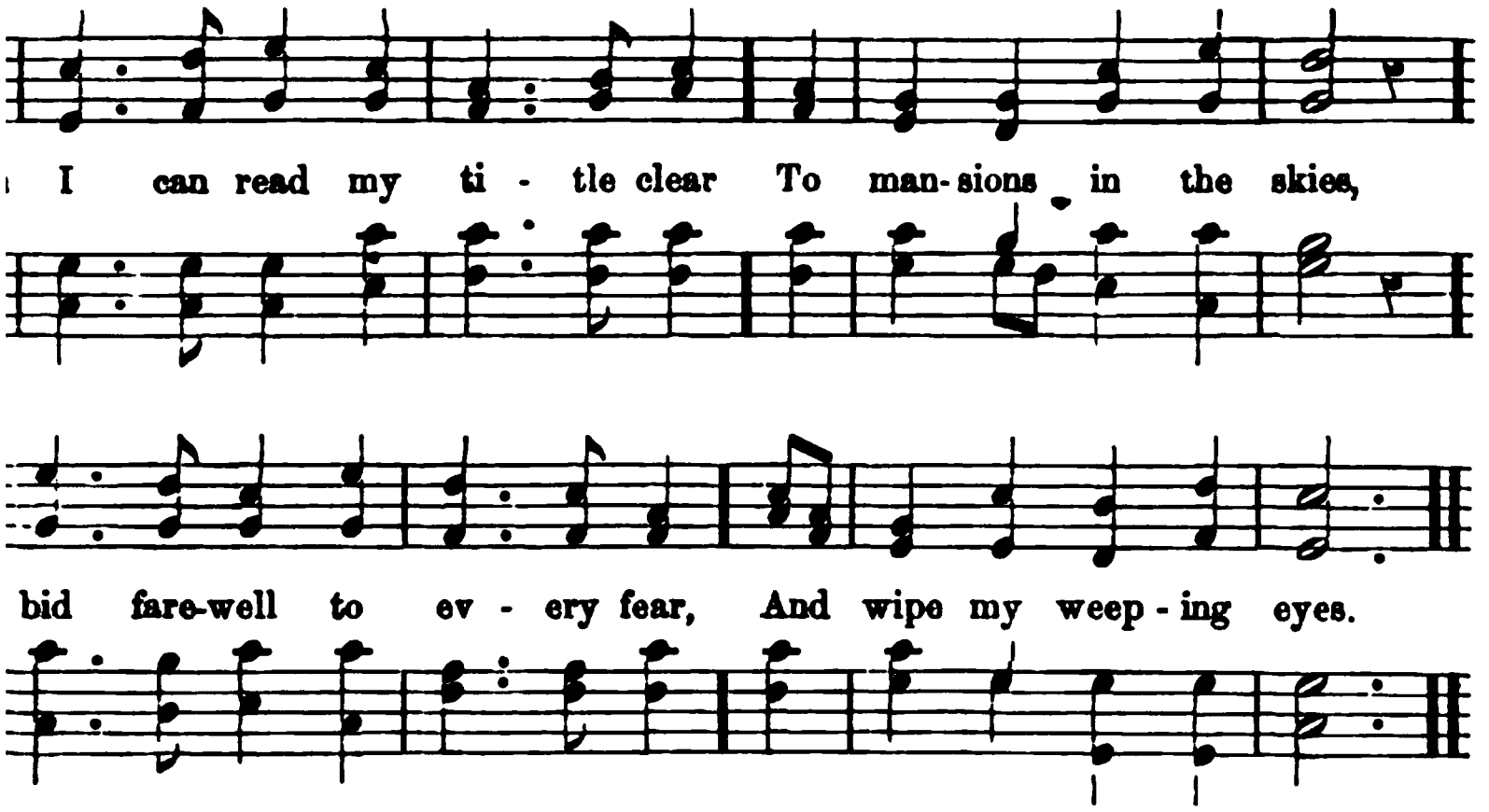
If God is mine, then present things
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then from his love
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee;
Sure he who giveth me himself
Is more than these to me.

4 Oh! tell me, Lord, that thou art mine,
What can I wish beside!
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

ROWN. C. M.



Assurance.—*2 Pet. 1 : 10.* WATTS.

can read my title clear
ınsions in the skies,
eweil to every fear,
ripe my weeping eyes.

arth against my soul engage,
ery darts be hurled,
an smile at Satan's rage,
ace a frowning world.

like a wild deluge come,
torms of sorrow fall;
ıt safely reach my home,
)d, my heaven, my all!—

ıall I bathe my weary soul
s of heavenly rest;
a wave of trouble roll
s my peaceful breast.

onciliation.—*2 Cor. 5 : 19.* GERMAN.

thy thoughts are peace towards
m I in thy hands; [me,
but firmly build on thee,
re thy counsel stands!

mountains crumble into dust,
)venant standeth fast;
ows thee in pious trust,
each the goal at last.

nge and winding seems the way
yet on earth I dwell;
n my heart shall gladly say,
God, dost all things well!

906 Friends of God. DODDRIDGE.

UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 By all its joys, I charge my heart,
To grieve his love no more;
But charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

907 The Covenant. DODDRIDGE.

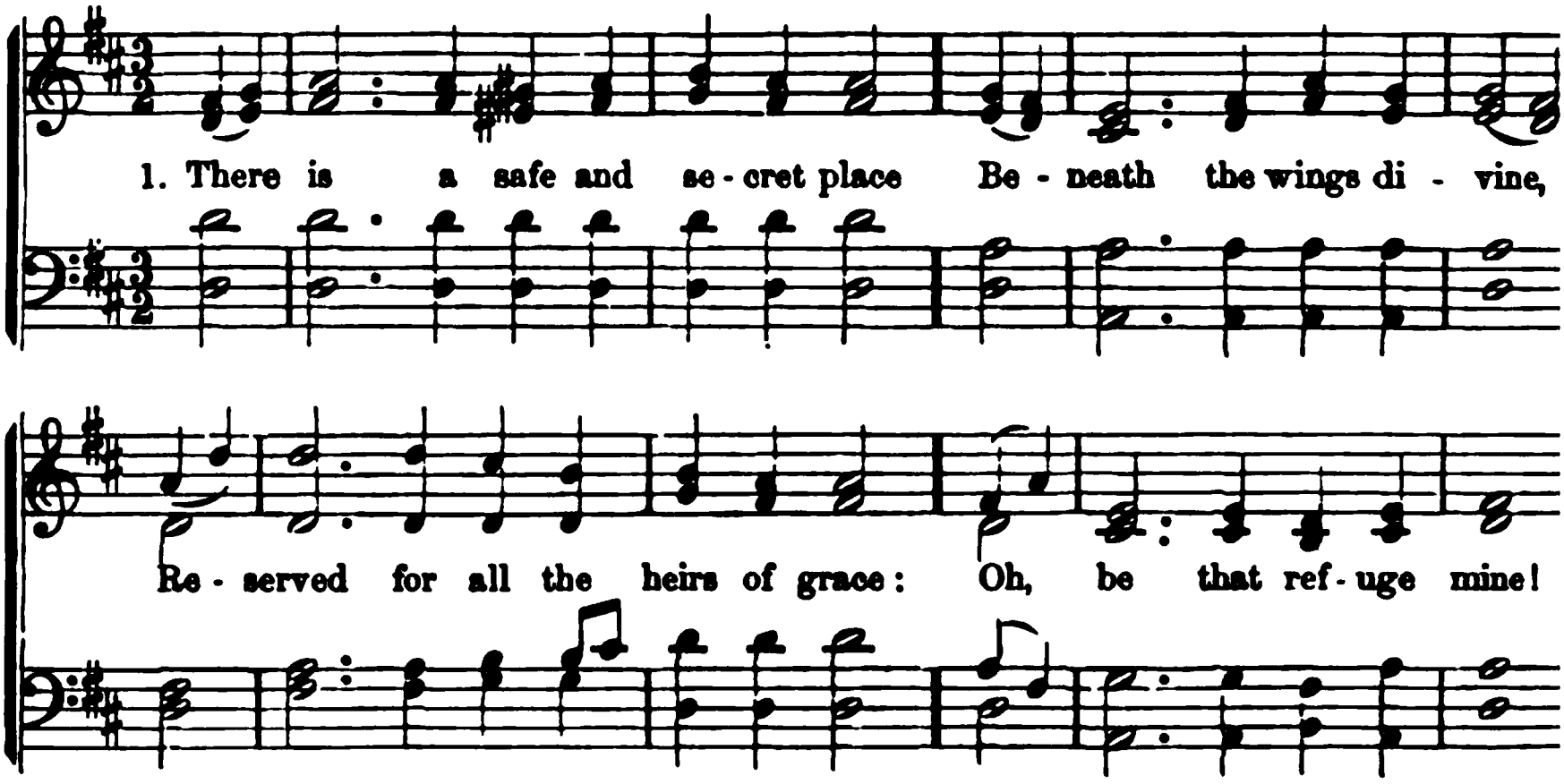
MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

COOLING. C. M.



908 Security.—*Ps. 91 : 1.* LYTE.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
Oh, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

909 Liberty.—*John 8 : 36.* C. WESLEY.

IF thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need!
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove
What is the length and breadth and height
And depth of perfect love.

910 Adoption.—*Gal. 4 : 6.* WAT

LORD, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

2 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say—"My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

911 Grace.—*1 Cor. 15 : 10.* BONAR

ALL that I was, my sin and guilt,
My death was all my own,—
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

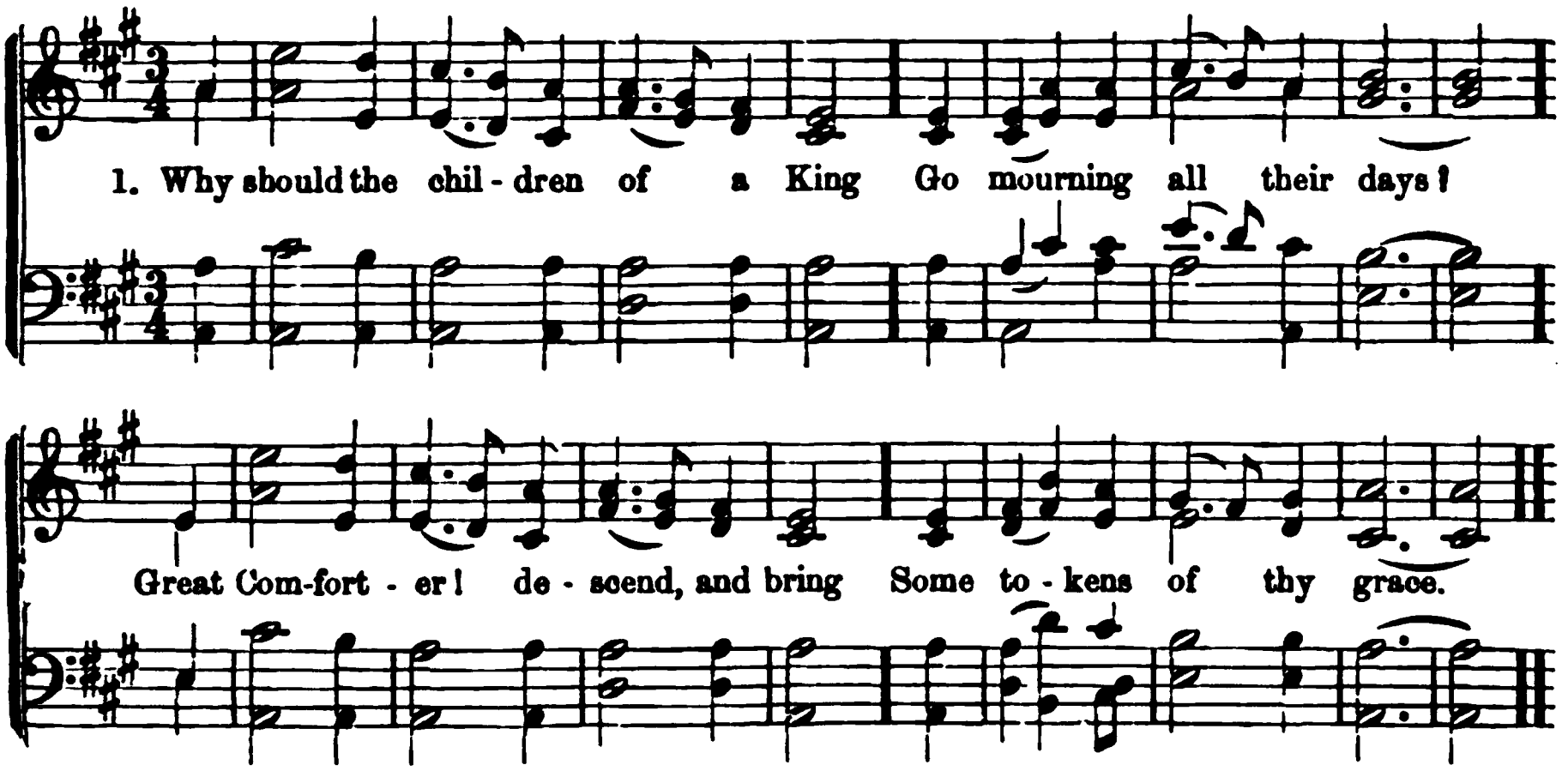
2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is thine, and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life, in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live—I live!

5 All that I am, ev'n here on earth;
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

BOARDMAN. C. M.



912 **Earnest of the Spirit.** WATTS.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some token of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

913 **Adoption.—*Rom. 8 : 15.*** DODDRIDGE.

MY Father, God! how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father! cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

914 **Perseverance.** WATTS.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

915 **Adoption.—*Heb. 12 : 7.*** STEELE.

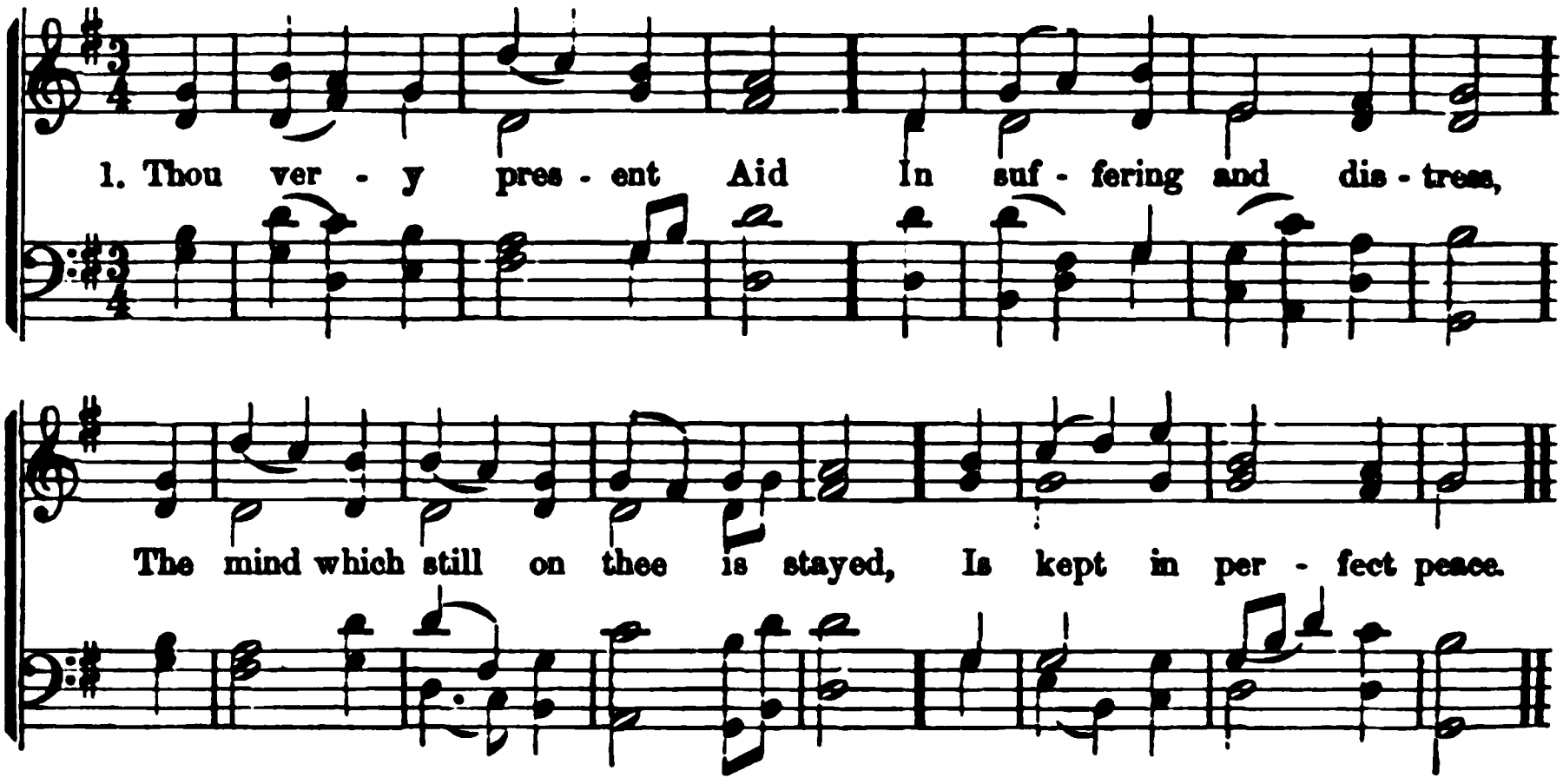
MY God, my Father, blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good and just and wise:
Oh, bend my will to thine!

3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

4 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all thy ways are right.

THATCHER. S. M.



916 Peace.—*Isa. 26 : 3.* C. WESLEY.

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

917 Love of God. ANON.

IN every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear me up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow—life or death—
His love is still the same.

918 Adoption.—*1 John 3 : 1–3.* WATTS.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

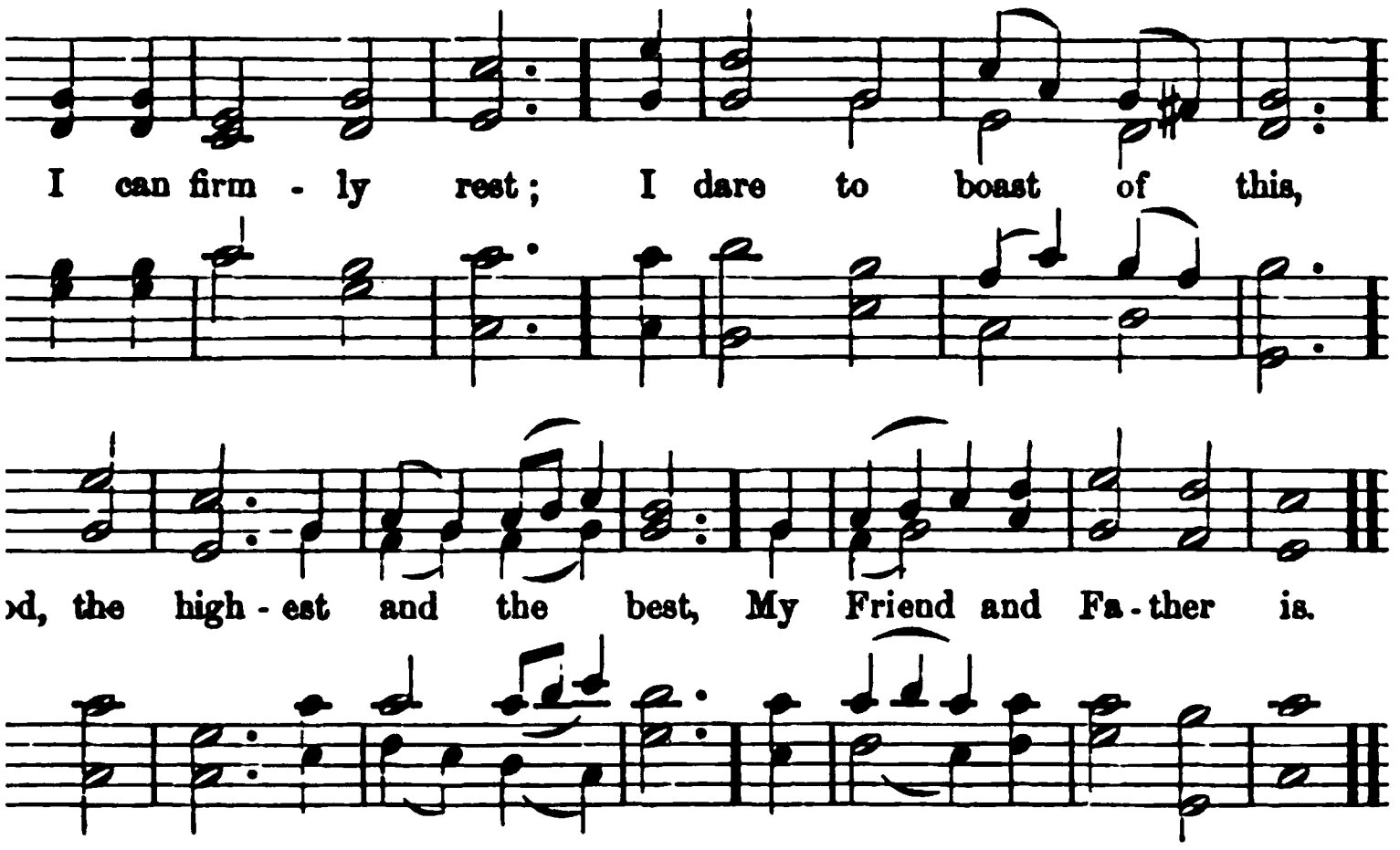
2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour there,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

ER STREET. S. M.



Ps. 37 : 3-7. GERHARDT.

ı firmly rest;
boast of this,
the highest and the best,
ıd and Father is.

ve I of my own,
ın the life I lead;
st hath given, that alone
faith to plead.

the ground
and his blood;
h him that I have found
s eternal good.

all I have,
of life and limb,
od who yet shall save;—
t turn from him.

n me dwells,
ny mind he reigns;
d sadness he dispels,
thes away my pains.

s day by day
within my heart,
strength and faith to say,
od, my Father art!

pt of God.—*Isa. 3 : 10.* KENT.

ring words are these;
eetness who can tell?
l to eternal days,
th the righteous well!"

2 Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

3 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness vails the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

4 'T is well when Jesus calls,—
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise!"

921 Grace.—*Eph. : 28.* DODDRIDGE

GRACE! 't is a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

922 C. M. D. **Access to Christ.** BONAR.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey 's done.

923 H. M. **Protection.**—*Ps. 121.* WATTS.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I 'll go and come, | Till, from on high,
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

924 11s. **Assurance.**—*Jer. 23: 6.* MCCHEYNE.

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God;
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to me.

2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me: I trembled to die:
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see:
Jehovah, thou only my Saviour must be!

3 My terrors all vanished before his sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, so copious and free:
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast;
Jehovah, my Saviour, I ne'er can be lost;
In thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield!

5 Ev'n treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For, while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah, my Saviour, my death-song shall be!

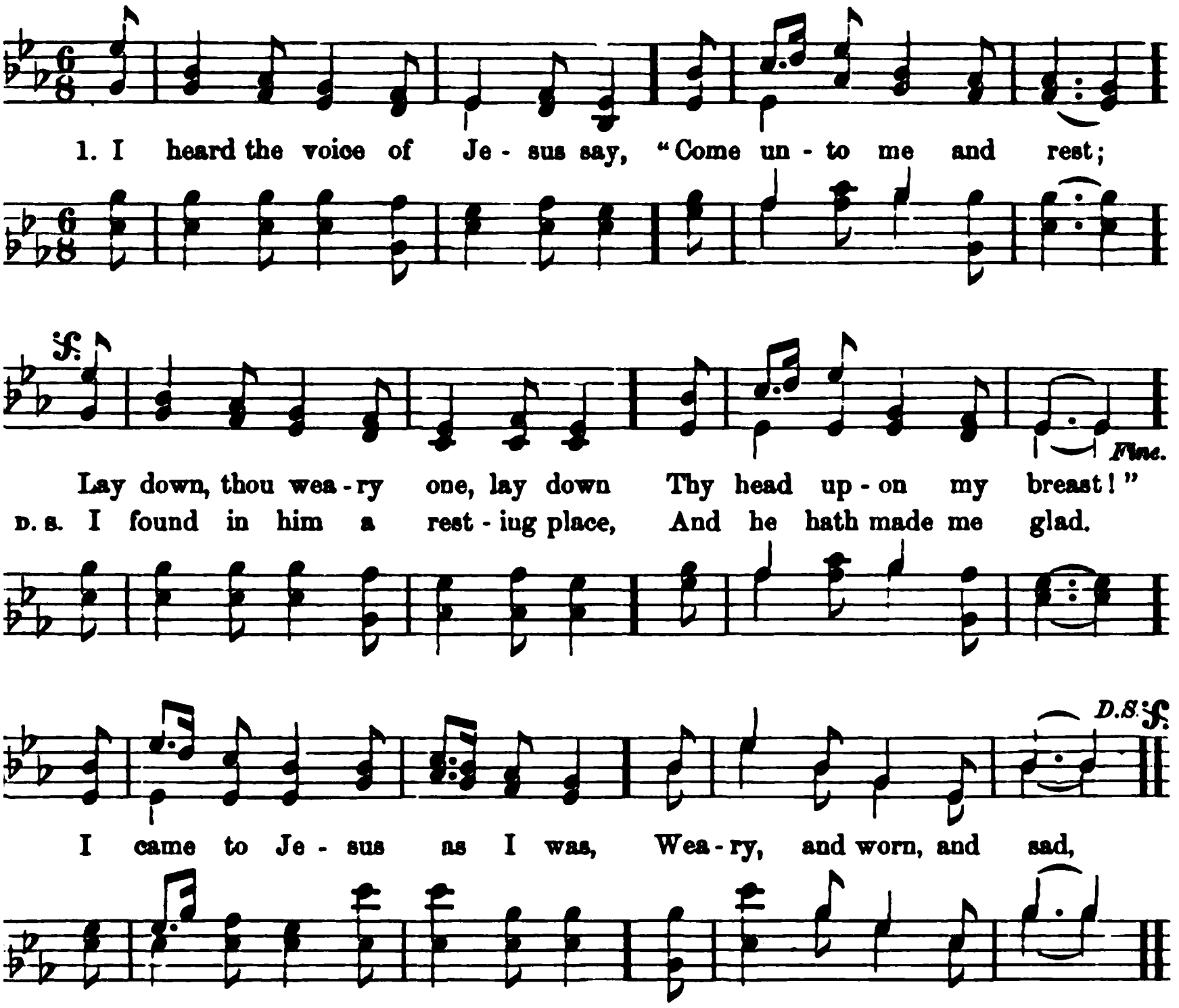
925 S. M. **Effectual Calling.** ANON.

HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
Oh, let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

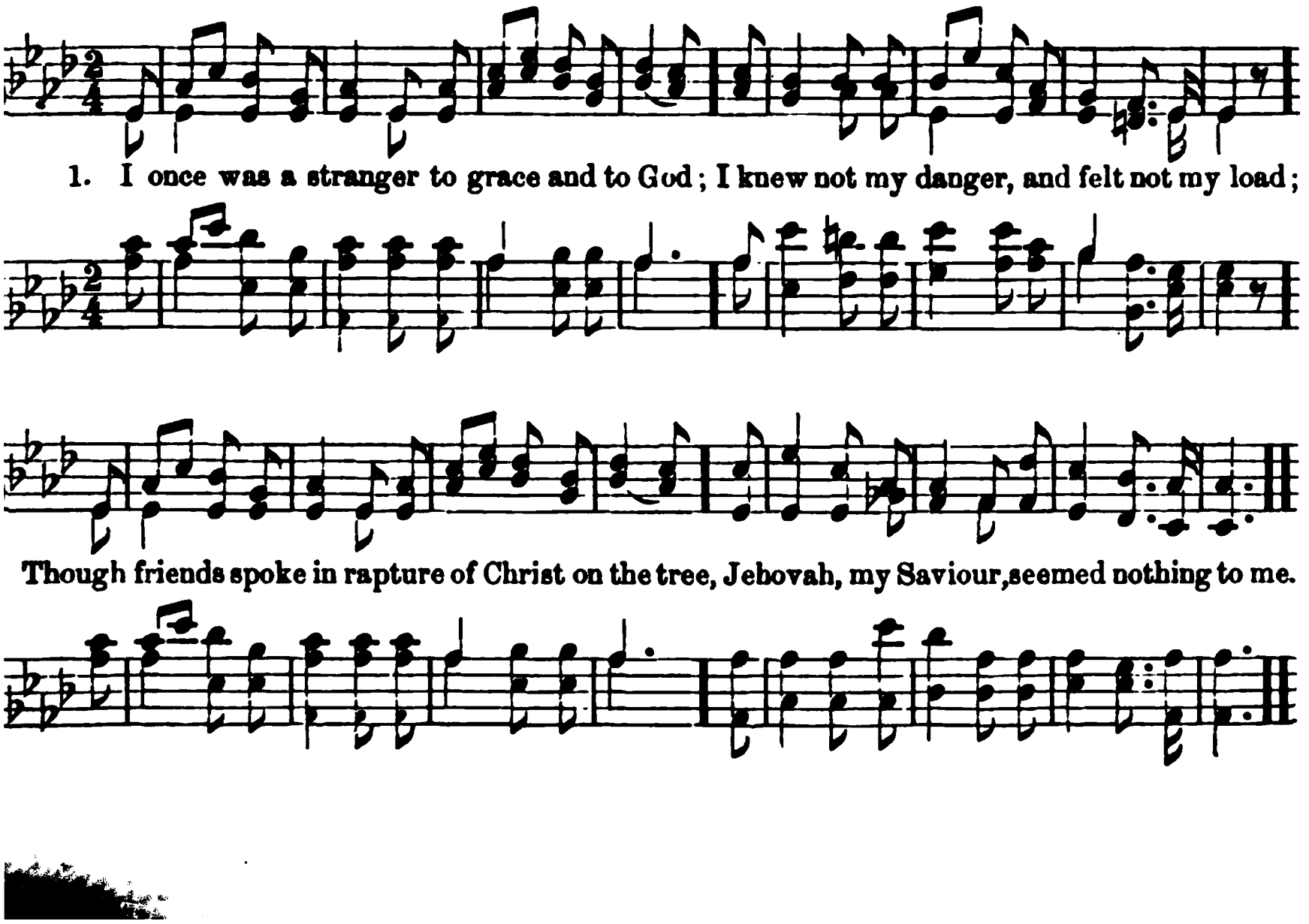
2 God will support our hearts,
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

ATHENS. C. M. D.



ROBINSON. 11s.



NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

1. Peace, peace, I leave with you, My peace I give to you, Trust to my care!

Thus the Re-deemer said, And bowed his sacred head, Lone in the garden shade, Wrestling in prayer.

HURLBUT. C. M. D.

1. My Shepherd will supply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pastures fresh he

makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream. He brings my wand'ring spirit back, When

I for - sake his ways; And leads me, for his mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

926 6s & 4s. Peace.—*John 14 : 27.* Hastings.

Peace, peace, I leave with you,
My peace I give to you,
Trust to my care!
Thus the Redeemer said,
And bowed his sacred head,
Lone in the garden shade,
Wrestling in prayer.

2 Peace, peace, I leave with you,
My peace I give to you,
Perfect and pure;
Not as the world doth give,
Words that the soul deceive,
Ye who in me believe
Shall rest secure.

3 Peace, peace, I leave with you,
My peace I give to you,
Though foes invade;
All power is given to me,
I will your refuge be,
Now and eternally,
Be not dismayed!

927 L. M. Righteousness. C. Wesley.

Jesus! thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is,—my glorious dress:
Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,—
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;—
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Oh! let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this—their glorious dress—
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

928 C. M. D. In the Fold.—*Ps. 23.* Watts.

My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thy house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise:
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,—
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

929 H. M. In Christ.—*Heb. 7 : 22.* C. Wesley.

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands:
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child—
I can no longer fear;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me "Thou art born of God."

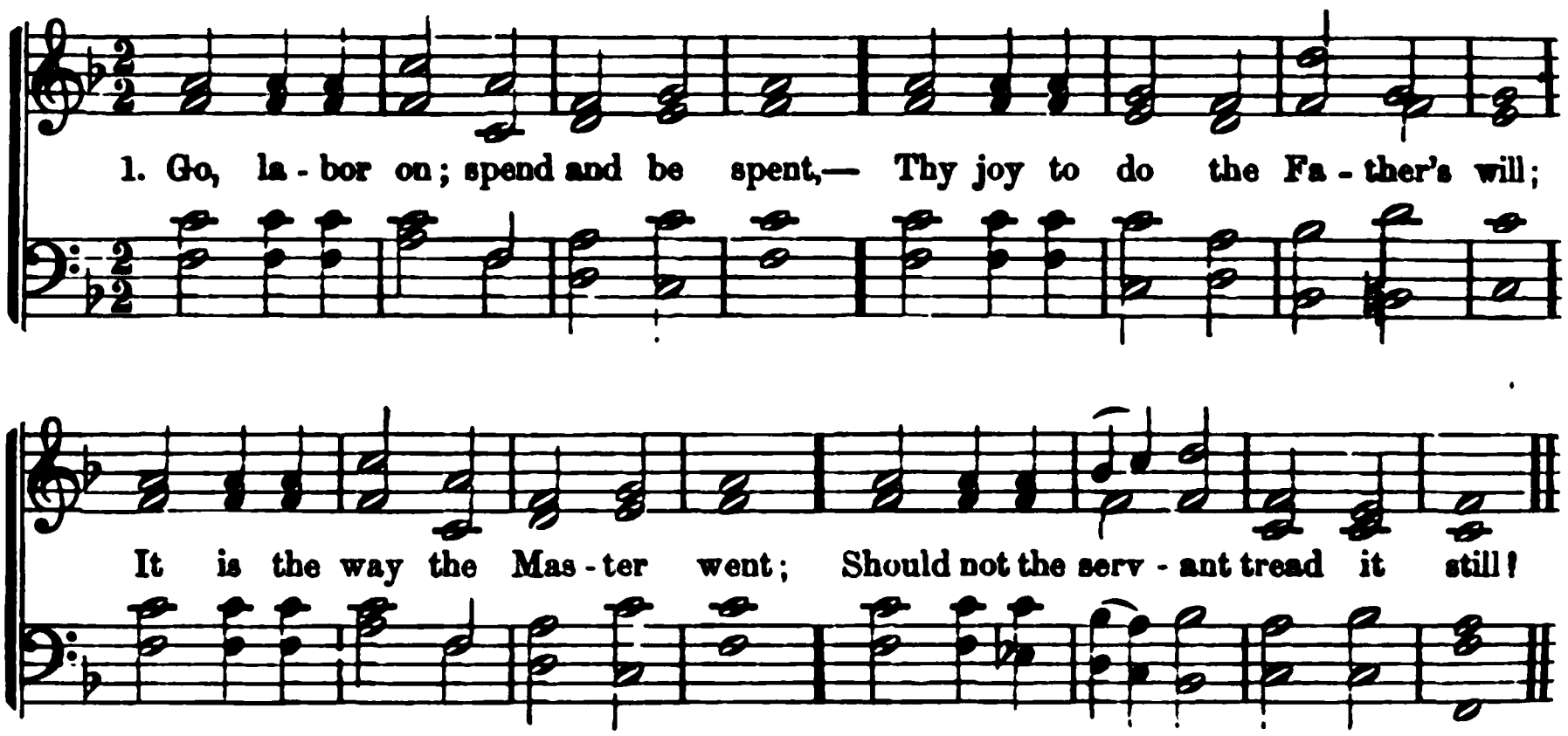
930 C. M. Security.—*Ps. 125.* Watts

Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord! on thee.

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord! with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

BISHOP. L. M



931 Zeal.—*John 12 : 43.* BONAR.

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

932 The Poor.—*Mark 14 : 7.* WOODMAN.

God guard the poor! we may not see
The deepest sorrows of the soul;
These are laid open, Lord, to thee,
And subject to thy wise control.

2 Make us thy messengers to shed,
Within the home of want and woe,
The blessings of thy bounty, spread
So freely on thy world below.

3 Let us go forth, with joyful hand,
To strengthen, comfort, and relieve;
Then in thy presence may we stand,
And hope thy blessing to receive.

933 The Poor.—*Luke 6 : 20.* ANON

Thou God of hope, to thee we bow!
Thou art our Refuge in distress;
The Husband of the widow thou,
The Father of the fatherless.

2 The poor are thy peculiar care;
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
Oh! may we always thus be poor!

3 May we thy law of love fulfill,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

934 Liberality.—*Prov. 11 : 24.* GIBBONS

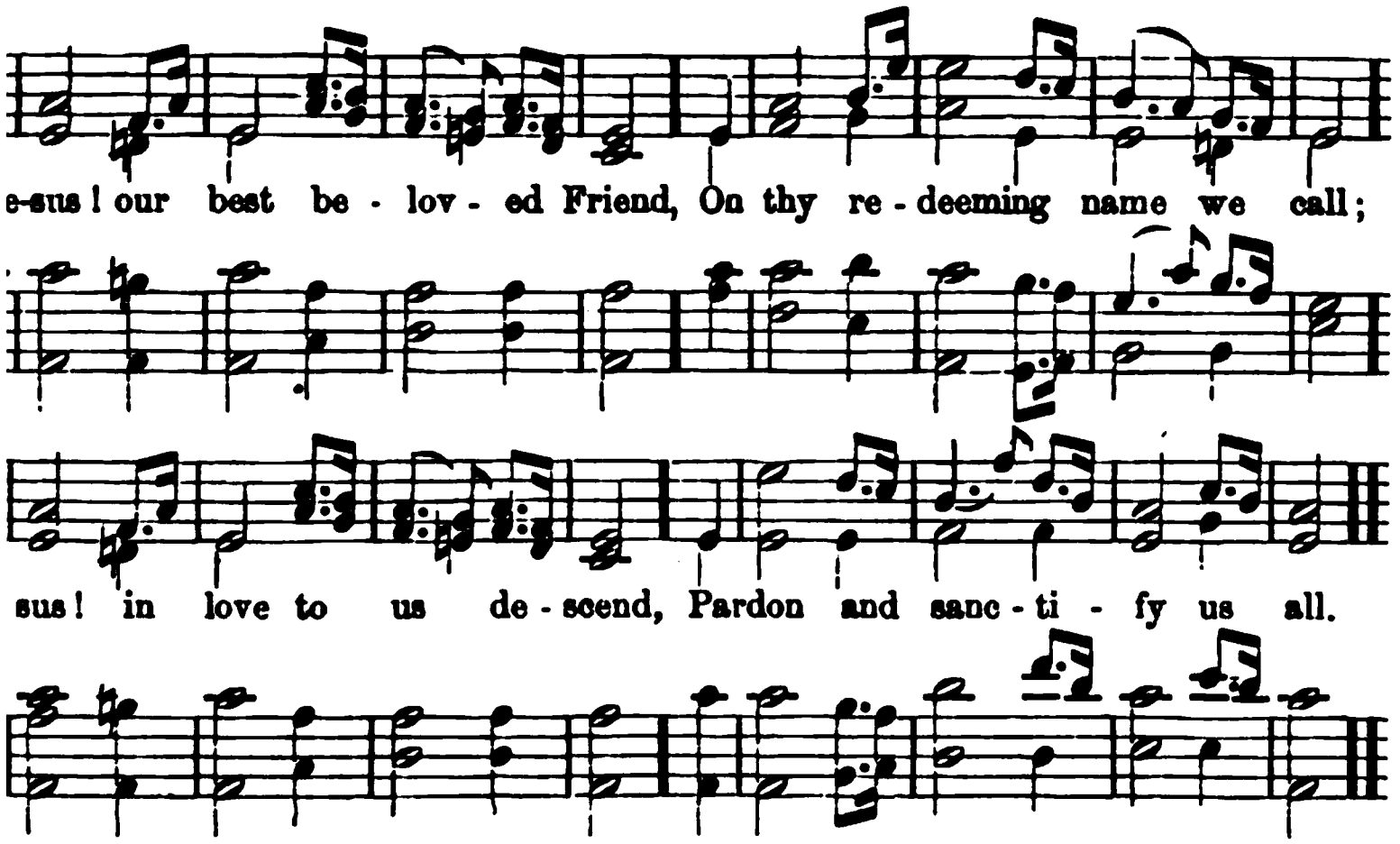
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race!

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

IPPLE. L. M.



Consecration. MONTGOMERY.

r best belovéd Friend,
leeming name we call;
love to us descend,
d sanctify us all.

and bodies we resign,
d follow thy commands;
ur hearts, our hearts are thine,
service of our hands.

ful, watching unto prayer,
r's voice will we obey,
vineyard here, and bear
nd burden of the day.

for us a resting-place,
at thy right hand, prepare;
e see thee face to face,
conversation there.

Faith and Works. DRUMMOND.

f healing oil and wine,
ig laid on mercy's shrine,
ore grateful, Lord, to thee,
l eye or bended knee.

l inward faith we trace
of every outward grace;
pious heart it plays,
unt of joy and praise.

s of peace and love betray
he stream has found its way;
these spring not rich and fair,
has never wandered there.

937 **Forgiveness.**—*Matt. 6 : 12.* GIBBONS.

Oh, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons—
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

938 **Zeal.**—*John 9 : 4.* BONAR.

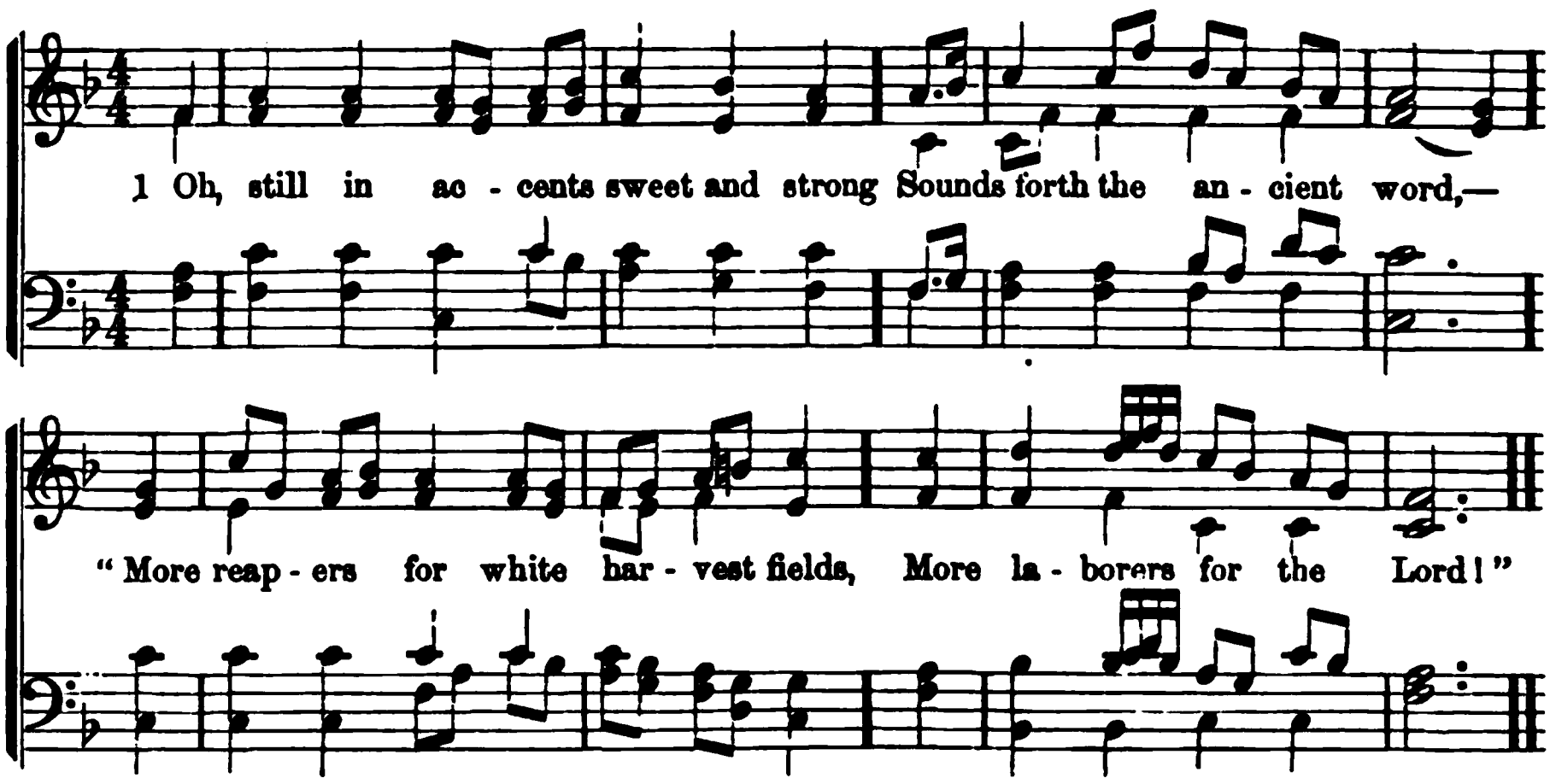
Go, labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

CLARENDON. C. M.



939 Zeal.—*John 4 : 35.* S. LONGFELLOW.

OH, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

940 Brotherly Love.—*1 John 4 : 21.* ANON.

OUR God is love, and all his saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Our heavenly Father, Lord, art thou,
Thy favored children we:
Oh, may we love each other here,
As we are loved by thee.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same;
With bonds of grace our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the vain, contentious world
See how true Christians love,
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

941 Beneficence. DODDRIDGE.

JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum!
How pay the mighty debt!

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress,
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

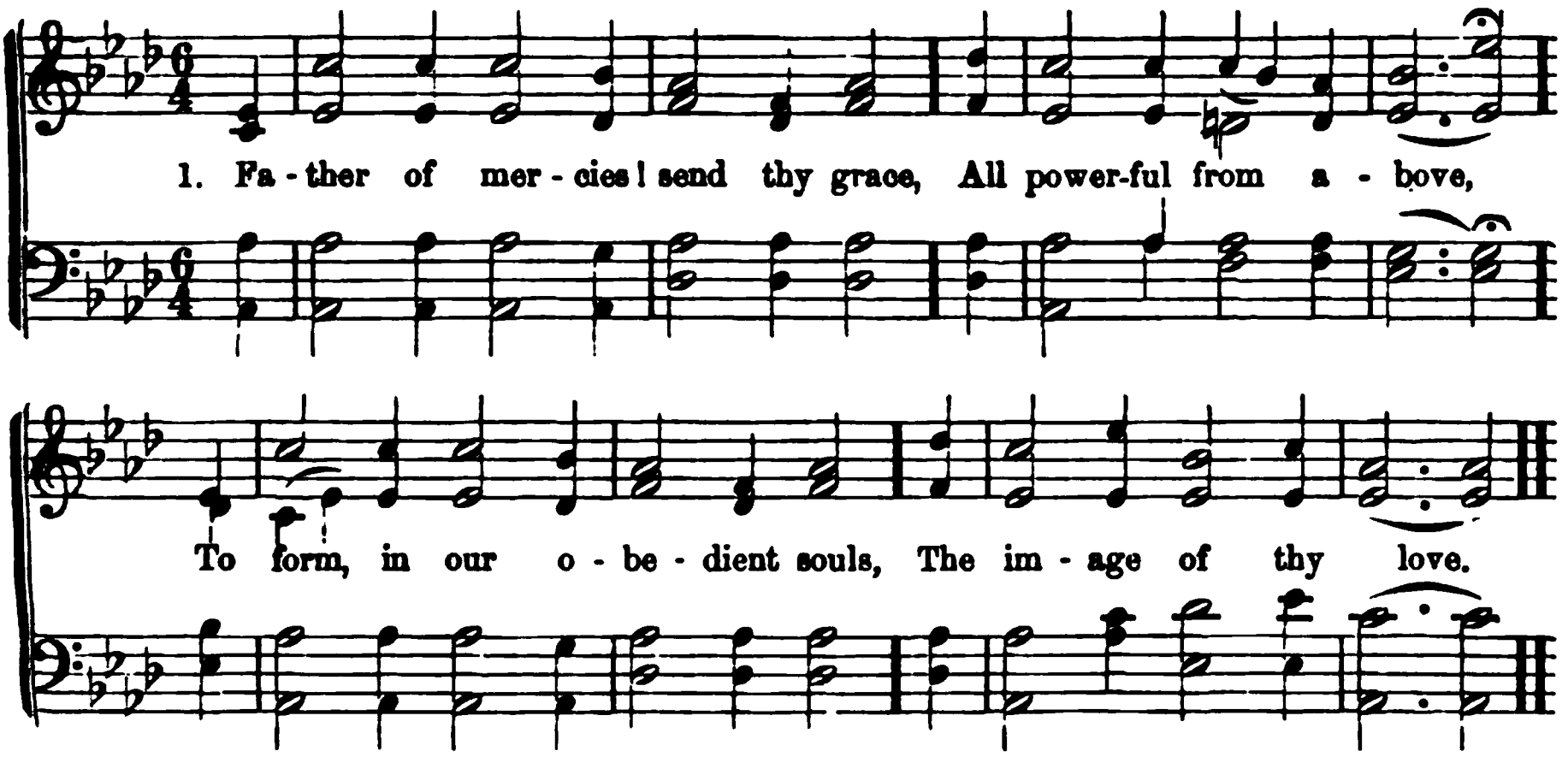
942 Consecration.—*1 Cor. 6 : 20.* BEDDOME.

AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good!
Divinely bright and fair.

3 Thy favor, Lord, is endless life,—
Let me that life obtain,
Then I renounce all earthly joys,
And glory in my gain.

REMSEN. C. M.



943 Brotherly Kindness. DODDRIDGE.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

944 Charity. BARBAULD.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

945 Trivial Efforts.—*Eccl. 11: 6.* ANON.

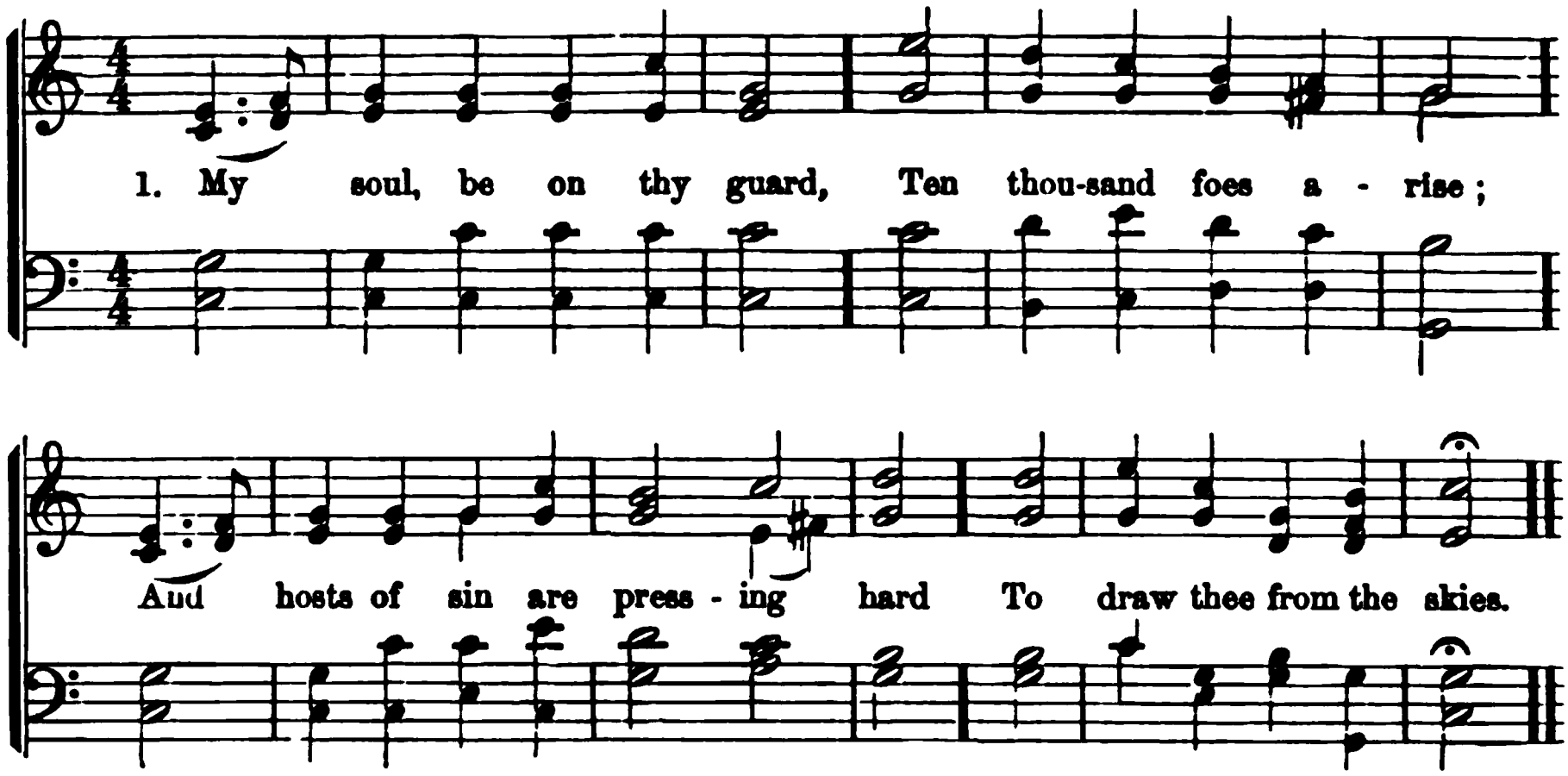
SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

LABAN. S. M.



946 Watchfulness.—*Matt. 26 : 41.* HEATH.

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He 'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

947 Seed-sowing. MONTGOMERY.

Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land!

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale alike 't is found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

948 Energy.—*2 Pet. 3 : 11, 12.* ANON.

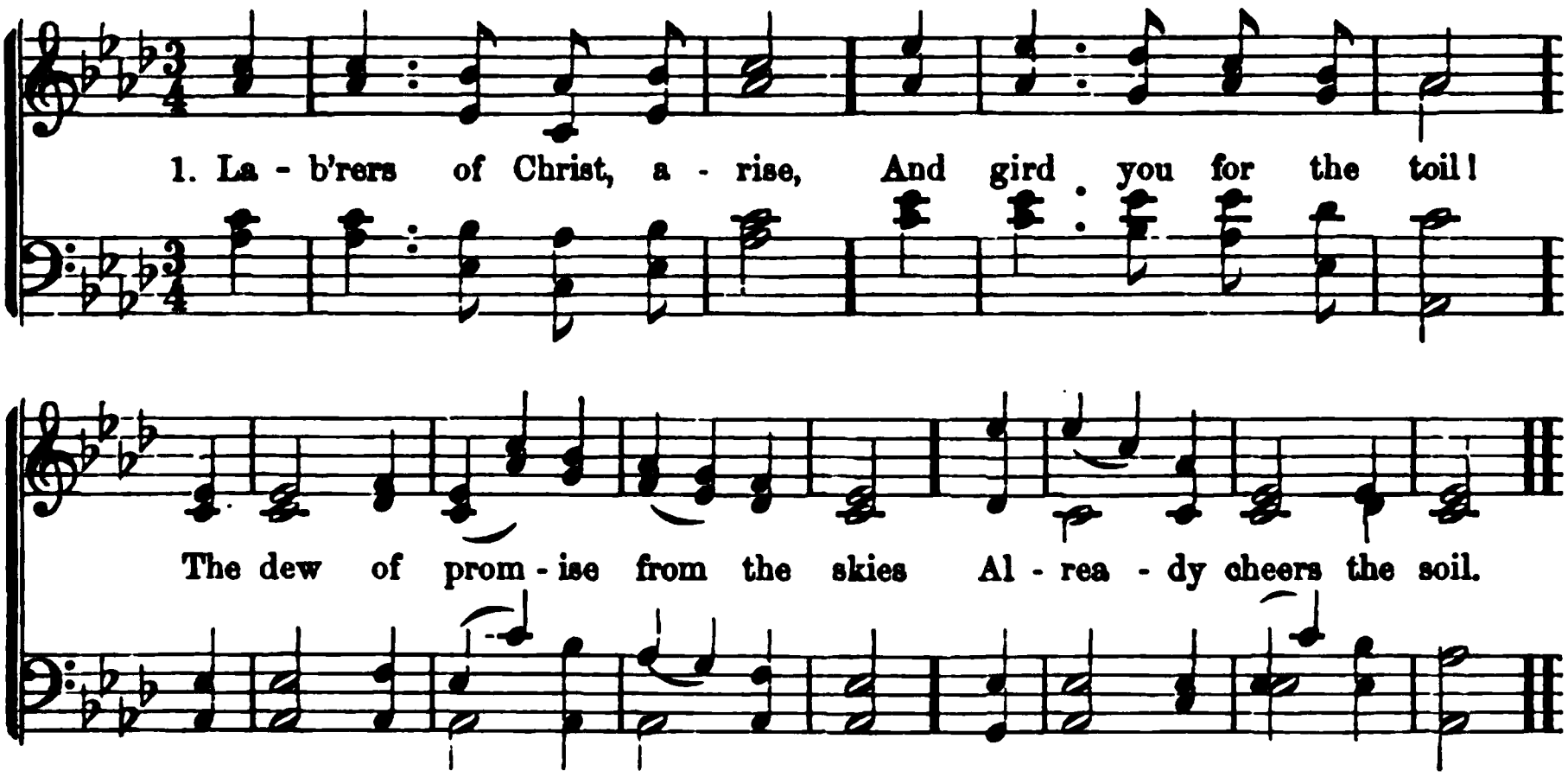
MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.

3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

LEIGHTON. S. M.



949 Active Effort. SIGOURNEY.

LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

950 Sympathy.—*Rom. 12 : 15.* BAKER.

OH, praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 Oh, happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

3 Lord! may it be our choice
This blesséd rule to keep:—
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

951 Trust.—*1 Cor. 3 : 6.* C. WESLEY.

LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow.

2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy laborers attend.

3 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

952 Reform. ANON.

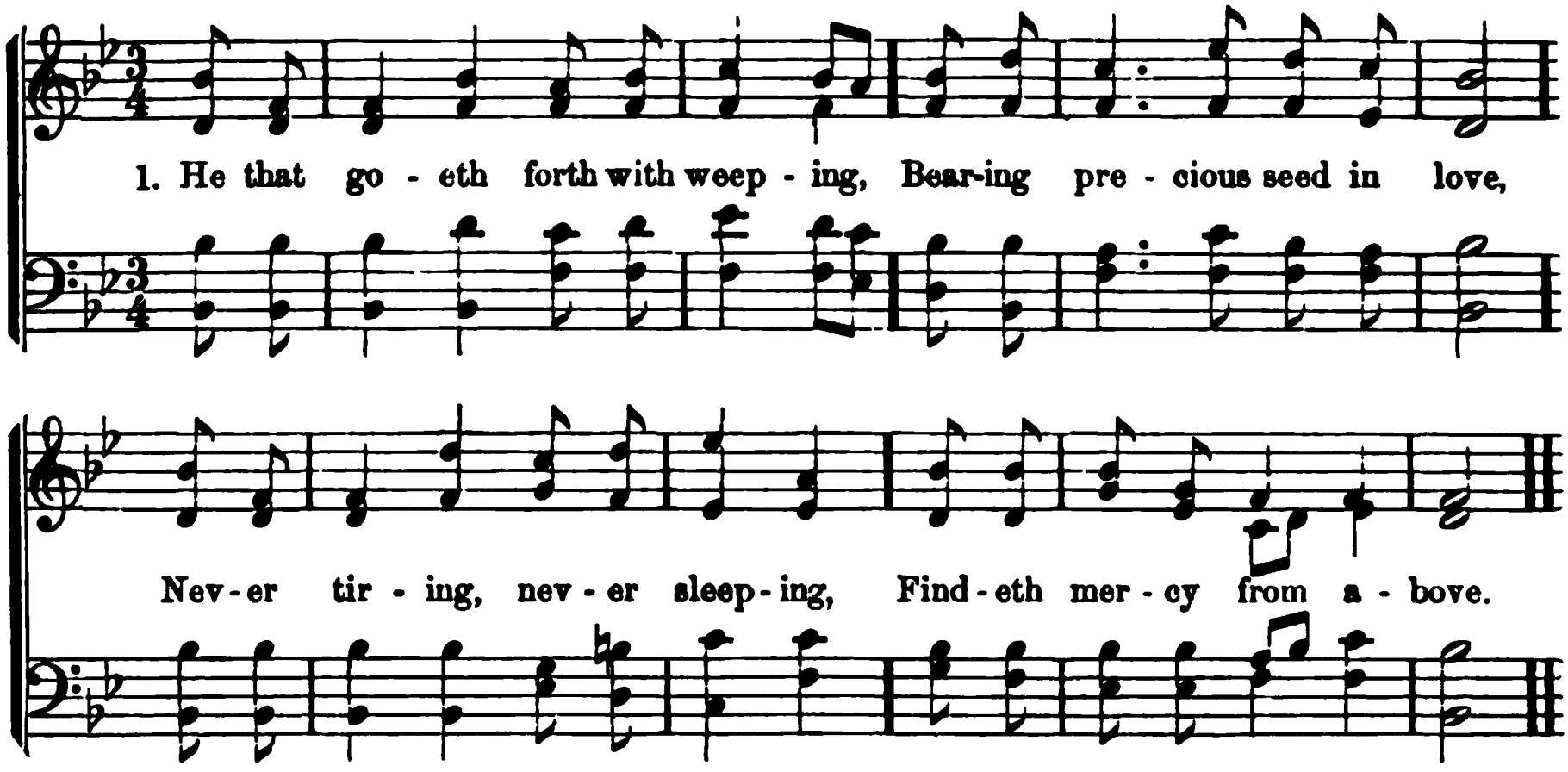
MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall;
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



953 Patience.—*Ps. 126 : 6.* HASTINGS.

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

954 Success from God.—*1 Cor. 3 : 6.* LYTE.

Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

2 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

3 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He shall grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

955 Progress—*Isa. 40 : 31.* BONAR.

Like the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne:
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn!

2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

3 Oh, may I no longer dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward press my way!

956 Self-denial. HASTINGS.

Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the Hand that rules the skies.

2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.

3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.

4 On the Eternal arm reclining,
We at length shall win the day;
All the powers of earth combining,
Shall not snatch our crown away.

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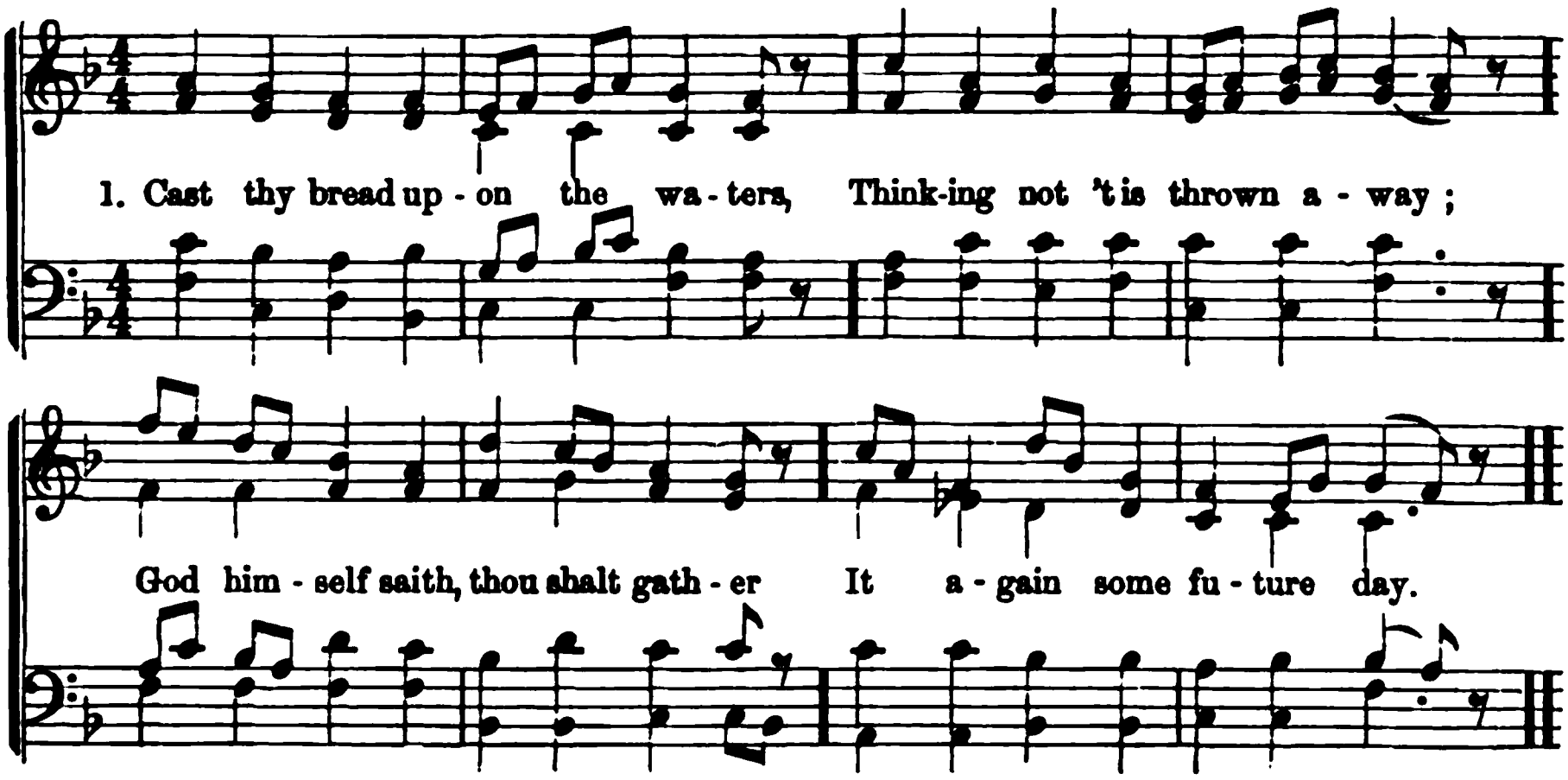


957 **Benevolent Efforts.**—*Eccl. 11 : 1.* ANON.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

5 Give then freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

958 **"Brother's Keeper."**—*Gen. 4 : 9.* ANON.

BLESSED angels, high in heaven
O'er the penitent rejoice;
Hast thou for thy brother striven
With an importuning voice?

2 Art thou not thy brother's keeper?
Canst thou not his soul obtain?
He that wakes his brother sleeper
Double light himself shall gain.

3 Then, when ends this life's short fever,
They, who many turn to God,
Like the stars shall shine for ever,
In eternal brotherhood!

959 **Courage.** ANON.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

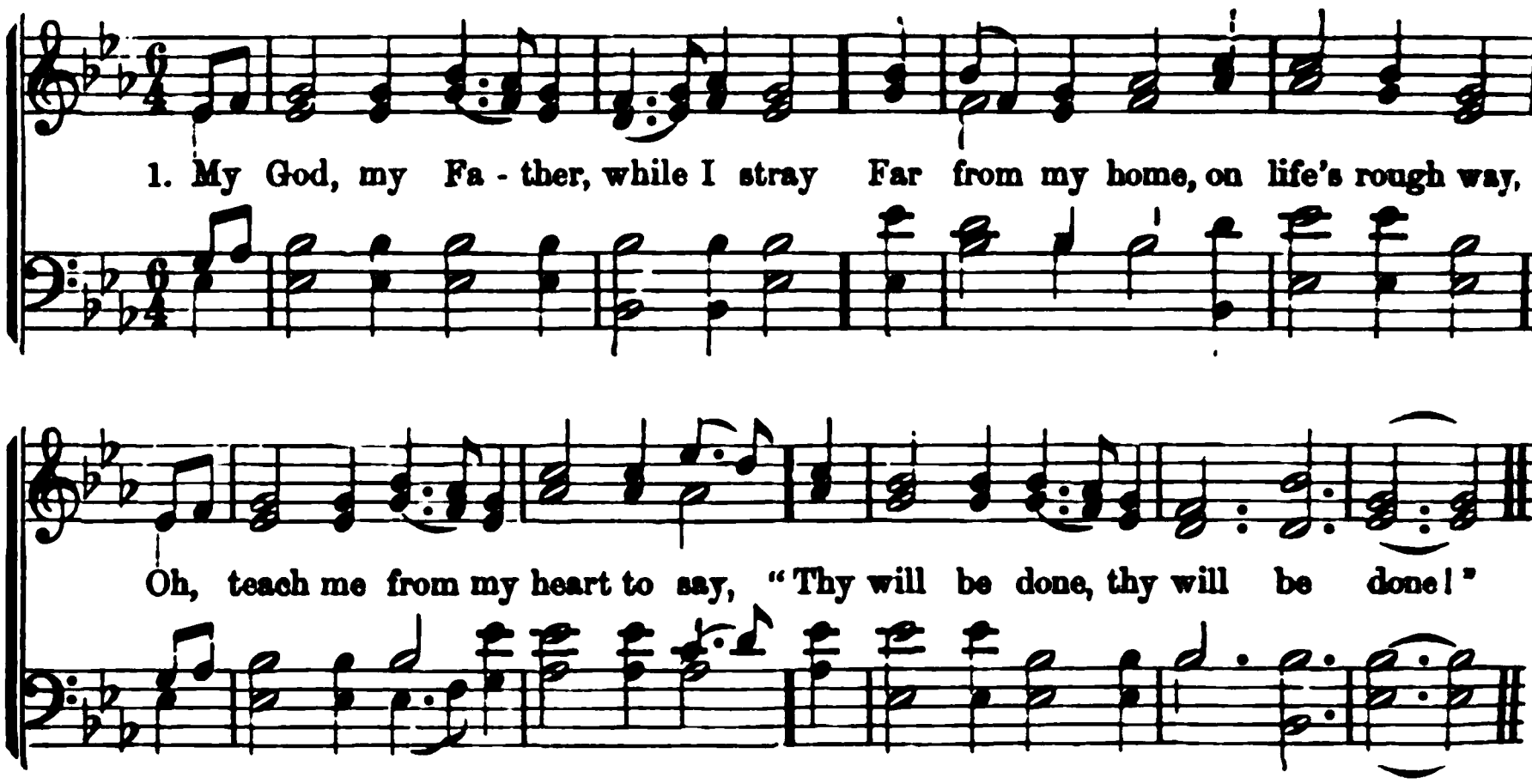
960 **Contribution**—*Prov. 3 : 9.* FRANCIS.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



961 *Matt. 6 : 10.* C. ELLIOTT.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

3 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

962 *Heb. 12 : 11.* ANON.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break the dream of human power,
For now my shallow cistern 's spent,
I find thy fount and thirst no more.

2 I take thy hand and fears grow still:
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love!

3 That truth gives promise of a dawn,
Beneath whose light I am to see,
When all these blinding vails are drawn,
This was the wisest path for me.

4 That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thy eternal calm;
And tunes its sad and broken speech,
To sing ev'n now the angels' psalm.

963 *Heb. 12 : 6.* ANON.

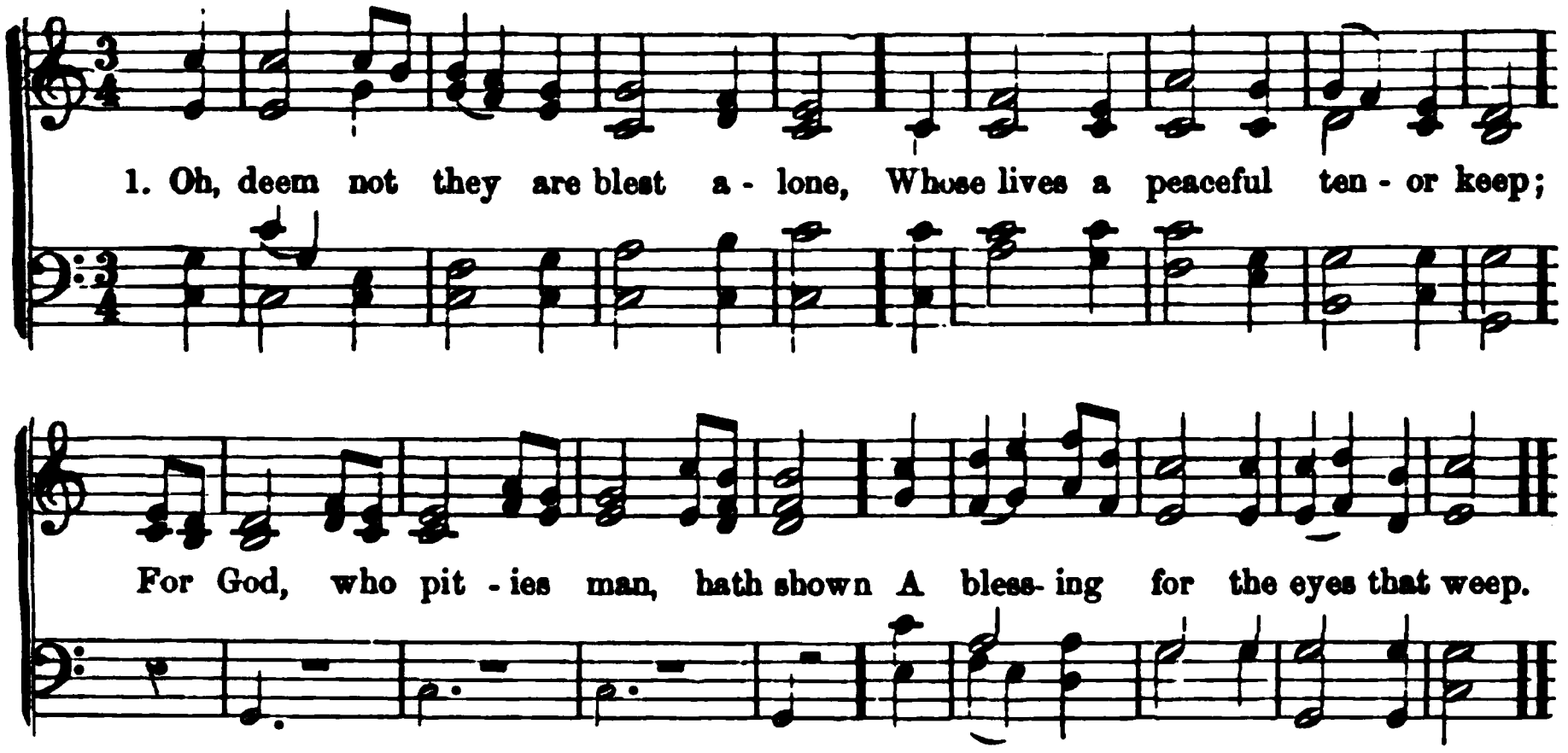
I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.

BEETHOVEN. L. M.



964 *Luke 6 . 21:* BRYANT.

OH, deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happy years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

965 *Ps. 90 : 12.* GUION.

IF life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it; I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill
In life, in death, thy perfect will;
No succor in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered; let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care;
'T is thine to number out our days;
'T is ours to give them to thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here—
Faith, simple, constant, and sincere;
Oh, blesséd days thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord! in pleasing thee.

966 *Matt. 5 : 4.* J. ROSCOE.

THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love;
Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

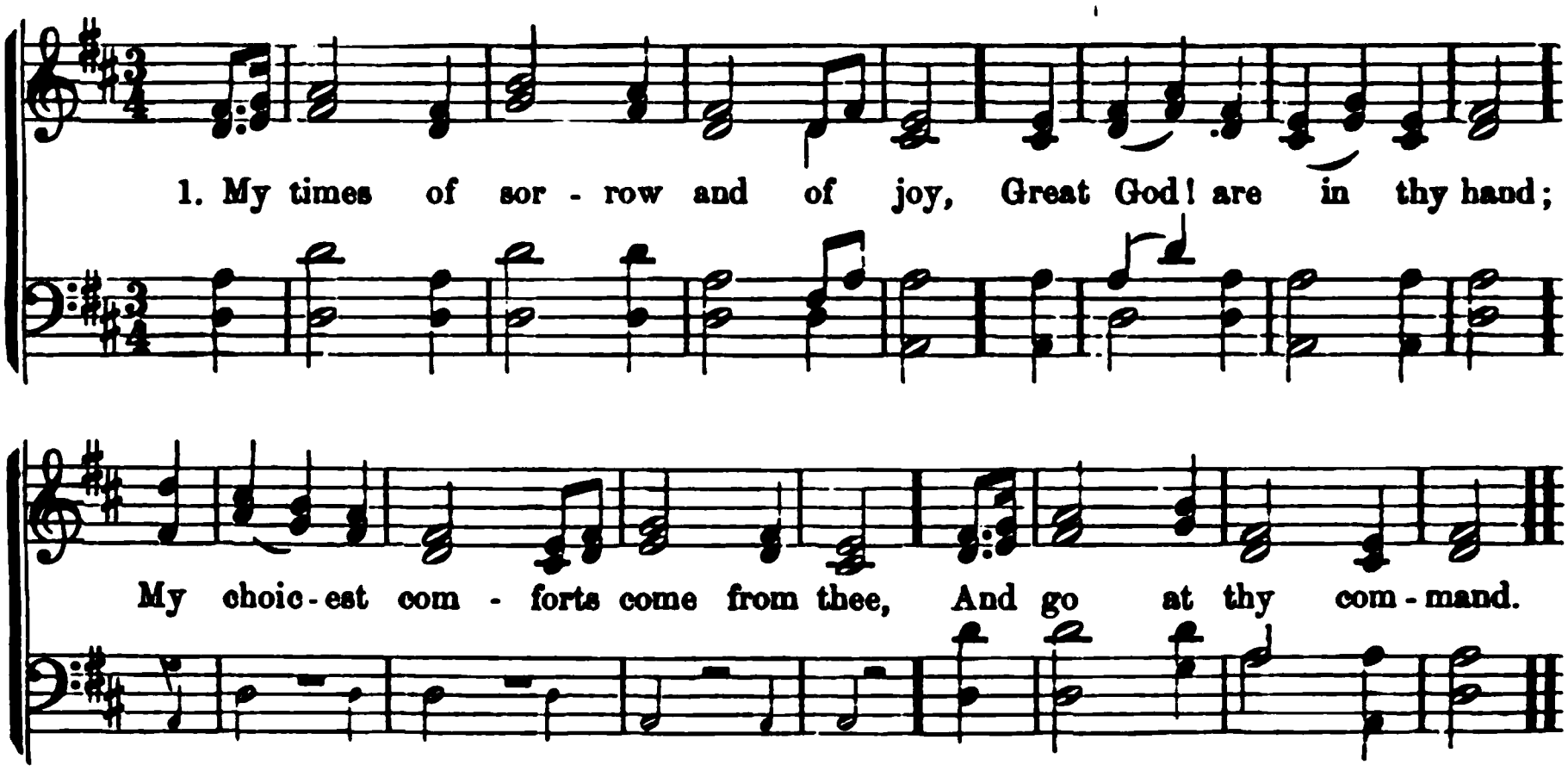
2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years?

3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

5 Ev'n now, above, there 's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup I go.

SILOAM. C. M.



967 *Ps. 31 : 15.* BEDDOME.

My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

968 *Phil. 1 : 21.* NOEL.

When musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain;
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 'T is not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 Oh! let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

969 *1 Sam. 3 : 18.* T. GREENE.

It is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who gives me all—
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blesséd be his name;
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No! gracious God, take what thou wilt,
To thee I all resign.

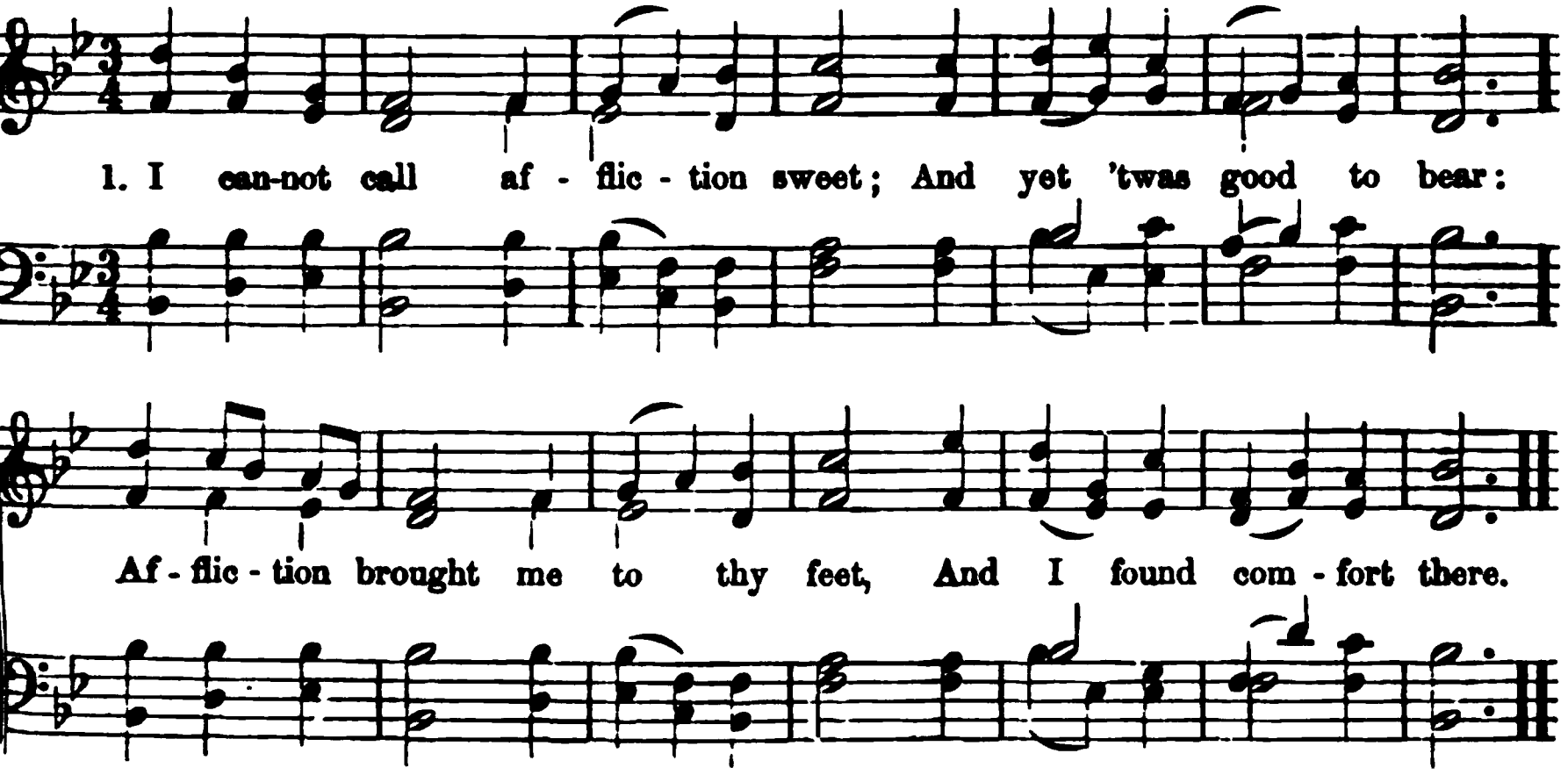
970 *Heb. 12 : 11.* EDMESTON.

O thou whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

2 Oh! may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

BOND. C. M.



971 *Ps. 119 : 71.* MONTGOMERY.

I CANNOT call affliction sweet;
And yet 't was good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will:
Oh, had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

Where are the vows which then I vowed?
The joys which then I knew?
Those, vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the early dew.

Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

972 *Isa. 26 : 3.* ANON.

WHEN grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to thy throne,
And stay my heart on thee.

When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond, in time to come,
To bind my heart to thee.

Lord, not my will, but thine be done!
My soul, from fear set free,
Her faith shall anchor at thy throne,
And trust alone in thee.

973 *Ps. 42 : 7.* COLTON.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can soon restore my peace;
And he who bade the tempest rise
Can bid that tempest cease.

3 Here will I rest, and build my hope,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me—
My Health, my Life, my God!

974 *Matt. 14 : 27.* C. ELLIOTT

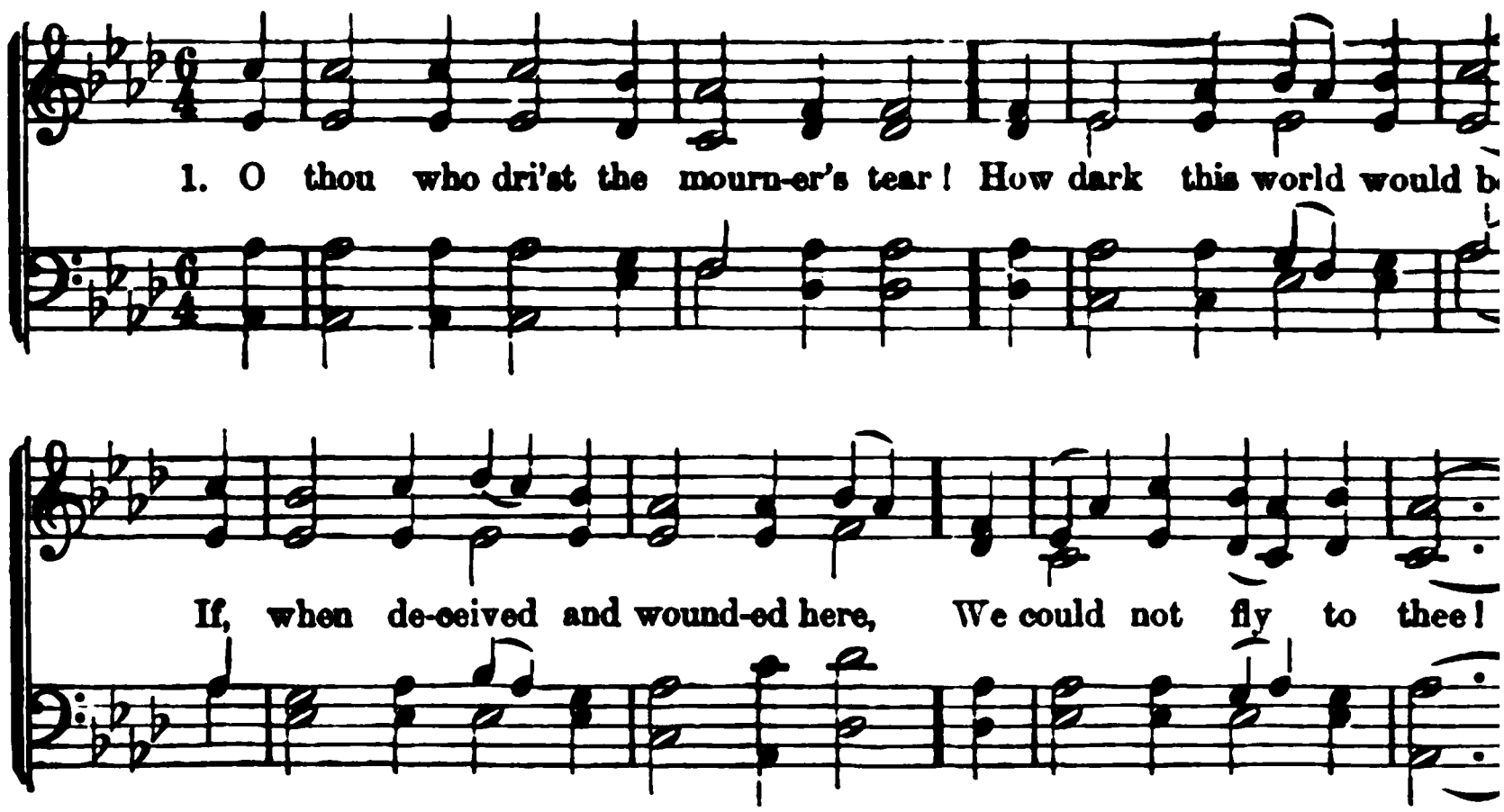
WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well,—
"'T is I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear,—
"'T is I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—
"'T is I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
"'T is I; be not afraid."

HELENA. C. M.



975 *Ps. 119 : 71.* MOORE.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And ev'n the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too;—

3 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

976 *Job 1 : 21.* MONTGOMERY.

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
When I am wholly thine;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes a
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and s
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I ro
Of nothing long possessed;
And all must fail when I go hom
For this is not my rest.

977 *Matt. 14 : 12.*

JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to thee.

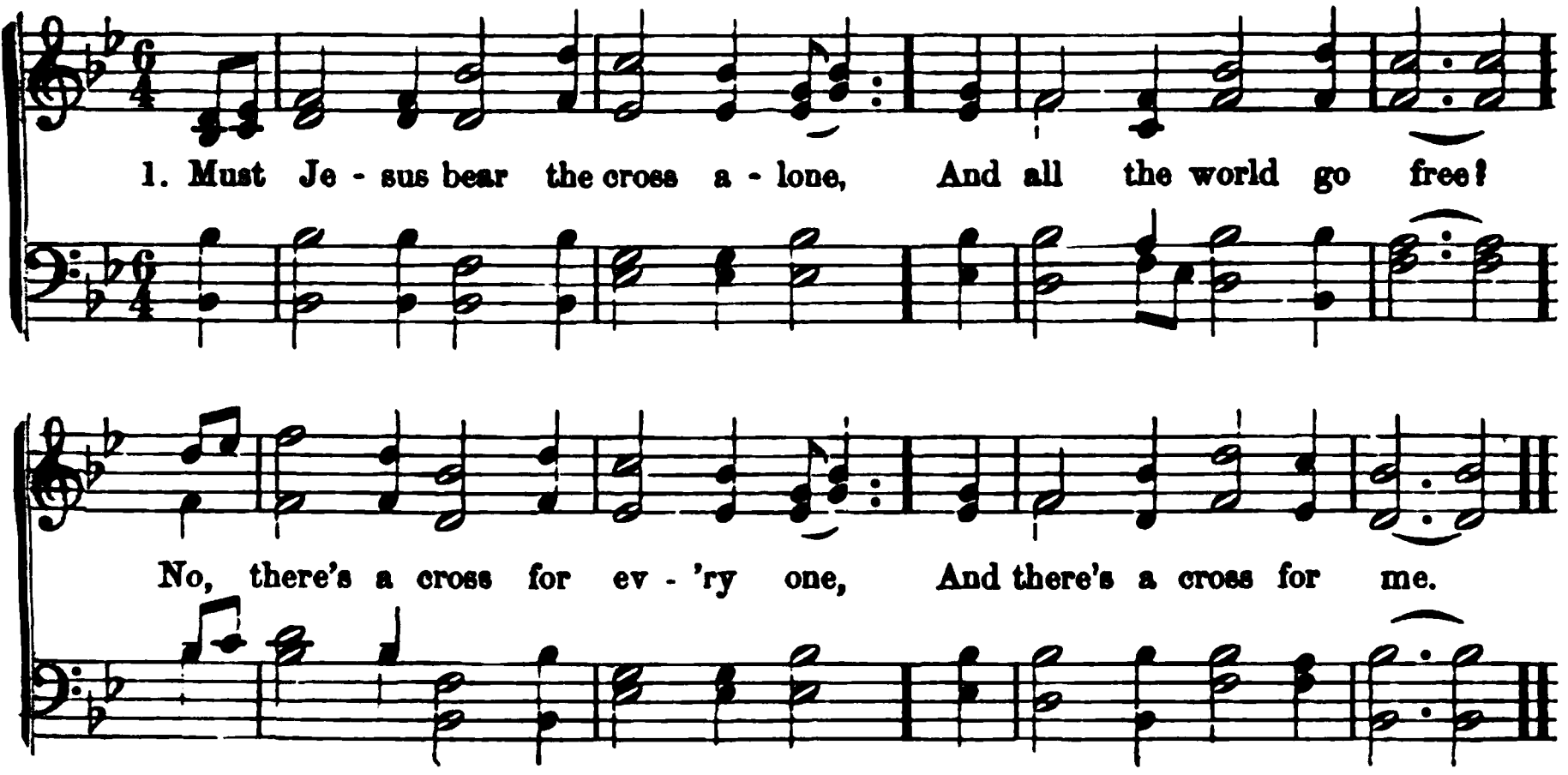
2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,—
For they were once thine own.

3 Jesus! my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to thee!
Thine eye, at least, can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

4 It is enough, my precious Lord,
Thy tender sympathy!
My every sin and sorrow can
Devolve itself on thee.

5 Jesus! thou hast availed to sear
My deepest malady;
It freely flows—more freely find
The gracious remedy.

MAITLAND. C. M.



978 *Luke 9 : 23.* ALLEN.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there 's a cross for every one,
And there 's a cross for me.

2 This consecrated cross I 'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful, I 'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

5 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

979 *Hos. 5 : 15.* GALLAUDET.

JESUS, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me;
My sinking spirit still sustain:
To thee I turn, to thee.

2 When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In thee alone can help be found
To thee I turn, to thee.

3 Should strong temptations fierce assail,
And Satan buffet me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.

4 Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or woe,
Jesus, I 'll turn to thee.

980 *2 Cor. 12 : 10.* TOPLADY.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away;—

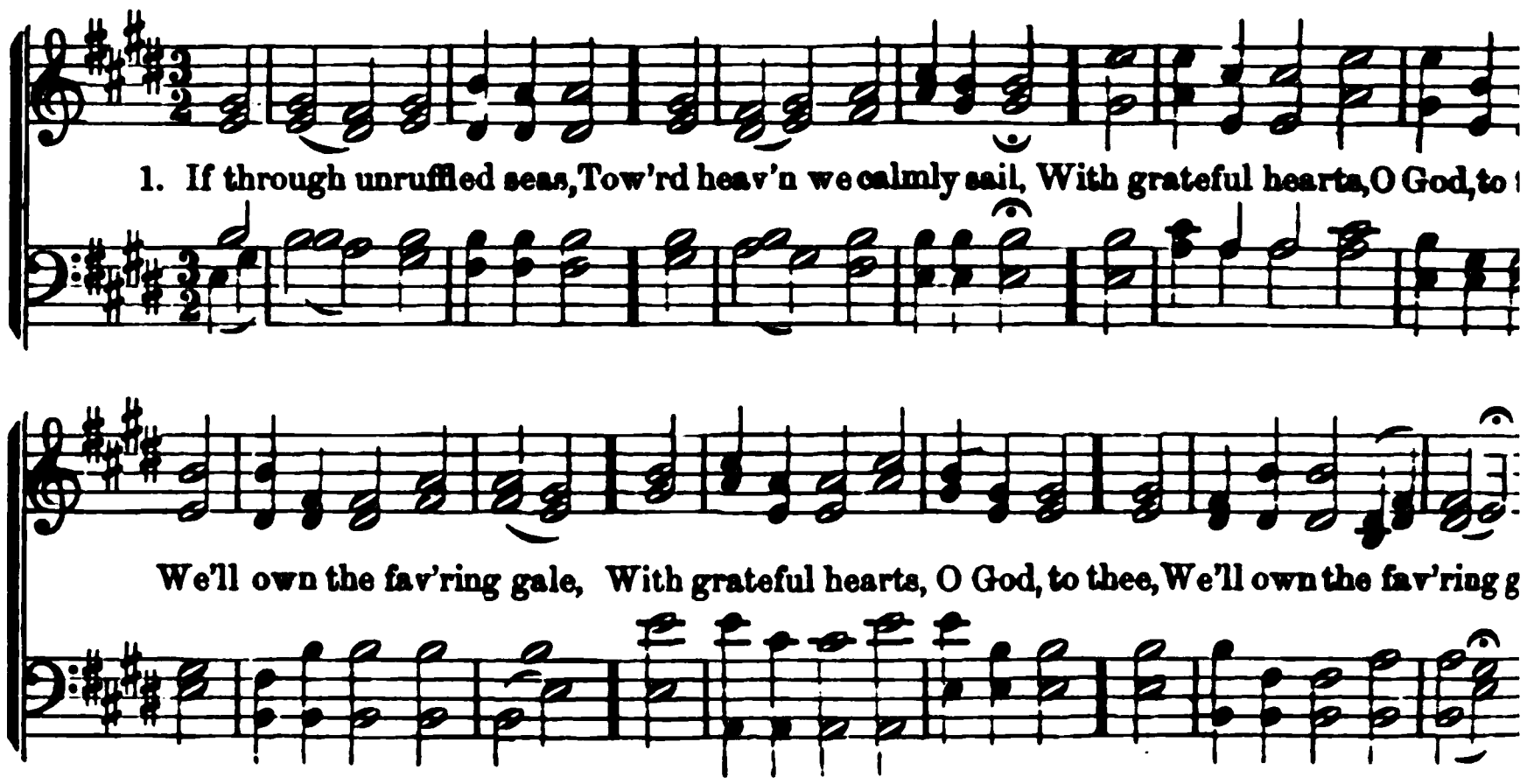
2 Sweet to look forward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;—

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend;—

4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

SELVIN. S. M.



981 *2 Cor. 5 : 7.* TOPLADY.

IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We 'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

982 *Ps. 39 : 9.* DARBY.

IT is thy hand, my God;
My sorrow comes from thee:
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'T is love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord;
Before thee I am dumb: [word,
Lest I should breathe one murmuring
To thee for help I come.

3 My God, thy name is Love;
A Father's hand is thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

4 I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it oft appear.

5 Jesus for me hath died;
Thy Son thou didst not spare:
His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to thee:
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

983 *Ps. 61.* WATTS.

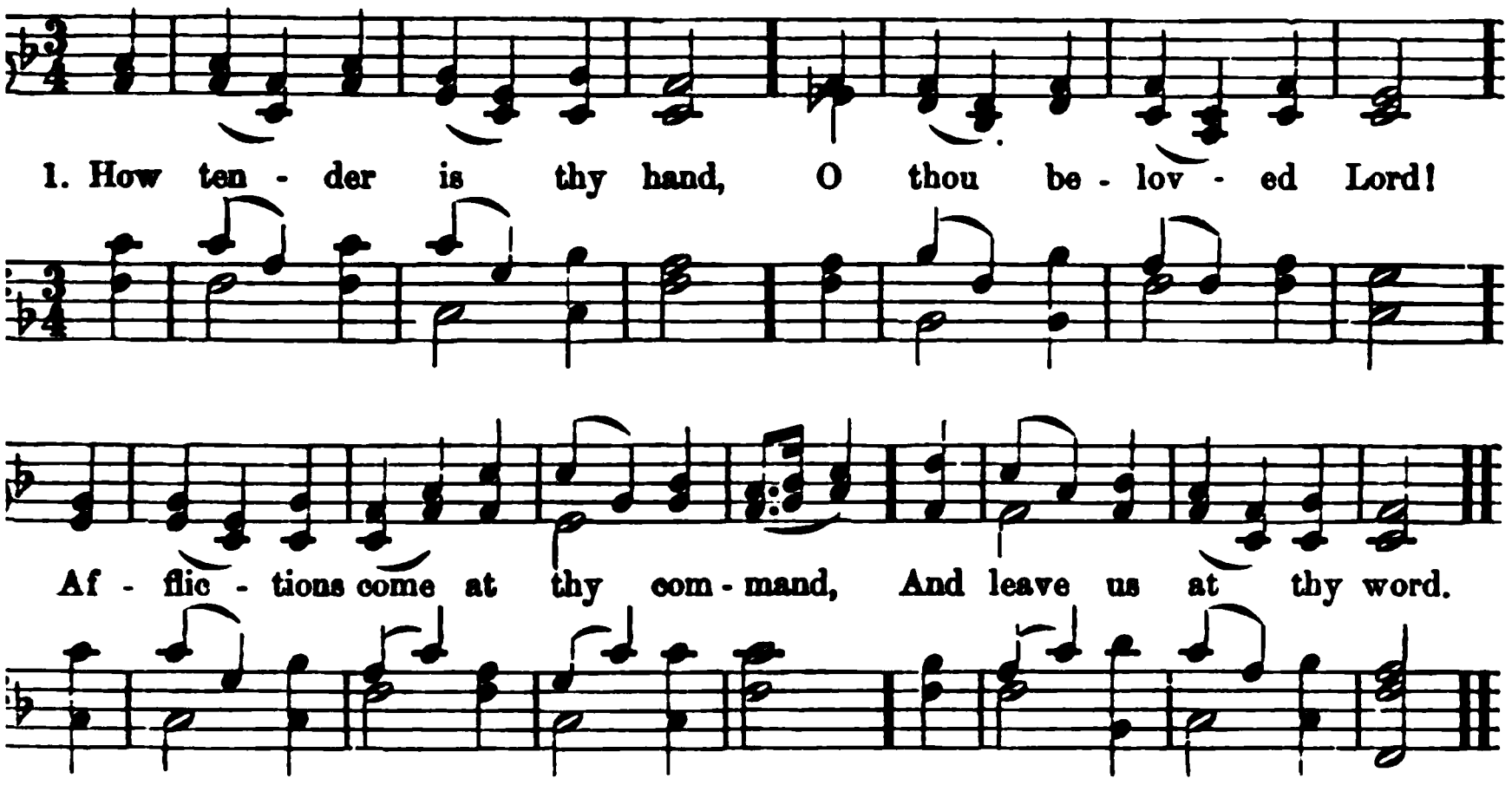
WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the Rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade!

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

DENNIS. S. M.



4 *Job 23 : 10.* HASTINGS.

How tender is thy hand,
O thou belovéd Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!

A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.

Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored;
For there is none beside.

5 *Ps. 31 : 15.* LLOYD.

My times are in thy hand:"
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"—
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"—
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.

986 *John 13 : 7.* EDMESTON.

Along my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

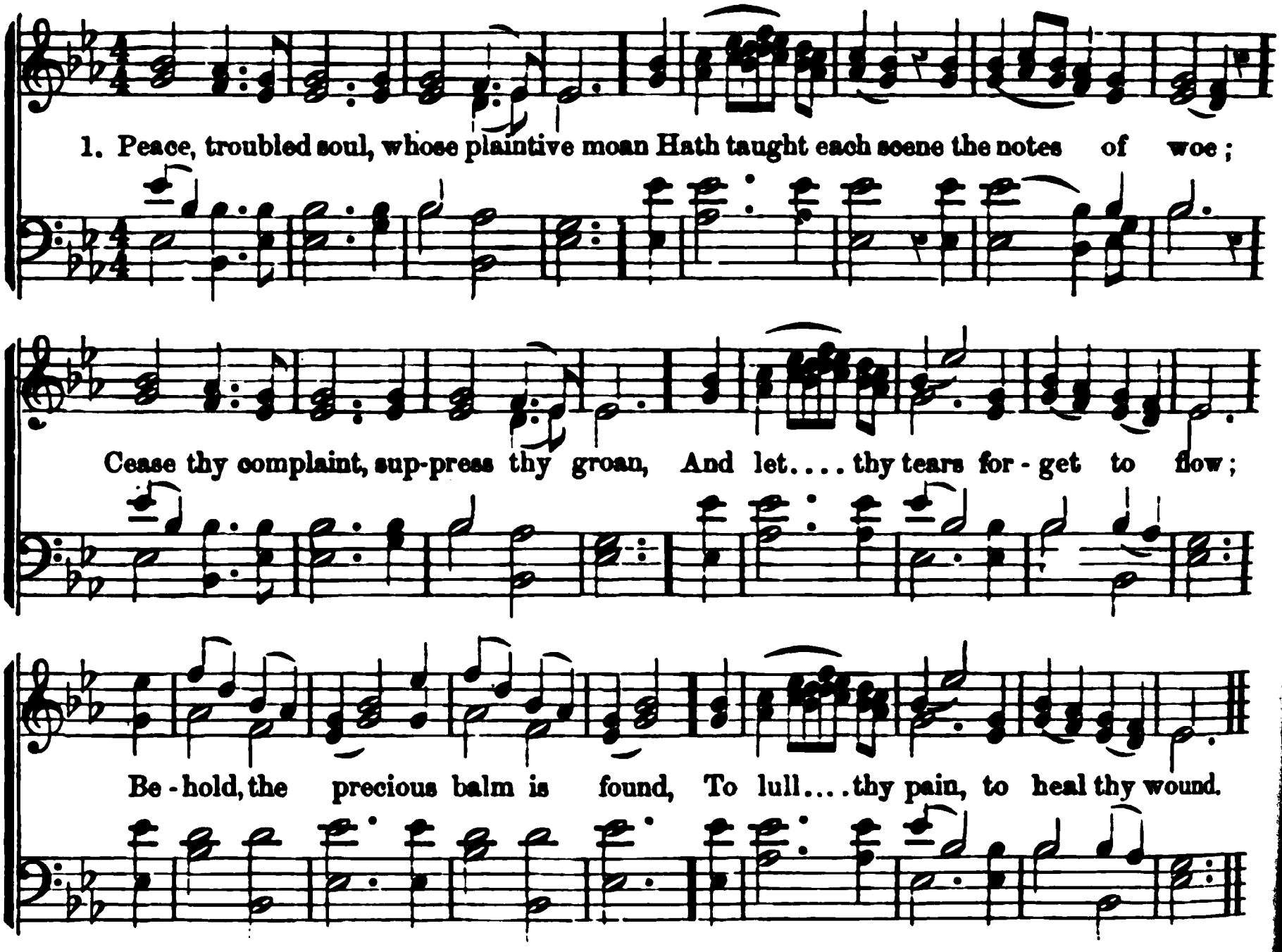
2 Yet, Father, thou art Love;
Oh, hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through!

3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And, oh! from that bright throne
I shall look back, and see,—
The path I went, and that alone
Was the right path for me.

PALESTINE. L. M. 6 lines.



987 *Jer. 8: 22.* SHIRLEY.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God 's thy Saviour—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

988 *1 Sam. 7: 12.* NEWTON.

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word;
Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?

2 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power:
Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?

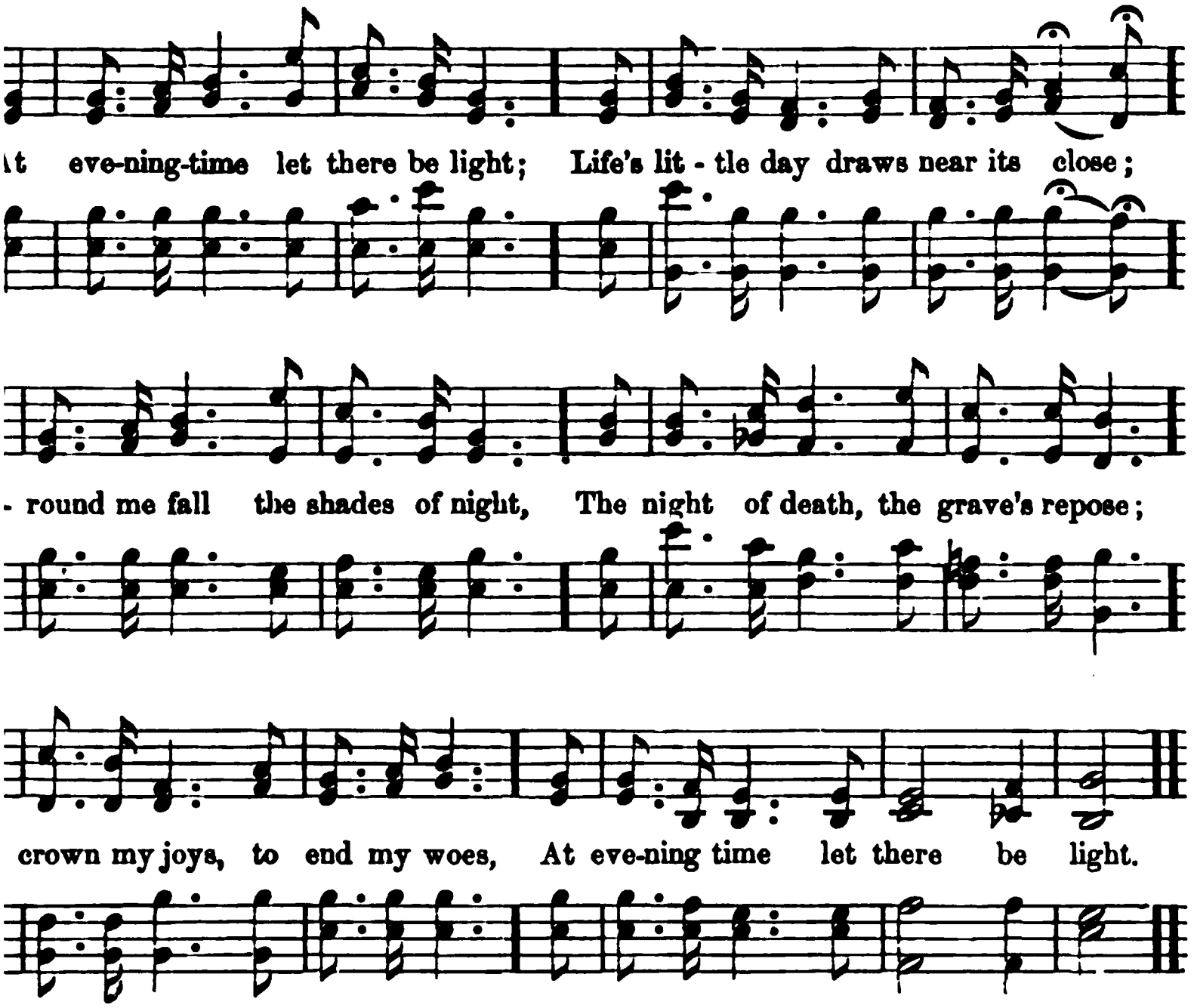
3 He who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through;
Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

989 *Deut. 33: 25.* SIGOURNEY.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

2 One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

.NDY. L. M. 6 lines.



Zech. 14 : 7. ANON.

ng time let there be light;
ittle day draws near its close;
ne fall the shades of night,
ght of death, the grave's repose;
wn my joys, to end my woes,
ıg time let there be light.

ıg time let there be light;
and dark hath been my day;
the morn divinely bright;
birds, and blossoms cheered
ıe way;
r one sweet, one parting ray!
ıg time let there be light.

ıg time there shall be light!
)d hath spoken; it must be;
bt, and anguish take their flight;
)ry now is risen on me;
yes shall his salvation see;
ıing time, and there is light!

John 11 : 35. GRANT.

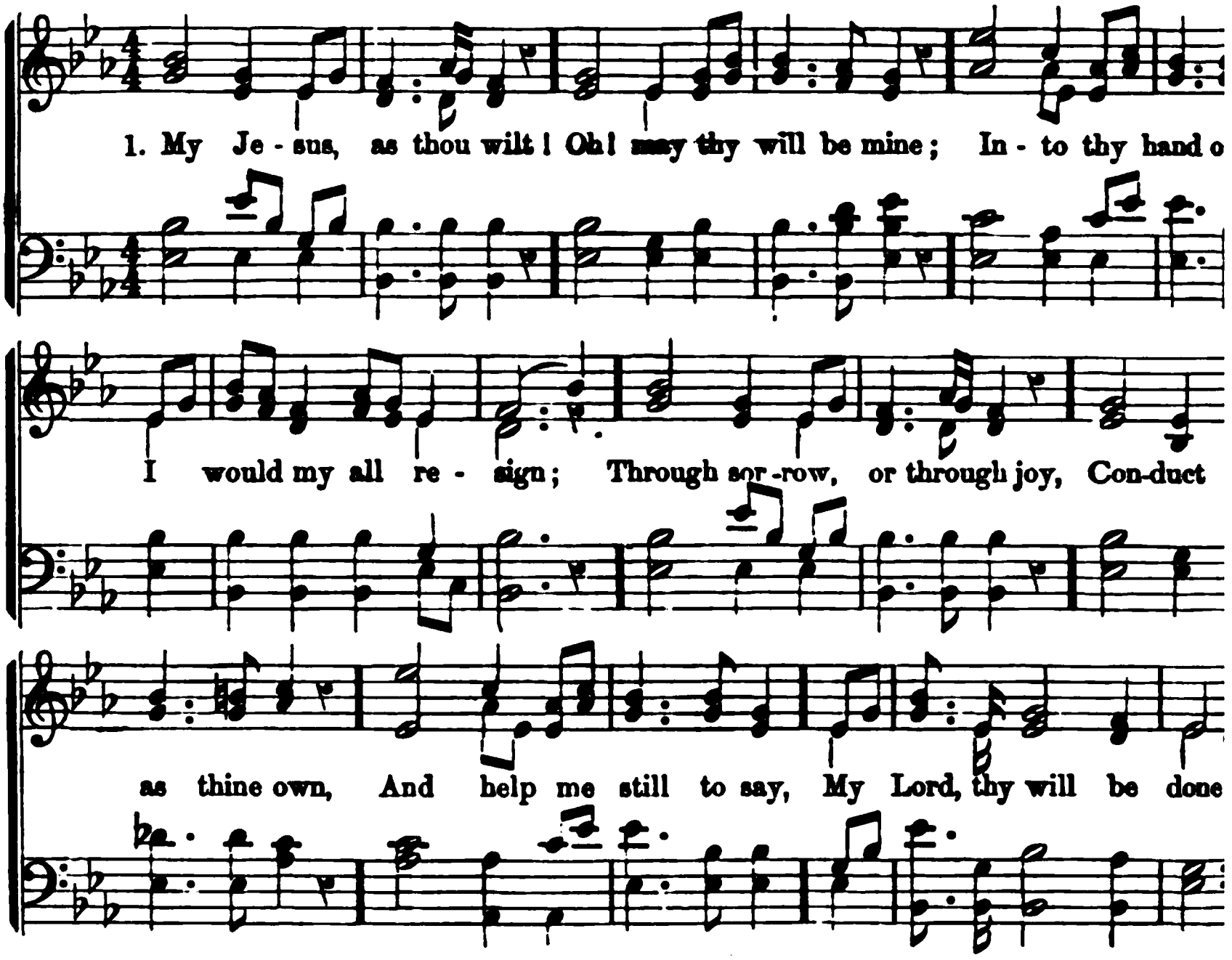
ıthering clouds around I view,
s are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,—
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,
My Saviour sees the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict, but the last,—
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe my latest tear away.

JEWETT. 6s. D.



992 *Mark 14 : 36.* SCHMOLKE.

MY Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh! may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

993 *Job 23 : 10.*

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

194 *Ps. 116 : 7.* BYROM.

My spirit longs for thee
To dwell within my breast;
Although unworthy I
Of so divine a Guest!
Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to thee!

2 Until it come to thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found!
No rest is to be found,
But in thy bleeding love,
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

195 *John 16 : 33.* BYROM.

CHEER up, desponding soul!
Thy longing pleased I see;
'T is part of that great whole
Wherewith I longed for thee:
Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left my Father's throne
From death to set thee free,
And claim thee for my own.

2 To claim thee for my own
I suffered on the cross;
Oh, were my love but known,
All else would be as dross!
All else would be as dross,
And souls, through grace divine,
Would count their gains but loss,
To live forever mine.

96 *Prov. 23 : 26.* ANON.

JESUS! my happy heart
Now gives itself to thee;
Oh, never hence depart!
Reign here eternally:
Thy sacred name alone
All my delight shall prove;
No joy my soul shall own,
But in thy holy love.

2 And oh, in after years,
When life is fading fast,
When flow repentant tears
Over my errors past:
Still shall this holy vow
Be breathed again to heaven,
And fervently, as now,
My heart to thee be given.

997 *Heb. 12 : 7.* HASTINGS.

BE tranquil, O my soul,
Be quiet every fear!
Thy Father hath control,
And he is ever near.
Ne'er of thy lot complain,
Whatever may befall;
Sickness, or care, or pain,
'T is well-appointed all.

2 A Father's chastening hand
Is leading thee along;
Nor distant is the land,
Where swells the immortal song.
Oh, then, my soul, be still!
Await heaven's high decree;
Seek but thy Father's will,
It shall be well with thee.

998 *Isa. 33 : 17.* BAKER.

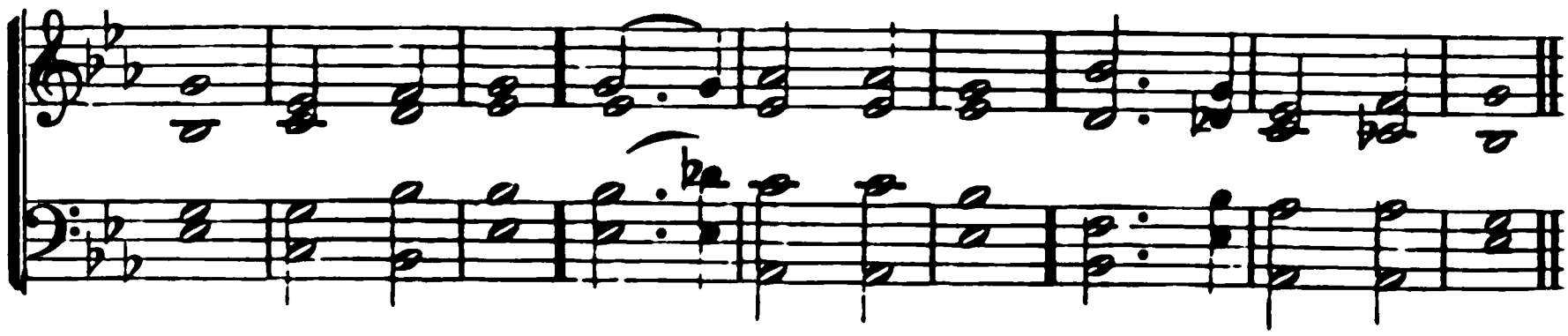
THERE is a blesséd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Oh, joy all joys beyond!
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound,
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

CHANT. No. 1.



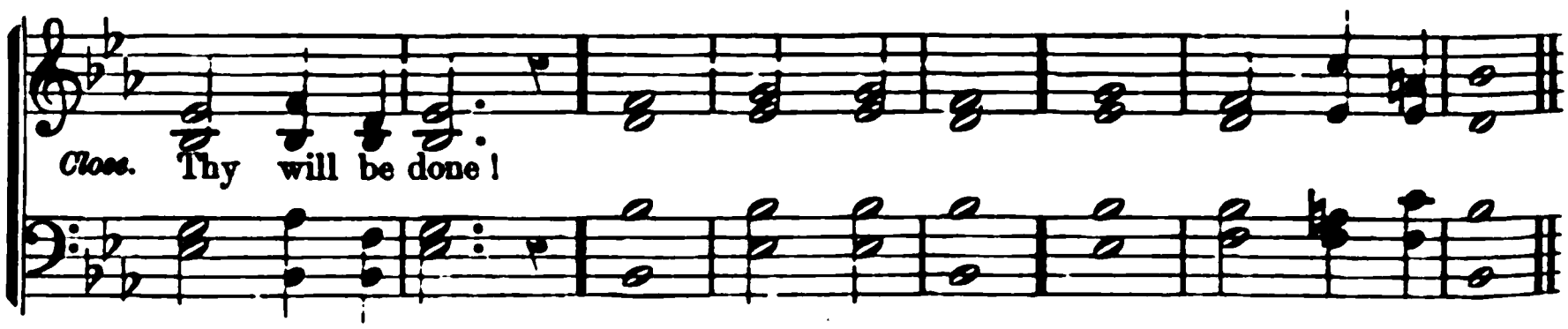
999 10s & 4s. *Ps. 73 : 24.* NEWMAN.

SEND kindly light amid the encircling
And | lead me | on! [gloom,
The night is dark, and I am far from
home;
Lead | thou me | on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one | step's enough
· · for | me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst | lead me | on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but
now
Lead—thou me | on!
I loved day's dazzling light, and spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will: re- | member not
· · past | years!

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'Twill | lead me | on!
Through dreary doubt, through pain and
sorrow till
The | night is | gone,
And with the morn those angel faces
smile
Which I have loved long since, and
| lost a- | while.

CHANT. No. 2.



1000 8s & 4s. *Mark 14 : 36.* BOWRING.

"THY will be | done!" ‖ In devious
way
The hurrying stream of | life may |
run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous,
sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more di-
vine— |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Tho' shrouded
o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort
—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

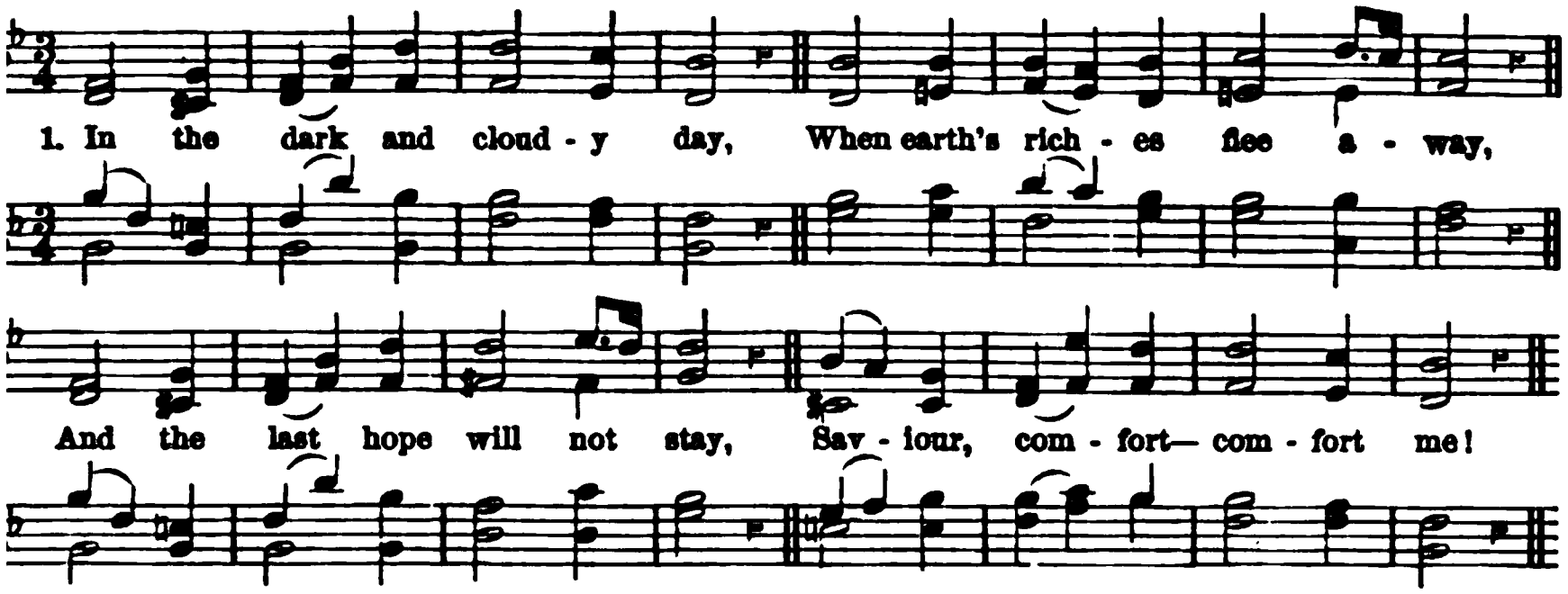
1001 C. L. M. *Job 1 : 21.* COWPER

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow all resigned beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet;
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3 Then, blesséd be the hand that gave,
Still blesséd when it takes;
Blesséd be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

MERCY. 7s.



O2 *7s & 5s. 2 Cor. 1 : 5.* ANON.

IN the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!
When the secret idol 's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!

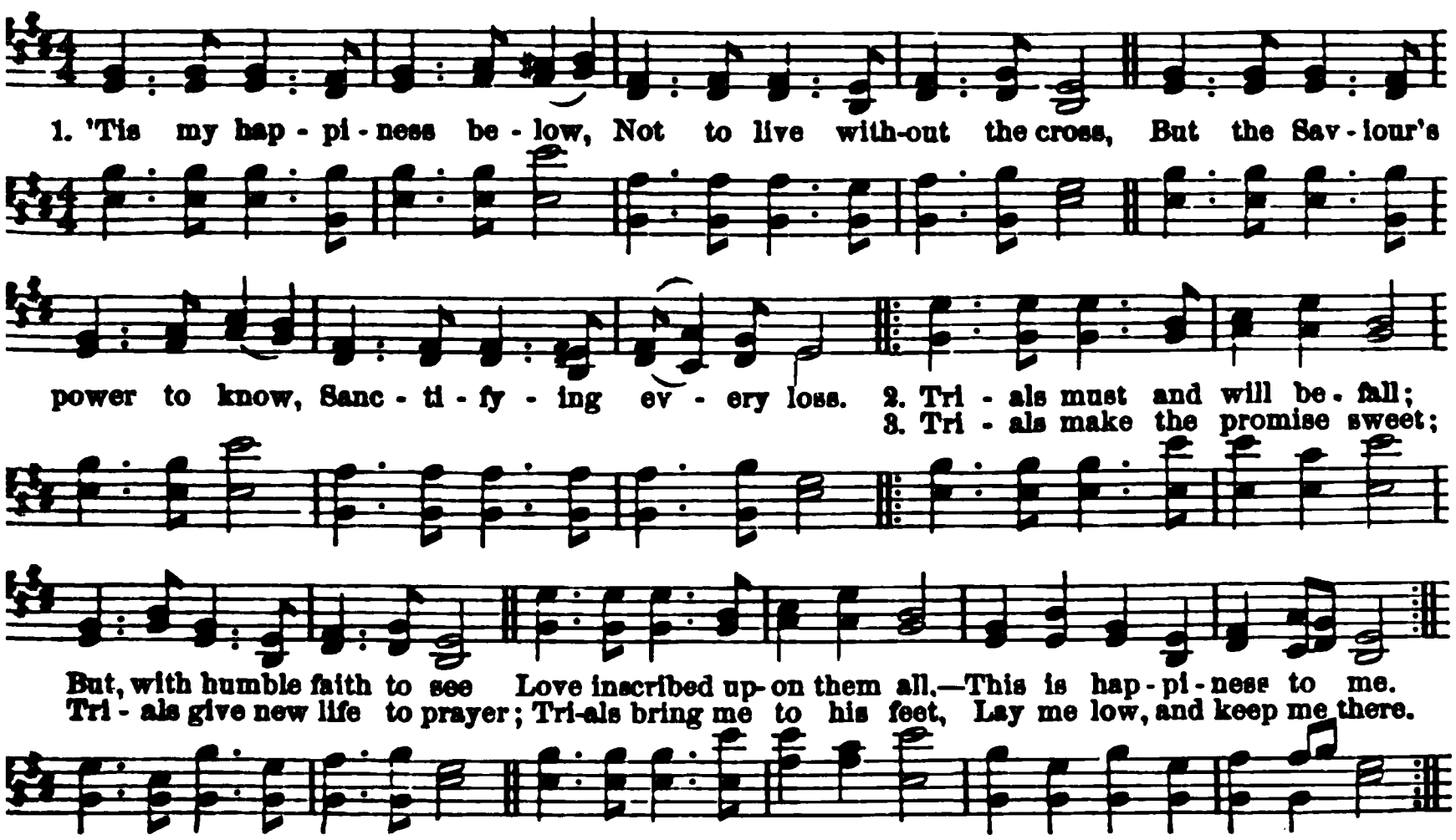
Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!
Comfort me; I am cast down:
'T is my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

1003 *7s. Jas. 1 : 3.* COWPER.

'T IS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.
3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

COMFORT. 7s. D.



1004 C. M. *Ps. 23 : 4.* STEELE.

AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say—"My Father God!"
Lord, at thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father!—oh, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

1005 8s & 6s. *Luke 22 : 42.* WHITTIER.

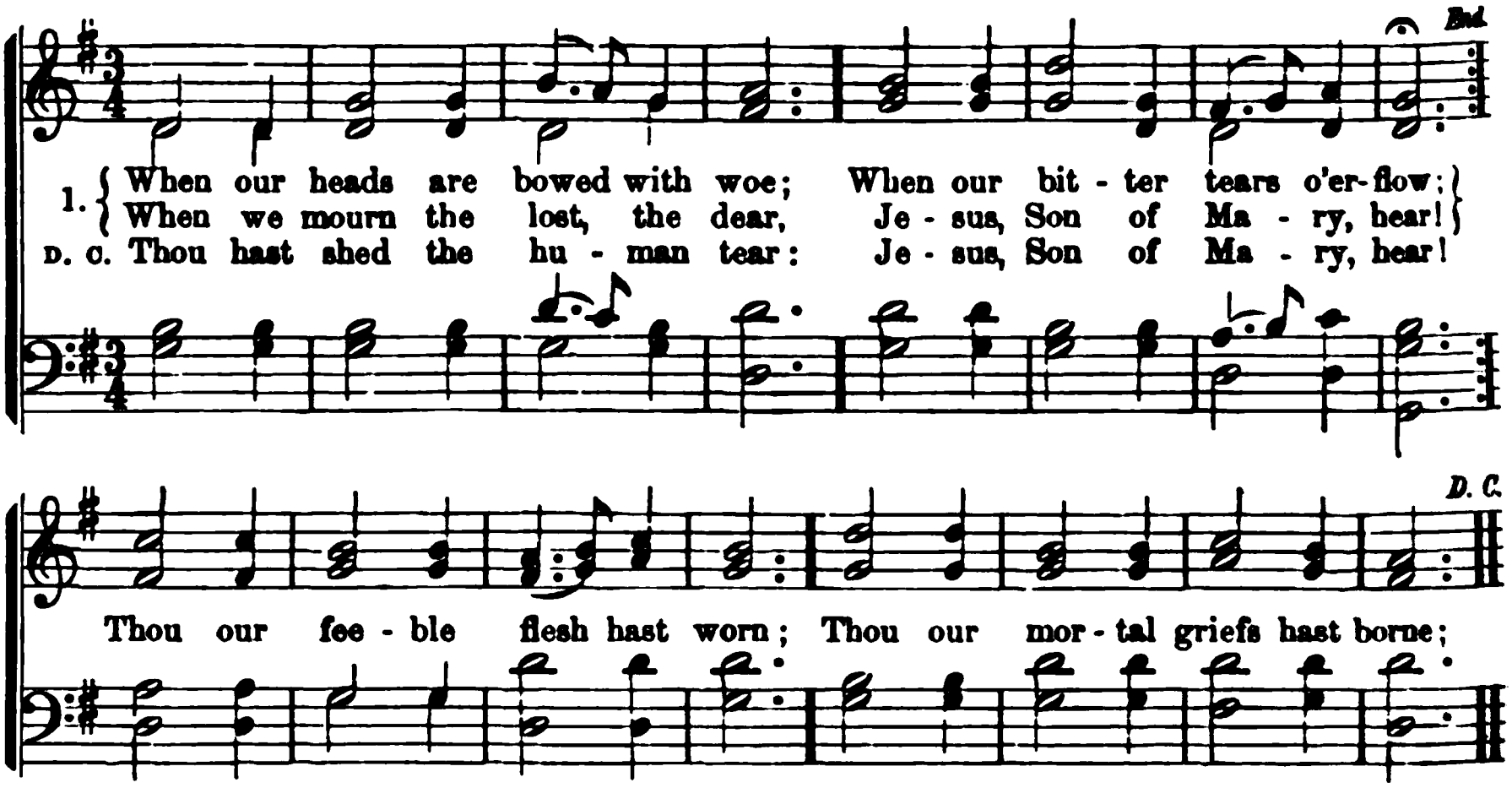
I ASK not now for gold to gild,
With mocking shine, an aching frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.

2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

3 In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee.

GUIDE. 7s. D.



1006 7s D. *Heb. 7 : 14.* HEBER.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe;
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath;
When our solemn doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

1007 6s & 4s. *2 Sam. 19 : 37.* HEMANS.

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father Divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine!

O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow,—
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,—
Sustain us, thou!

By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God!

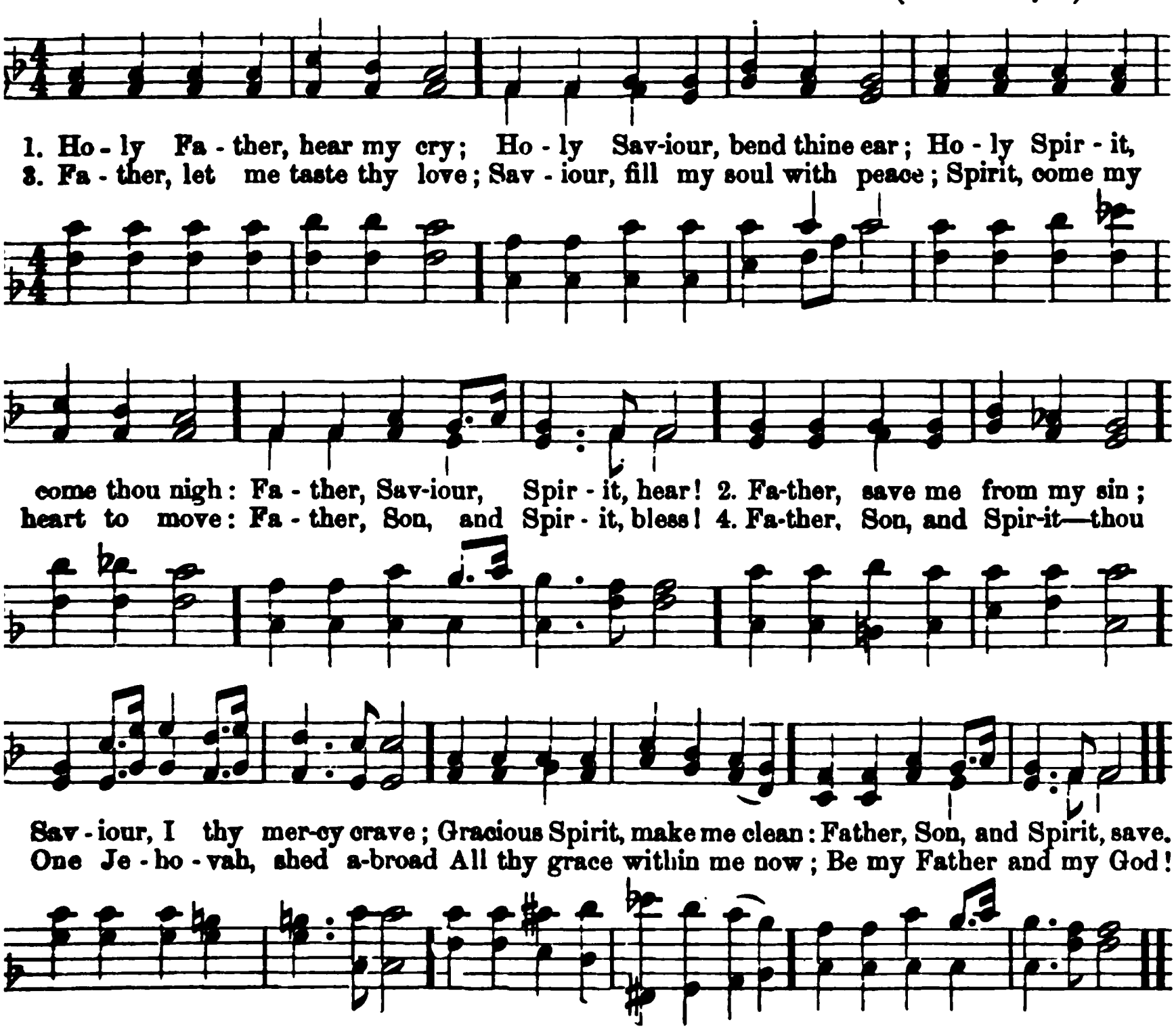
1008 C. P. M. *Jas. 1 : 2.* GUION.

SELF-LOVE no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease,—
'T is all the bliss she knows;
But nobler aims true Love employ,—
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.

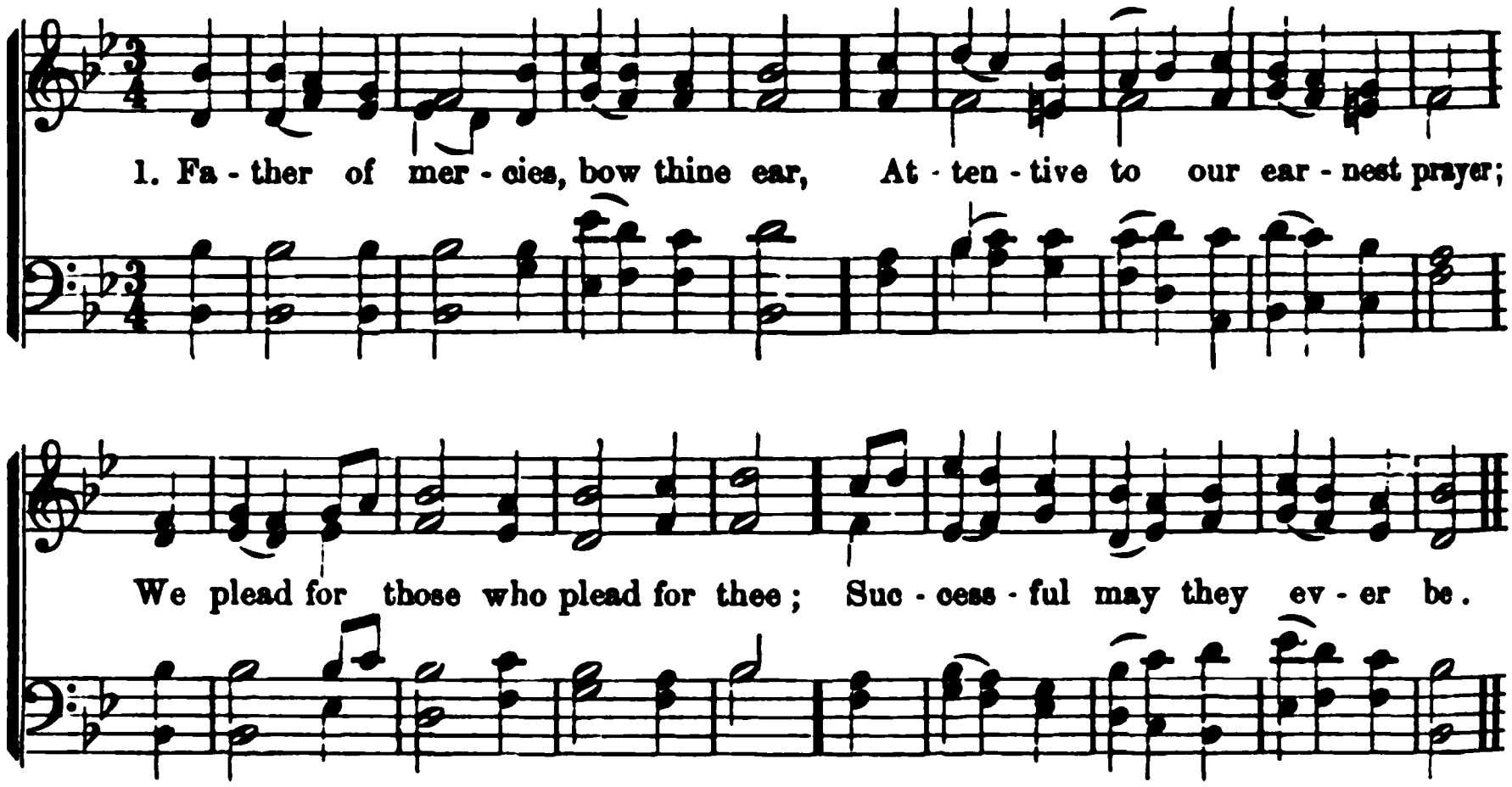
2 Sorrow and Love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor, till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.

3 Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must forever blaze!
To take the cross and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D. (HYMN 272.)



ALL SAINTS. L. M.



1009 Ministry. BEDDOME.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful may they ever be.

2 Clothe thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

3 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
And light thro' distant realms be spread,
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

1010 Welcoming a Pastor. MONTGOMERY.

WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant: so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love!
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

1011 For Dedication. WILLS.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built of God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea—the sky—and "all was good."
And when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 't is not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands—
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

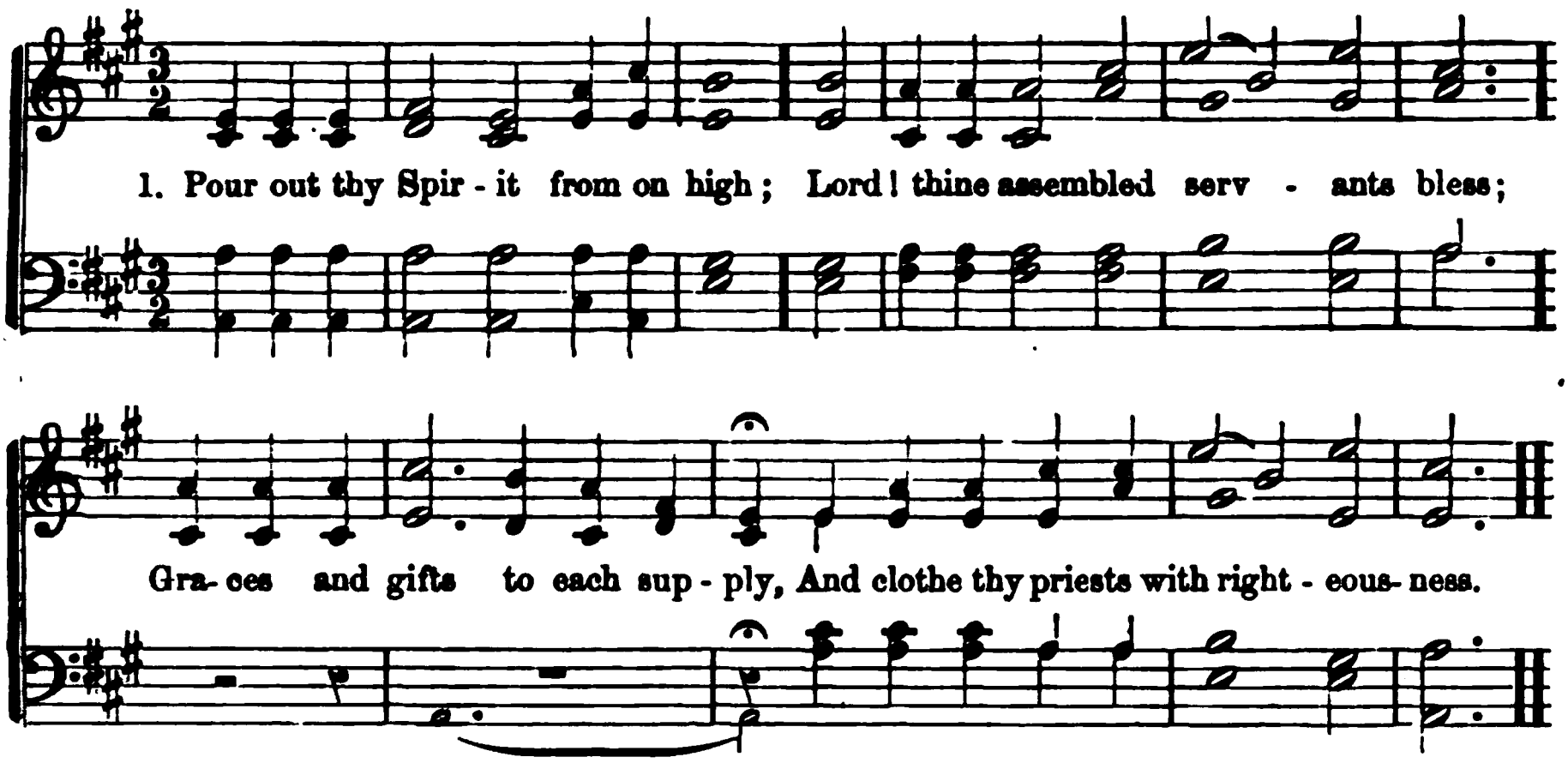
1012 *Dan. 12: 3.* STEELE.

How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road!
How happy they whom heaven employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God:—

2 To win them from the fatal way
Where erring folly thoughtless roves,
And that blest righteousness display
Which Jesus wrought and God approves.

3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
Forever fair, forever bright.

WARE. L. M.



1013 Convocation. MONTGOMERY.

POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:

3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep:

4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine!

1014 Seeking a Pastor. DODDRIDGE.

O LORD, thy pitying eye surveys
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways:
Send forth, in love, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 In humble faith, behold we wait:
On thee we call at mercy's gate;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,—
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

3 O Lord! in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

1015 Prayer for Pastor. R. HILL.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
And arm him to obey thy will.

1016 Dedication ANON.

OH, bow thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

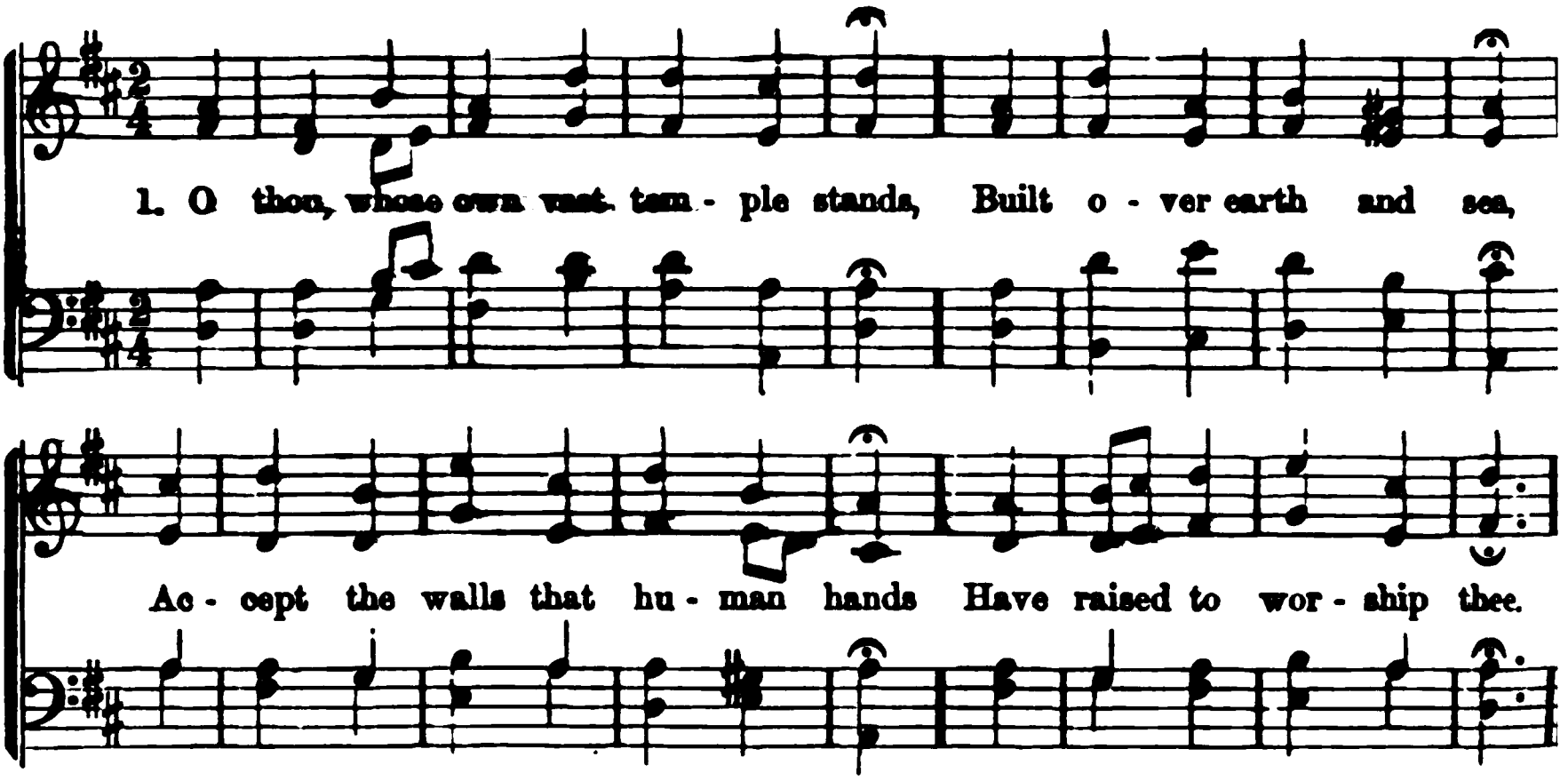
2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

ST. ANN'S. C. M.



1017 For Dedication. BRYANT.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

1018 *Luke 12: 32.* BONAR.

CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 A little flock!—so calls he thee
Who bought thee with his blood;
A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes his kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

5 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary and faint and few;
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

6 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

1019 *Dan. 2: 44.* COM

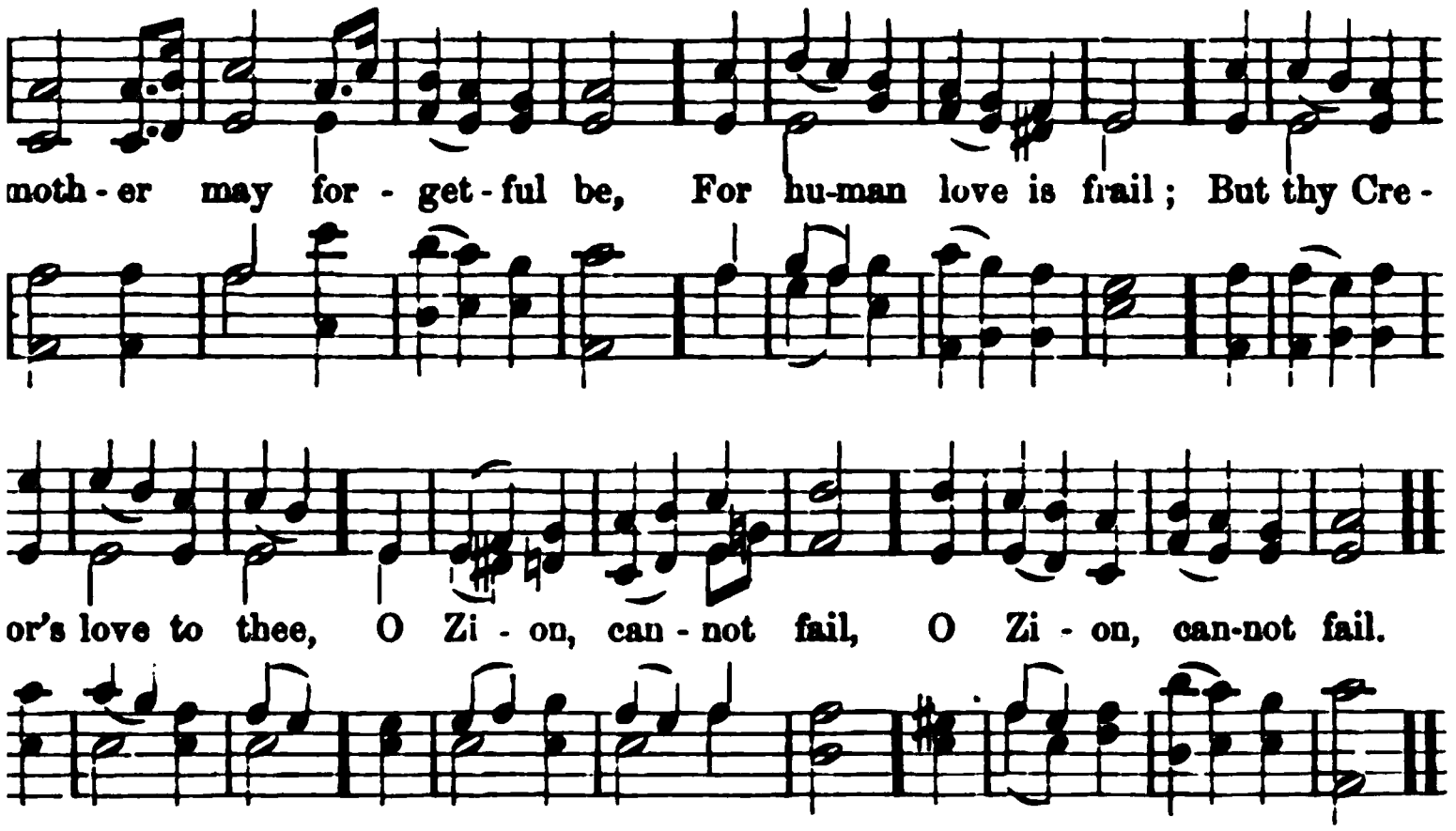
OH, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came!
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;—

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

ANWICK. C. M.



Isa. 49 : 14. STEELE.

may forgetful be,
ıan love is frail;
reator's love to thee,
cannot fail.

ːar name engraven stands,
ıcters of love,
nighty Father's hands;
ver shall remove.

ever-watchful eye
urnful state appears,
groan, and every sigh,
ːompassion hears.

ırn to doubt no more,
y fear suppressed;
ıg truth, and love, and power,
ı thy Saviour's breast.

Heb. 12 : 18-24. WATTS.

ː terrors of the Lord,
ıpest, fire, and smoke;
thunder of that word
God on Sinai spoke;—

ː come to Zion's hill,
r of our God;
lder words declare his will,
ːak his love abroad.

ː innumerable host
ːls clothed in light;
ː spirits of the just,
faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

1022 *Heb. 13 : 17.* DODDRIDGE.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for those for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, that must forever live
In happiness or woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

1023 S. M. D. *Ps. 48.* WATTS.

FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.
With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well—
The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

3 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God, while here below,
And ours above the sky.

1024 S. M. D. *Matt. 9: 38.* C. WESLEY.

LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord! is great,
The laborers are few.

2 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

3 Oh, let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.
On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven,
That thou hast died for all.

1025 S. M. Ministry. MRS. VOKE.

YE messengers of Christ!
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's—and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

1026 7s. Dedication. MONTGOMERY.

LORD of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

1027 7s & 6s. D. Missionaries. EDMESTON.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be:
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

. M. Ministry.—*Isa. 52 : 7.* WATTS.

auteous are their feet
stand on Zion's hill!
ing salvation on their tongues,
words of peace reveal.

arming is their voice!
sweet their tidings are!
ehold thy Saviour King;
igns and triumphs here."

ppy are our ears,
hear this joyful sound!
kings and prophets waited for,
sought, but never found.

esséd are our eyes,
see this heavenly light!
s and kings desired it long,
lied without the sight.

chmen join their voice,
tuneful notes employ;
m breaks forth in songs,
leserts learn the joy.

d makes bare his arm
igh all the earth abroad;
y nation now behold
Saviour and their God!

6s & 4s. Installation. ANON.

Y Lord, our God,
avenly hosts adored,
ar us, we pray:
ee the cherubim,
s and seraphim,
sing praises bring—
ir homage pay.

give thy word success;
his thy servant bless;
labors own;
while the sinner's Friend
fe and words commend,
loly Spirit send,
d make Him known.

very passing year
happy still appear
n this glad day;
numbers fill the place,
thy saints with grace;
ruth may all embrace,
ord, we pray.

1030 H. M. Corner-stone. CHANDLER.

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love | Of present grace
Our hopes we place, | And joys above.

2 Oh, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,
In joyful song, | That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do thou
Forevermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower, | Each holy day,
On all who pray, | Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day | To endless rest
When all the blest | Are called away.

1031 C. M. Dedication. ANON.

GOD of the universe, to thee
This sacred fane we rear,
And now, with songs and bended knee,
Invoke thy presence here.

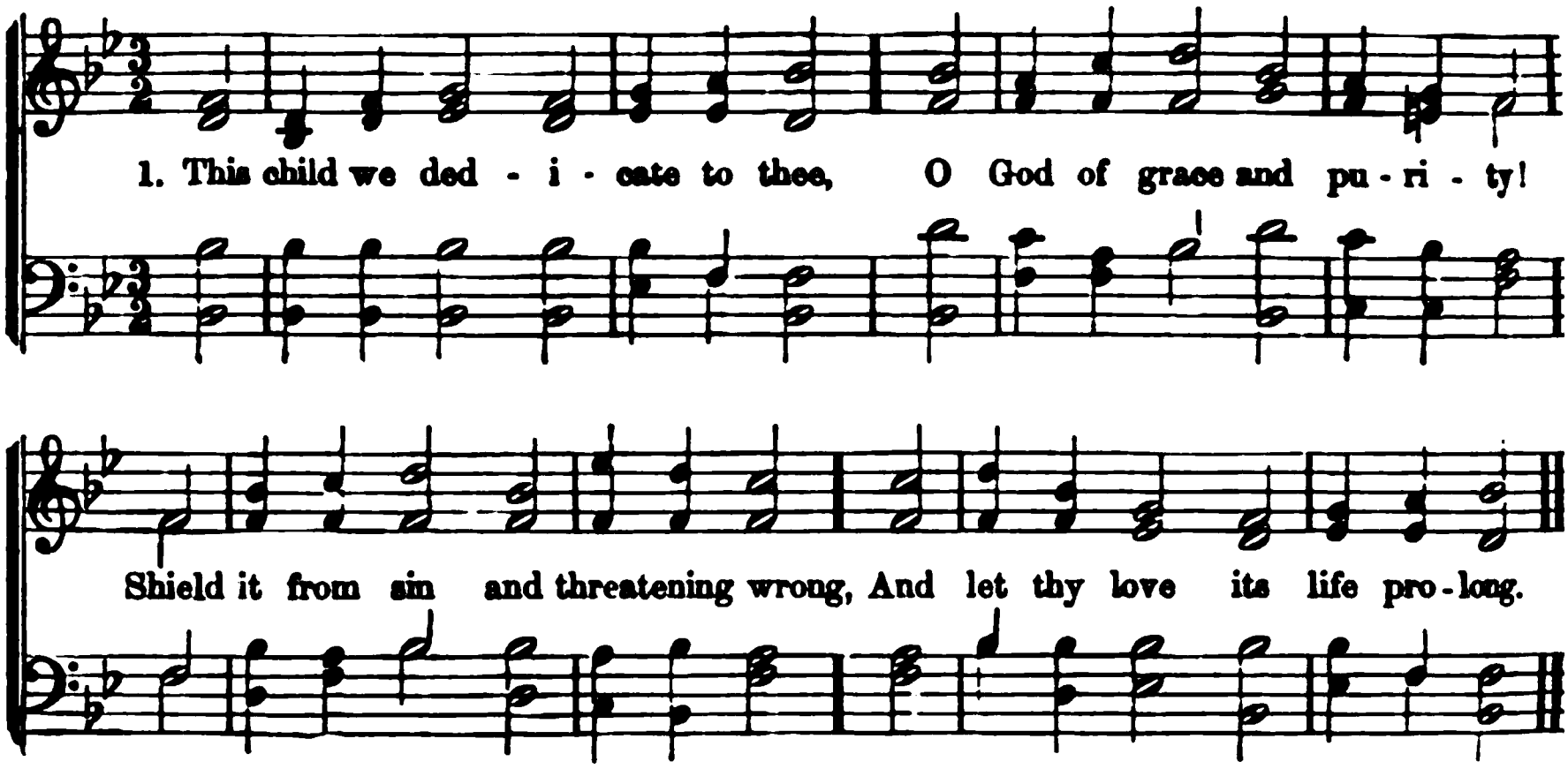
2 Long may this echoing dome resound
The praises of thy name;
These hallowed walls to all around
The triune God proclaim.

3 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell;
Thy glory here make known;
Thy people's home, oh, come and fill,
And seal it as thine own.

4 When sad with care, by sin oppressed,
Here may the burdened soul
Beneath thy sheltering wing find rest;
Here make the wounded whole.

5 And when the last long Sabbath morn
Upon the just shall rise,
May all who own thee here be borne
To mansions in the skies.

HEBRON. L. M.



1032 *Luke 1 : 17.* ANON.

THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 Oh, may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

1033 *John 21 : 15.* BICKERSTETH.

WITH thankful hearts our songs we raise,
To celebrate the Saviour's praise;
Yet who but saints in heaven above,
Can tell the riches of his love?

2 He, the good Shepherd, kindly leads
The wanderer, and the hungry feeds;
Deigns in his arms the lambs to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.

3 Jesus, to thy protecting wing
Our helpless little ones we bring;
Oh, grant them grace and strength, that they
May find and keep the heavenward way.

1034 *Acts 2 : 39.* STEELE.

O LORD! encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne;
Give it within thy heart a place,
Let it be thine, and thine alone.

2 Wash it from every stain of guilt,
And let this child be sanctified;
Lord! thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
And all its native evils hide.

3 We ask not, for it, earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame;
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.

1035 *Isa. 40 : 11.* HYDE.

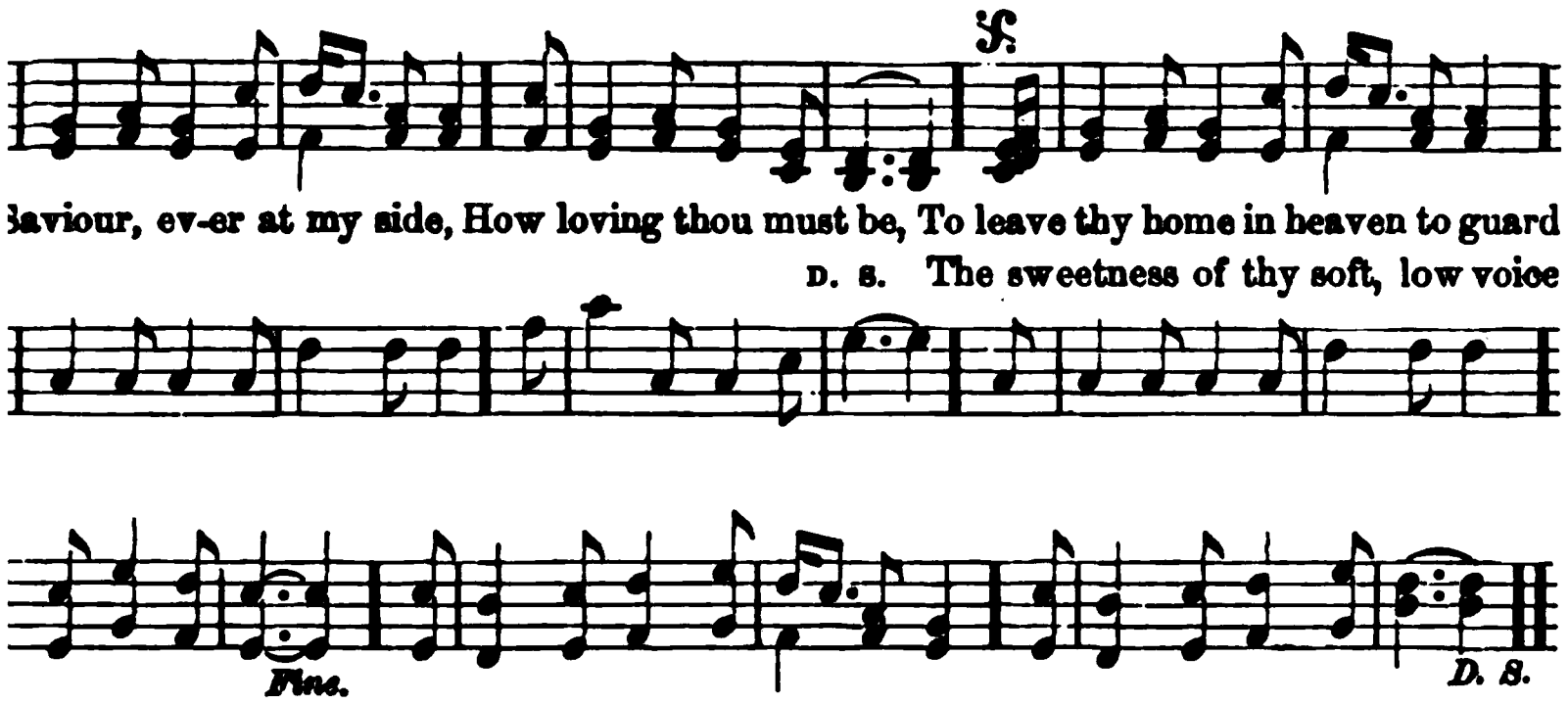
DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

RIOLA. C. M. D.



Mark 10 : 14. FABER.

aviour, ever at my side,
loving thou must be,
thy home in heaven to guard
le child like me!
utiful and shining face
not, though so near;
etness of thy soft, low voice
too deaf to hear.

feel thee touch my hand
pressure light and mild,
me, as my mother doth,
I am but a child;
ve felt thee in my thoughts
ng with sin for me;
n my heart loves God, I know
weetness is from thee.

n, dear Saviour! I kneel down
ng and night to prayer,
ng there is within my heart
tells me thou art there;
en I pray, thou prayest too—
rayer is all for me;
n I sleep, thou sleepest not,
atchest patiently.

Eccl. 12 : 1. ANON.

ER thy Creator now,
se thy youthful days;
accept thine earliest vow,
isten to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

1038

1 Sam. 3 : 10. ANON.

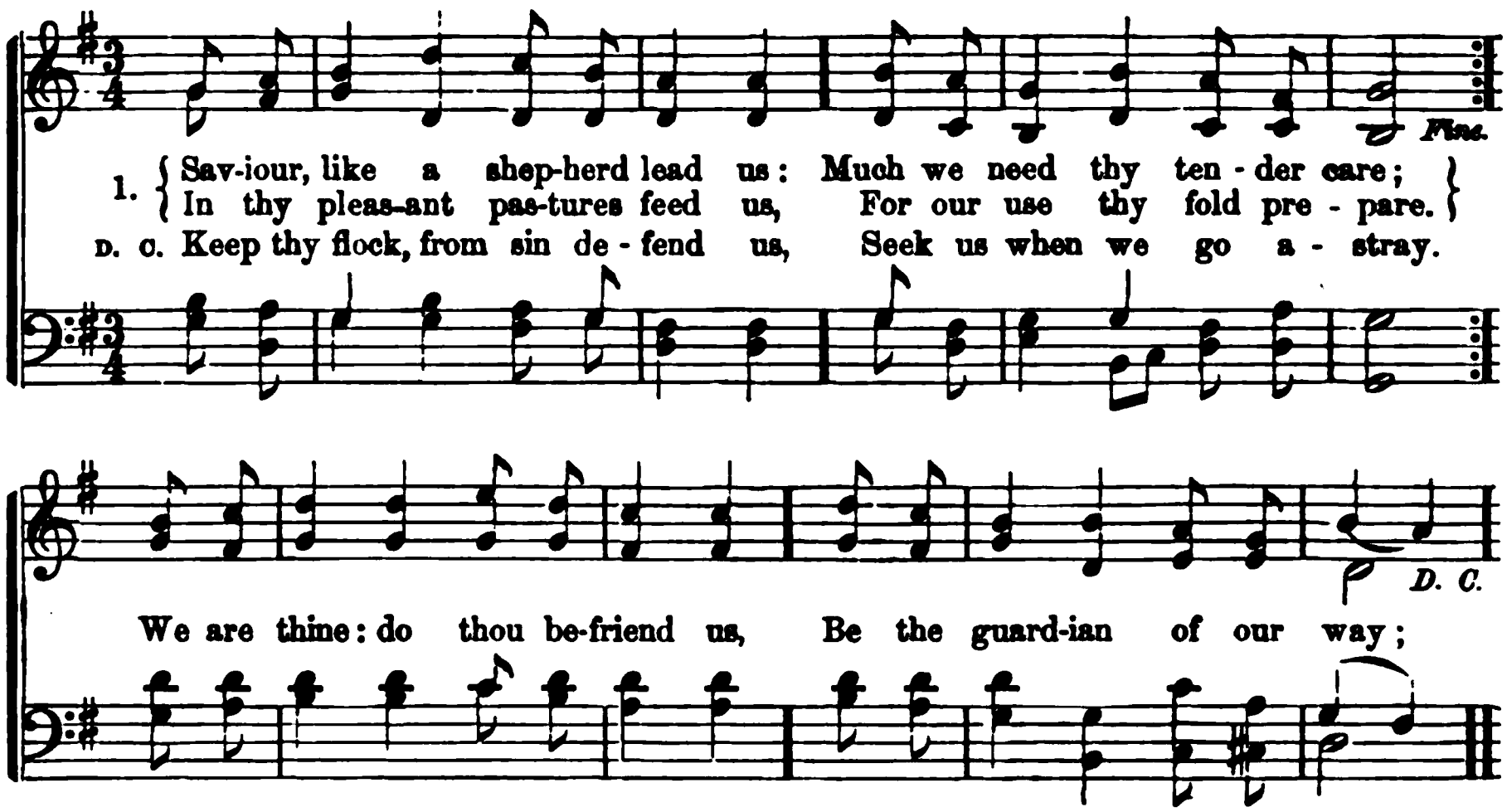
DEAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Look kindly down on me:
A sinful, weak, and helpless child,
I come thy child to be.

2 O blesséd Saviour! take my heart,
This sinful heart of mine,
And wash it clean in every part;
Make me a child of thine.

3 My sins, though great, thou canst forgive,
For thou hast died for me;
Amazing love! help me, O God,
Thine own dear child to be.

4 For thou hast said, "Forbid them not:
Let children come to me:"
I hear thy voice, and now, dear Lord,
I come thy child to be.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.



1039 *John 21 : 15.* ANON.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy fold prepare:
We are thine: do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Early let us seek thy favor,
Early help us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour!
With thy grace our bosom fill.

1040 *Rom. 2 : 21.* ANON.

SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayer as incense rise;
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,
Oft have cheered us on our way;
By thy power and grace unceasing,
We continue to this day:
Raise we then with glad emotion
Thankful lays: and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!

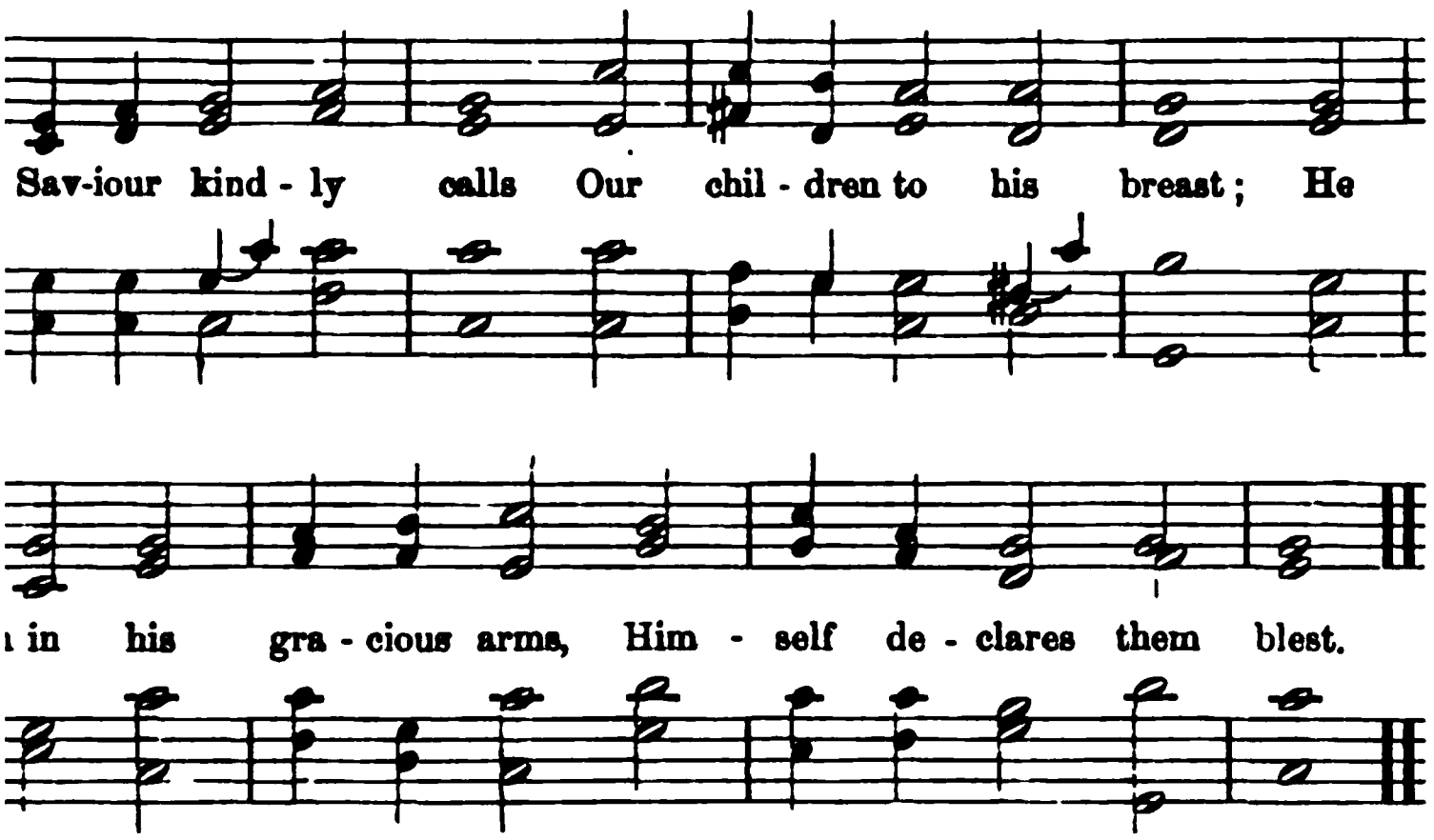
3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move!
Oh, that he, the ever-living,
May descend, as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness, reviving,
Blossoms as the rose again!

1041 *Isa. 40 : 11.* MUHLENBERG.

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:
Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

.STON. S. M.



Matt. 19 : 14. DODDRIDGE.

kindly calls
:en to his breast;
:m in his gracious arms,
eclares them blest.

ıpproach," he cries,
n their humble claim;
heaven are such as these,
ıs these I came."

: bring them, Lord,
them to thee,
ıat, as we are thine,
y our offspring be.

Acts 2 : 39. ANON.

ı thou dost claim,
ur God, as thine:
l blessings to thy name
ess so divine!

fathers own,
ıe sons adore;
: Lord in solemn vows,
;ot no more.

ıy mercies, Lord!
:eous is thy grace!
e promise of thy love,
ur rising race.

;, still thy care,
their fathers' God!
es thy blessings share,
l thy praise abroad.

1044 *Mark 10 : 14.* ANON.

THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 To-day in love descend;
Oh, come, this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

4 Low bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign:
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

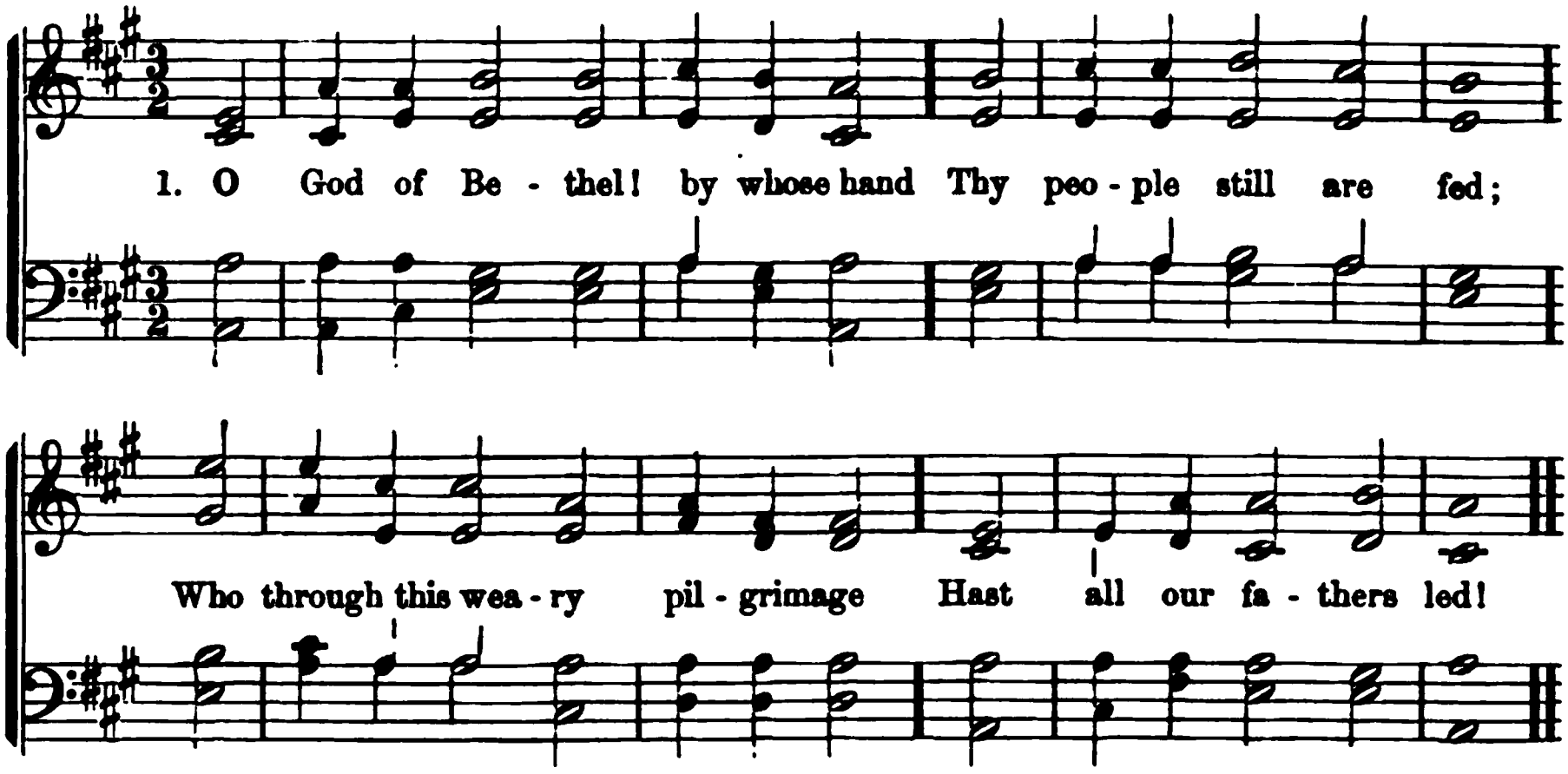
1045 *Ps. 144 : 12.* FELLOWS.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

DENFIELD. C. M.



1046 *Gen. 28 : 19–22.* DODDRIDGE.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

1047 *Mark 10 : 14.* HASTINGS.

"FORBID them not," the Saviour cried,
"But suffer them to come;"
Ah, then maternal tears were dried,
And unbelief was dumb.

2 Lord, we believe, and we obey;
We bring them at thy word;
Be thou our children's strength and stay,
Their portion and reward.

1048 *Gen. 17 : 7.* BICKERSTETH.

OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
We now devote to thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls receive
And bring our children there.

1049 *Rom. 6 : 3.* WATTS.

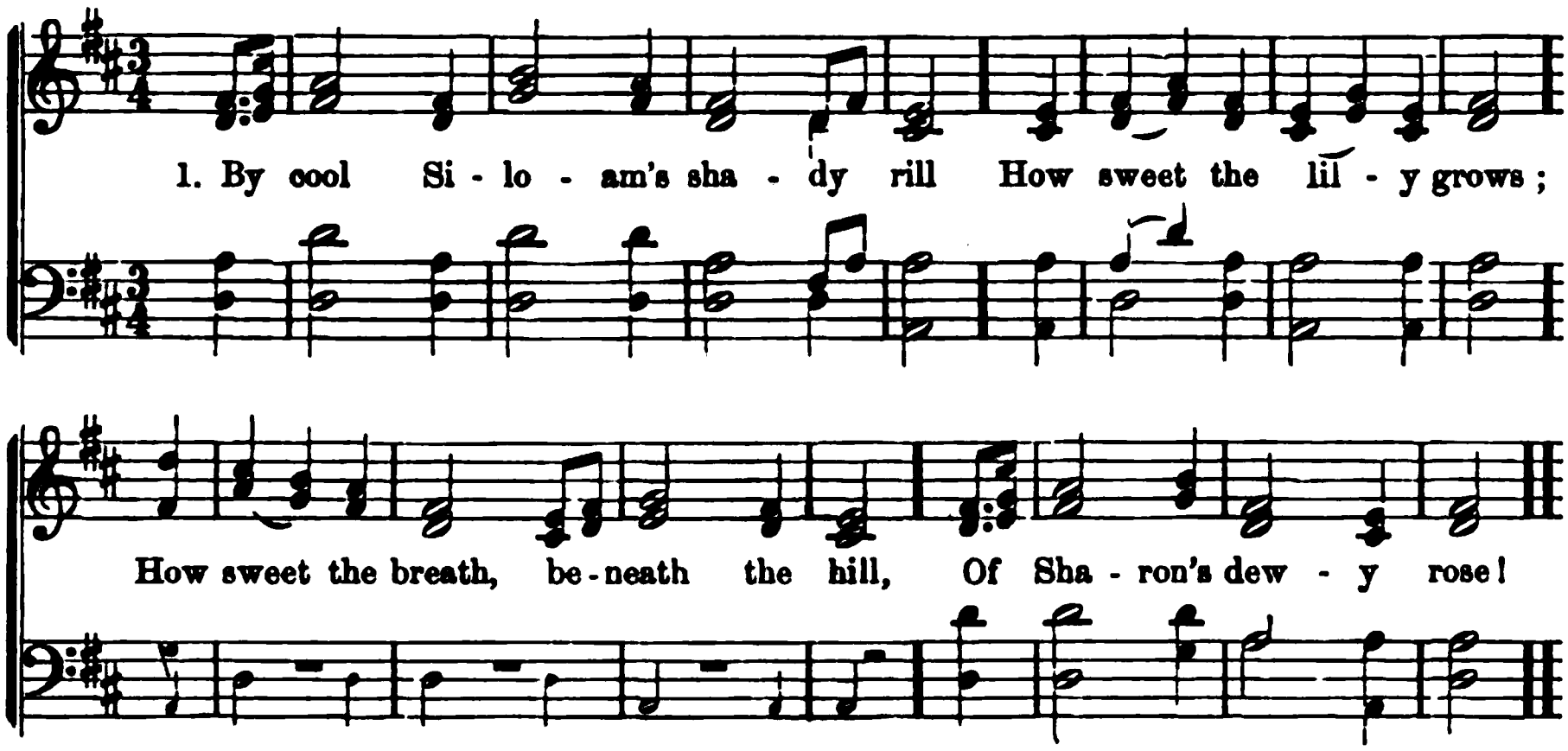
THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good:—
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement of my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

SILOAM. C. M.



1050 *Prov. 8 : 17.* HEBER.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

1051 Sing HEBRON, p. 320. ANON.

COME, Holy Spirit, from on high;
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join
To seal this child, a child of God.

1052 *Matt. 19 : 14.* DODDRIDGE.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

1053 *Gen. 17 : 7.* WATTS.

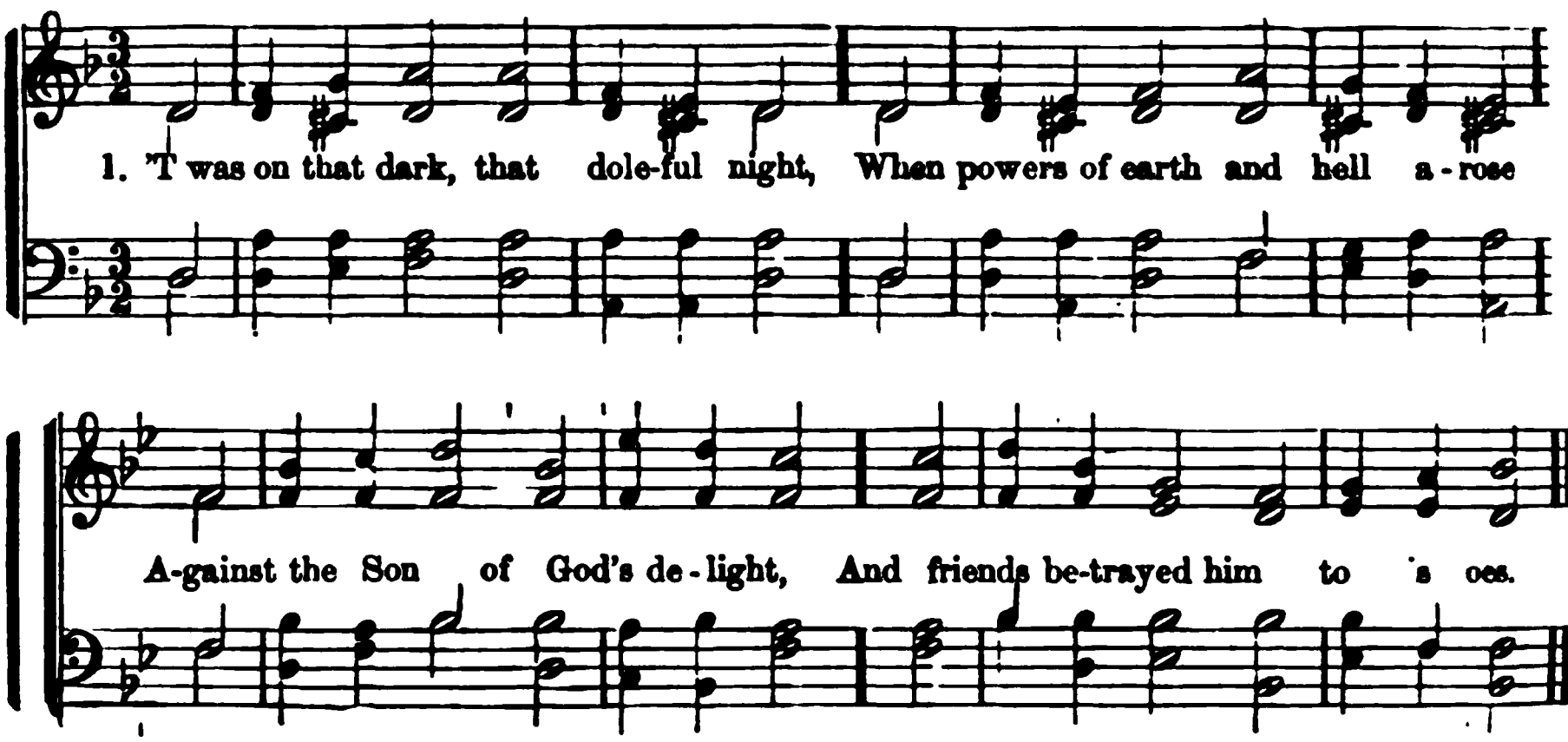
How large the promise! how divine
To Abr'ham and his seed:
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure:
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God!—how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

WINDHAM. L. M.



1054 *Luke 22 : 19.* WATTS.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'T is the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

1055 *John 6 : 55.* MRS. ALEXANDER.

O JESUS, bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The cup of our salvation sweet!

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still that blood is warm to save,
And still thy fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart, that with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure!
O Flesh, once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure!

4 Let nevermore our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced thy victim body through!

5 Come, Bread of heaven, to feed our souls,
And with thee, Jesus enter in!
Come, Wine of God! and as we drink,
His precious blood wash out our sin!

1056 *1 Cor. 11 : 24.* WATTS.

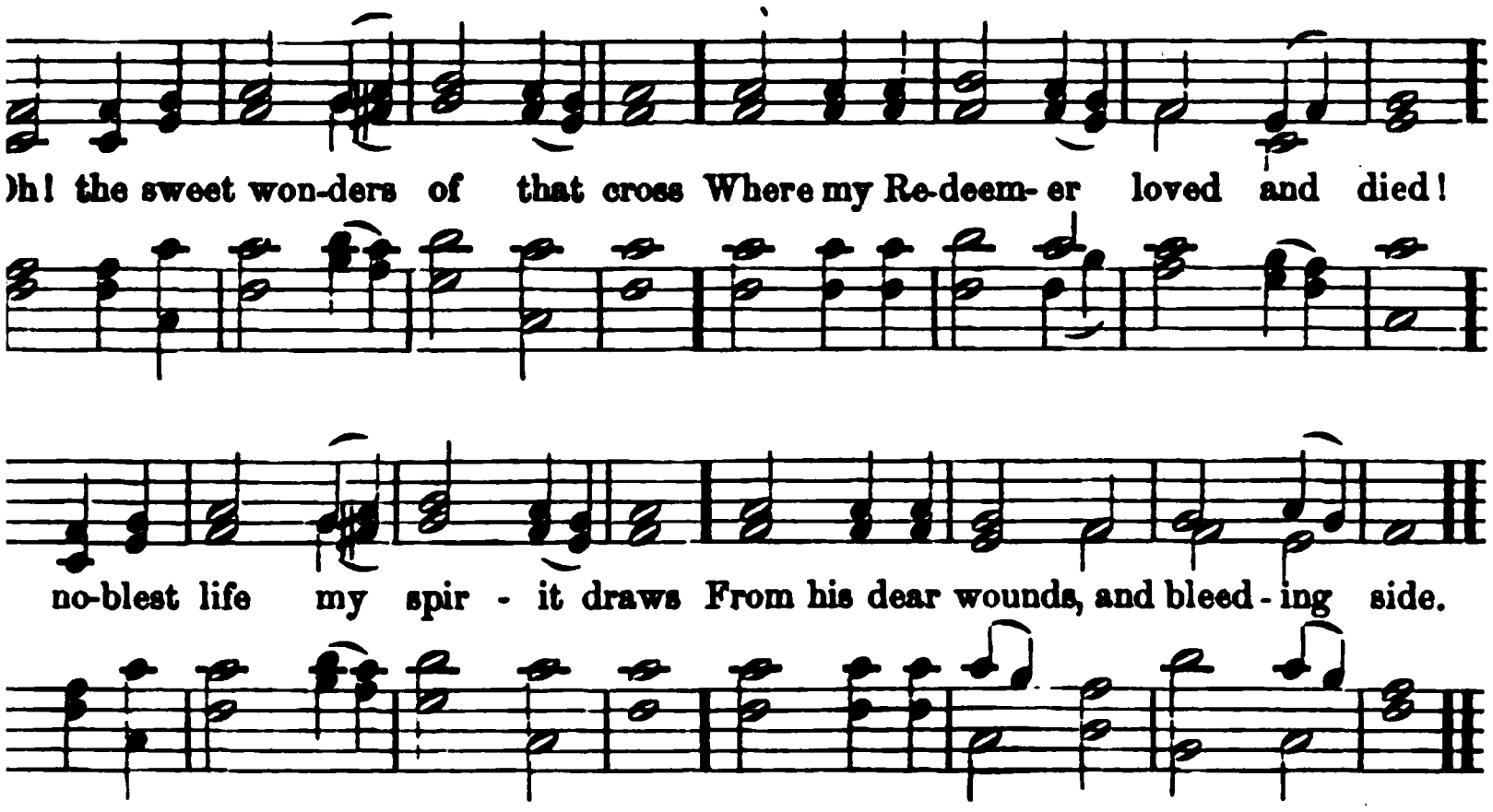
AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

AMBURG. L. M.



Gal. 6 : 14. WATTS.

ıe sweet wonders of that cross
my Redeemer loved and died!
blest life my spirit draws
is dear wounds, and bleeding side.

l forever speak his name
ıds to mortal ears unknown;
ngels join to praise the Lamb,
orship at his Father's throne.

1 Cor. 6 : 20. DAVIES.

[am thine, entirely thine,
sed and saved by blood divine!
ull consent thine I would be,
vn thy sovereign right in me.

)ne poor sinner more a place,
the children of thy grace;
ched sinner, lost to God,
ısomed by Immanuel's blood.

would I live, thine would I die,
ıe through all eternity;
w is passed beyond repeal;
ll I set the solemn seal.

; that cross where flows the blood
)ught my guilty soul for God;
ıy new Master, now I call,
nsecrate to thee my all.

u assist a feeble worm,
ıat engagement to perform;
ıce can full assistance lend,
that grace I dare depend.

1059 *Phil. 1 : 21.* DODDRIDGE.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'T is to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

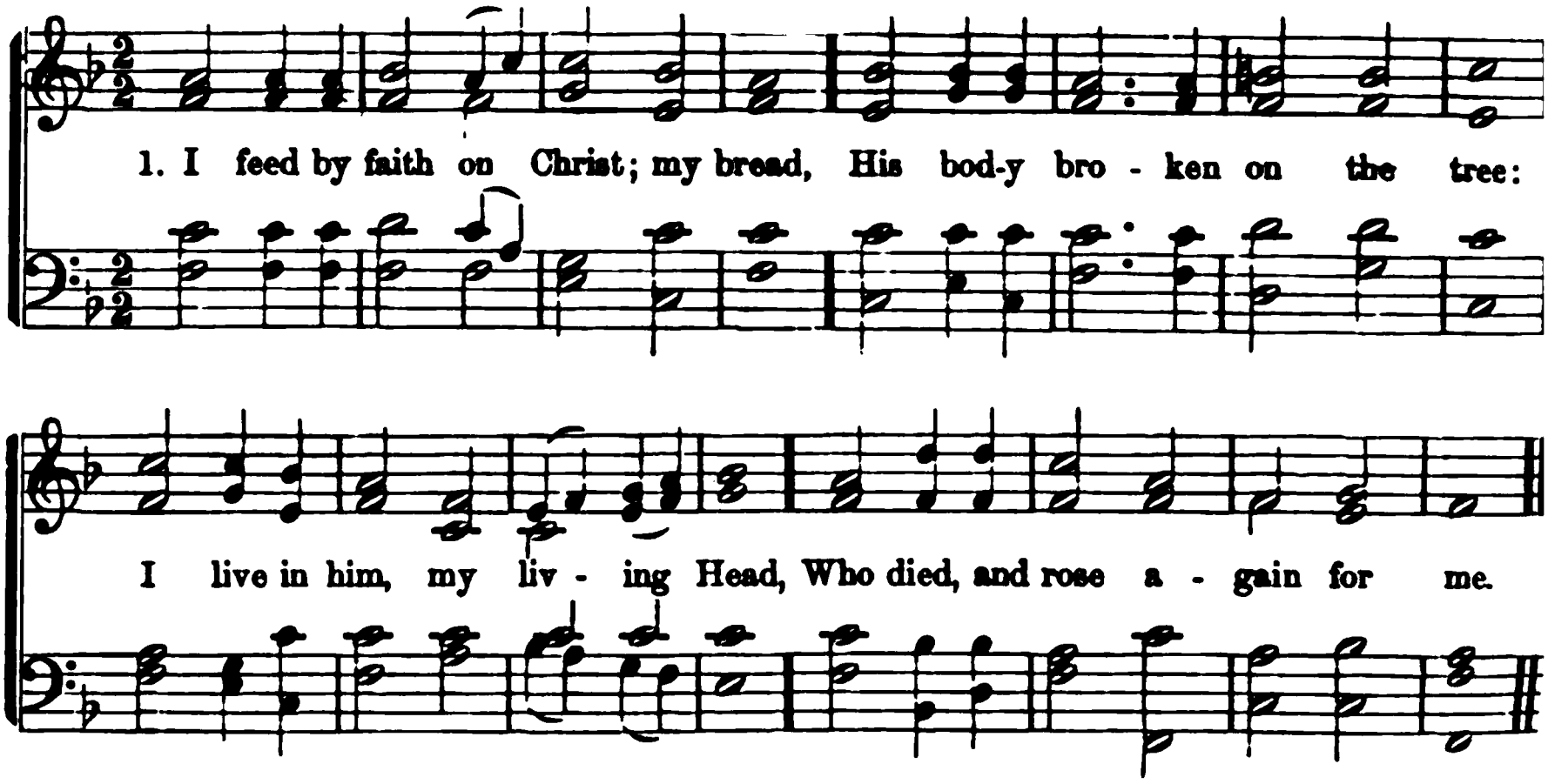
5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

1060 *1 Pet. 1 : 19.* ANON.

We pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love forever there.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



1061 *Mark 14 : 22.* MONTGOMERY.

I FEED by faith on Christ; my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
I live in him, my living Head,
Who died, and rose again for me.

2 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

3 From thy dear hand, may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love,
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

1062 *Cant. 5 : 1.* A. R. W.

DRAW near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail him living in the skies!

4 While this we do, remembering thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have thy blesséd company,
Thy banner over us is love.

1063 *Isa. 44 : 5.* DODDRIDGE.

OH, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done; the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

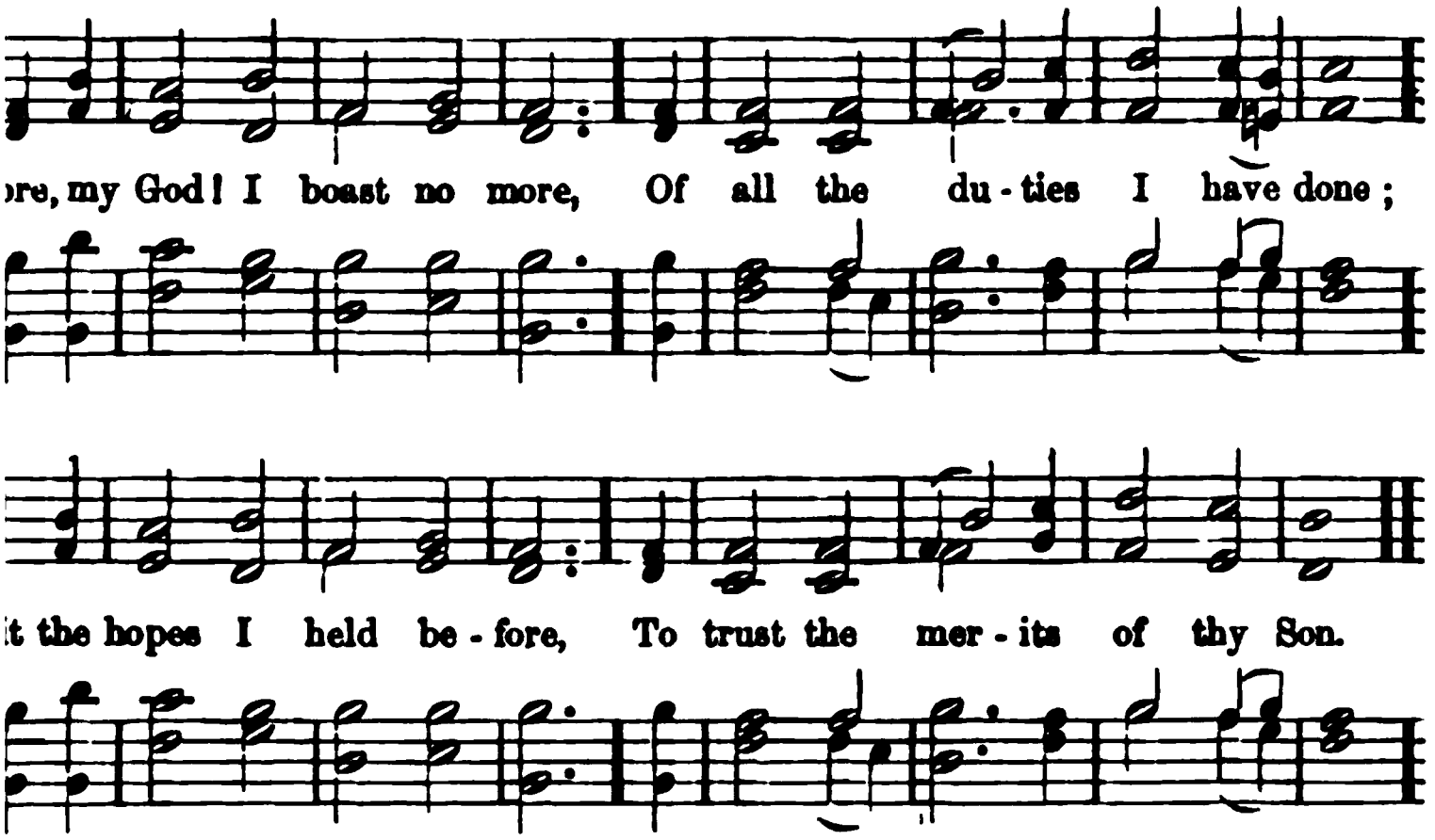
5 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

1064 *1 Cor. 5 : 7.* ANON.

Now at the Lamb's great paschal feast,
Arrayed in blood-washed robes, we sing
Through the Red Sea in safety brought,
By Jesus, our immortal King.

2 O Jesus, from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray: so shalt thou be
The everlasting paschal joy,
Of all the souls new born in thee.

tD. L. M.



Phil. 3 : 7-10. WATTS.

ıy God! I boast no more,
uties I have done;
opes I held before,
merits of thy Son.

e love I bear his name,
ny gain, I count my loss;
pride I call my shame,
y glory to his cross.

must, and will esteem
ut loss for Jesus' sake;
ıy soul be found in him,
righteousness partake.

edience of my hands
ppear before thy throne;
ın answer thy demands,
what my Lord has done.

Acts 2 : 46. STEELE.

ır exalted Lord,
in heaven and earth adored,
our hearts and voices raise
ong of sacred praise.

notes which mortals know,
ınd languishing, and low;
ve our humble songs,
demands immortal tongues.

ıround his board we meet,
p at his sacred feet,
warm affections move,
rn of grateful love.

1067

John 6 : 35. ANON.

HERE let us see thy face, O Lord,
And view salvation with our eyes,
And taste and feel the living Word,
The Bread descending from the skies.

2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

3 Jesus, our Light! our Morning-star!
Shine thou on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thy people here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

1068

Ps. 23 : 5. DODDRIDGE.

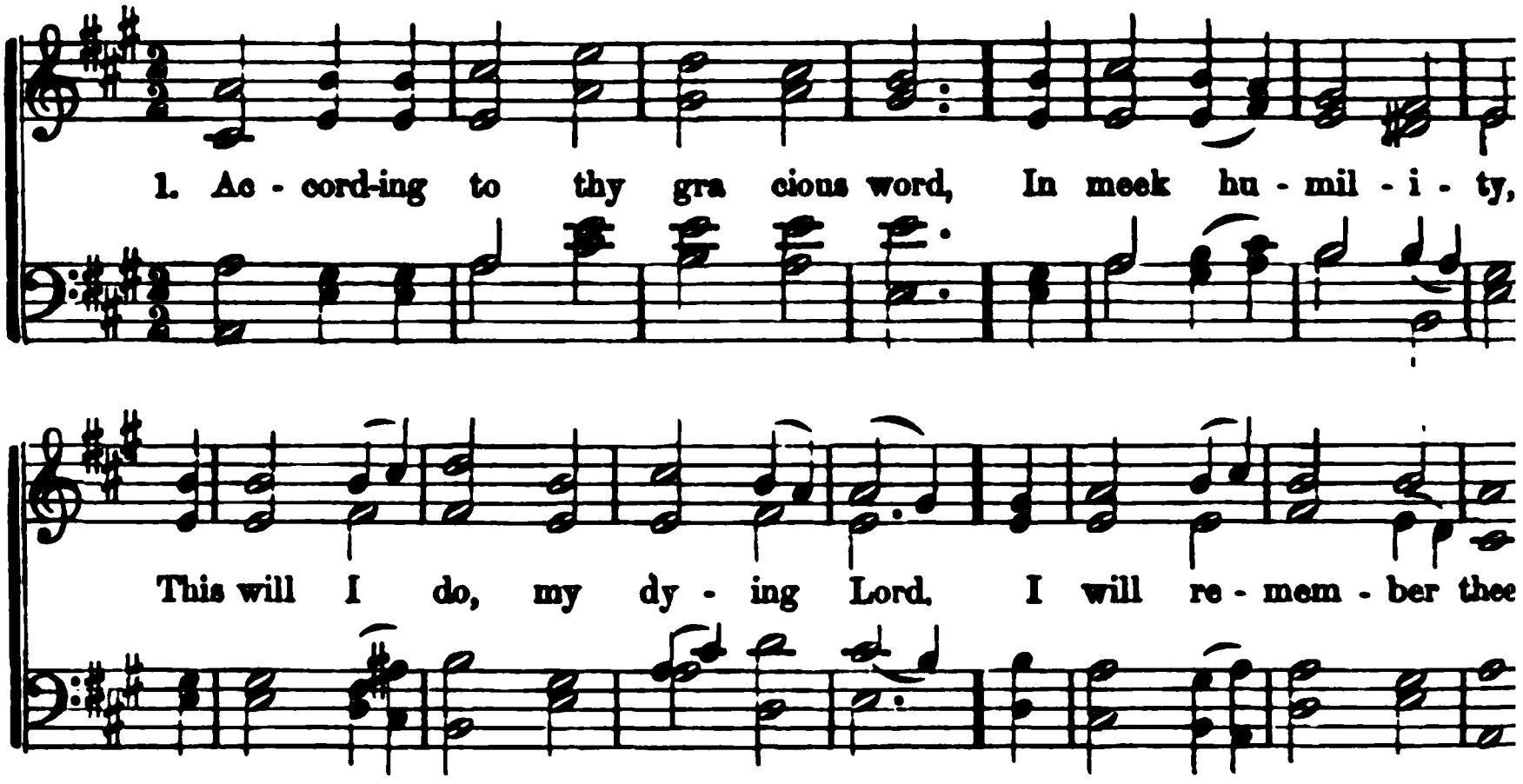
MY God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Oh, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyous guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men, and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore!

DEDHAM. C. M.



1069 *Luke 22 : 19.* MONTGOMERY.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

1070 *1 Cor. 10 : 16.* C. WESLEY.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessèd Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

4 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The broken bread thy body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

1071 *Isa. 32 : 2.* BONAR

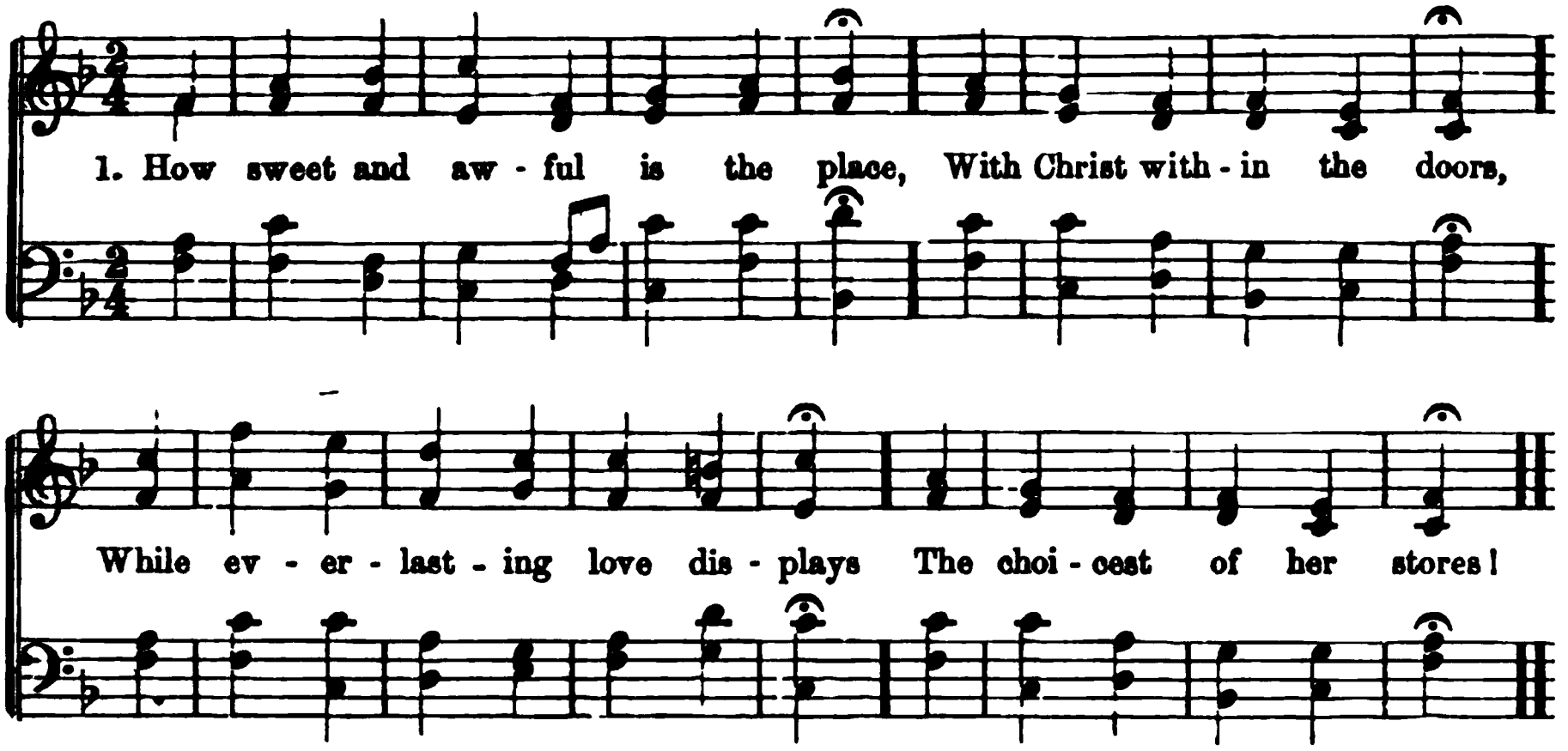
OPPREST with noon-day's scorching heat
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!

2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst:
No spring like this for me.

3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!

4 For burdened ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see;
I here cast off my weariness:
No rest like this for me!

DUNDEE. C. M.



1072 *Jer. 31 : 3.* WATTS.

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,—
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

1073 *2 Chron. 30 : 18.* ANON.

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced,
To look on thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim in faith and hope—
"The Saviour died for me!"

1074 *John 6 : 54.* ANON.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blesséd self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh! let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

1075 *John 15 : 13.* NOEL.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

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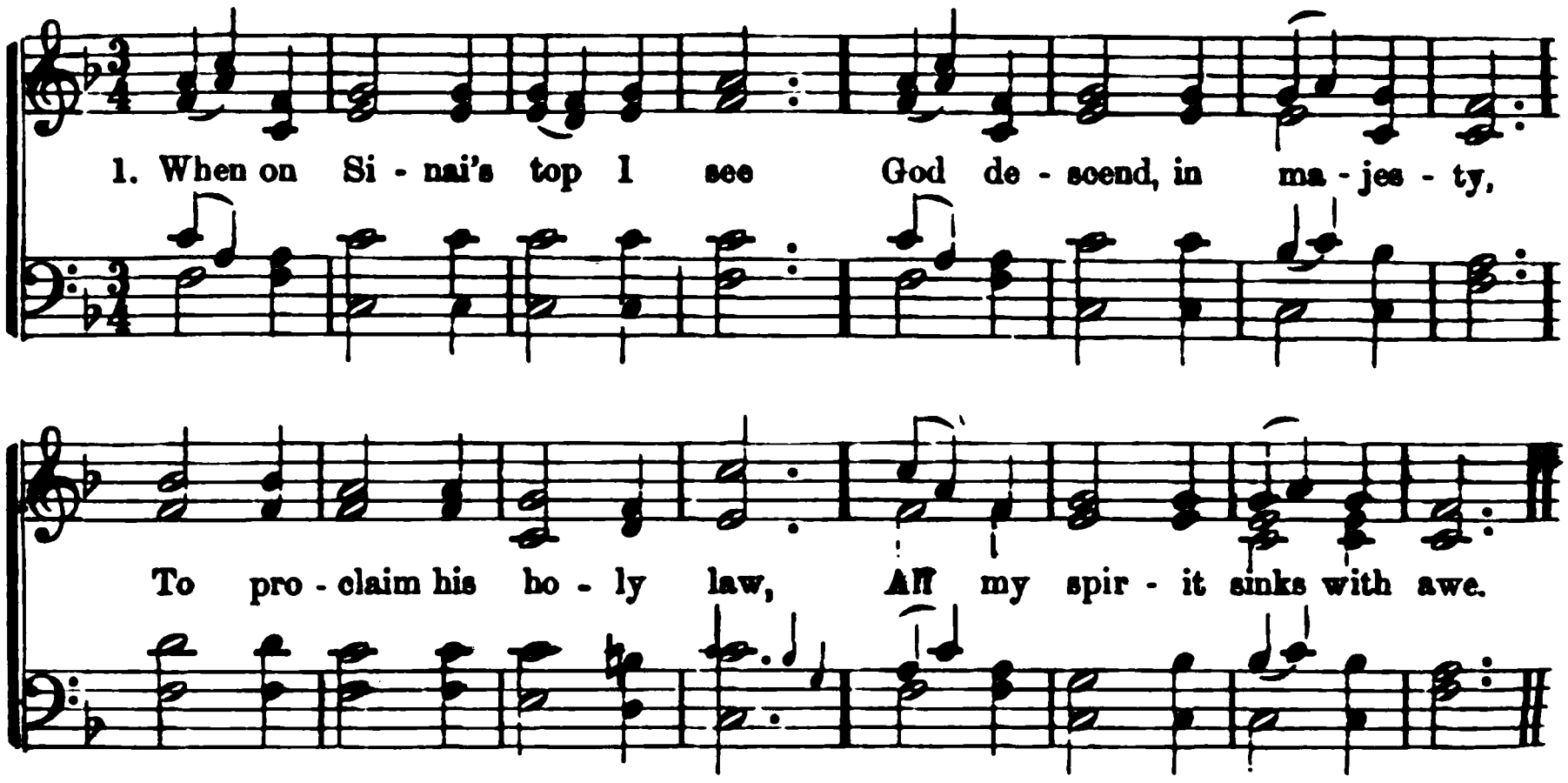


1076 *Luke 23 : 33.* MONTGOMERY.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

1077 *John 21 : 17.* COWPER.

HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound:
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be!
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;—
Oh! for grace to love thee more.

1078 *Ruth 1 : 16.* MONTGOMERY.

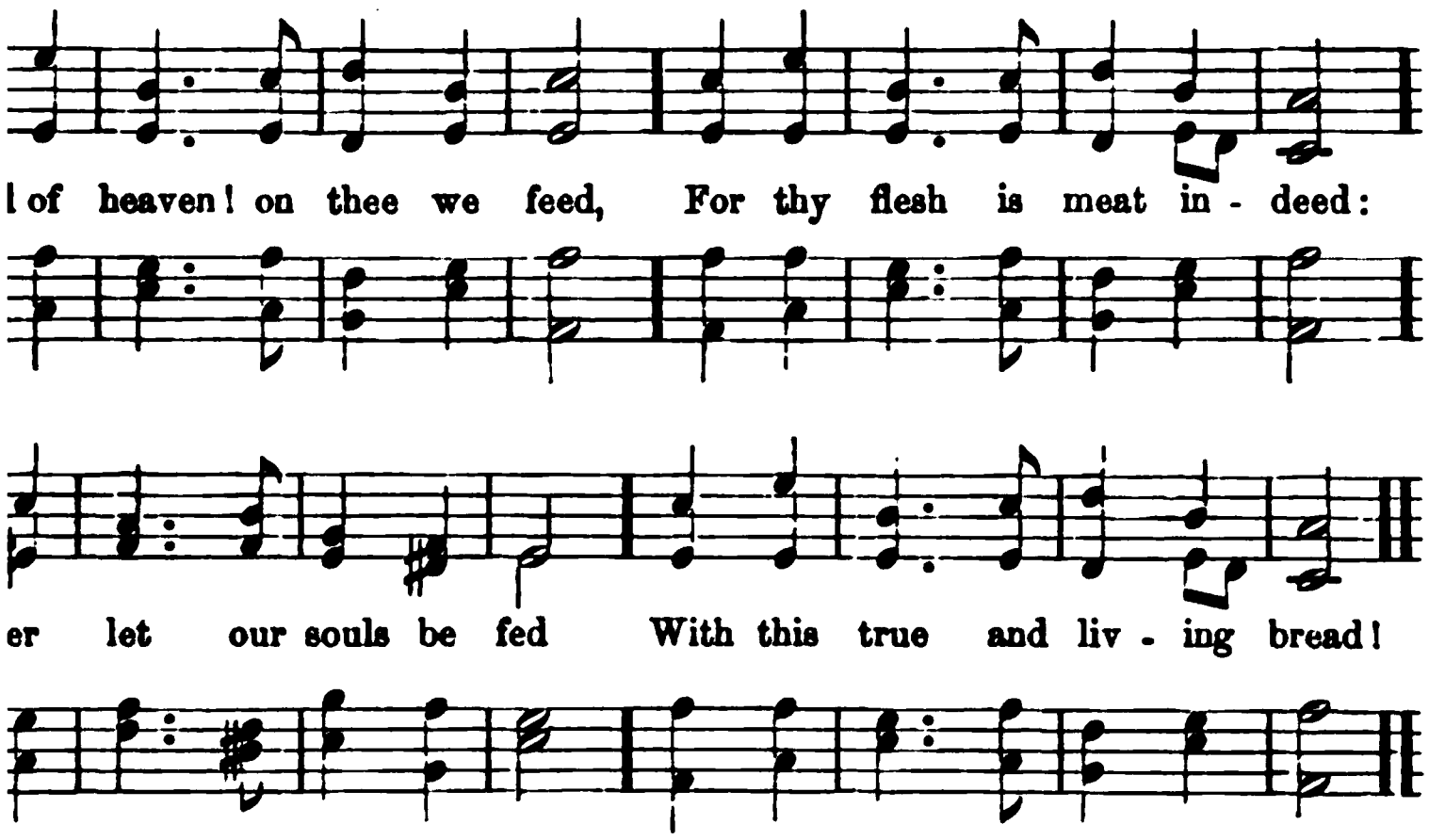
PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;—

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

ʃEL'S HYMN. 7s.



Matt. 26 : 26. CONDER.

eaven! on thee we feed,
h is meat indeed:
· souls be fed
rue and living bread!

ven! thy blood supplies
up of sacrifice:
wounds our healing give,
s we look and live.

· with strength supplied,
e life of him who died:
! oh, let us be,
fted, built on thee!

1 Cor. 5 : 7. CAMPBELL.

ıb's high feast we sing,
ır victorious King,
vashed us in the tide,
m his wounded side.

Paschal blood is poured,
k angel sheathes his sword;
s triumphant go
ıe wave that drowns the foe.

Paschal Lamb, is slain,
, without stain;
hell defeated lie,
olds its gates on high.

glory and of praise,
› thee we raise;
all praise to thee,
pirit ever be.

1081 *John 17 : 9.* M. F. MAUDE.

THINE forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above!
Thine forever may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

2 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! thou our Guide,—
All our wants by thee supplied,—
All our sins by thee forgiven,—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

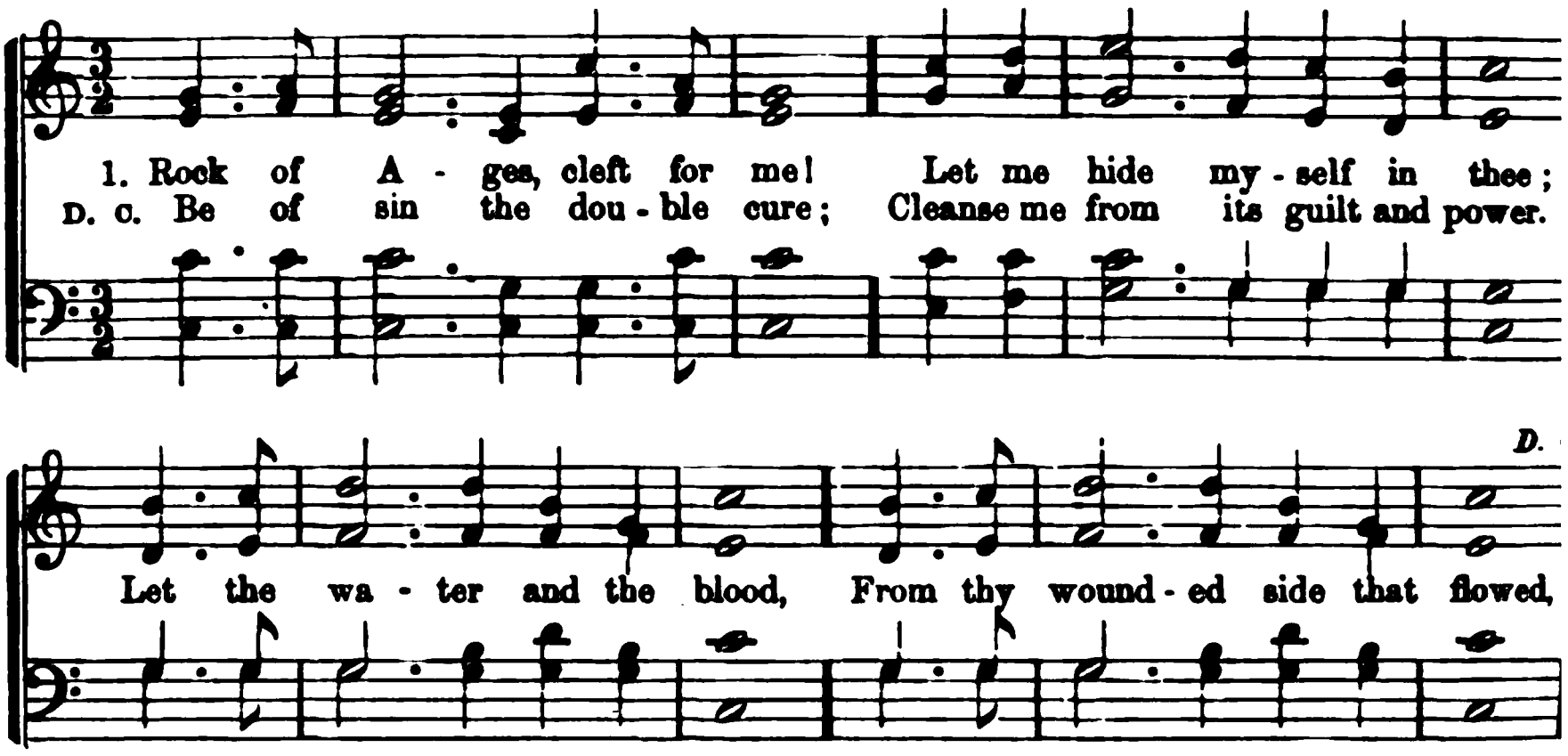
1082 *Isa. 53 : 5.* ANON

JESUS, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink.
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me!

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.



1083 *John 19 : 34.* TOPLADY.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands,
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

1084 *John 19 : 30.* HAWEIS.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinners, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne-
Why beneath thy burdens groan!
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

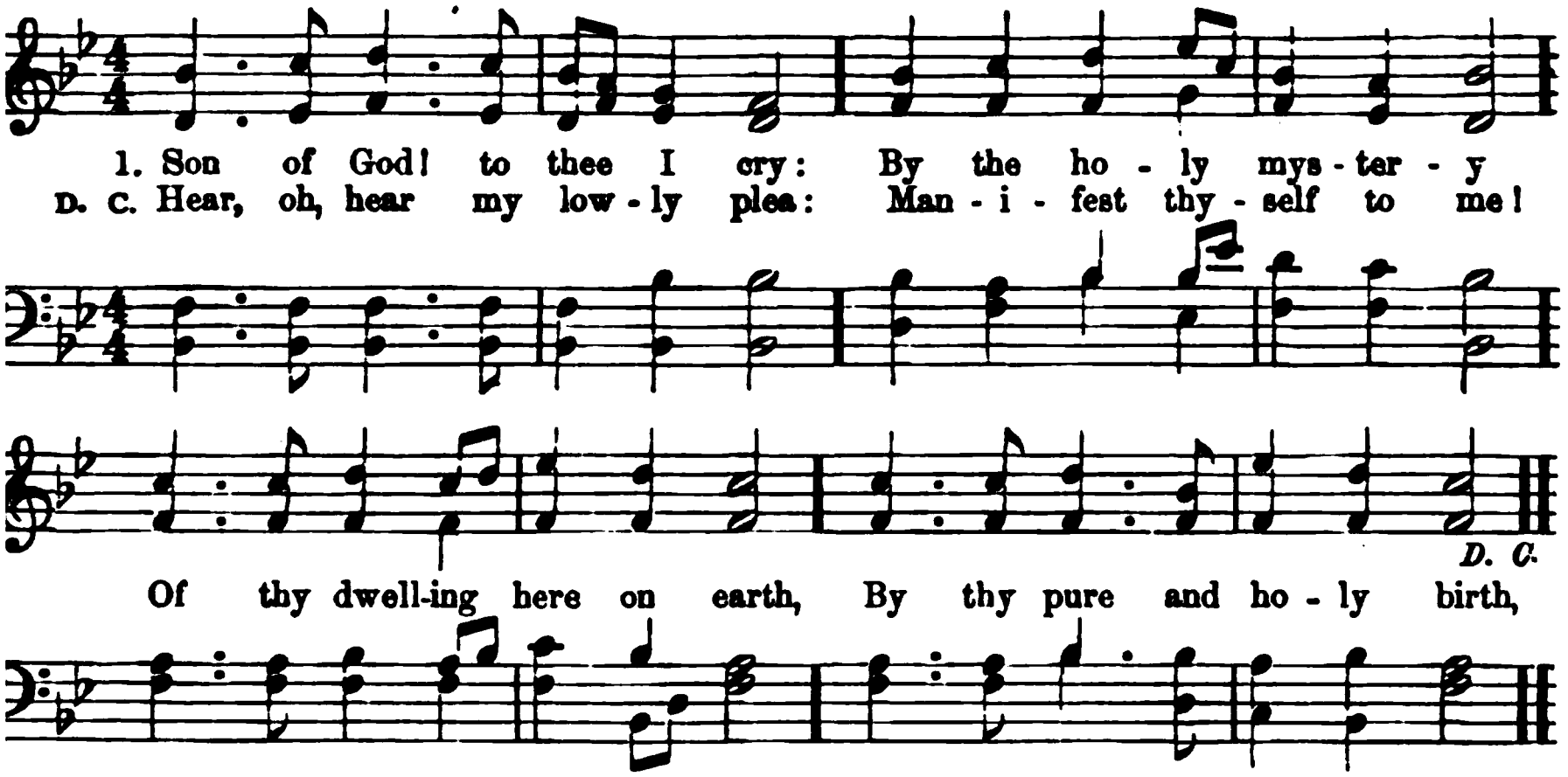
4 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

1085 *John 12 : 32.* R. HILL.

YE who in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,—
Lost and helpless, as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,—
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

ZADOC. 7s. 6 lines.



1086 *John 14: 21.* R. MANT.

SON of God! to thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,
Hear, oh, hear my lowly plea:
Manifest thyself to me!

2 Lamb of God! to thee I cry:
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs to us unknown,
By thy spirit's parting groan,
Hear, oh, hear my lowly plea:
Manifest thyself to me!

3 Lord of glory, God most high!
Man exalted to the sky!
With thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform thy will:
Then thy glory I shall see—
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

1087 *Phil. 3: 8.* DUFFIELD.

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blesséd Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee!

1088 *1 Cor. 11: 26.* CONDER.

MANY centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordained,
Ever by his church retained:
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.

2 Through the churches' long eclipse,
When, from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard,—
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To his love who died to save.

3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim;
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common Head.

4 Come, the blesséd emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare;
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For his flesh is meat indeed:
Saviour! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are thine.

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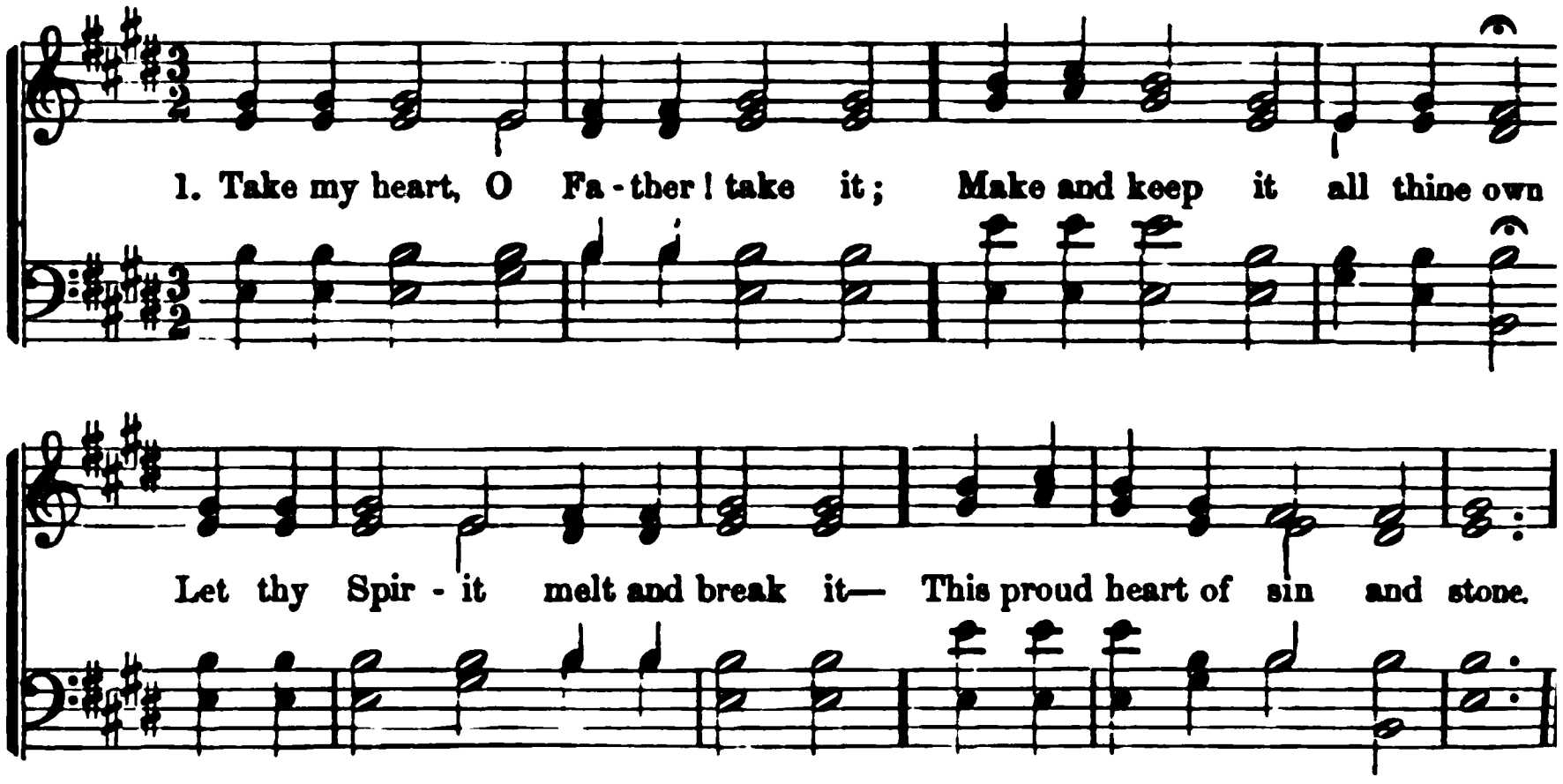


1089 *Ps. 51 : 10.* ANON.

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround me;
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

1090 *Matt. 27 : 36.* SHIRLEY.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blesséd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion,
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace,
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee
In our souls thy love increase.

5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

6 Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

1091 *Matt. 4 : 19.* ANON.

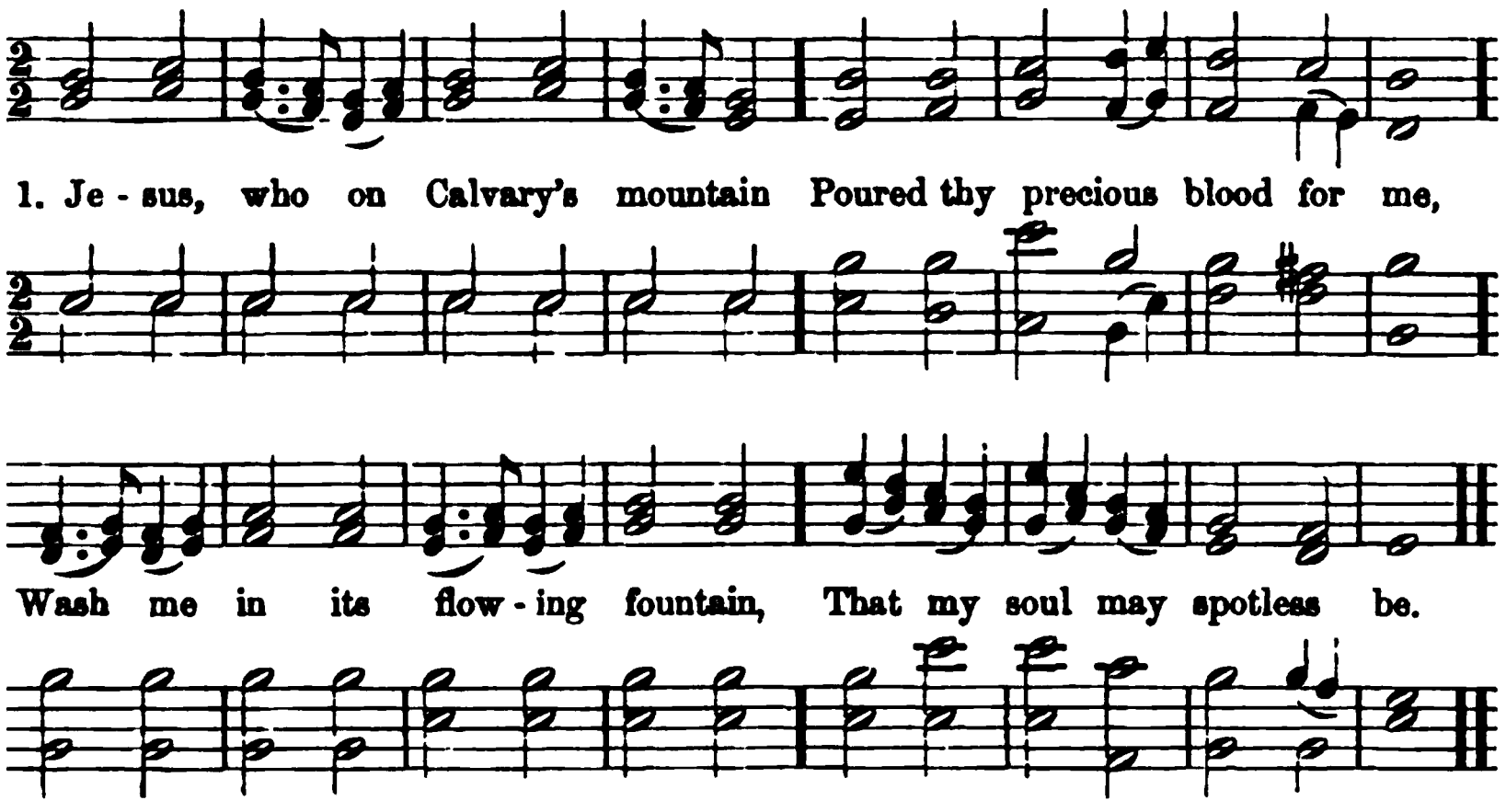
JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

ICILY. 8s & 7s.



Ps. 51 : 2. ANON.

, who on Calvary's mountain
ıred thy precious blood for me,
me in its flowing fountain,
ıt my soul may spotless be.

sinned, but oh, restore me!
unless thou smile on me,
is all the world before me,
ker yet eternity.

word I hear thee saying,
ne and I will give you rest;
he gracious call obeying,
, I hasten to thy breast.

oh, grant thy Spirit's teaching,
ıt I may not go astray,
e gate of heaven reaching,
th and sin are passed away.

Cant. 2 : 4. R. PARK.

spreads his banner o'er us,
ers our famished souls with food;
e banquet spreads before us,
his mystic flesh and blood.

us banquet; bread of heaven;
ıe of gladness, flowing free;
re taste it, kindly given,
emembrance, Lord, of thee!

trial, and rejection;
hy sufferings on the tree;
glorious resurrection;
r we, Lord, remember thee.

1094 *Luke 22 : 19.* E. DENNY.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us,
With the still small voice of love;
Whispering words of peace to cheer us—
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story,
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

1095 *Eph. 2 : 21.* ANON.

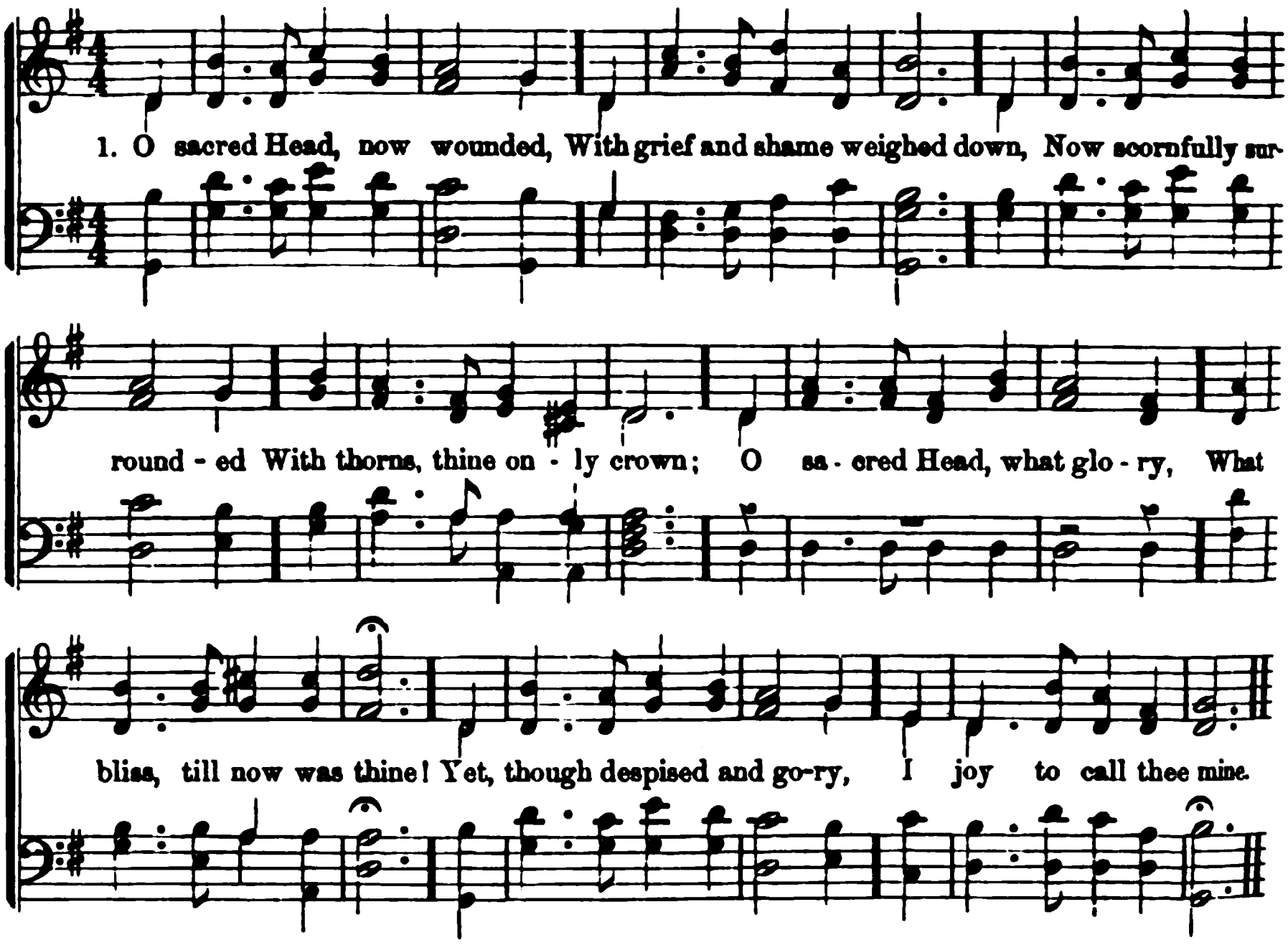
FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

GERHARDT. 7s & 6s. D.



1096 *John 19 : 2.* GERHARDT.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

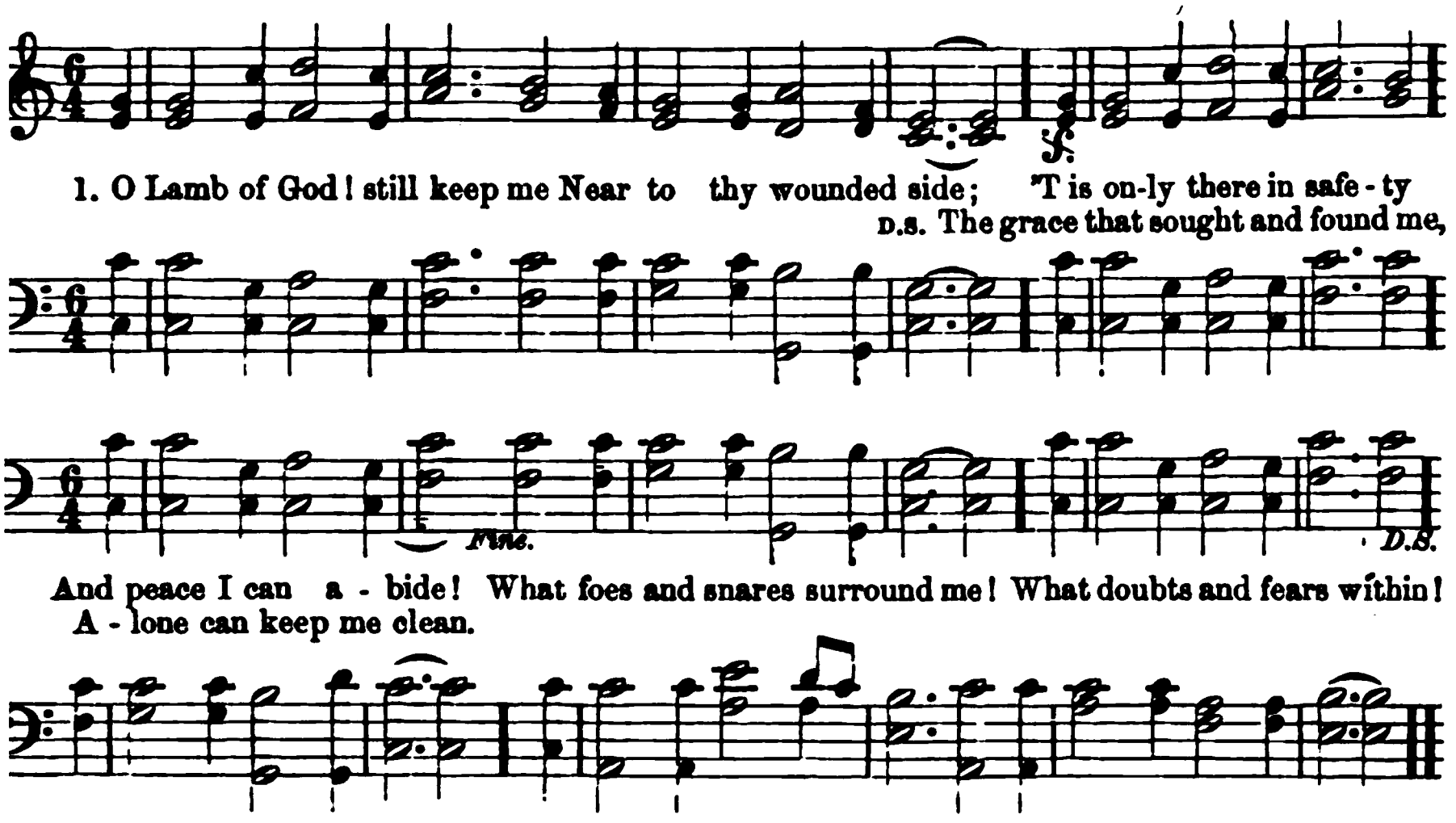
3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,
To praise thee, heavenly Friend:
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh! let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

5 Forbid that I should leave thee;
O Jesus, leave not me!
By faith I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free!
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

6 Be near when I am dying,
Oh! show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.



1097 *John 1 : 29.* DECK.

O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

'T is only in thee hiding,
I feel my life secure—
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

1098 *1 Pet. 2 : 21.* ANON.

WHEN human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
Can turn my straining eye?

'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.

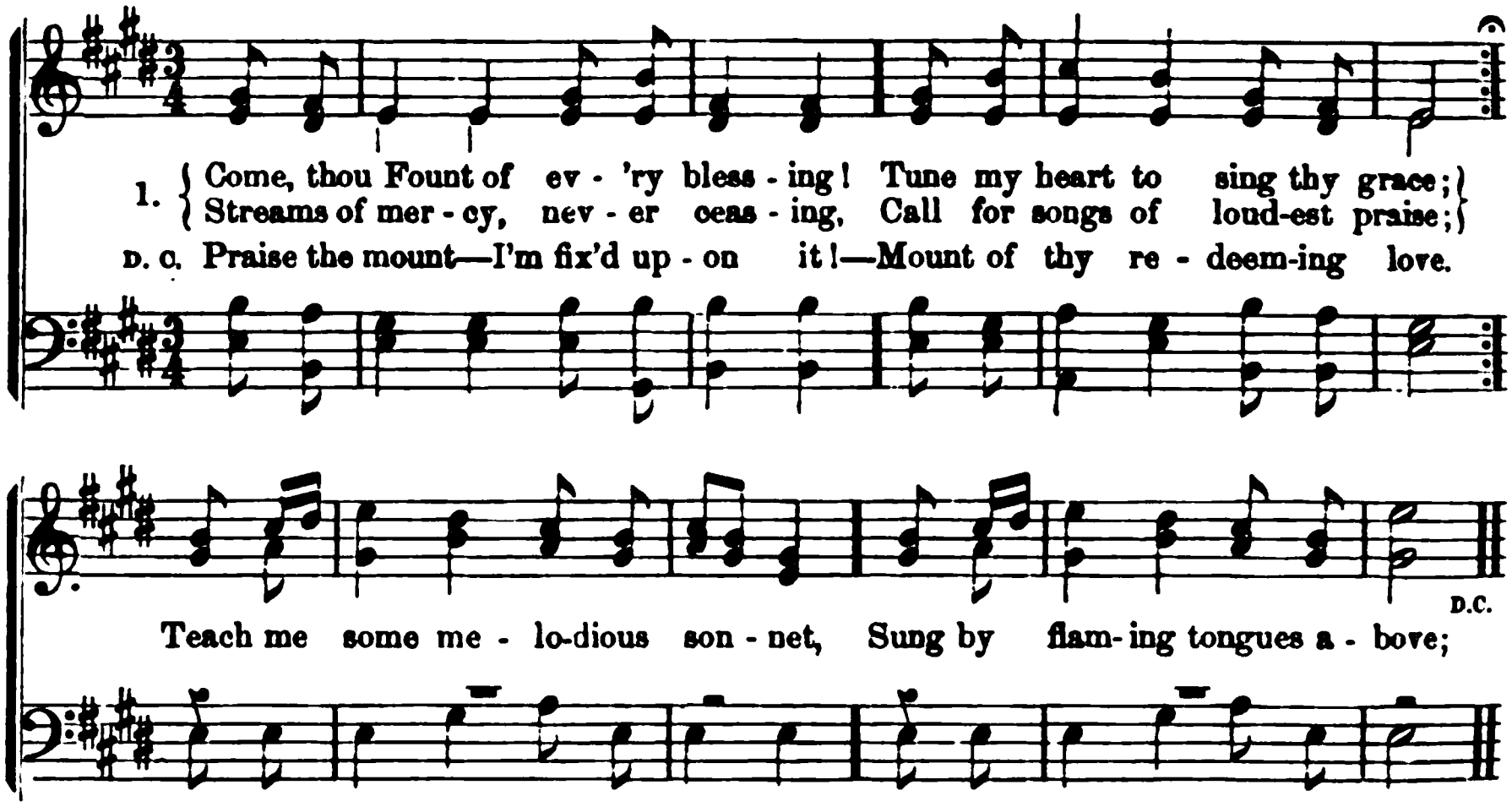
2 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make;
Though sorely thou may'st chasten,
Thou never canst forsake:
Thou, on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head!
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

1099 *John 15 : 16.* CONDER.

'T IS not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee;
But thou hast chosen me;—
Hast, from the sin that stained me,
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

2 'T was sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing,—if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.



1100 *1 Sam. 7 : 12.* ROBINSON.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I 'm fixed upon it!—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I 'll raise mine Eben-ezer;
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

1101 *Rom. 5 : 7, 8.* LEE.

WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!
Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labors, came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

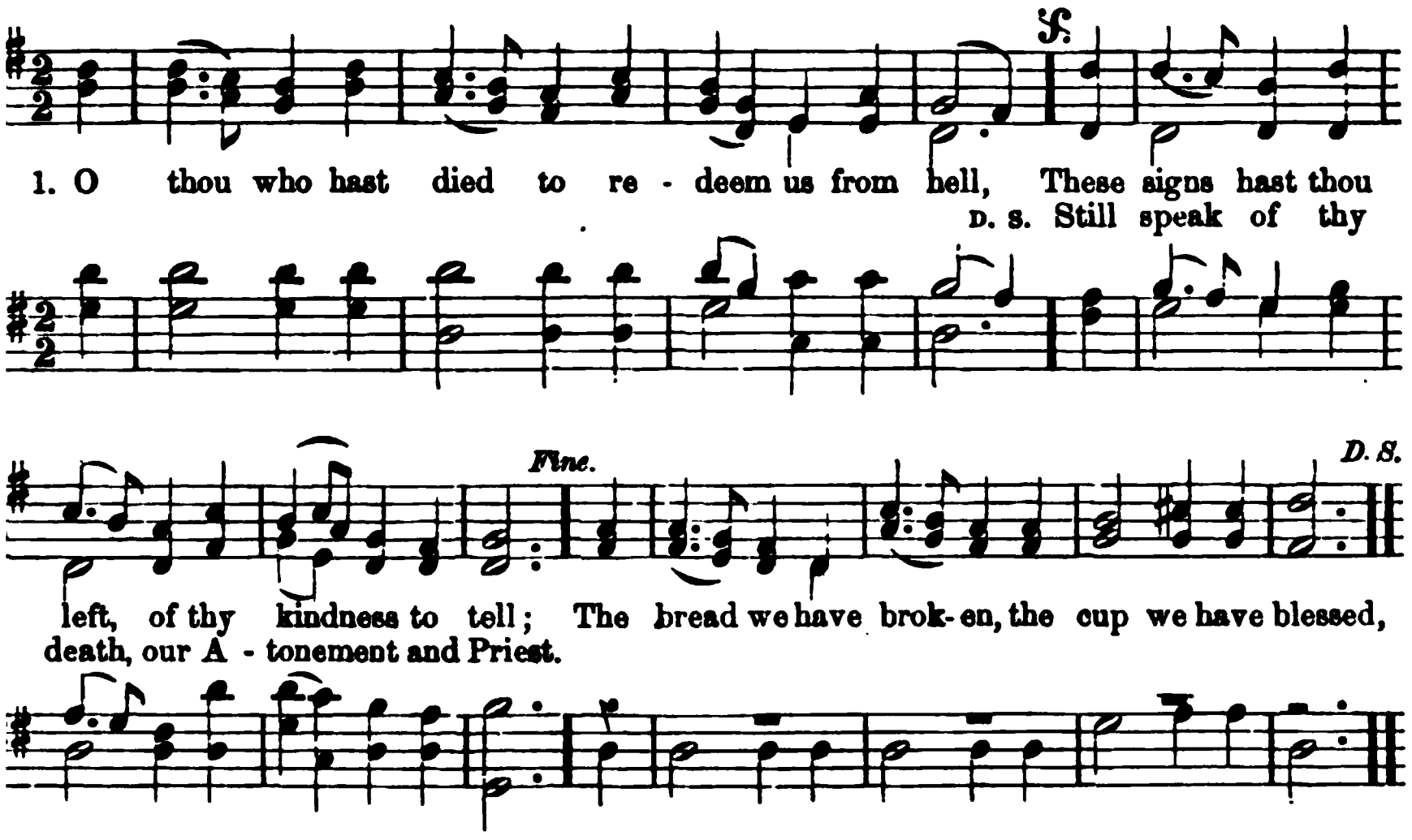
2 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procured;
Death and Satan are defeated,
By the sufferings he endured.
Now the gracious Mediator
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

3 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.
Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,—
Take possession of thine own.

1102 *1 Cor. 5 : 7.* BAK[illegible]

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

GOSHEN. 11s.



03 *1 Cor. 11 : 26.* BACON.

1 THOU who hast died to redeem us from hell,
These signs hast thou left, of thy kindness to tell;
The bread we have broken, the cup we have blessed,
Still speak of thy death, our Atonement and Priest.

We drink of the wine, remembering thy blood
Once shed to redeem all the chosen of God—
Oh, come the blest day, when to us 't will be given,
To drink of it new in the kingdom of heaven!

Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

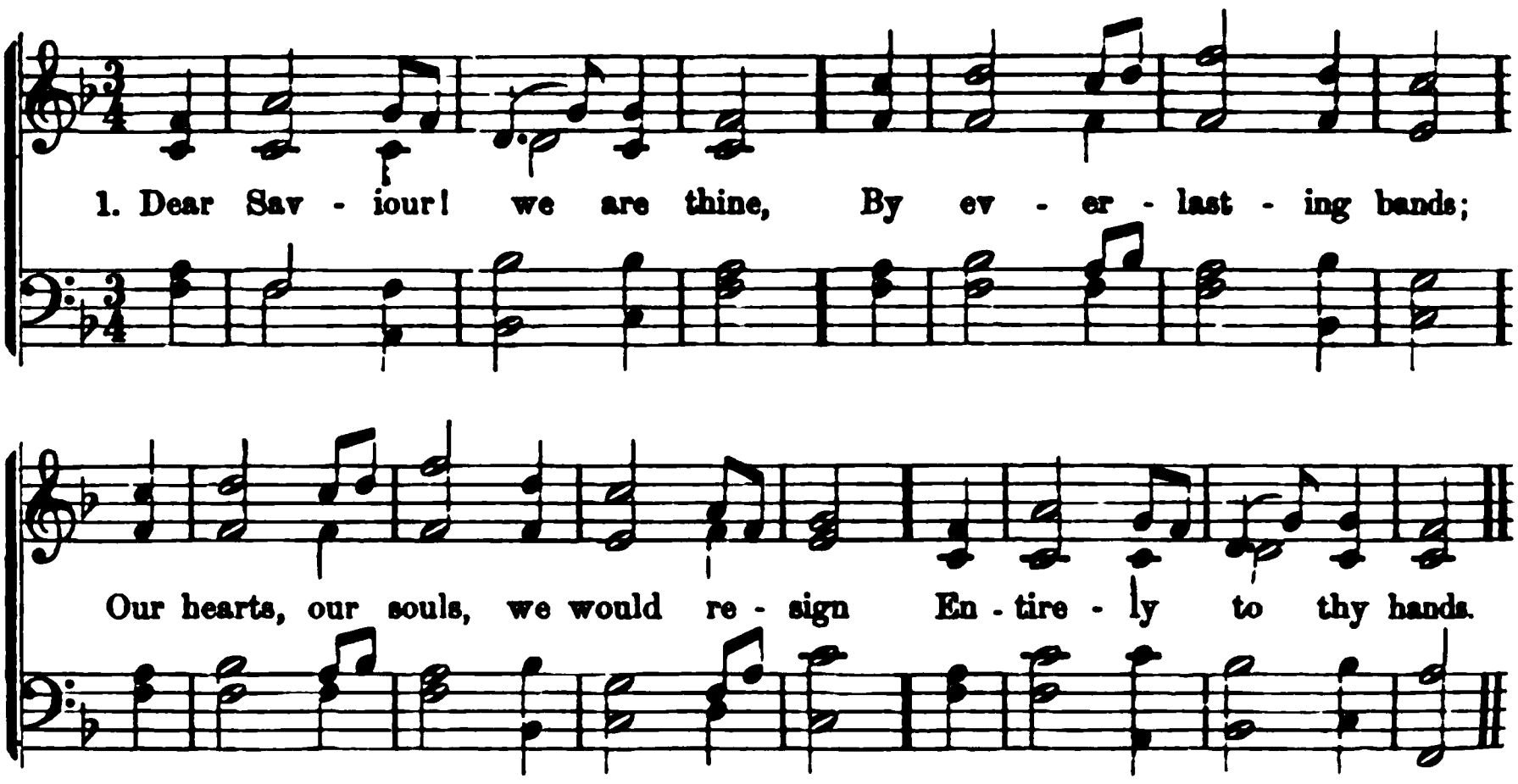
5 Oh, then, blesséd Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee with raptures forever untold!

04 *John 14 : 18.* RAY PALMER.

1 COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee;
By smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.

Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



1105 *1 Cor. 12 : 27.* DODDRIDGE.

DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

1106 *Matt. 26 : 30.* A. R. W.

A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here,
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

1107 *John 1 : 29.* WATTS.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

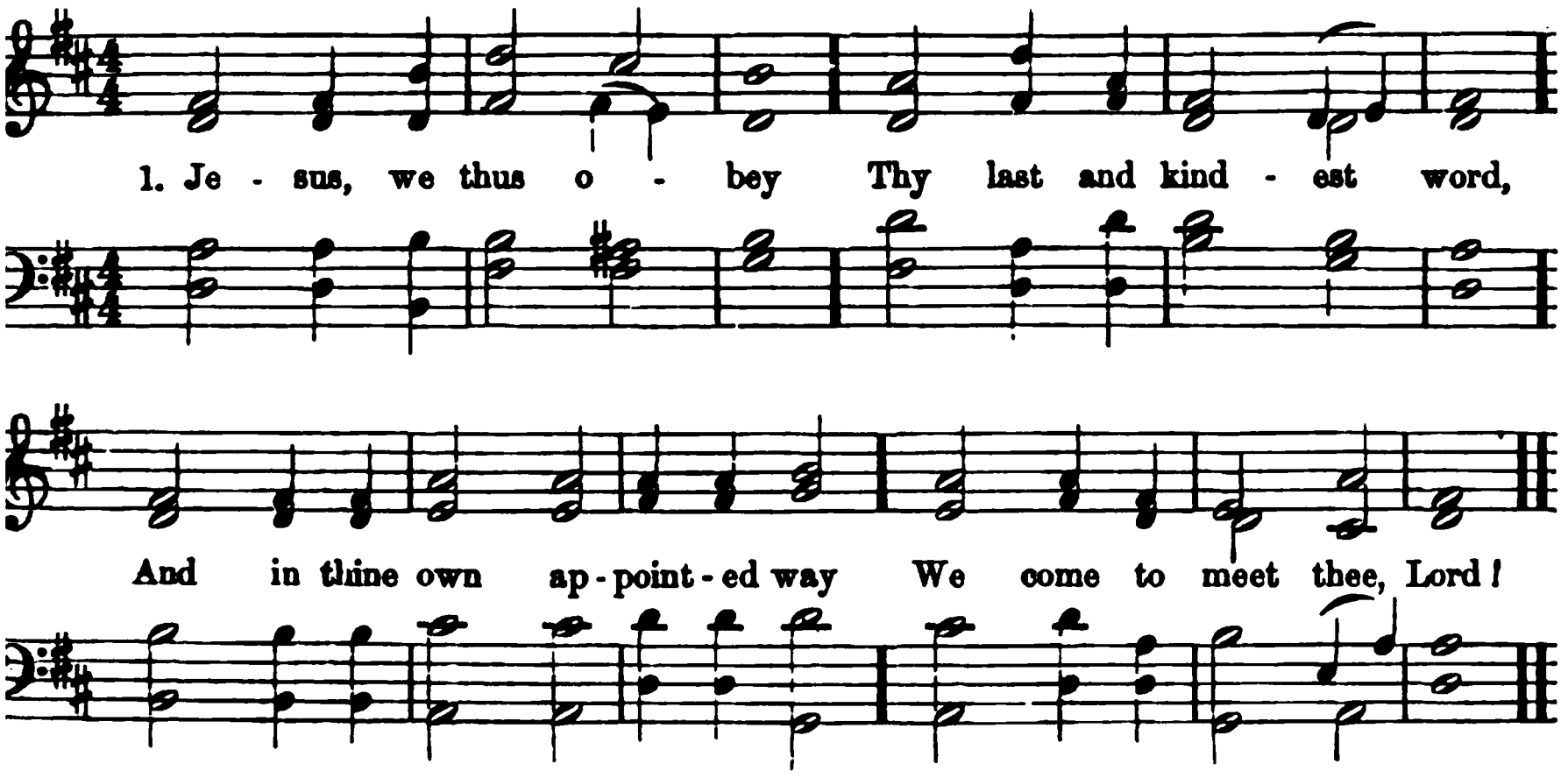
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

OWEN. S. M.



108 *Cant. 2 : 4.* C. WESLEY.

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in thine own appointed way
We come to meet thee, Lord!

Thus we remember thee,
And take this bread and wine
As thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,—
The joy unspeakable!

With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And thou hast brought us here.

Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

109 *1 Cor. 10 : 16.* WATTS.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We, the young children of his love,
And he, the first-born Son.

4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

5 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall remain
Through all eternity!

110 *Mark 14 : 24.* ANON.

BLEST feast of love divine!
'T is grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee!

2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blesséd pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

3 Oh, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet!

4 To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

1111 C. M. *John 13 : 9.* C. WESLEY.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

1112 7s, 6l. *Matt. 26 : 20.* HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR of our ruined race,
Fountain of redeeming grace,
Let us now thy fullness see,
While we here converse with thee;
Hearken to our ardent prayer,—
Let us all thy blessing share.

2 While we thus, with glad accord
Meet around thy table, Lord,
Bid us feast with joy divine,
On the appointed bread and wine:
Emblems may they truly prove,
Of our Saviour's bleeding love.

3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,
Yet we seek thy heavenly smile:
Canst thou all our sins forgive?
Dost thou bid us look and live?
Lord, we wonder and adore!
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

1113 C. M. *Matt. 26 : 29.* SIGOURNEY.

LORD, may the spirit of this feast—
The earnest of thy love—
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,
Until we meet above.

2 The healing sense of pardoned sin,
The hope that never tires,
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,
The joy that heaven inspires:—

3 Still may their light our duties trace
In lines of hallowed flame,
Like that upon the prophet's face,
When from the mount he came.

4 But if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear,
To breathe the grateful prayer;

5 Forget us not,—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste!

6 Forget not,—thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree,—
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered thee.

1114 C. M. *1 Cor. 11 : 26.* BRYAN

ALL praise to Him of Nazareth!
The Holy One who came,
For love of man, to die a death
Of agony and shame!

2 Dark was the grave; but when he lay
Within its dreary cell,
The beams of heaven's eternal day
Upon its threshold fell.

3 He grasped the iron vail, he drew
Its gloomy folds aside,
And opened to his followers' view
The glorious world they hide.

4 In tender memory of his grave
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life he gave
So freely for our sake.

5 A boundless love he bore mankind;
Oh, may at least a part
Of that strong love descend and find
A place in every heart!

1115 C. M. *Job 37 : 14.* STENNETT

LORD! at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

4 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord!
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

& 6s. *Luke 23 : 33.* C. WESLEY

God! whose bleeding love
w recall to mind,
answer from above,
t us mercy find:
us, who think on thee,
burdened soul release;
mber Calvary,
id us go in peace!

agonizing pain,
oody sweat, we pray—
ying love to man,
ll our sins away:
bonds, and set us free,
ll sin do thou release;
mber Calvary,
id us go in peace!

lood, by faith applied,
nner's pardon seal;
reely justified,
l our sickness heal:
assion on the tree,
r griefs and troubles cease;
mber Calvary,
id us go in peace!

Matt. 26 : 29. BONAR.

my Lord, I see thee face to face;
ld I touch and handle things
en;
p with firmer hand the eternal
e,
y weariness upon thee lean.

ld I feed upon the bread of God;
k with thee the royal wine of
en;
ld I lay aside each earthly load,
e afresh the calm of sin for-
n.

we rise; the symbols disappear;
, though not the love, is passed
gone;
d and wine remove, but thou
ere—
an ever—still my Shield and

r feast thus comes and passes by;
ing, points to the glad feast
e,—
eet foretaste of the festal joy,
b's great bridal feast of bliss
love.

118 C. L. M. *Cant. 5 : 1.* HASTINGS.

FORGET thyself! Christ bade thee come
To think upon his love,
Which could reverse the sinner's doom,
And write his name above;
Bid the returning rebel live,
And freely all his sins forgive.

2 Forget thyself! and think what pain,
What agony he bore,
To wash away each guilty stain,
To bless thee evermore:
To fit thee for his high abode,
The temple of the living God.

3 Forget thyself! but let thy soul
With memories o'erflow,
Rejoice in his supreme control,
And seek his will to know:
With thankful heart approach the feast,
And thou wilt be a welcome guest.

119 L. M. *John 19 : 25.* ANON.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that pressed
Around thee on the curséd tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, though crowned with thorn;
Like thee, thy blesséd self, endure
The cross with all its cruel scorn.

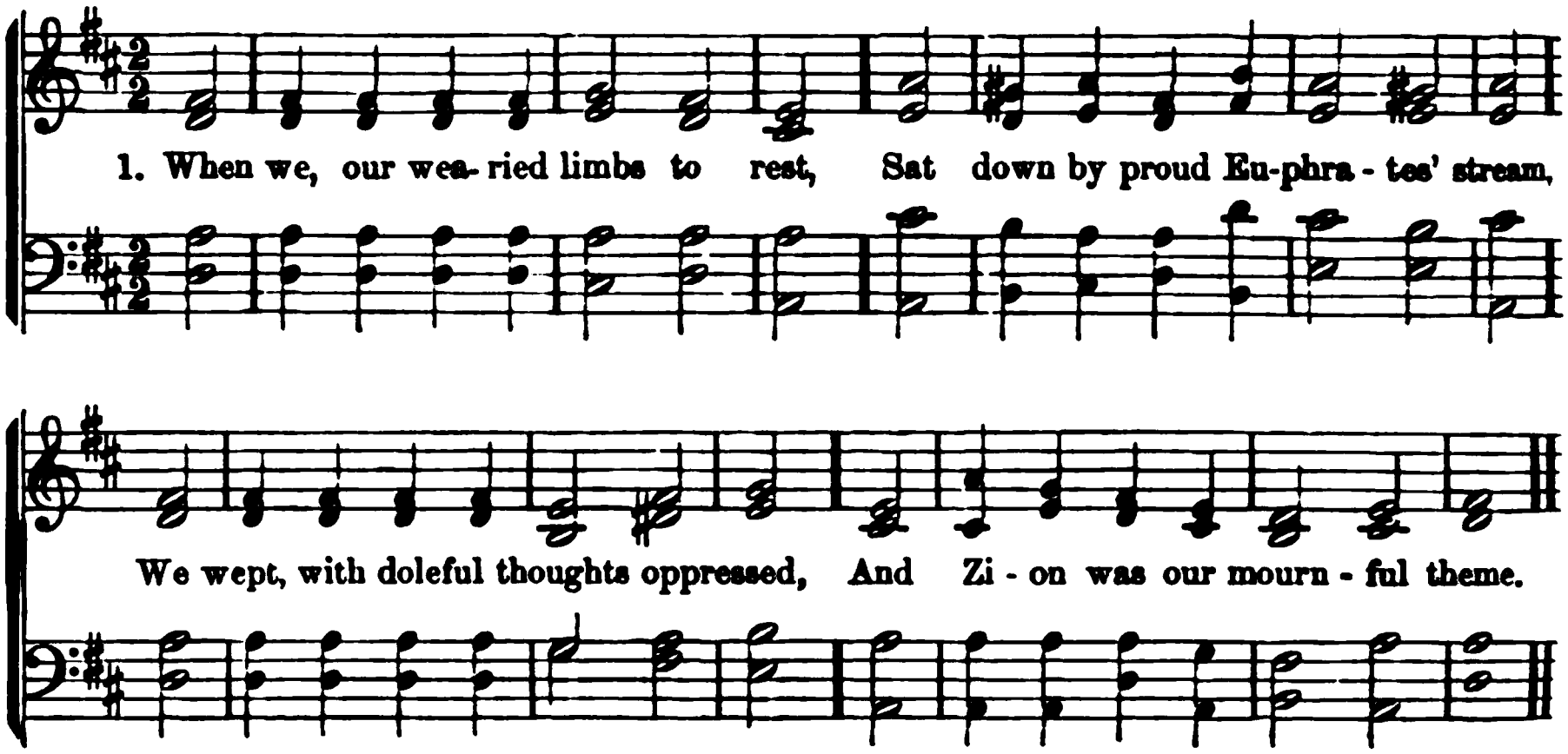
3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Show what thy brethren all should be;
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

120 11s. (See p. 411.) DE FLEURY.

O GARDEN of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love!

2 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet:
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet:
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

ASHWELL. L. M.



I I 2 I *Ps. 137.* TATE.

WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skillful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

4 O Salem! our once happy seat,—
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.

I I 2 2 *Ps. 80.* WATTS.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep!

2 Thy church is in the desert now:
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore:
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in this our land?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dew enrich the ground?

4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit!
But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

5 Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

I I 2 3 *Ps. 137: 2.* ANON.

WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string!
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing!

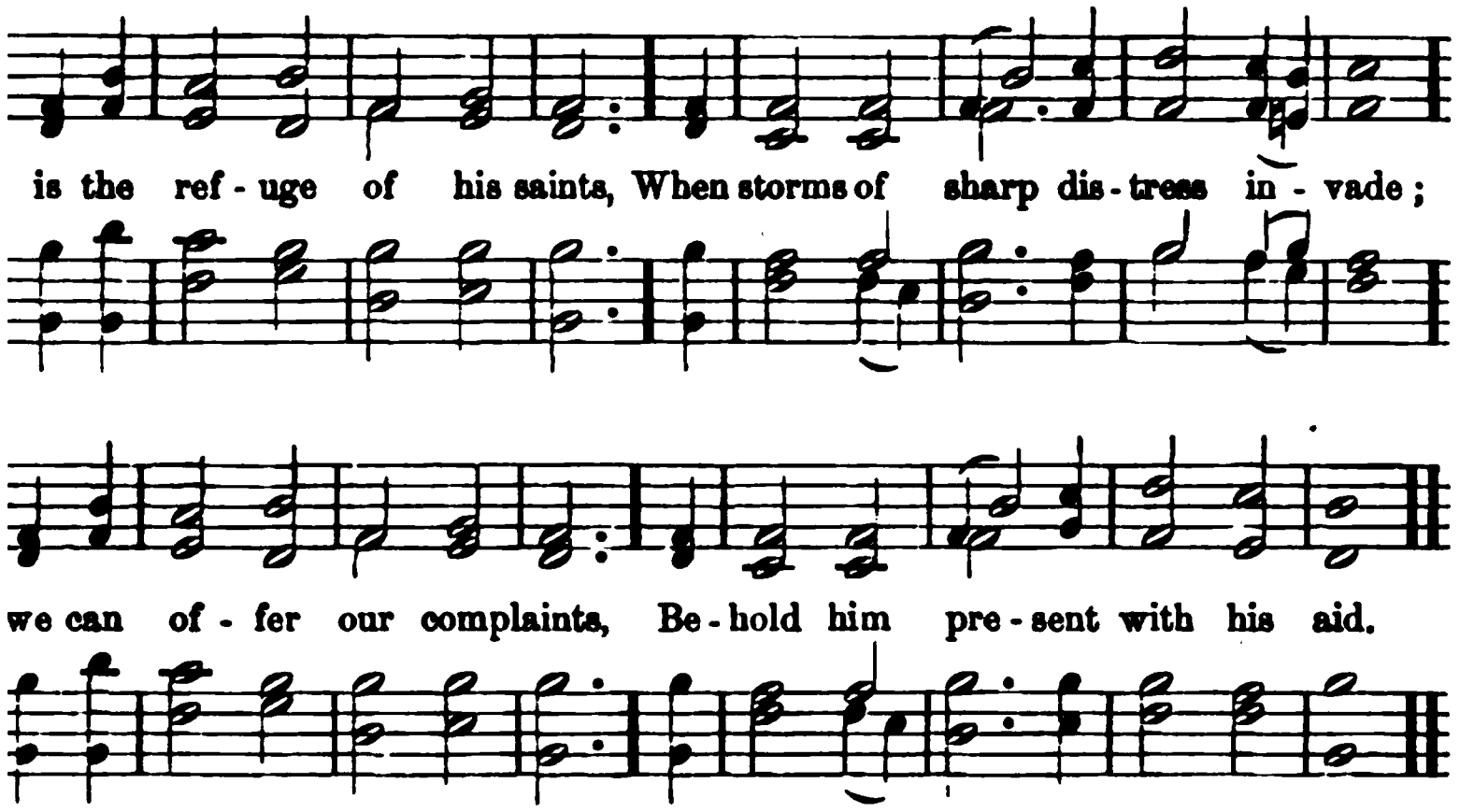
2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise!
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hill to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

RD. L. M.



Ps. 46. WATTS.

: refuge of his saints,
·ms of sharp distress invade;
n offer our complaints,
m present with his aid.

ains from their seats be hurled
he deep, and buried there,
ıs shake the solid world—
shall never yield to fear.

the troubled ocean roar;
peace our souls abide;
ry nation, every shore,
and dreads the swelling tide.

stream whose gentle flow
ıe city of our God,
and joy, still gliding through,
ing our divine abode.

d stream, thine holy word,
allays, our fear controls;
:e thy promises afford,
ıew strength to fainting souls.

s her Monarch's love,
inst a threatening hour;
:r firm foundation move,
truth, and armed with power.

Isa. 51 : 3. MRS. VOKE.

e expected time draw near,
disperse, the dawn appear!
wilderness assume
:ous tints of Eden's bloom!

2 Events with prophecies conspire,
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

126 *Phil. 2 : 10, 11.* MONTGOMERY.

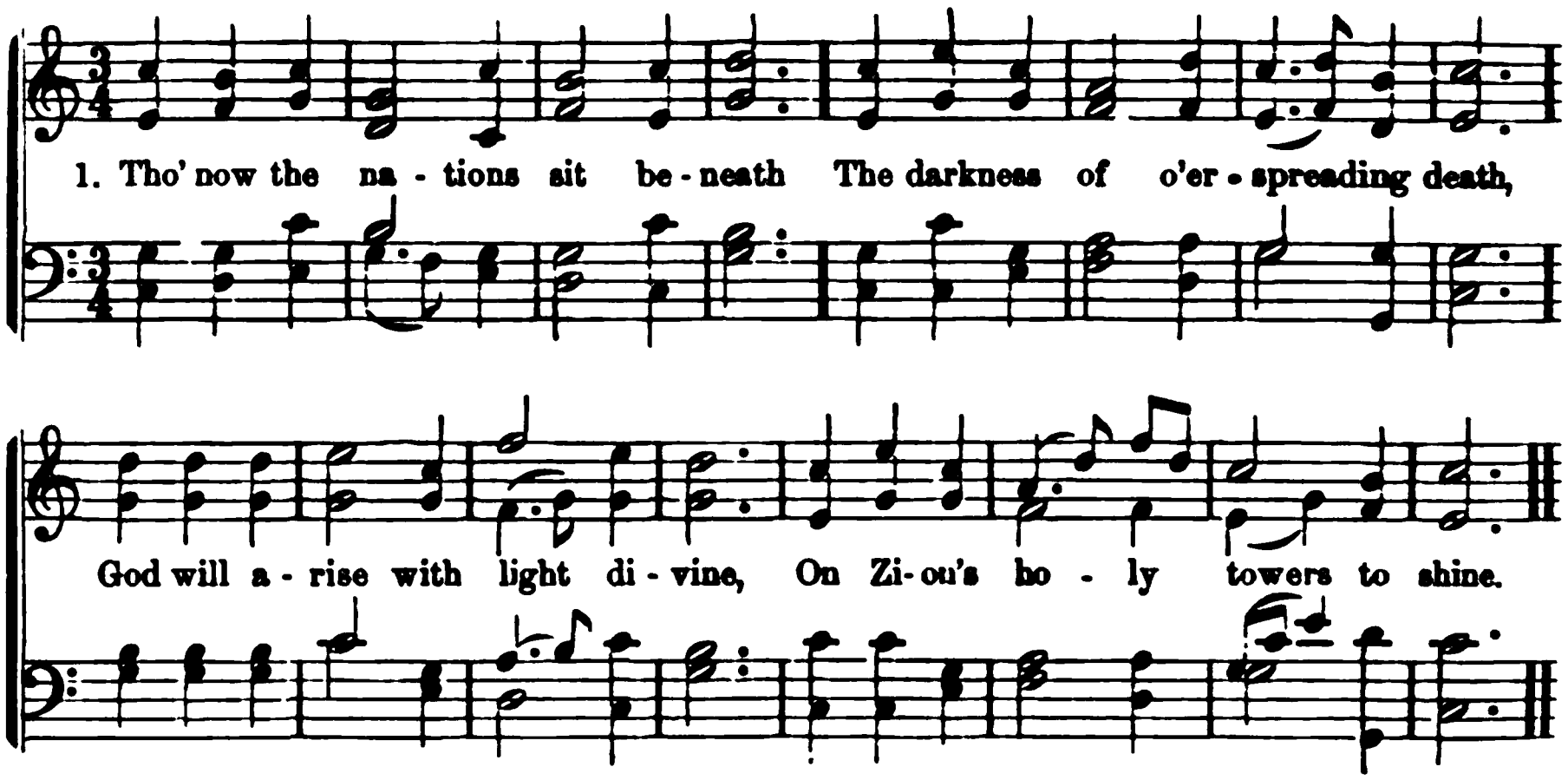
O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations, far and nigh;
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

MENDON. L. M.



1127 *Isa. 9 : 2.* BACON.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

1128 *Ps. 72.* WATTS.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

1129 *Luke 4 : 19.* RAY PALMER.

ETERNAL Father! thou hast said,
That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That he who once a sufferer bled,
Shall o'er the world, a conqueror, reign.

2 We wait thy triumph, Saviour King!
Long ages have prepared thy way;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.

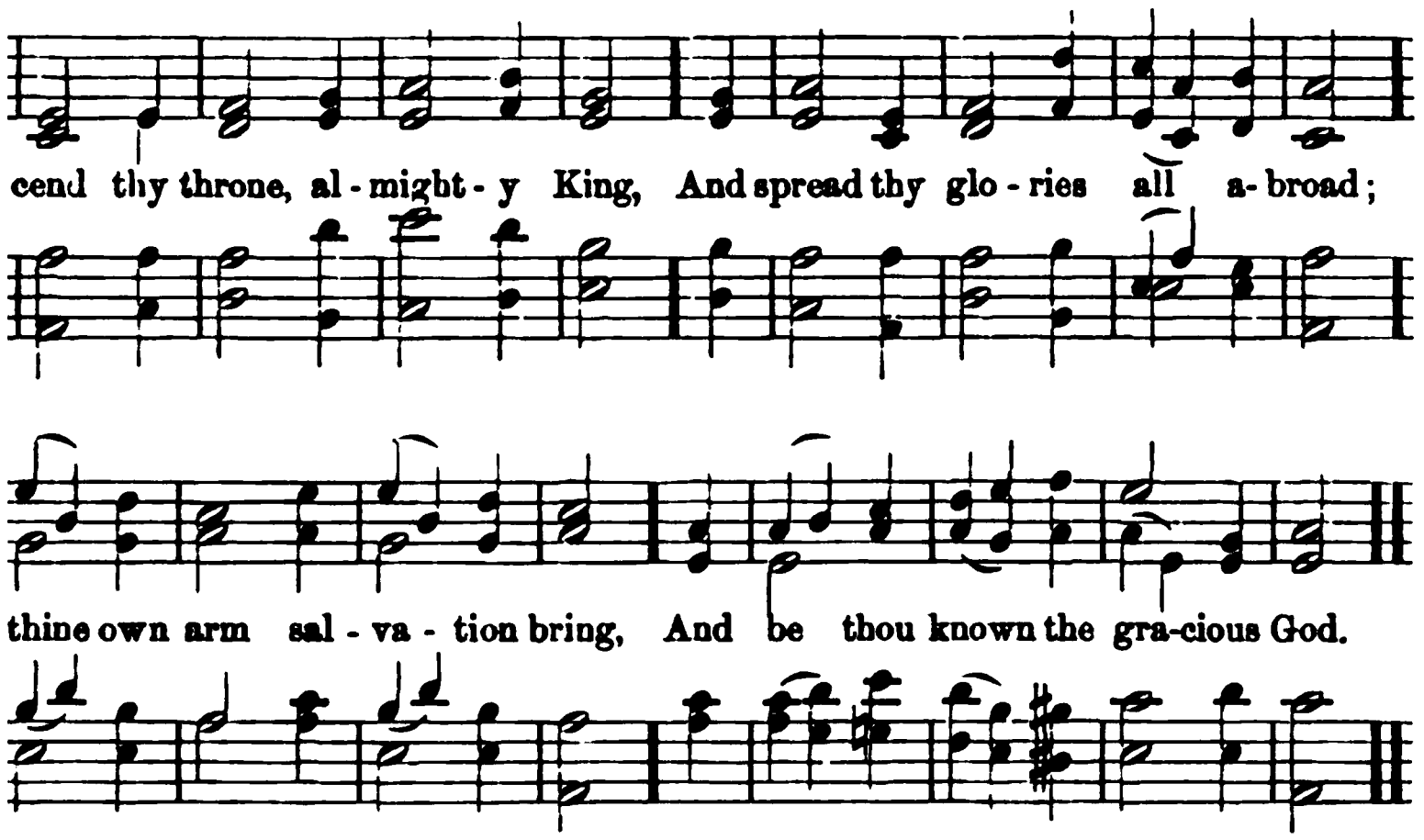
3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain-tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts, from land to land.

5 Oh, fill thy church with faith and power!
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour,
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known!
Fulfill the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

ENSION. L. M.



Rev. 11 : 15. BEDDOME.

y throne, almighty King,
l thy glories all abroad;
own arm salvation bring,
ou known the gracious God.

s bow before thy seat,
e mourners seek thy face,
ng rebels to thy feet,
y thy victorious grace.

kingdoms of the world
e kingdoms of the Lord!
and angels praise thy name;
ro' heaven and earth adored.

Isa. 9 : 7. MONTGOMERY.

to day, before our eyes,
extends the work begun;
l the new creation rise
land beneath the sun?

he sabbath of his love,
from all his labors rest;
ng from his throne above,
nounce his creatures blest?

e morning stars of old,
e sons of God for joy;
ng reign while we behold,
nd prayer our tongues employ;

leemed in every clime,
t breathe, and move, and live,
through every age of time,
om, power, and glory give.

1132 *Isa. 52 : 1.* ANON.

ZION, awake! behold the day!
Put on thy beautiful array!
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire, and love thee too.

1133 *Mark 6 : 34.* BRYANT.

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

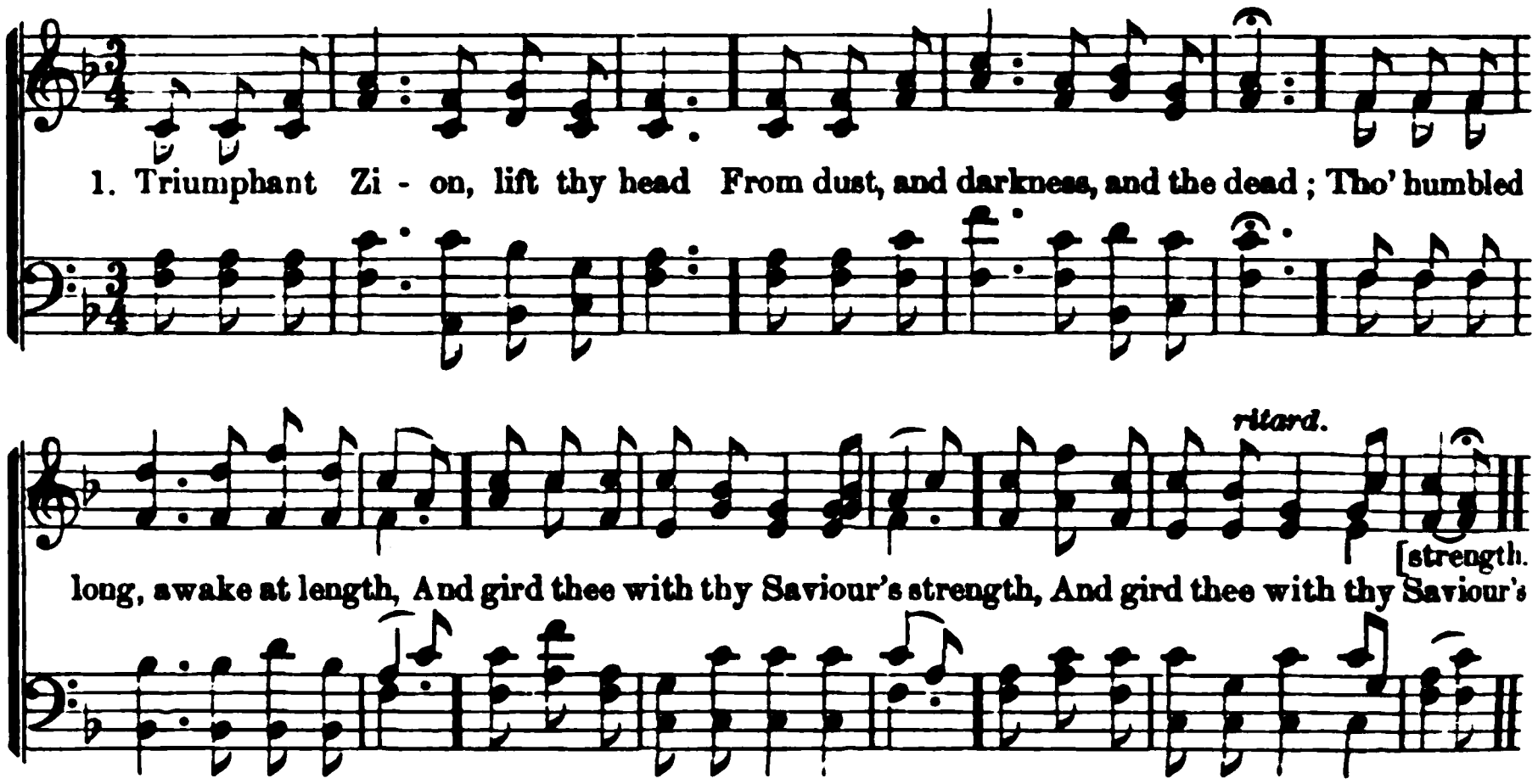
2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

ANVERN. L. M.



1134 *Isa. 52 : 1.* DODDRIDGE.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known :
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear ;
His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

1135 *Ps. 102 : 13.* ANON.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,—
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

1136 *Rev. 11 : 15.* ANON.

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

1137 *Isa. 60 : 5.* NOEL.

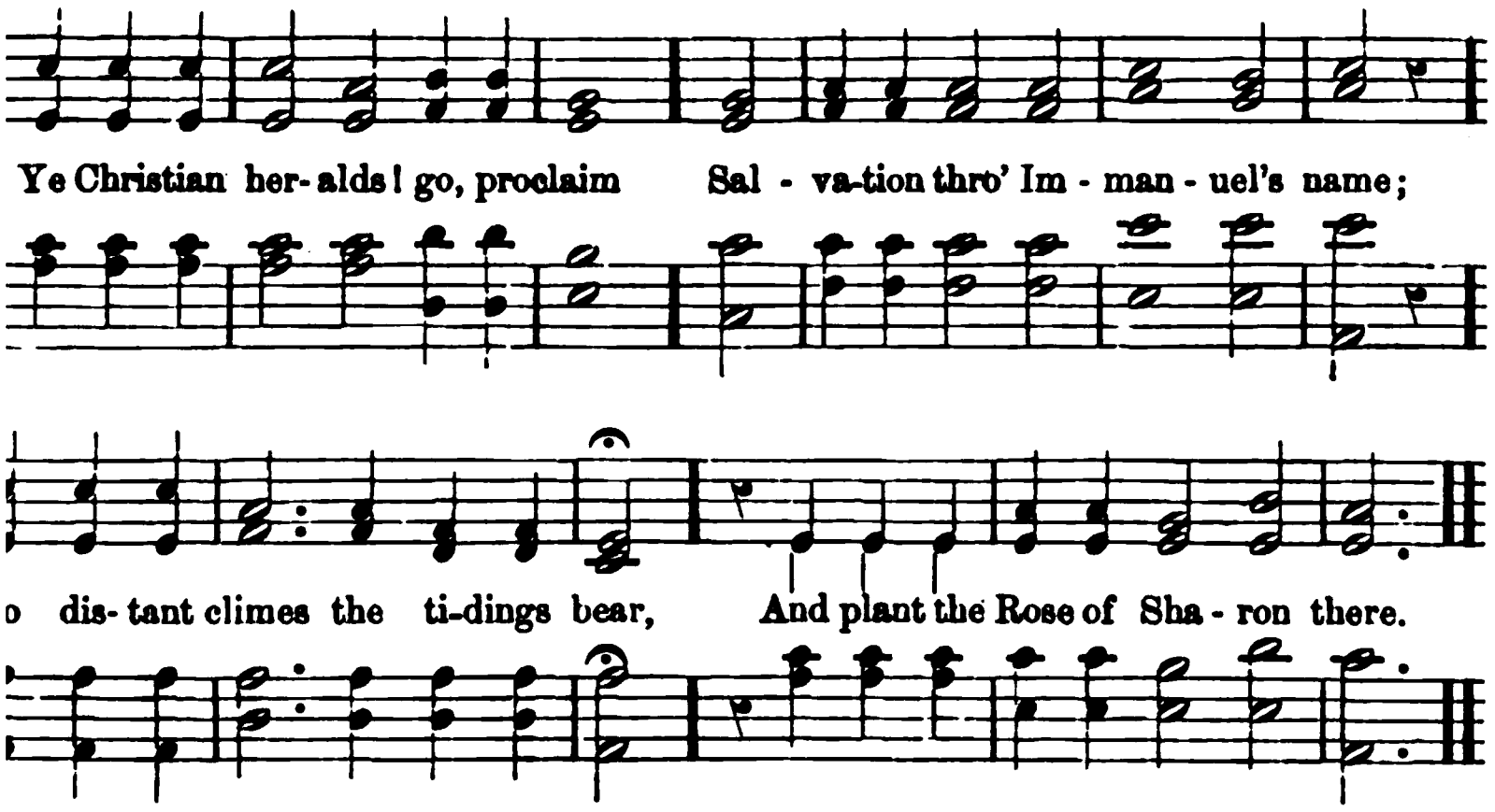
MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.

2 Ev'n now the hallowed scenes appear;
Ev'n now unfolds the promised year;
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.

3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

ISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



Mark 16 : 15. ANON.

stian heralds! go, proclaim
n through Immanuel's name;
nt climes the tidings bear,
nt the Rose of Sharon there.

eld you with a wall of fire,
ming zeal your breast inspire,
ng winds their fury cease,
sh the tempest into peace.

en our labors all are o'er,
shall meet to part no more,—
h the blood-bought throng, to fall,
wn our Jesus—Lord of all!

Dan. 7 : 27. COLLYER.

LED at thy great command,
hy face, dread King, we stand;
ce that marshaled every star,
ed thy people from afar.

t, through distant lands to spread
h for which the martyrs bled;
ne line, to either pole,
nder of thy praise to roll.

vers assist, accept our praise,
es revive, our courage raise;
nsels aid, to each impart
gle eye, the faithful heart.

ith thy chosen heralds come,
ne wandering spirits home;
on's mount send forth the sound,
d the spacious earth around.

1140 *Mal. 4 : 2.* ANON.

O SUN of righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Zion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend;
That we may hail salvation ours.

1141 *Ps. 72.* WATTS.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

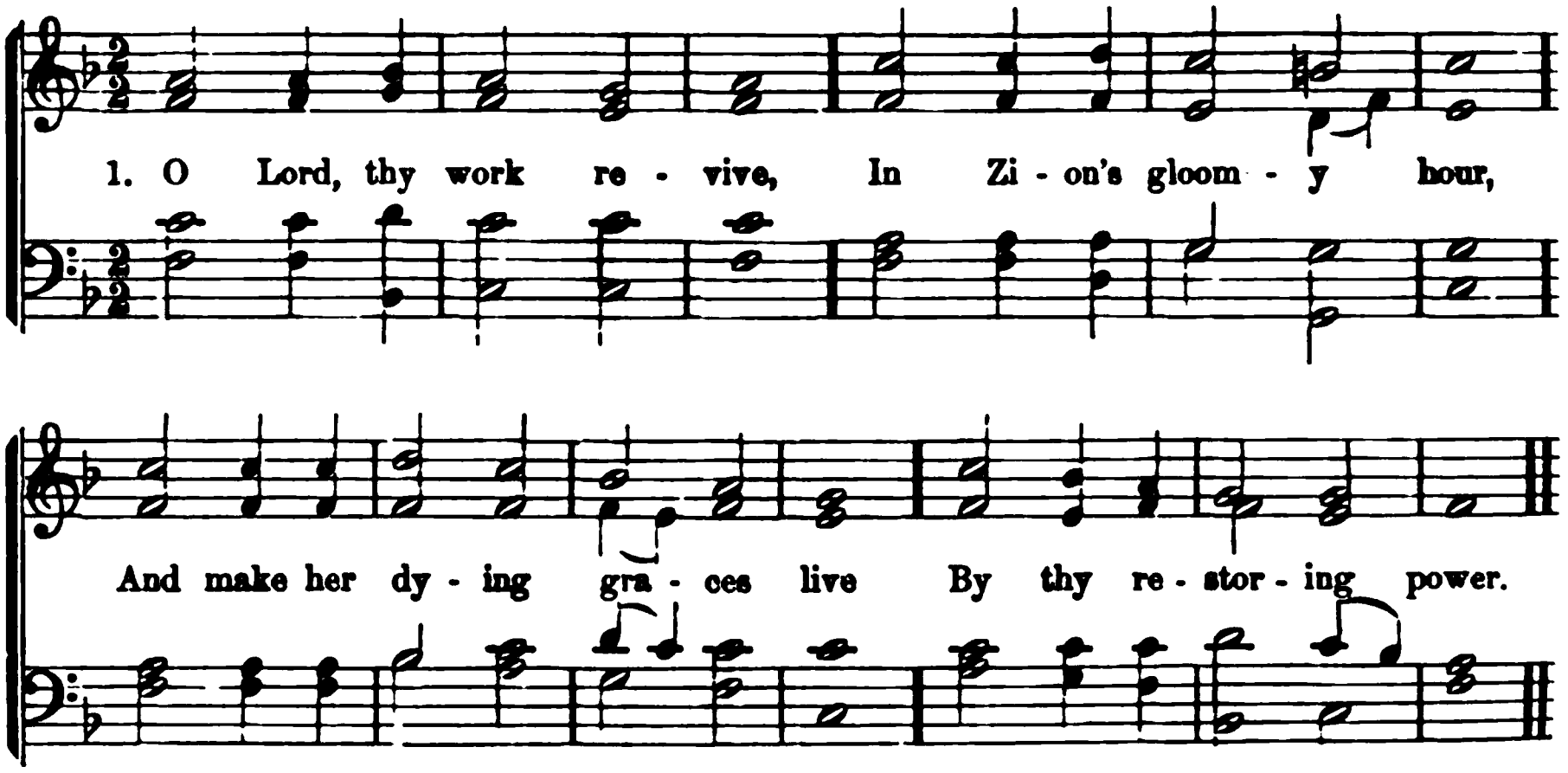
2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

DETROIT. S. M.



1142 *Hab. 3 : 2.* MRS. BROWN.

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Awake thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blesséd presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear;
Oh, listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on thee rely.

1143 *Lam. 1 : 4.* BETHUNE.

OH, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain;—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

3 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!

4 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

5 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be thine,
This church like that above.

1144 *Rev. 22 : 20.* BONAR.

COME, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

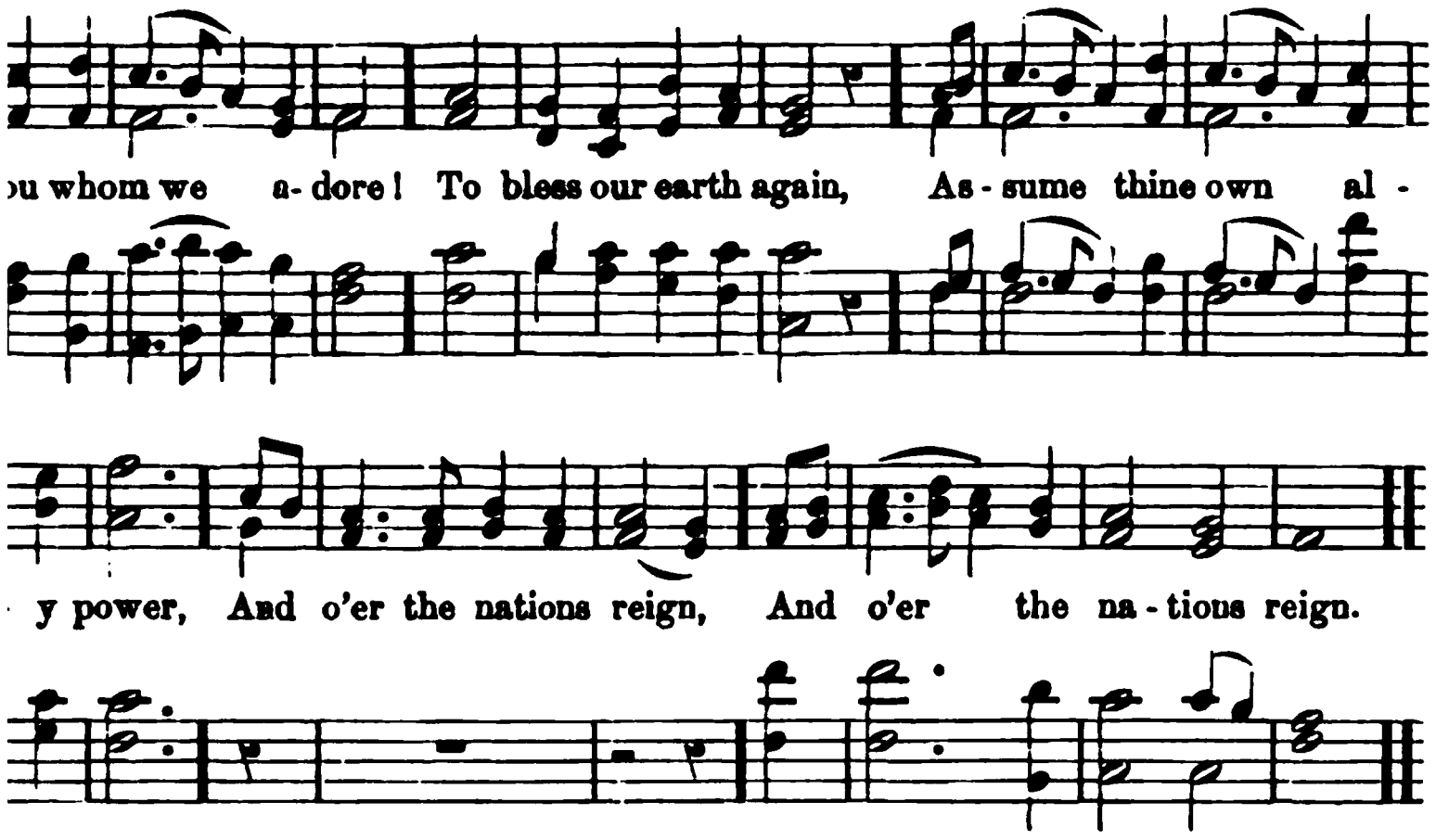
2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

5 Come and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

'HER. S. M.



Phil. 2 : 10, 11. C. WESLEY.

ıom we adore!
our earth again,
ine own almighty power,
r the nations reign.

s Desire and Hope,
ɜr to thee is given;
.e last great empire up,
Lord of heaven!

Saviour, thou
thy creatures bless;
knee to thee shall bow,
ry tongue confess.

to thy word,
thy grace revealed;
:he knowledge of the Lord,
he earth be filled.

Isa. 60 : 2. WARDLAW.

r God! arise;
ɜe of truth maintain;
o'er all the peopled world
ıer blessed reign.

:e of life! arise,
hy glory cease;
the conquests of thy grace,
ɜs the earth with peace.

Ghost! arise,
hy healing wing,
dark and ruined world,
and order spring.

4 All on the earth! arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

1147 *Num. 14 : 21.* ANON.

O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

1148 *Matt. 6 : 10.* JOHNS.

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

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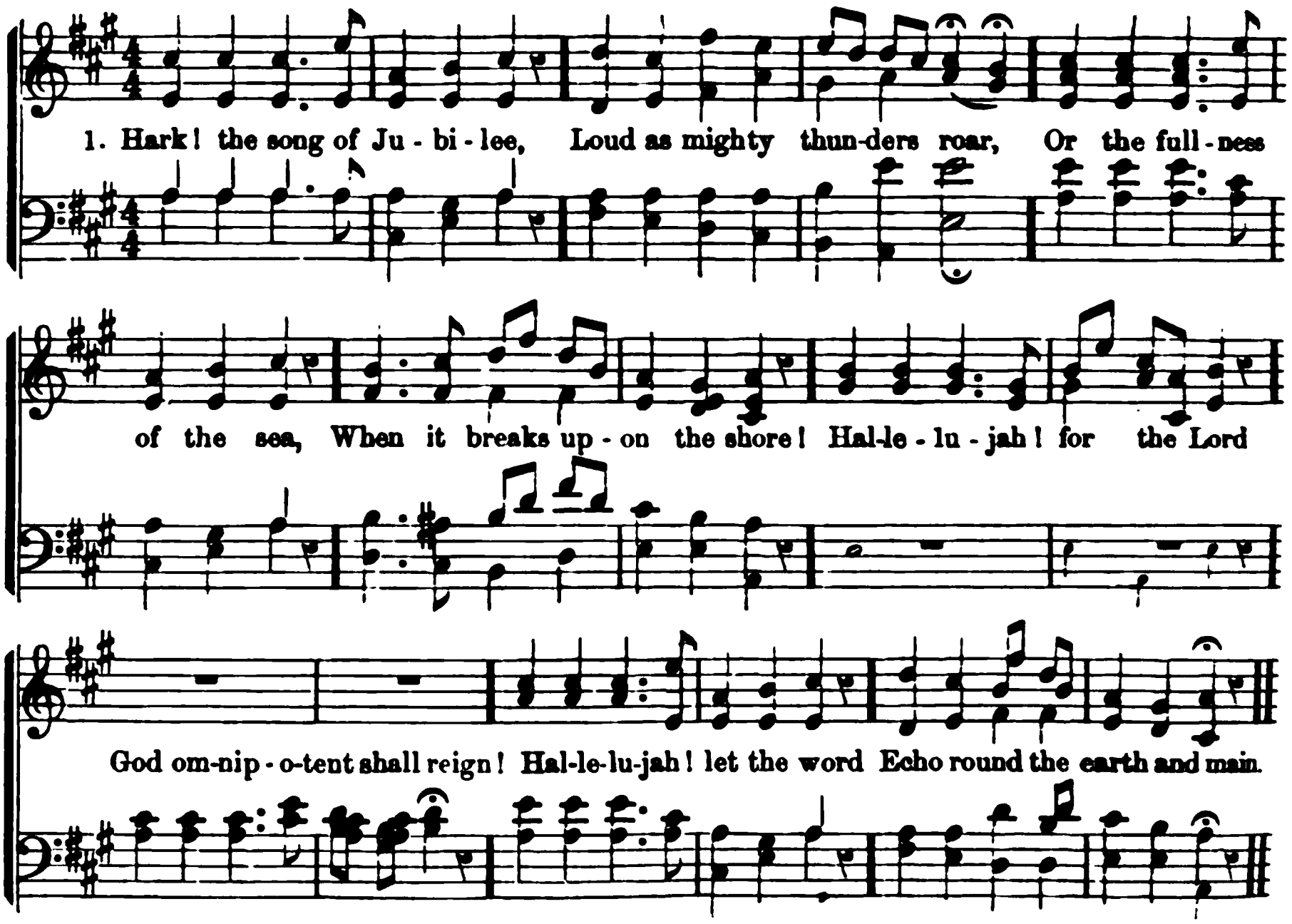


1149 *Rev. 11 : 15.* MONTGOMERY.

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword, he speaks—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens are passed away.
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

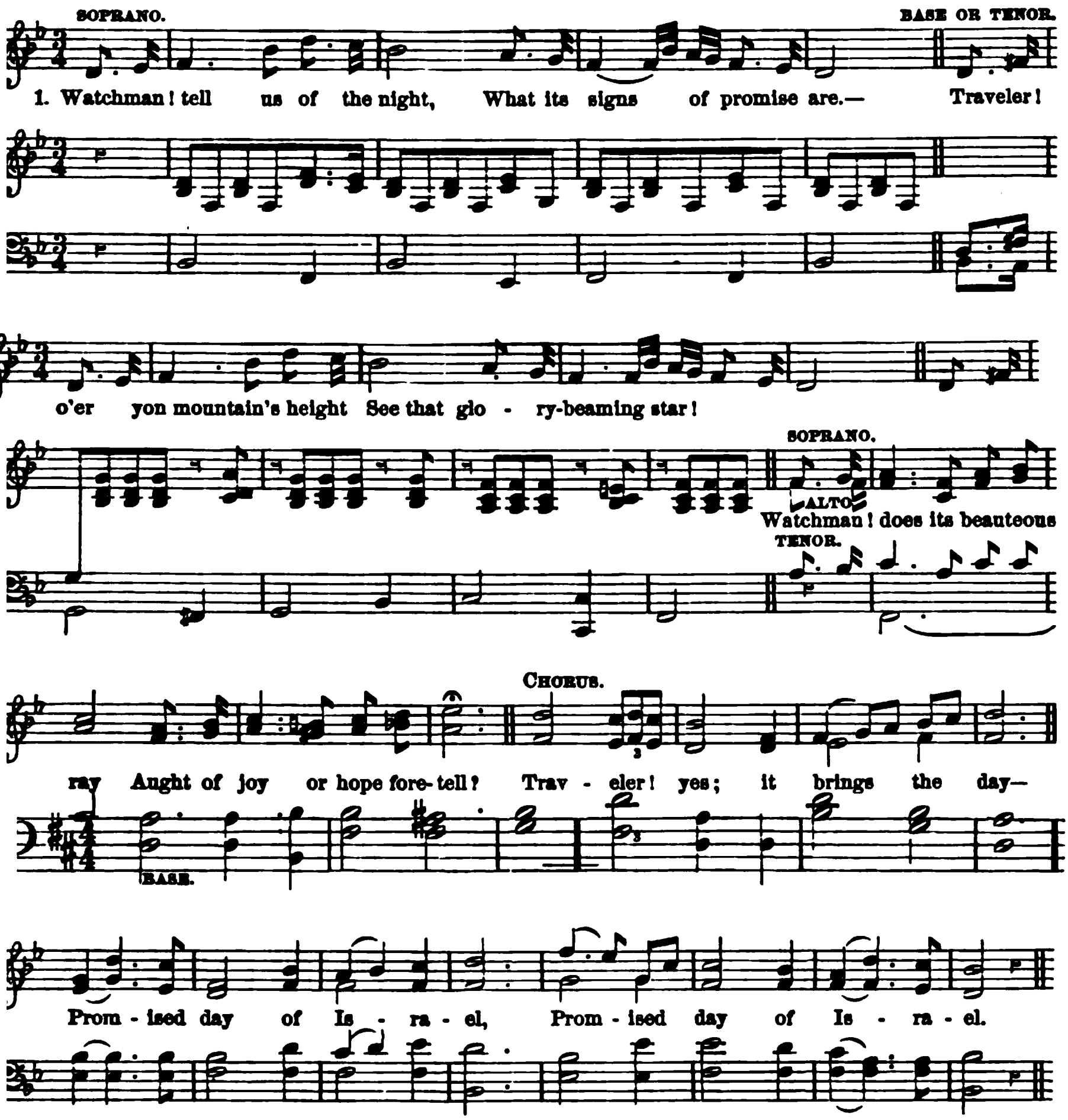
1150 *2 Thess. 2 : 8.* ANON.

COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side:
Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then, with all thy saints descend:
Then, our earthly trials end.

2 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Hear us now, and save thine own,
Who for full redemption groan!
Now destroy the Man of Sin,
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

3 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear:
Speak the sacred number sealed,
Speak the mystery revealed;
Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign! when sin shall be no more;
Reign! when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity!

STANLEY. 7s. D.



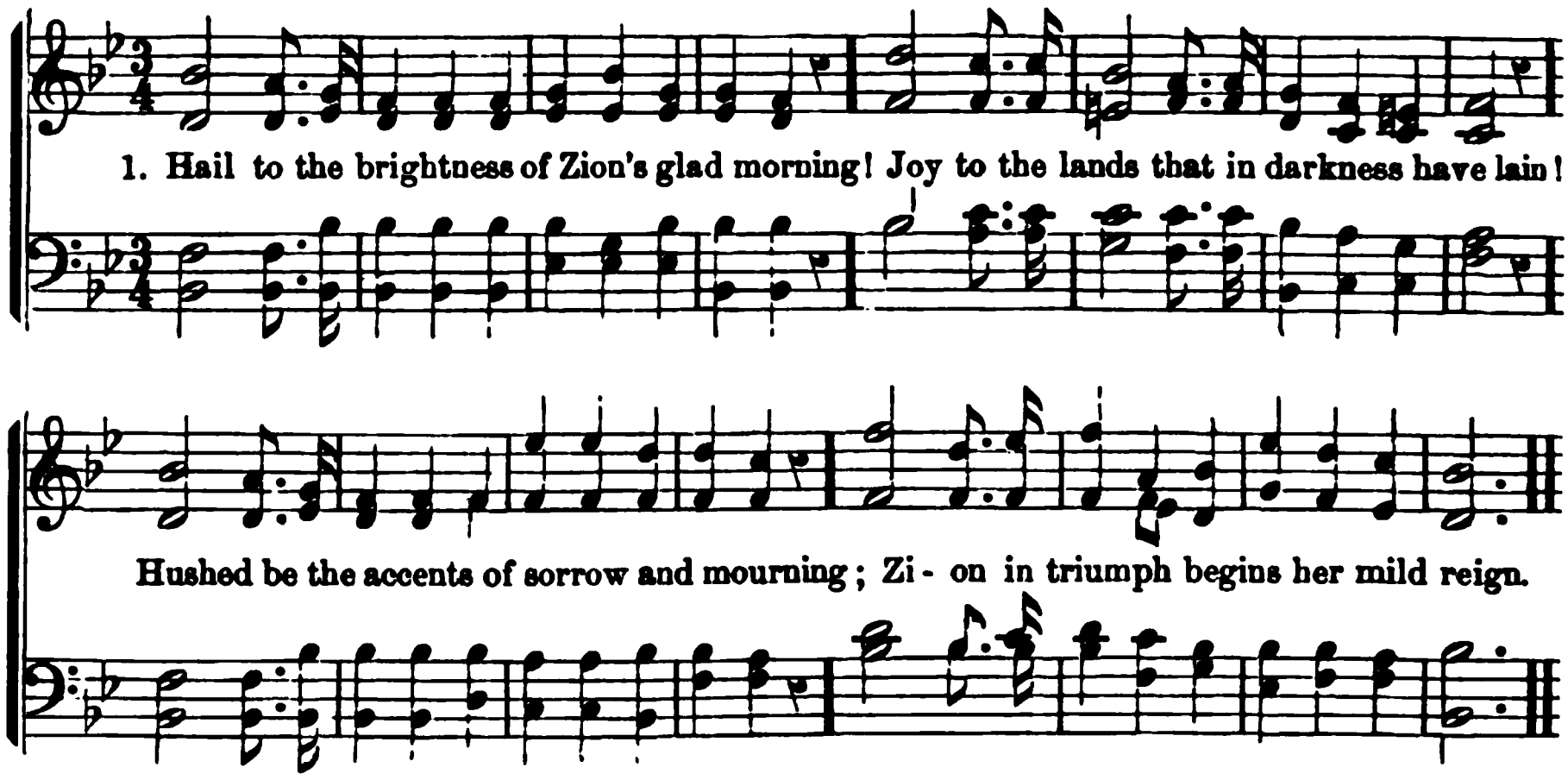
151 *Isa. 21 : 11.* BOWRING.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?—
Traveler! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

WESLEY. 11s & 10s.



1152 *Isa. 51 : 3.* HASTINGS.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

1153 *Isa. 60 : 20.* RAY PALMER.

WAKE thee, O Zion, thy mourning is ended,
God, thine own God, hath regarded thy prayer:
Wake thee, and hail him, in glory descended,
Thy darkness to scatter, thy wastes to repair.

2 Wake thee, O Zion, his Spirit of power
To newness of life is awaking the dead;
Array thee in beauty, and greet the glad hour
That brings thee salvation, through Jesus who bled.

3 Saviour! we gladly with voices resounding,
Loud as the thunder, our chorus would swell;
Till from rock, wood, and mountain its echoes rebounding,
To all the wide world of salvation shall tell!

1154 *Isa. 42 : 10-13.* C. S. R.

ISLES of the South! your redemption is nearing;
Lift, with the waves, the glad song of the free!
He that was promised, in triumph appearing,
Now wields his sway o'er the land and the sea.

2 Loud from the tops of the mountains sing praises;
Valleys shall ring with the echoing strain;
Mighty in war, he the standard upraises,
Glorious in peace, he advances to reign!

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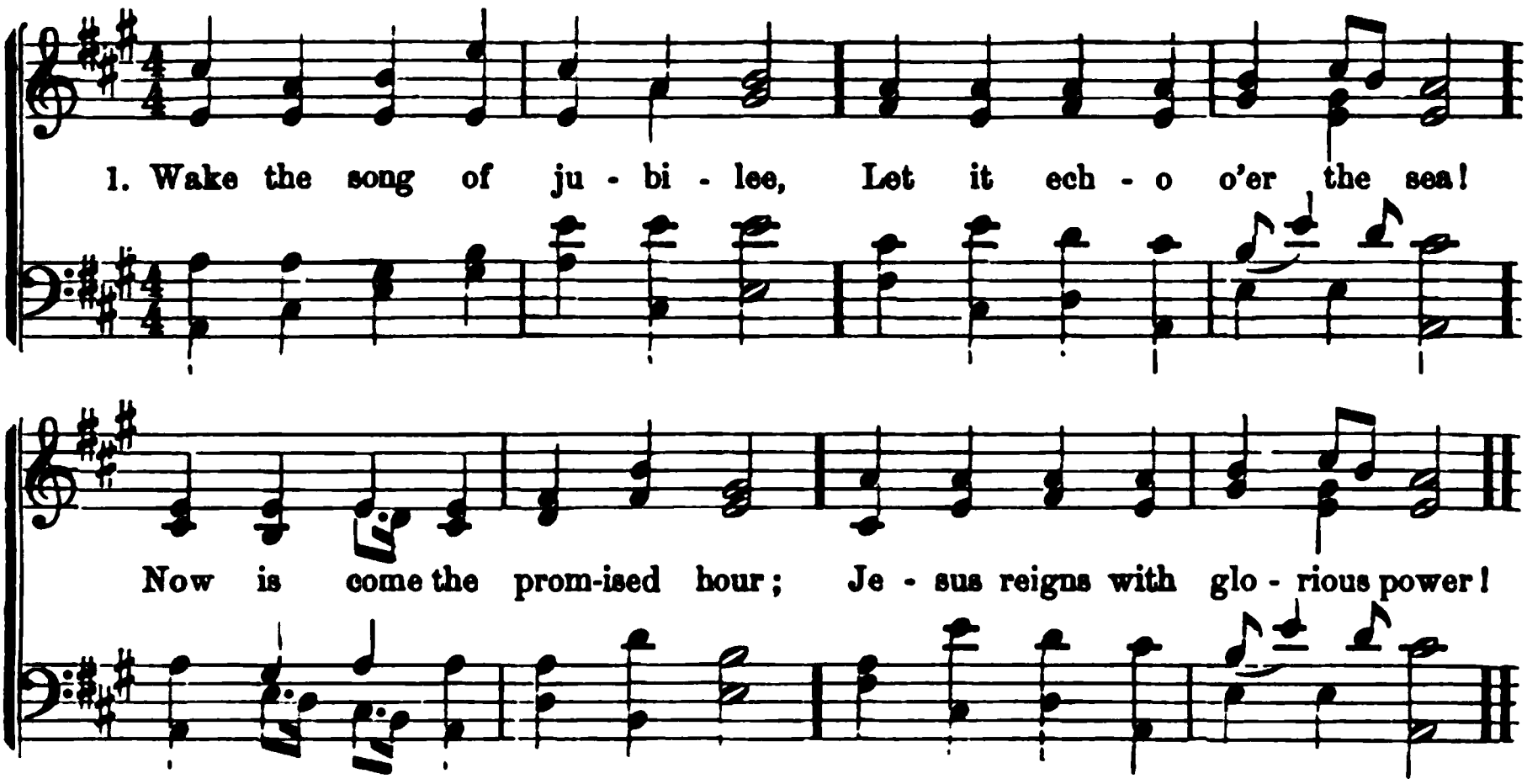


1155 *1 Tim. 6 : 15.* BACON.

WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power!

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore—
"Jesus reigns forevermore!"

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,—
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

1156 *Acts 2 : 16.* RAY PALMER.

FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo! thy church, athirst and faint,
Drinks the full, refreshing tide;
Thou hast heard her sad complaint,
Floods of grace are sweeping wide!

3 God of mercy, to thy throne
Now our fervent thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone,
Joyous praise to thee we sing.

4 While we lift our grateful song,
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end!

1157 *Luke 1 : 78.* C. WESLEY.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered men aright.

2 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste, to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

3 There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

1158 *1 Kings 18 : 44.* C. WESLEY.

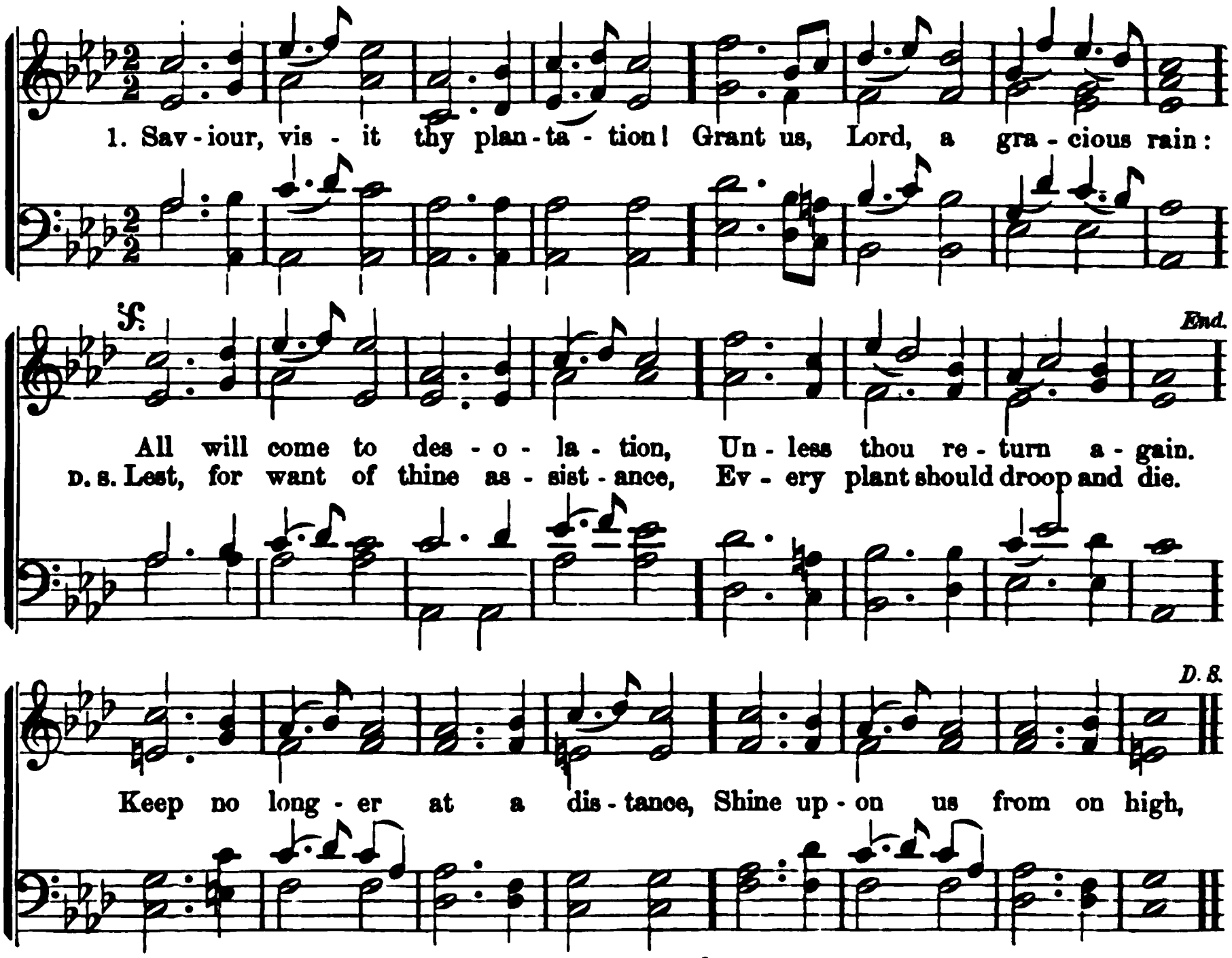
SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as the human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

2 Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

4 Sons of God! your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified!

STOUGHTON. 8s & 7s. D.



1159 *Cant. 4 : 16.* NEWTON.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

1160 *Ps. 87.* NEWTON.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion! city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry,—
Let him hear the loud hosanna,
Rising to his throne on high.

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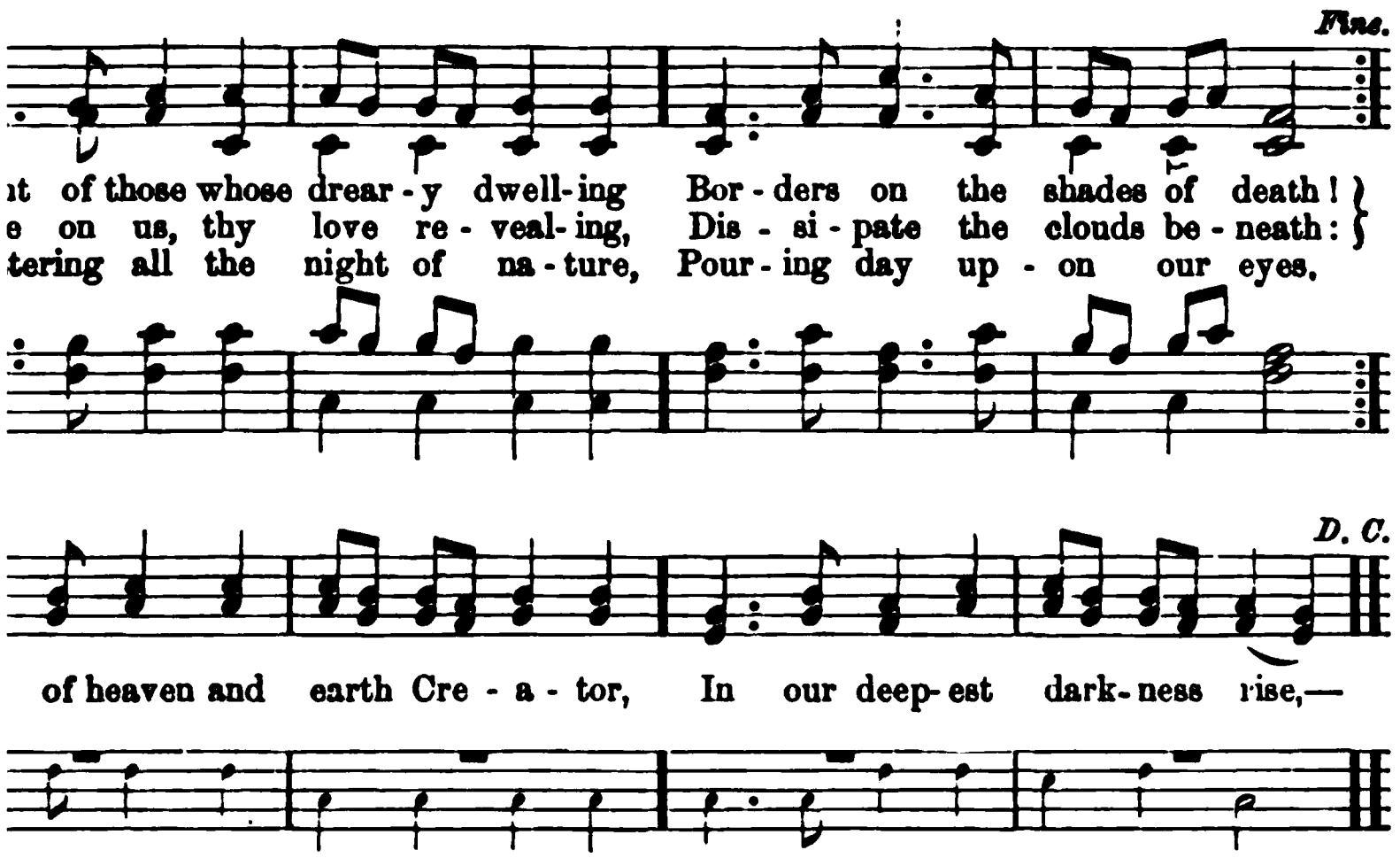

John 1 : 9. C. WESLEY.

those whose dreary dwelling
rs on the shades of death!
ıs, thy love revealing,
ate the clouds beneath:
heaven and earth Creator,
deepest darkness rise,—
g all the night of nature,
ıg day upon our eyes.

wait for thine appearing;
ıd joy thy beams impart,
all our fears, and cheering
poor benighted heart:
d manifest thy favor
ransomed, helpless race;
ıou glorious God and Saviour!
and bring the gospel grace.

in thy great compassion,
ı mild, pacific Prince!
knowledge of salvation,
he pardon of our sins;
all-sufficient merit,
burdened soul release;
eary, wandering spirit,
into thy perfect peace.

Isa. 54 : 10. HASTINGS.

ɛary and in anguish,
he desert hast thou strayed!
weary, cease to languish;
shall lift up thy head.

Still lamenting and bemoaning,
'Mid thy follies and thy woes!
Soon repenting and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.

2 Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and distressed;
His almighty arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest:
Cease thy sadness, unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see!
Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody!

1163 *Rev. 22 : 20.* C. WESLEY.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

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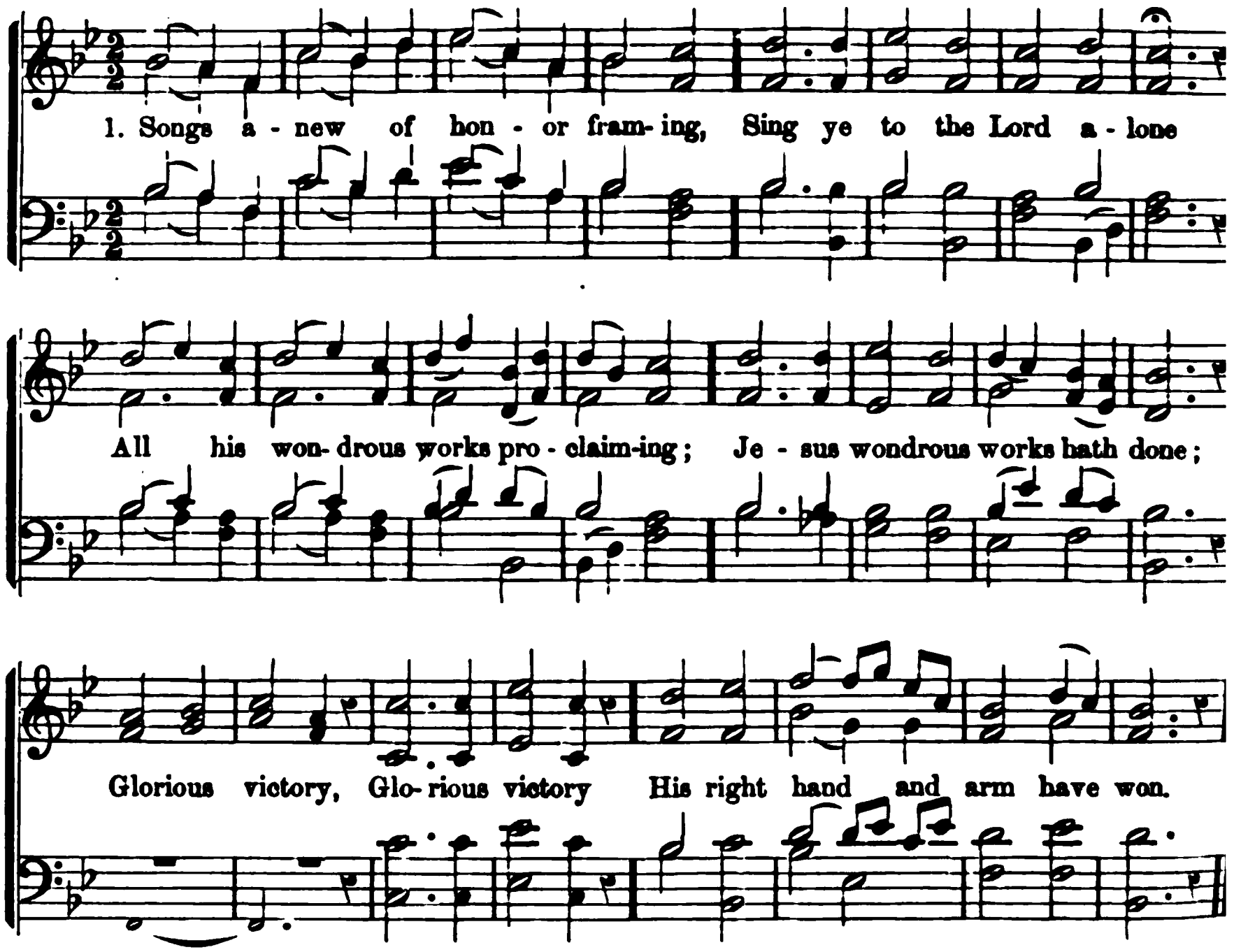


1164 *Ps. 98 : 2.* ANON.

SONGS anew of honor framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming,—
Jesus wondrous works hath done!
Glorious victory
His right hand and arm have won.

2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told;
Spread the news through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold;
All the heathen
Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud, and hail the Saviour;
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim;
As ye triumph in his favor,
All ye lands, declare his fame;
Loud rejoicing,
Shout the honors of his name.

1165 *Rev. 19 : 3.* BREVIARY.

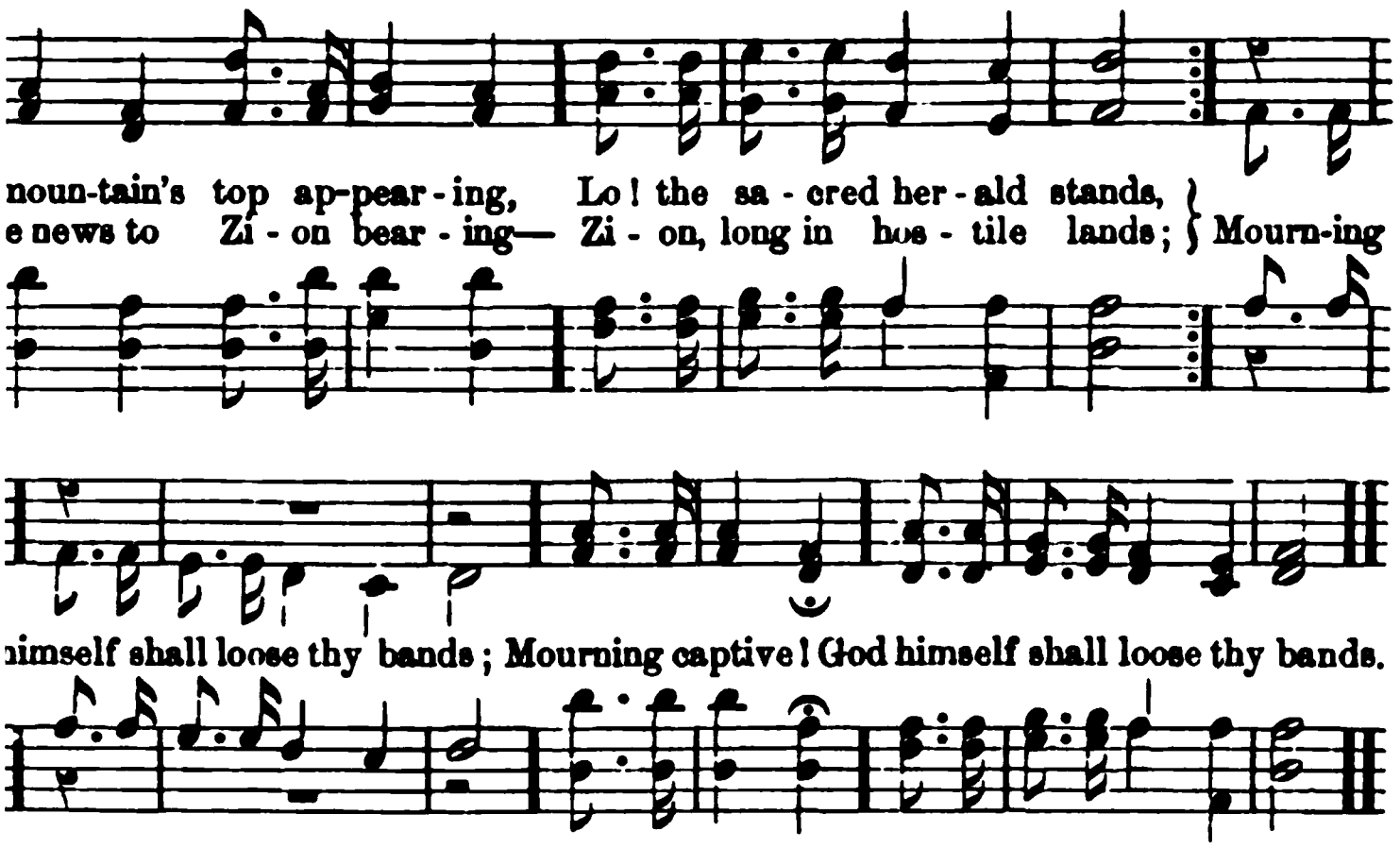
HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel Host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! Church Victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye Saints, this strain on high;
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness,
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see.
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

8s, 7s & 4s.



Isa. 52 : 7. KELLY.

ain's top appearing,
ered herald stands,
s to Zion bearing—
n hostile lands:
ing captive!
f shall loose thy bands.
been long and mournful?
iends unfaithful proved?
been proud and scornful,
s and tears unmoved?
thy mourning;
well beloved.
will now restore thee;
appears thy Friend;
all flee before thee;
oasts and triumphs end:
deliverance
will surely send.
shall now attend thee;
fare now is past;
ur will defend thee;
hine at last:
conflicts
lasting rest.

Ps. 125 : 2. KELLY.

ith hills surrounded—
y power divine;
all be confounded,
world in arms combine;
Zion,
ored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

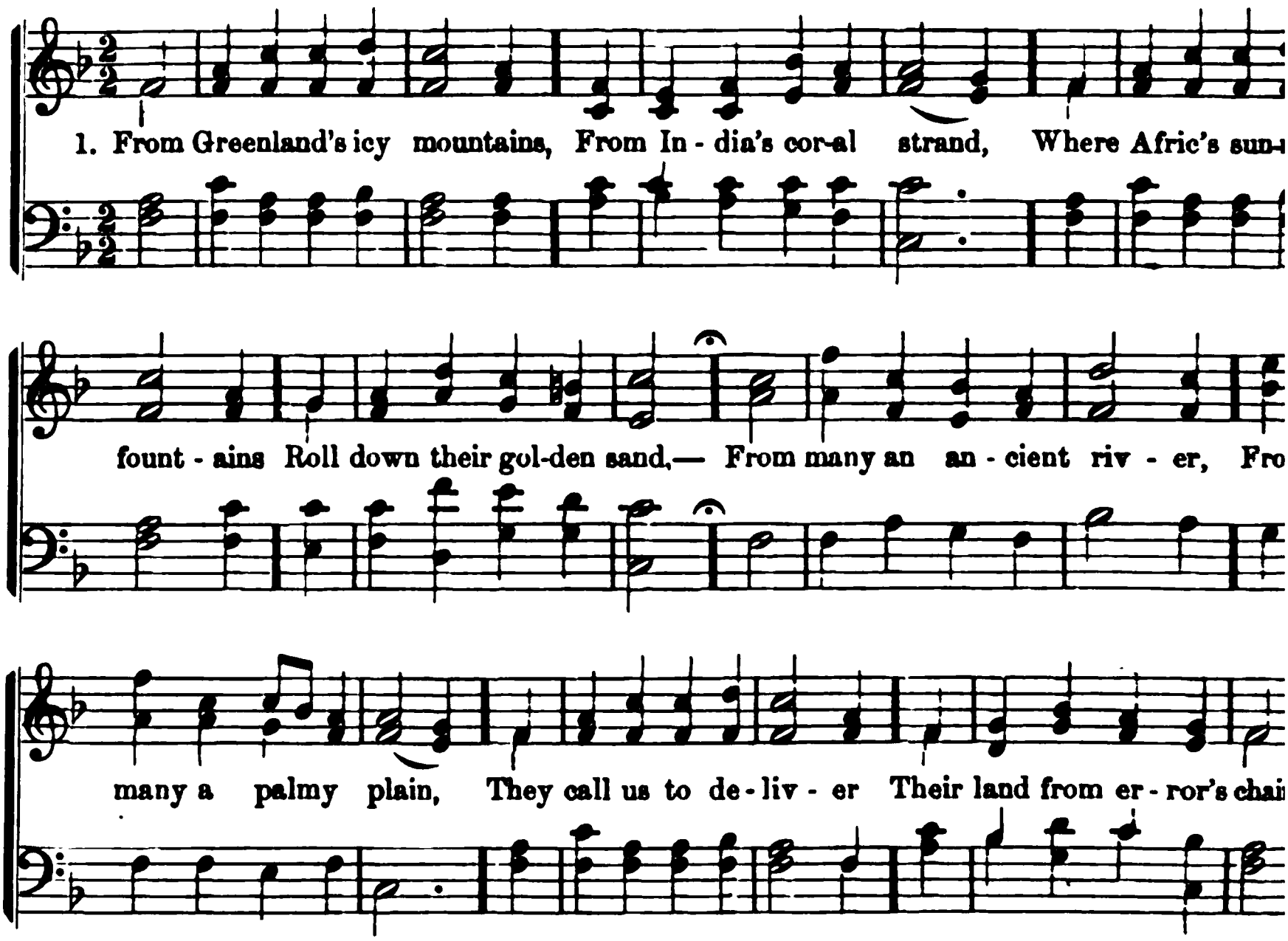
1168 *Luke 2 : 32.* WILLIAMS.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.



1169 *Acts 16 : 9.* HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

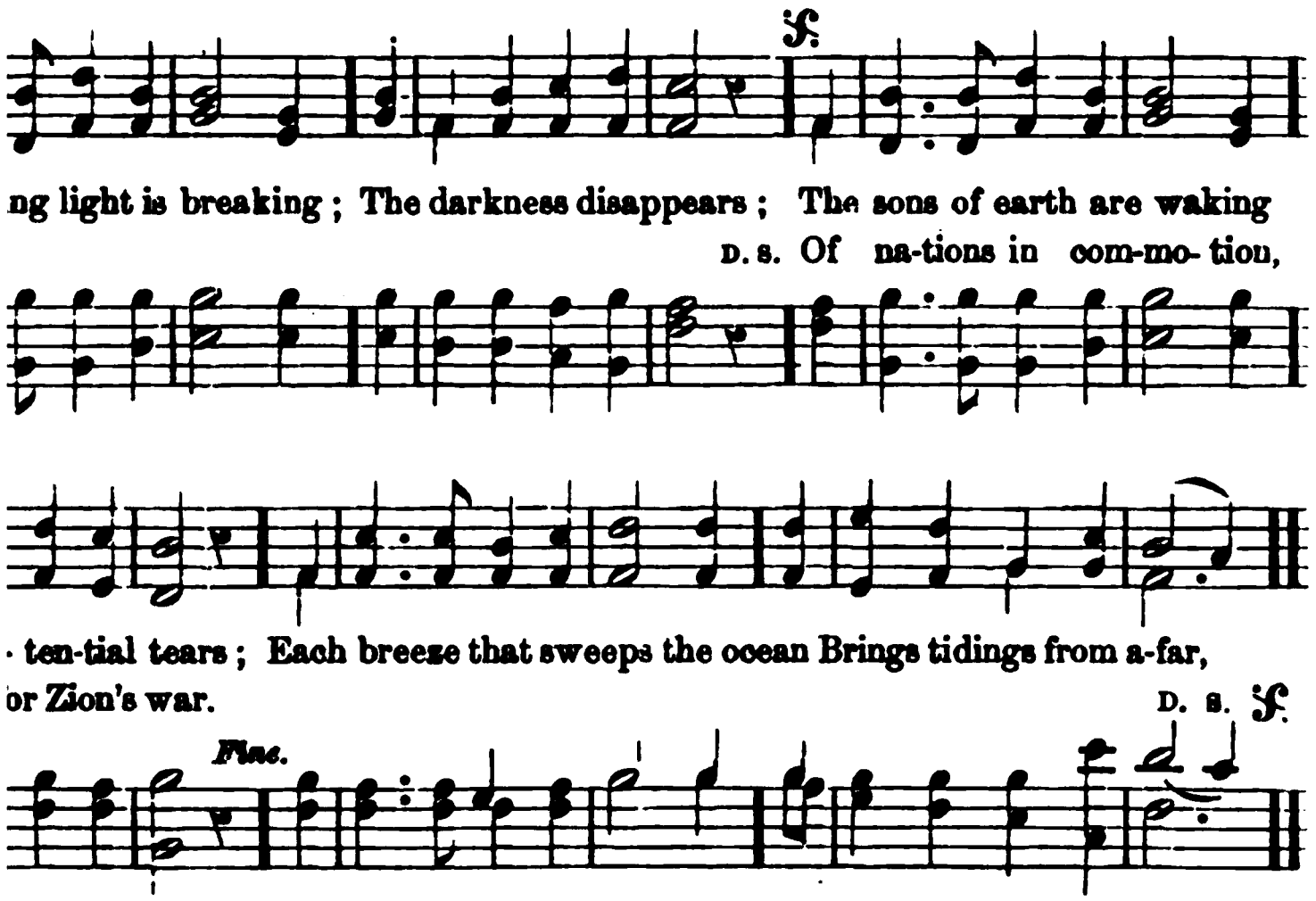
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

1170 *Ps. 60 : 4.* HASTINGS

Now be the gospel banner,
In every land, unfurled;
And be the shout,—"Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes,—thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

. 7s & 6s. D.



Isa. 66 : 8. S. F. SMITH.

ıg light is breaking;
:ness disappears;
f earth are waking
ential tears;
e that sweeps the ocean
dings from afar,
in commotion,
l for Zion's war.

ı nations bending
ıe God we love,
ınd hearts ascending
ıde above;
ers, now confessing,
ɔel call obey,
he Saviour's blessing,—
in a day.

of salvation!
hine onward way;
to every nation,
ıy richness stay:
l all the lowly
ant reach their home:
l all the holy
—"The Lord is come!"

Ps. 72. MONTGOMERY.

ɜ Lord's Anointed,
ıvid's greater Son!

Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go:
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,—
That name to us is—Love.

1173 C. M. *Matt. 13: 17.* GILL.

O God! our God! thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear;
Here beams thy glorious way!

2 The fathers had not all of thee!
New births are in thy grace;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

3 On us thy Spirit hast thou poured,
To us thy word has come;
We feel, we bless thee, quickening Lord,
Thou shalt not find us dumb!

4 Thou comest near; thou standest by;
Our work begins to shine;
Thou dwellest with us mightily;
On speed the years divine!

1174 11s & 10s. *Isa. 52: 2.* ANON.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free!

1175 C. M. *Ps. 102.* WATTS.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groa
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the soul condemned to d
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breat
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are
And left on long record,
That nations yet unborn may read
And trust and praise the Lord.

1176 P. M. *1 Pet. 1: 10, 11.*

WAKE! the welcome day appeare
Every heart with joy it cheereth!
Wake! the Lord's great year beh
That which holy men of old,
Those who throng the sacred page
Waited for through countless ages
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2 Patriarchs erst and priests aspiring
Kings and prophets long desiring,
Saw not this before they died:—
Lo! the light to them denied!
See its beams to earth directed!
Welcome, O thou long-expected!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3 In our stead himself he offers,
On the accurséd tree he suffers,
That his death's sweet savor may
Take our curse for aye away;
Cross and curse for us enduring,
Hope and heaven to us securing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

4 Rent the temple curtain's centre;
Come, ye nations, freely enter
Through the vail the holy place!
Freely stand before his face,
Here your grateful tributes bringin
Come thou Bride, forever singing,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

1177 C. M. D. *Luke 2 : 13.* SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to man,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blesséd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

1178 C. M. *Gen. 1 : 2.* MONTGOMERY.

SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed!
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word: that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars of joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ
When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 Lo! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

1179 P. M. *Eph. 5 : 25.* ANON.

BEHOLD the temple of the Lord,
The work of God, by man abhorred,
Appearing fair and splendid;
It lifts its head in spite of foes,
And though a hostile world oppose,
The work will yet be ended!

2 A building this, not made with hands;
On firm foundations, lo! it stands,
For God himself has laid them!
The workmanship of God alone—
The rich materials all his own—
'T was he himself who made them.

3 He builds it for his glory's sake,
Its solid frame no force can shake,
However men despise it;
And Time, that other work destroys,
'Gainst this in vain its power employs;
The work of God defies it!

1180 C. M. *Isa. 52 : 1, 2.* MONTGOMERY.

DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

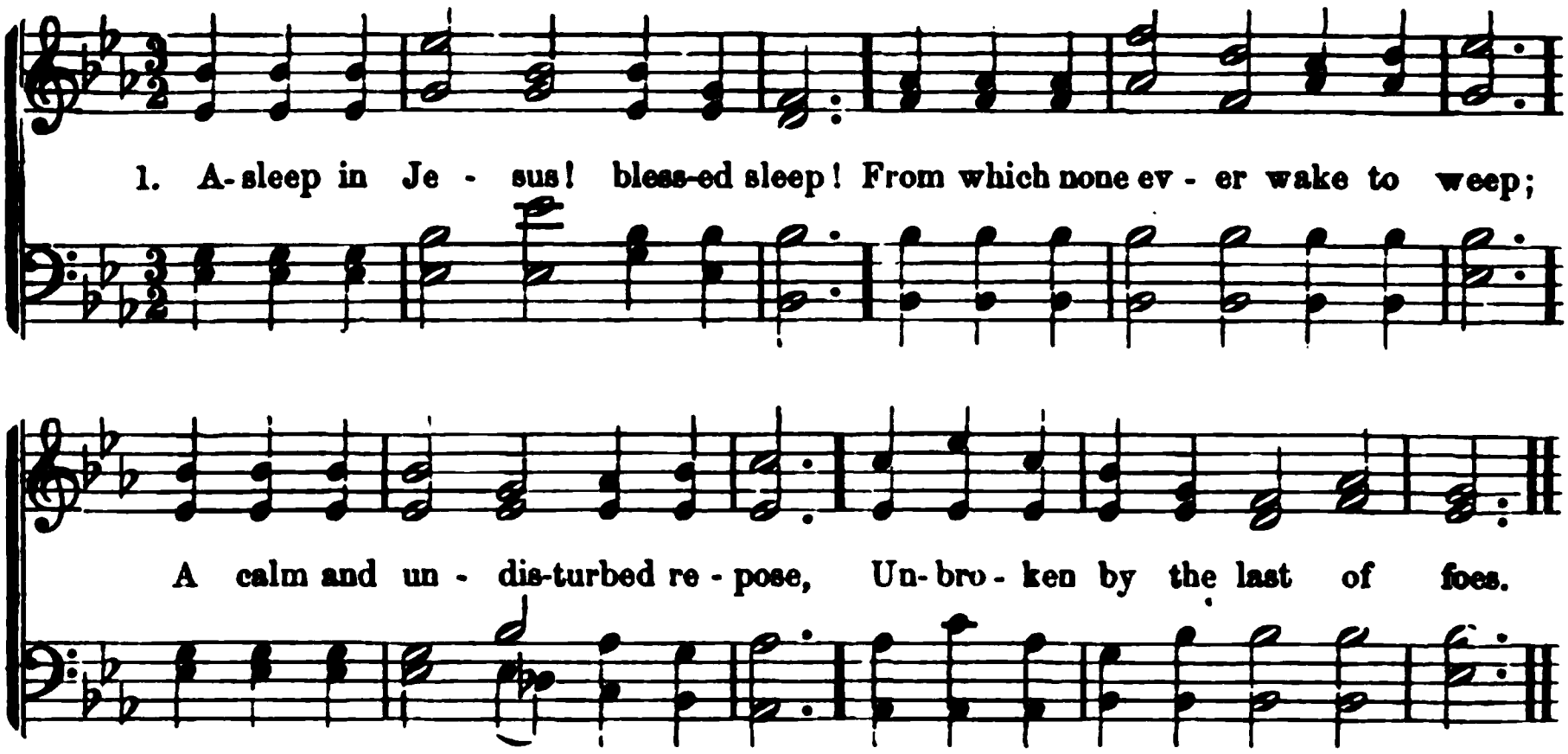
2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,—
Thy beautiful array;
Thy day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south,—"Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

4 They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs, thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

REST. L. M.



1181 *1 Thess. 4 : 14.* MRS. MACKAY.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blesséd sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

1182 *John 19 : 41.* ANON.

DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?—
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar;
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

1183 *Rev. 14 : 13.* BARBAULD.

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

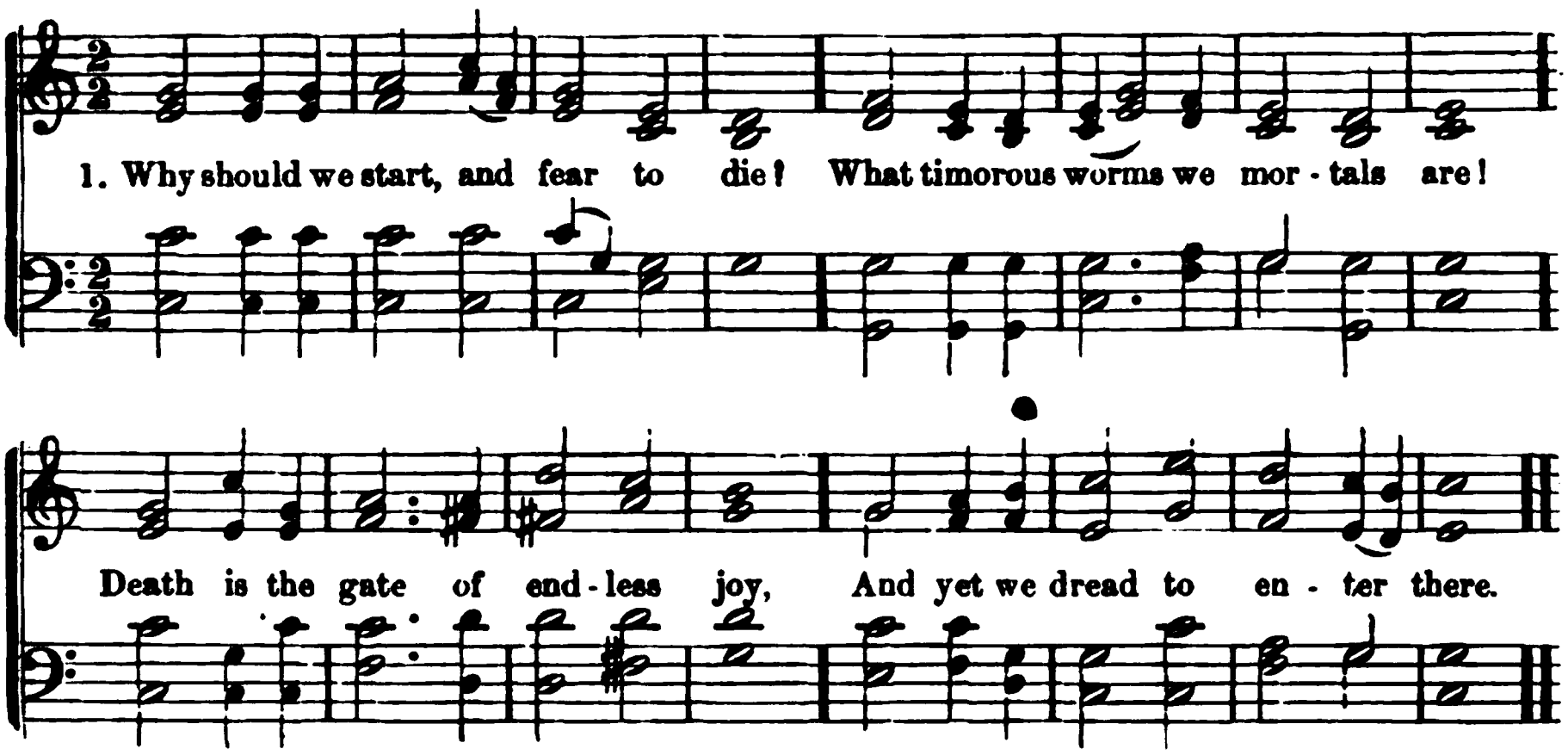
2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

ZEPHYR. L. M.



1184 *Ps. 127 : 2.* WATTS.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

1185 *Ps. 90.* WATTS.

THROUGH every age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord! was just,—
"Return, ye sinners! to your dust."

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life 's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord! how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

1186 *Isa. 57 : 2.* HILL.

GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on thee alone,
Ev'n till my last, expiring breath.

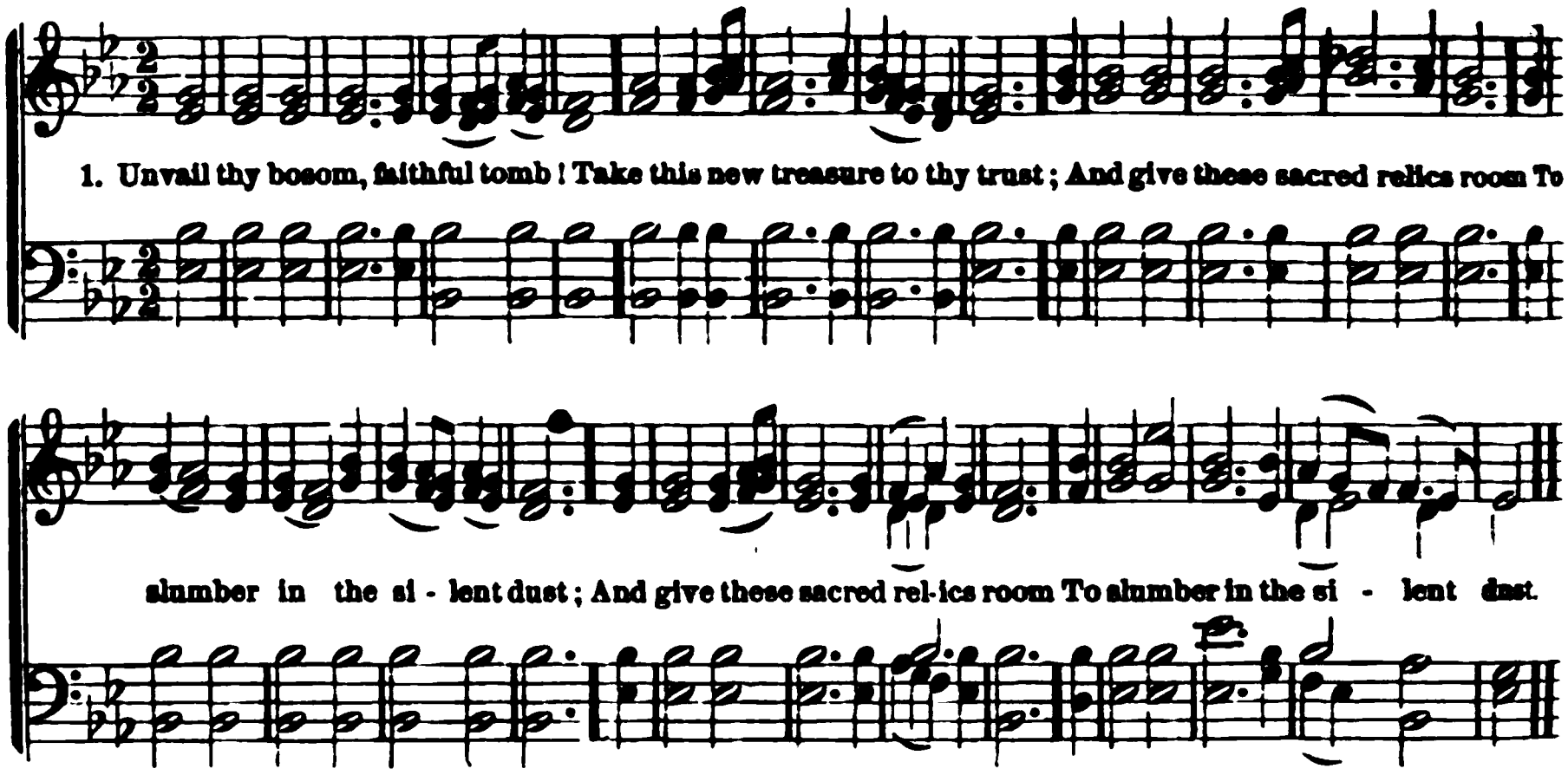
2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest;
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless thy name, forever blest.

3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let child-like patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

4 Oh, speed thy chariot, God of love!
And take me from this world of woe;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

5 There shall my raptured spirit raise
Still louder notes than angels sing,—
High glories to Immanuel's grace,
My God, my Saviour, and my King!

DIRGE. L. M.



1187 *Eccl. 12 : 7.* WATTS.

UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!

1188 *Ps. 88 : 10.* DWIGHT.

SHALL man, O God of life and light!
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound, the dead shall wake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring,
Thro' heaven, with joy, their myriads rise
And hail their Saviour and their King!

1189 *Heb. 13 : 14.* KELLY.

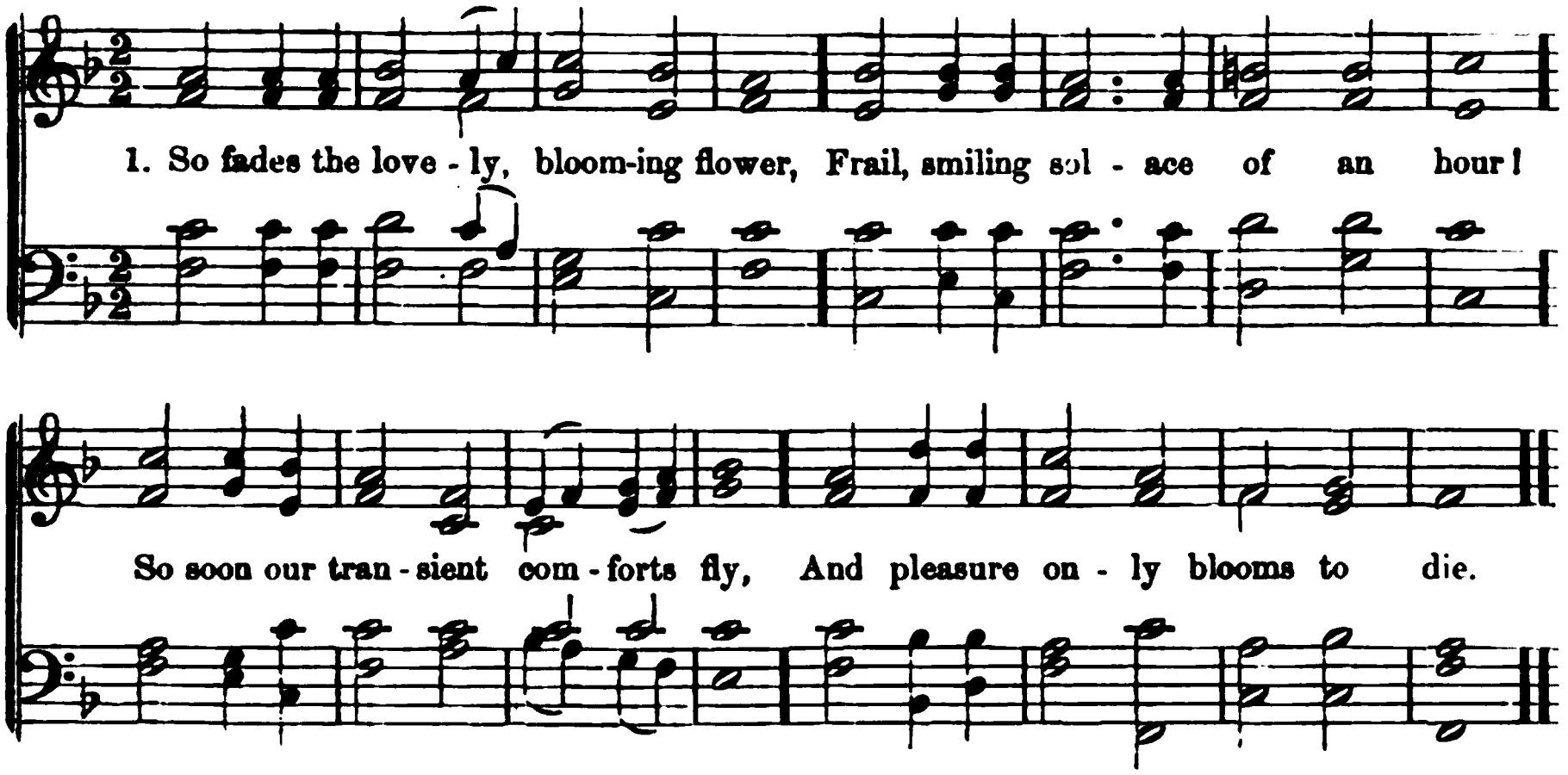
"WE 'VE no abiding city here:"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

2 "We 've no abiding city here;"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I 'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

4 But hush, my soul! nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



1190 *Ps. 103 : 16.* STEELE.

So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Divine Redeemer, be thou nigh:
Thy comforts were not made to die!

3 Then gentle Patience smiles on Pain,
And dying Hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,
And Faith points upward to the sky.

1191 *Ps. 17.* WATTS.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 Oh! glorious hour!—oh! blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

1192 *Job 16 : 22.* ANON.

BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own:
Feeble as theirs, my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.

3 And must I, from the cheerful light,
Pass to the grave's perpetual night,—
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass?

4 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose, in this, each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

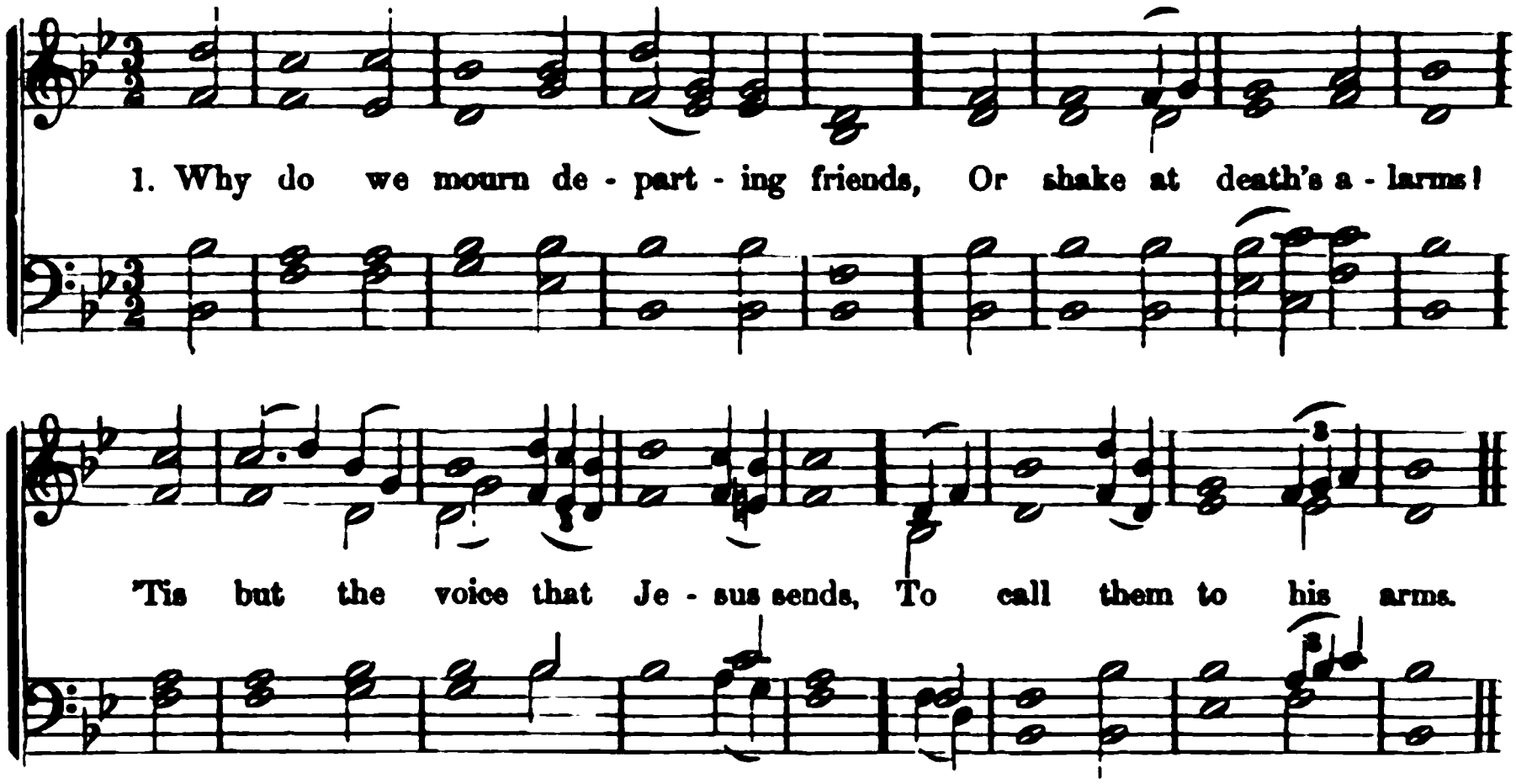
1193 *Ps. 39.* MERRICK.

OH! let me, gracious Lord! extend
My view, to life's approaching end:
What are my days?—a span, their line;
And what my age, compared with thine?

2 God of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

3 Oh! spare me, Lord! in mercy, spare,
And nature's failing strength repair;
Ere, life's short circuit wandered o'er,
I perish, and am seen no more!

CHINA. C. M.



1194 *2 Cor. 5 : 8.* WATTS.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations underground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

1195 *Phil. 1 : 21.* ANON.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not ev'n death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given!
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own;
And let our hearts in every woe,
Still say,—"Thy will be done!"

1196 *Job 3 : 17-20.* ANON.

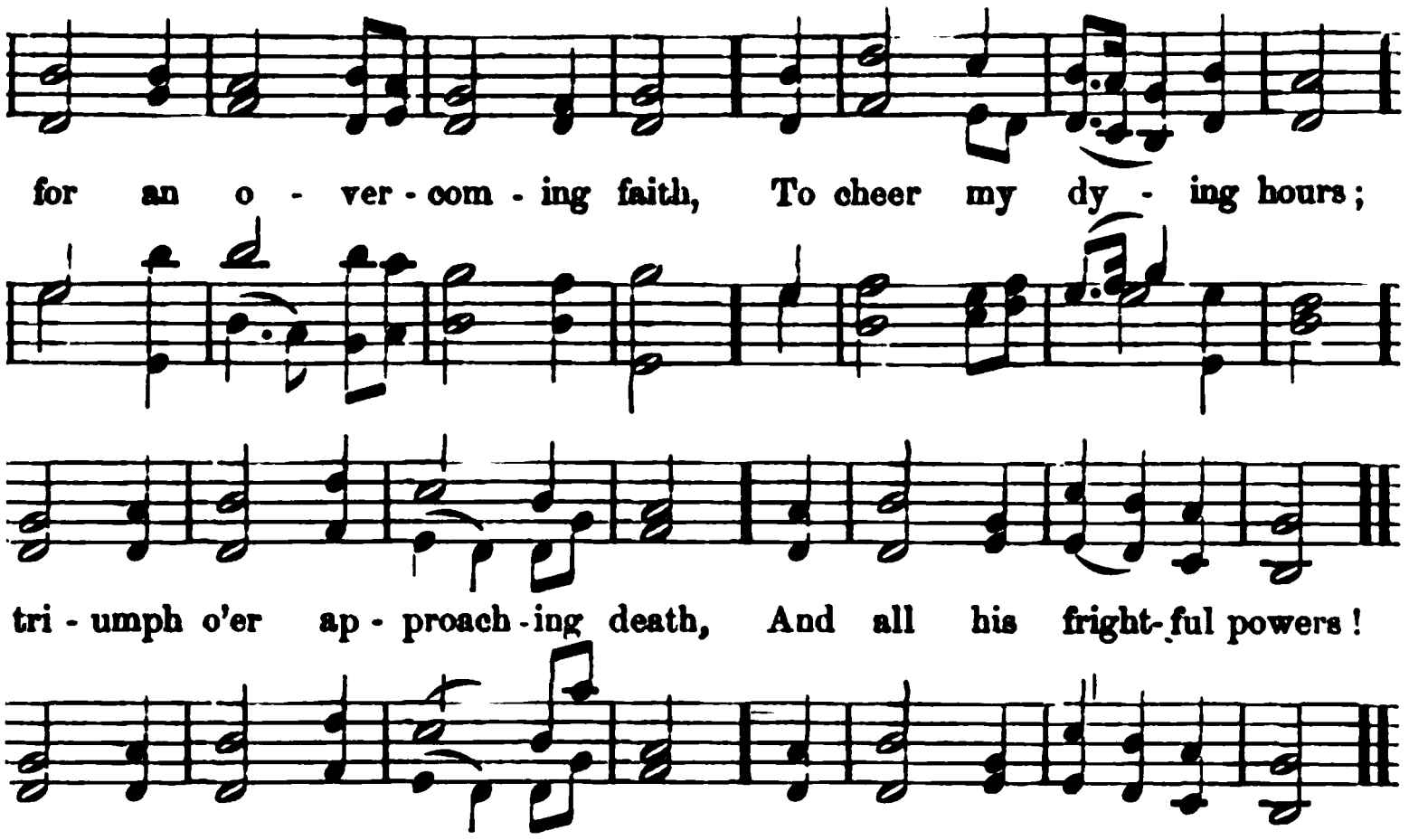
How still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

4 All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

RBY. C. M.



1 Cor. 15 : 55. WATTS.

1 overcoming faith,
r my dying hours;
h o'er approaching death,
his frightful powers!

th all the strength I have,
vering lips should sing,—
s thy boasted victory, grave;
ere, O death, thy sting?"

e God of victory
al thanks be paid;—
es us conquerors, while we die,
h Christ, our living Head!

2 Sam. 12 : 23. H. K. WHITE.

ow's night, and danger's path,
he deepening gloom,
vers of our suffering Lord,
rching to the tomb.

en the turmoil is no more,
our powers decay,
emains in solitude
ep the years away.

done, securely laid
our last retreat,
o'er our silent dust
rms of earth shall beat.

us buried or extinct,
l spark shall lie:
fe's wreck that spark shall rise
its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

1199 *2 Cor. 4 : 14.* RAY PALMER.

WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

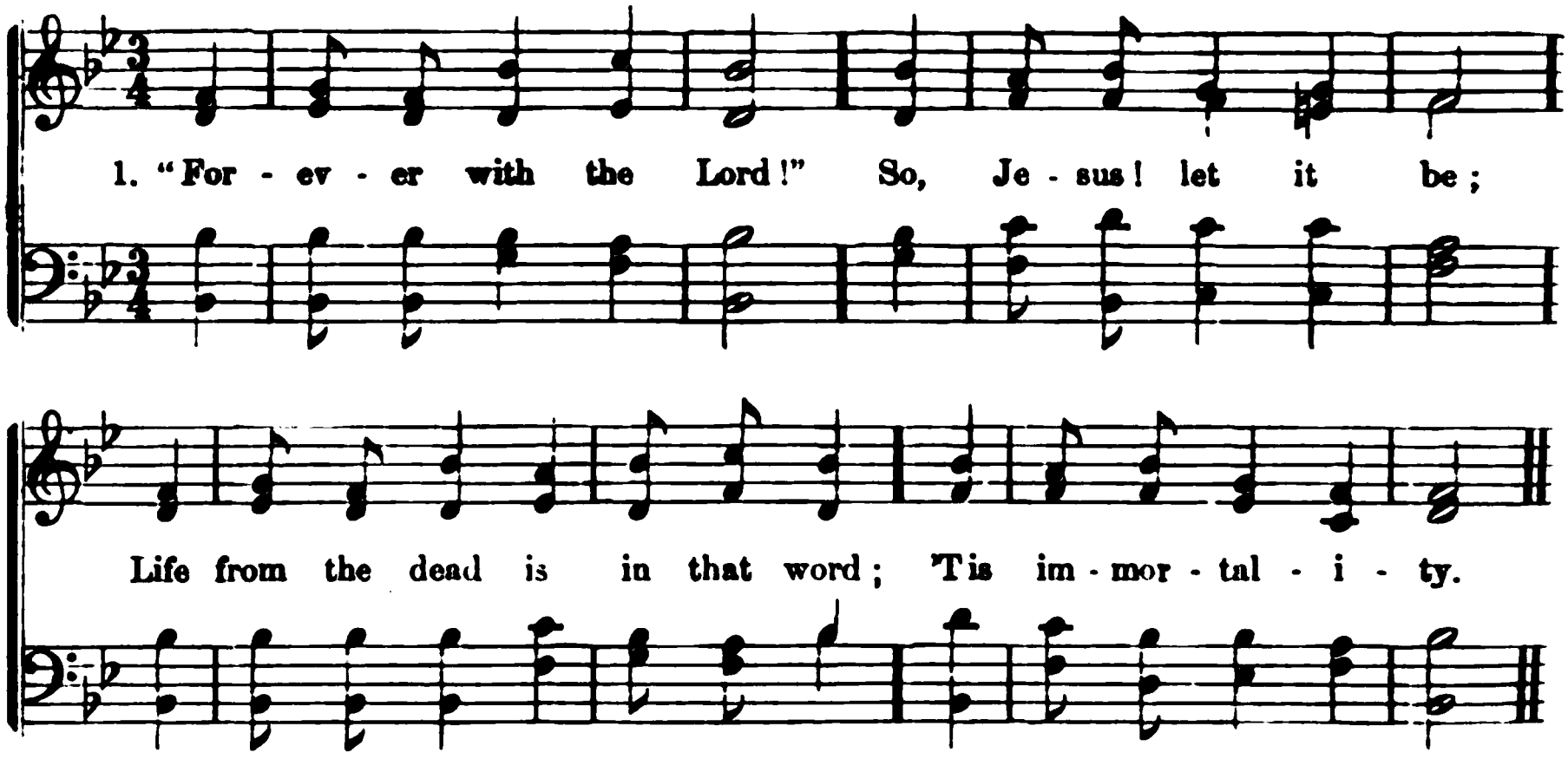
2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept:
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died from death to save.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



1200 *1 Thess. 4 : 17.* MONTGOMERY.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

5 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

1201 *Num. 23 : 10.* ANON.

OH, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

1202 *Zech. 1 : 5.* DODDRIDGE.

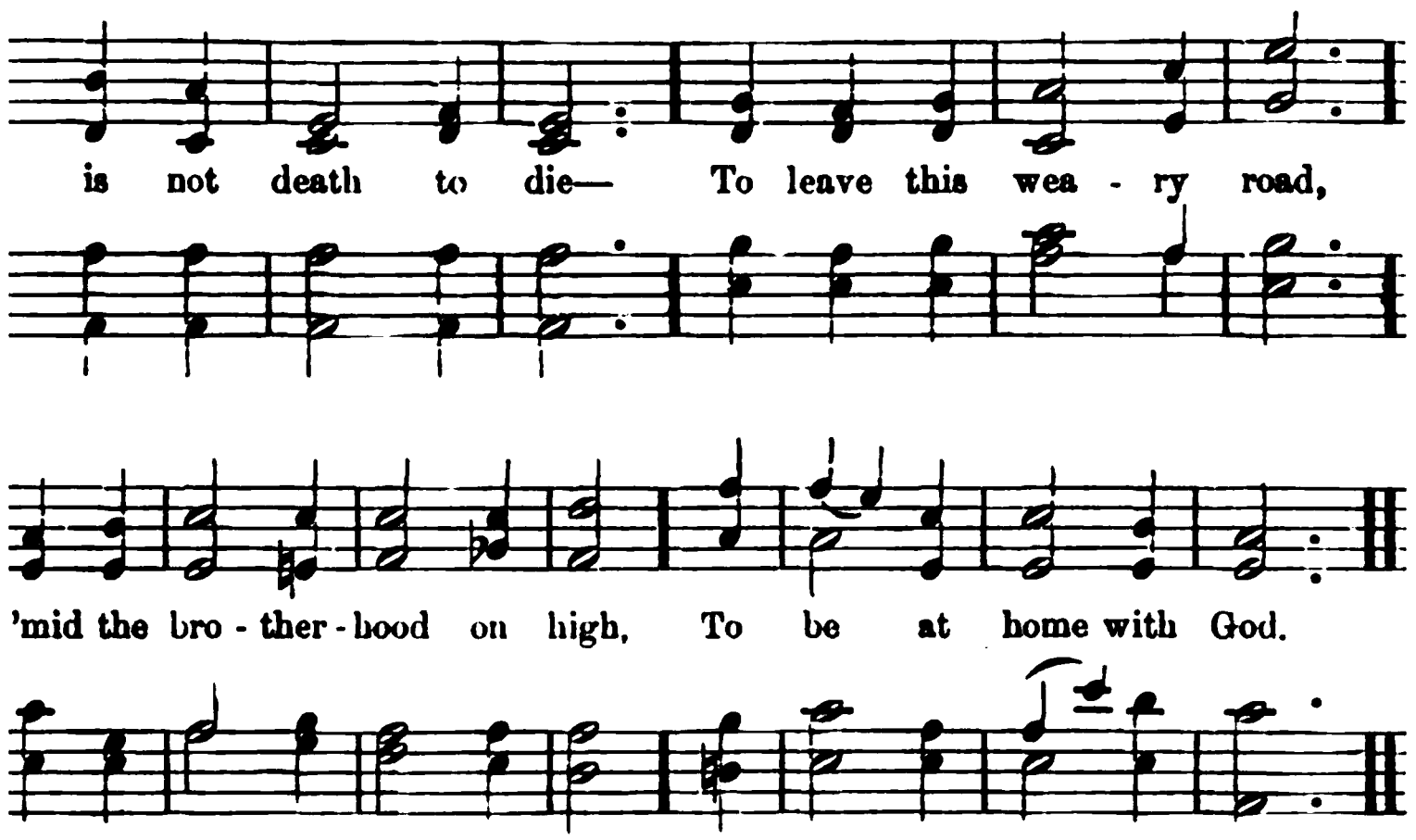
How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own!
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares
And wealth and honor gone!

3 God of our fathers hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

ENWOOD. S. M.



1 Cor. 15 : 55. BETHUNE.

ath to die—
this weary road,
he brotherhood on high,
home with God.

ath to close
long dimmed by tears,
in glorious repose
eternal years.

ath to bear
ich that sets us free
on chain,—to breathe the air
lless liberty.

ath to fling
s sinful dust,
1 strong exulting wing,
mong the just.

Prince of life!
en cannot die;
hey conquer in the strife,
with thee on high.

Job 14 : 14. BONAR.

e years shall roll,
ore seasons come;
ll be with those that rest,
ithin the tomb;—

storms shall beat
vild rocky shore;
ll be where tempests cease,
es swell no more:—

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:—

4 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

1205 *Heb. 4 : 9.* BONAR.

REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now;—

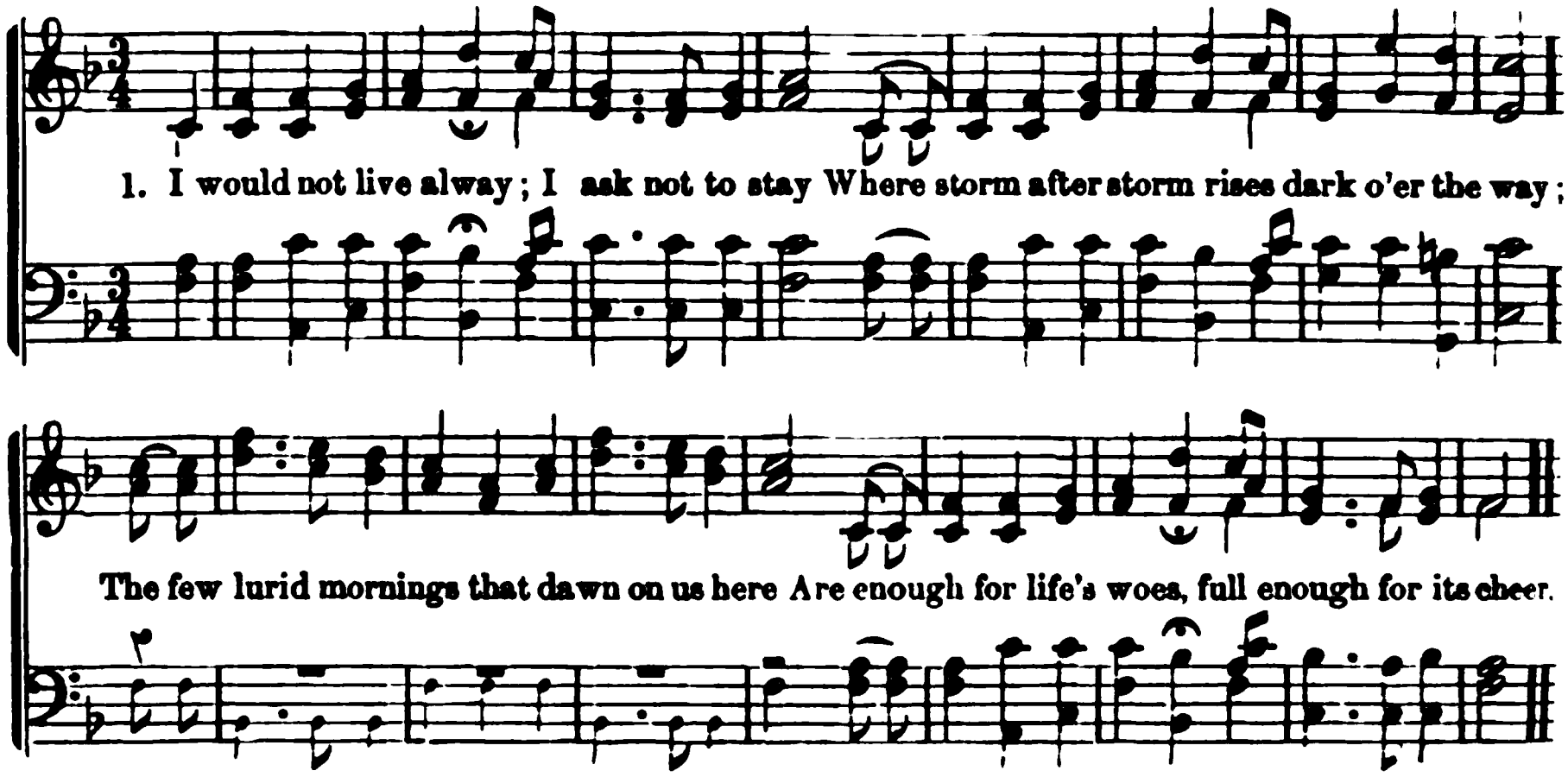
2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the sealéd ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'T was sown in weakness here:
'T will then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower!

FREDERICK. 11s.



1206 *Job 7 : 16.* MUHLENBERG.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within:
Ev'n the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?—

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

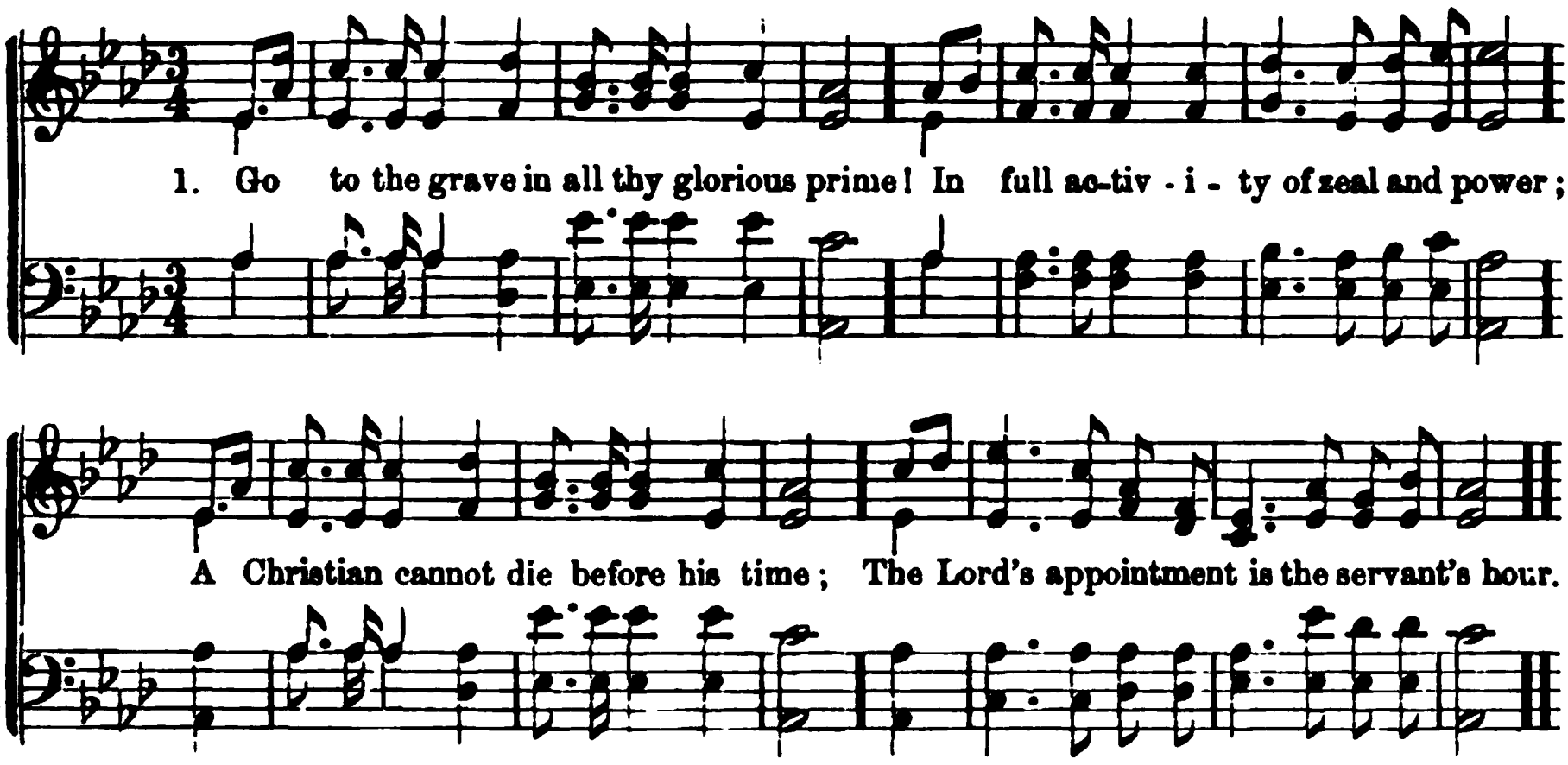
1207 *2 Cor. 12 : 10.* C. FRY.

FOR what shall I praise thee, my God and my King,
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?

2 For this I should praise; but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss!
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, and care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;—

3 For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my Lord and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed!

BAXTER. 10s.



1208 *Ps. 103 : 24.* MONTGOMERY.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime!
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier! go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep;
While, safe as watched by cherubim, thy dust
Shall to the judgment-day in Jesus sleep.

4 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

5 Go to the grave? no, take thy seat above!
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written Word.

1209 *Rev. 21 : 10.* ANON.

OFTEN at evening comes a glowing thought
Of that which lies beyond our present sense;
Of those high scenes whose glories all are wrought,
By God's pure love, and his omnipotence.

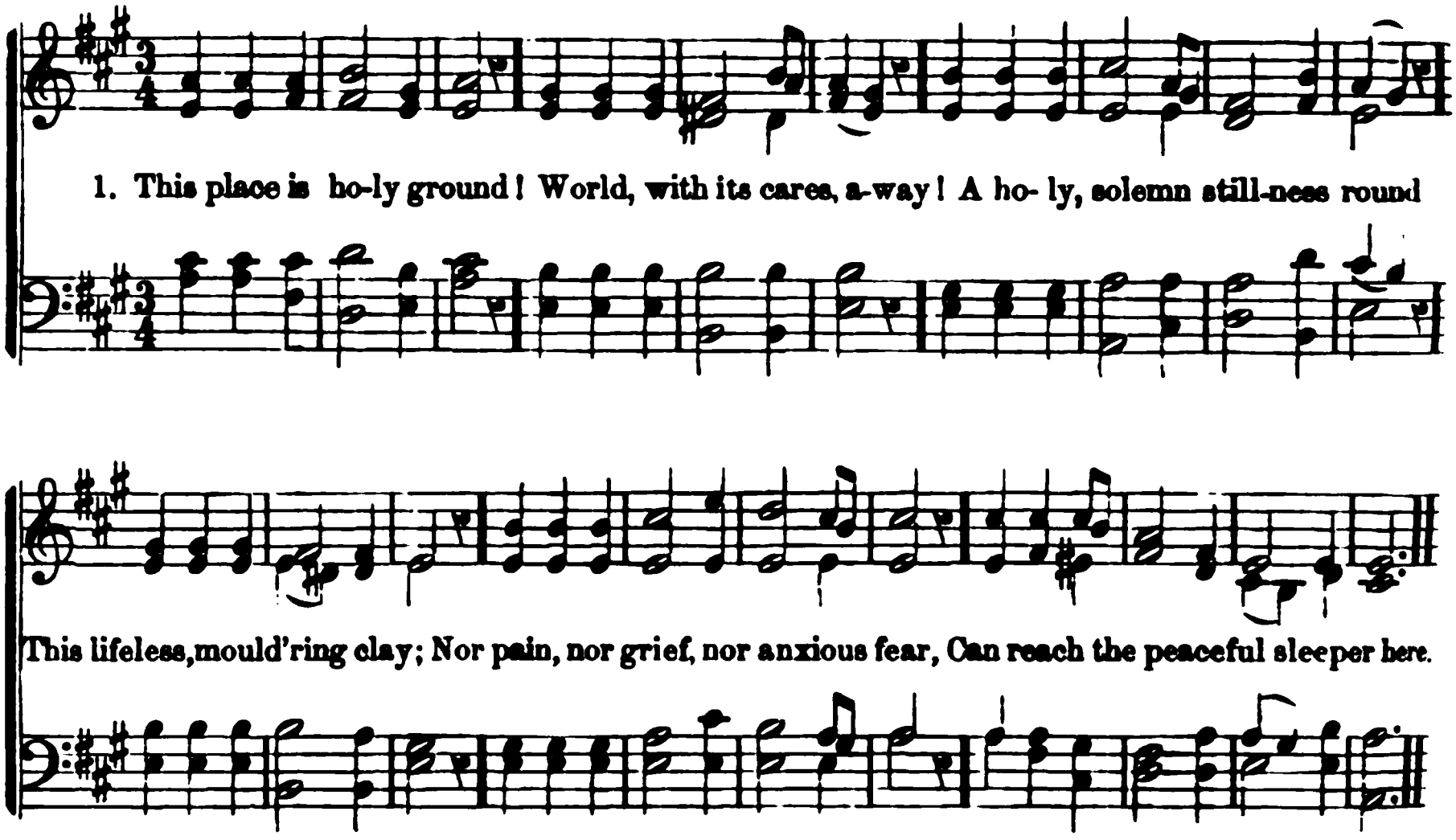
2 The golden bars that shine behind the sun,
The glorious seas that seem beneath him poured,
The splendid hues, all melting into one,—
These look thy outworks, palace of the Lord!

3 Yet not, not here, O city of our God!
Do we thy ageless glories truly see,
As when the souls, submissive 'neath the rod,
Or white in pureness, testify of thee!

4 A holy charity still tells us more
Of thy real beauty, bright, serene and high,
Where love and faith walk on the emblazoned floor,
And perfect joy doth sing unceasingly.

5 O Son of God! exalted on thy throne.
By whom our pardon, light, and peace are given,
Impart the grace that comes from thee alone,
And make us feel, that we may see, thy heaven.

REQUIEM. S. H. M.



1210 *1 Cor. 15 : 36.* MONTGOMERY.

THIS place is holy ground!
World, with its cares, away!
A holy, solemn stillness, round
This lifeless, mouldering clay;
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2 Behold the bed of death,
The pale and mortal clay!
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No! life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrows swell our eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled?
Shall vain regrets arise?
Though death has caused this altered mien,
In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.

4 Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead! in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image to the skies.

1211 *1 Cor. 15 : 19.* MONTGOMERY.

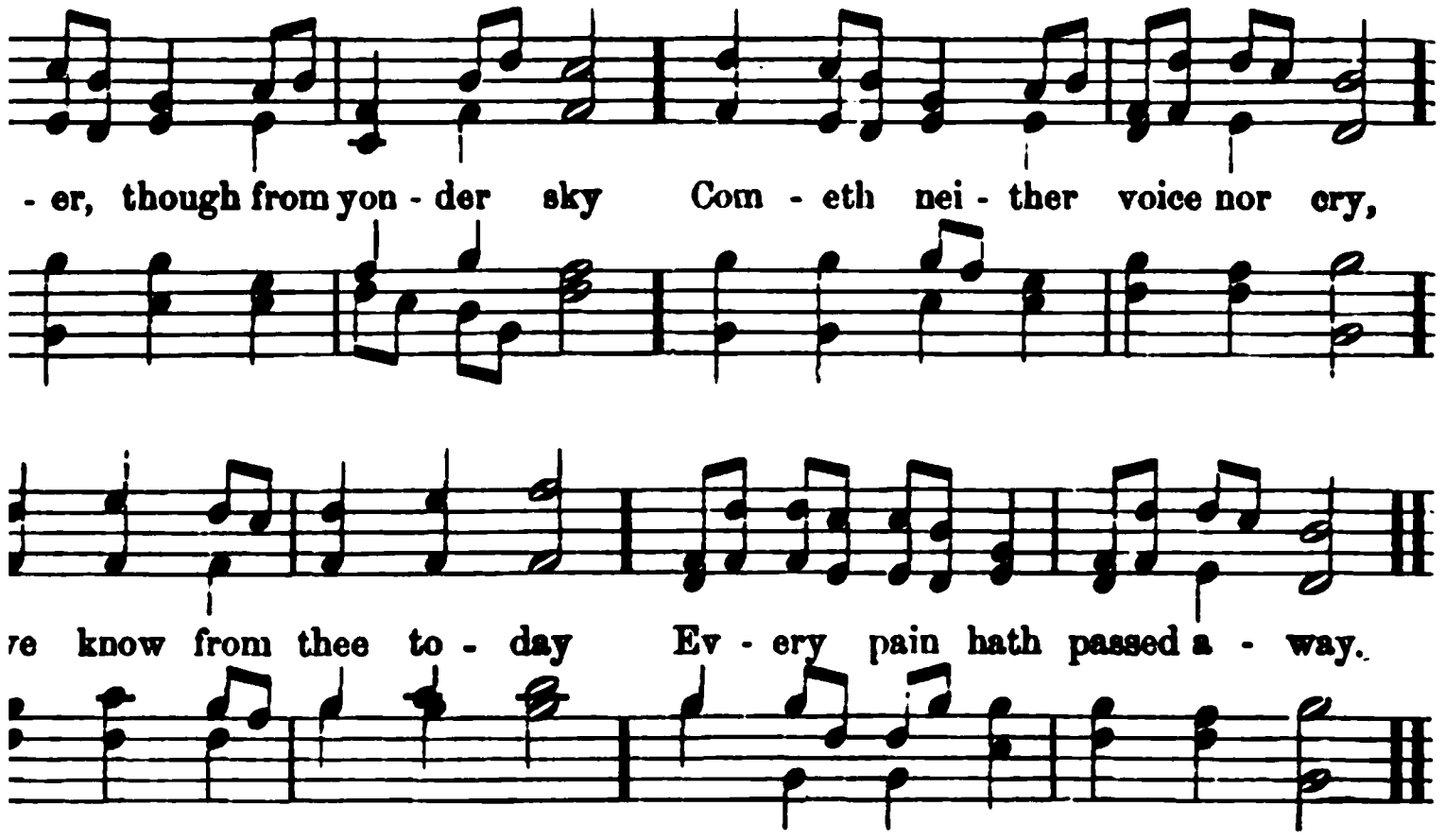
FRIEND after friend departs;
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blesséd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

TON. 7s.



John 11 : 25. BANCROFT.

ıough from yonder sky
ther voice nor cry,
w from thee to-day
hath passed away.

e shall tears be given,
)d, and heir of heaven;
: thee sweet release;
Christian's death of peace.

ow thy living faith
wer to conquer death;
rose may bloom
ler of the tomb.

that solemn trust
nd thee, dust to dust!
ı we wait, till, risen
meet us all in heaven.

reep as Jesus wept,
sleep as Jesus slept;
aviour thou shalt rest,
nd glorified, and blest.

Rev. 7 : 9. MONTGOMERY.

lory, raiment bright,
hat never fade away,
:ck the saints in light;
ıd kings, and conquerors, they.

ıquerors bring their palms
amb amid the throne,
im, in joyful psalms,
hrough his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,—
"Take the kingdom; it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'T was their Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, that made them so.

1214 *Rev. 14 : 13.* C. WESLEY.

HARK! a voice divides the sky!
Happy are the faithful dead
In the Lord who sweetly die!
They from all their toils are freed.

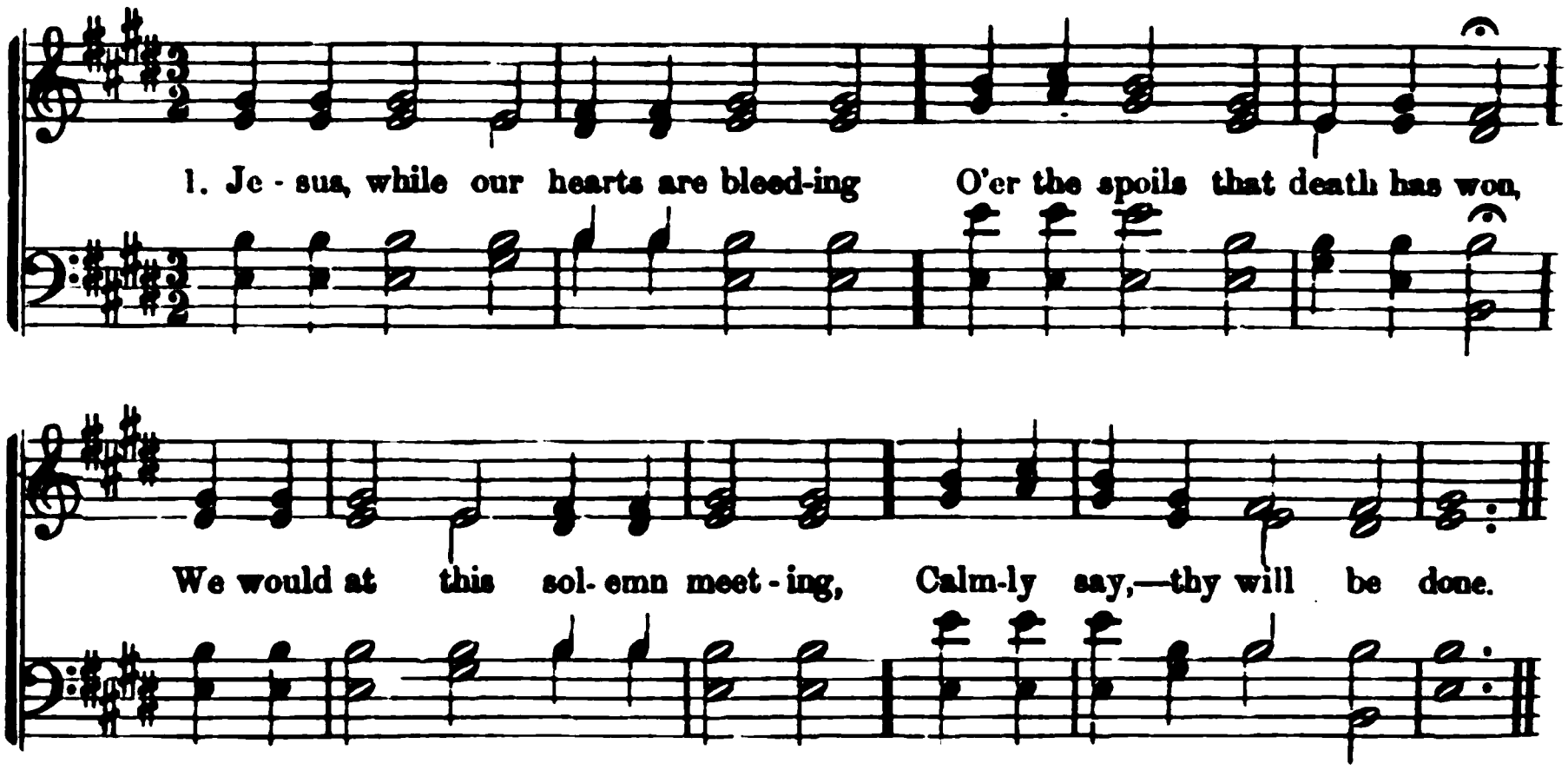
2 Ready for their glorious crown,
Sorrows past and sins forgiven,—
Here they lay their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

3 Yes! the Christian's course is run!
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done;
Death is swallowed up in life!

4 Lo! the prisoner is released—
Lightened of his heavy load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God!

5 When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.



1215 *Matt. 6 : 10.* HASTINGS.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we 're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blesséd Lord,—thy will be done.

3 Tho' to-day we 're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—thy will be done!

1216 *Luke 24 : 29.* MRS. C. S. SMITH.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

1217 *Ps. 116 : 15.* COLLYER

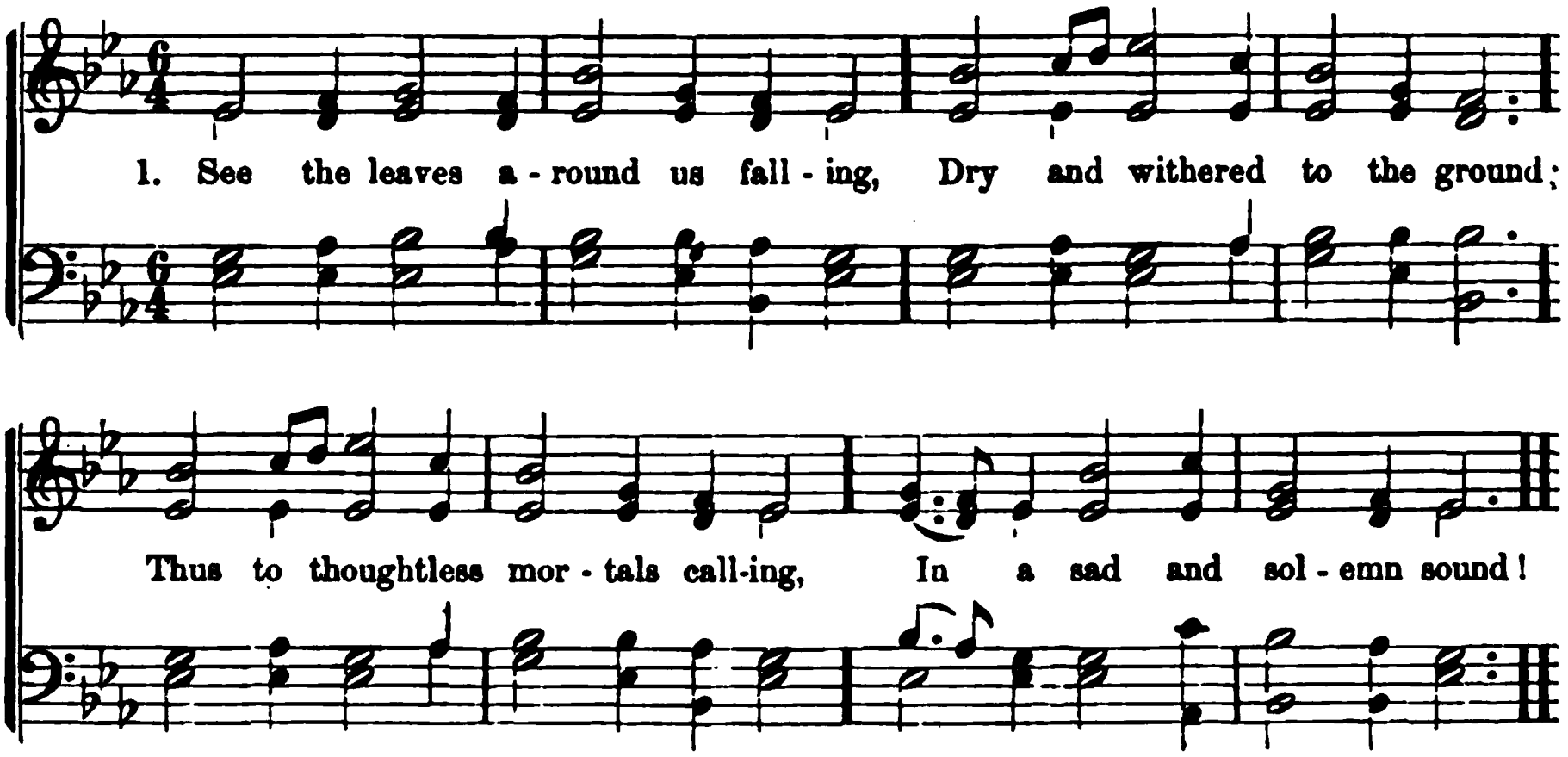
CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely thro' night's deepening shade.
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.



1218 *Isa. 64 : 6.* HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 "Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
When like him, ye blighted fell,
Hear the lesson we are reading,
'T is alas! the truth we tell.

3 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

4 "Though as yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let no cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 "Yearly in our course appearing,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach in mortal hearing—
Ye, like us, shall pass away."

6 On the tree of life eternal,
Oh, let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

1219 *2 Tim. 4 : 6.* ANON.

READY now to spread my pinions,
Glad to wing my flight away
From the gloom that hovers round me,
To the realms of endless day.

2 Ready to be freed from sorrow,
Tears and partings, toil and pain;
Ready for the heavenly mansion;
Life is dear, but death is gain.

3 Ready with the just made perfect,
Clothed in robes of light to be;
Swelling the enraptured chorus,
Singing joy and victory.

4 As the bird with warbling music
Soars above our feeble sight,
Singing still, and still ascending,
Melting in the glorious light,—

5 So the dying saint, departing,
Joyful takes his heavenward way;
Life, and time, and gladness blending
In the light of perfect day.

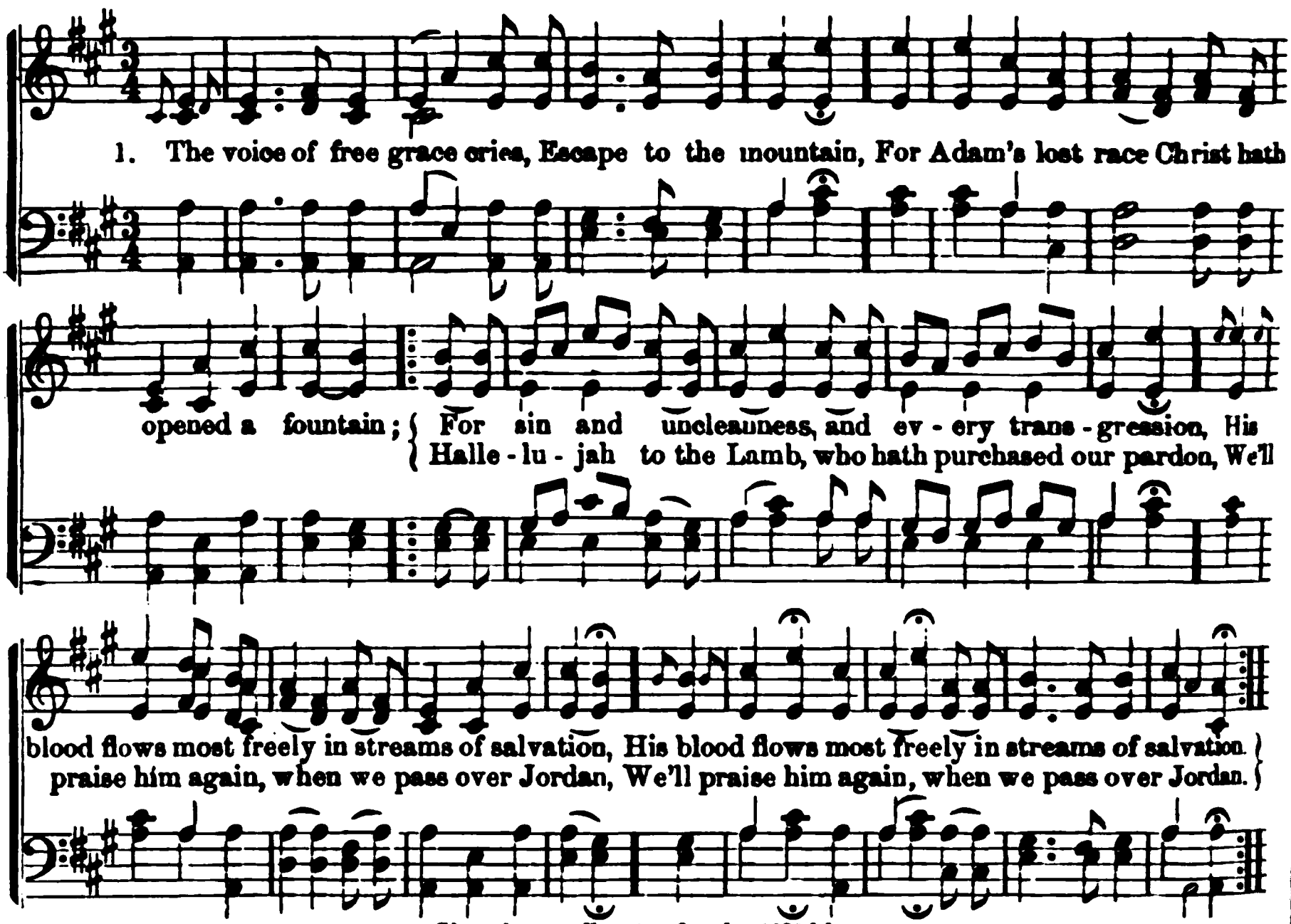
1220 *Mark 5 : 39.* S. F. SMITH.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed!

SCOTLAND. 12s.



Sing the small notes for the 1222d hymn.

1221 *Gen. 19 : 17.* BURDSALL.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan!

2 Ye souls that are wounded! oh, flee to the Saviour!
He calls you in mercy, 't is infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing, escape to the mountain—
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

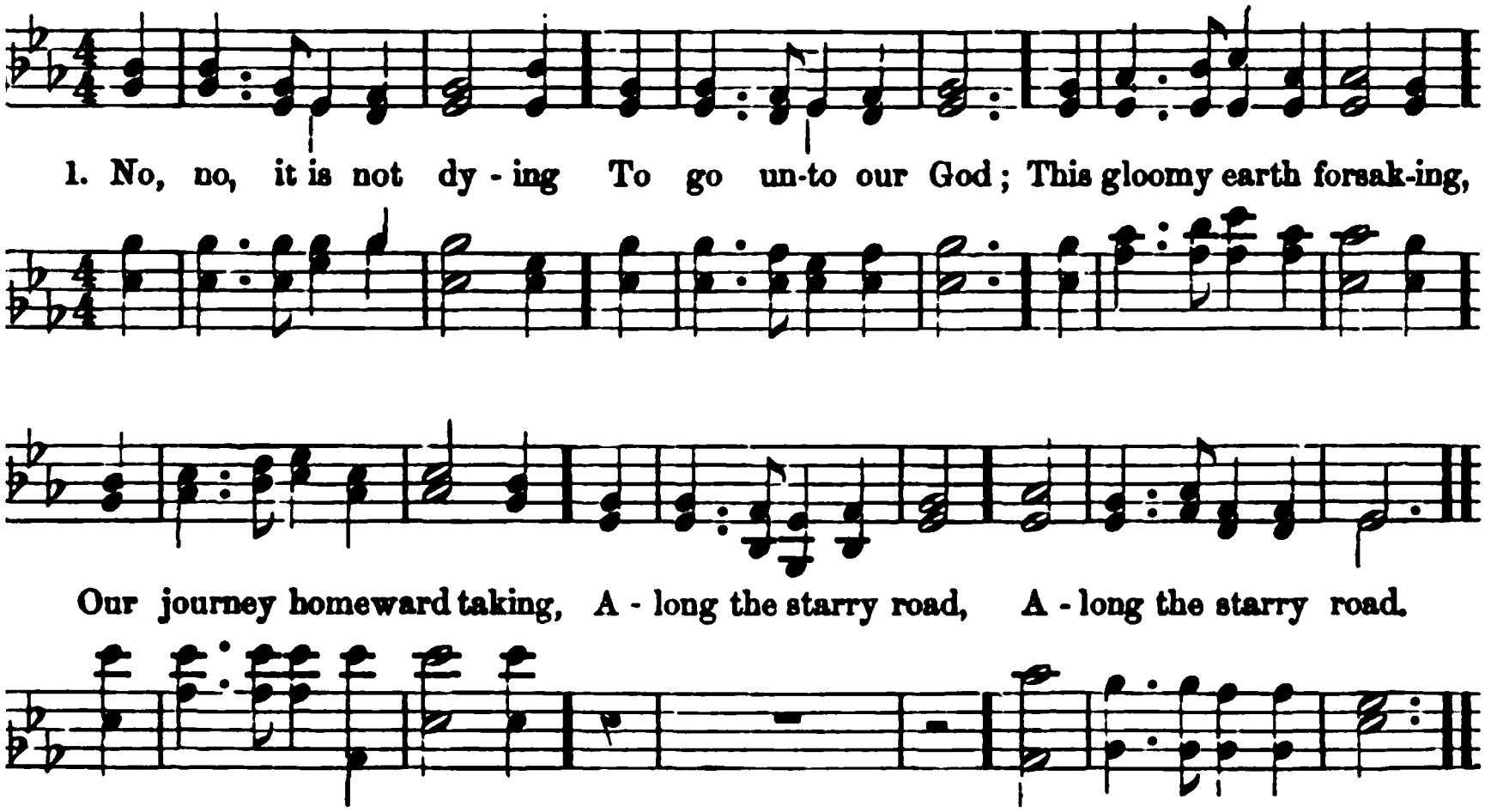
3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious!
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

1222 *John 11 : 25.* HUNT.

THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee;
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

POMEROY. 7s & 6s.



23 *Phil. 3 : 20.* MALAN.

No, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God;
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking,
Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

4 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a heavenly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling,
Of him whose sway we own.

5 Oh, no! this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, only drops we find.

---

22 (*Concluded.*)

hou art gone to the grave! we no longer
behold thee,
or tread the rough paths of the world
by thy side;
ut the wide arms of mercy are spread
to enfold thee,
nd sinners may hope, for the Sinless
hath died.

hou art gone to the grave; and, its
mansion forsaking,
erchance thy weak spirit in doubt lin-
gered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed
bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will
not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will
restore thee;
And death hath no sting, since the Sa-
viour hath died.

1224 P. M. *John 14 : 19.* GELLERT.

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;
Jesus lives! and well I know,
From the dead he will recall me;
Better life will then commence,
This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given;
I shall go where he is gone,
Live and reign with him in heaven:
God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence!
This shall be my confidence.

3 Jesus lives! I know full well,
Naught from him my heart can sever;
Life nor death, nor powers of hell,
Joy nor grief, henceforth, forever:
God will power and grace dispense,
This shall be my confidence.

4 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance into life immortal;
Calmly I can yield my breath,
Fearless tread the frowning portal;
Lord, when faileth flesh and sense,
Thou wilt be my confidence!

1225 8s & 4s. *Job 3 : 17.* MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that racks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber, in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

4 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

5 The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky:
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.

1226 P. M. *2 Cor. 5 : 4.* POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh, the pain!—the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away;"
What is this absorbs me quite?—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?"

1227 P. M. *Rom 13 : 11.* CAREY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;—

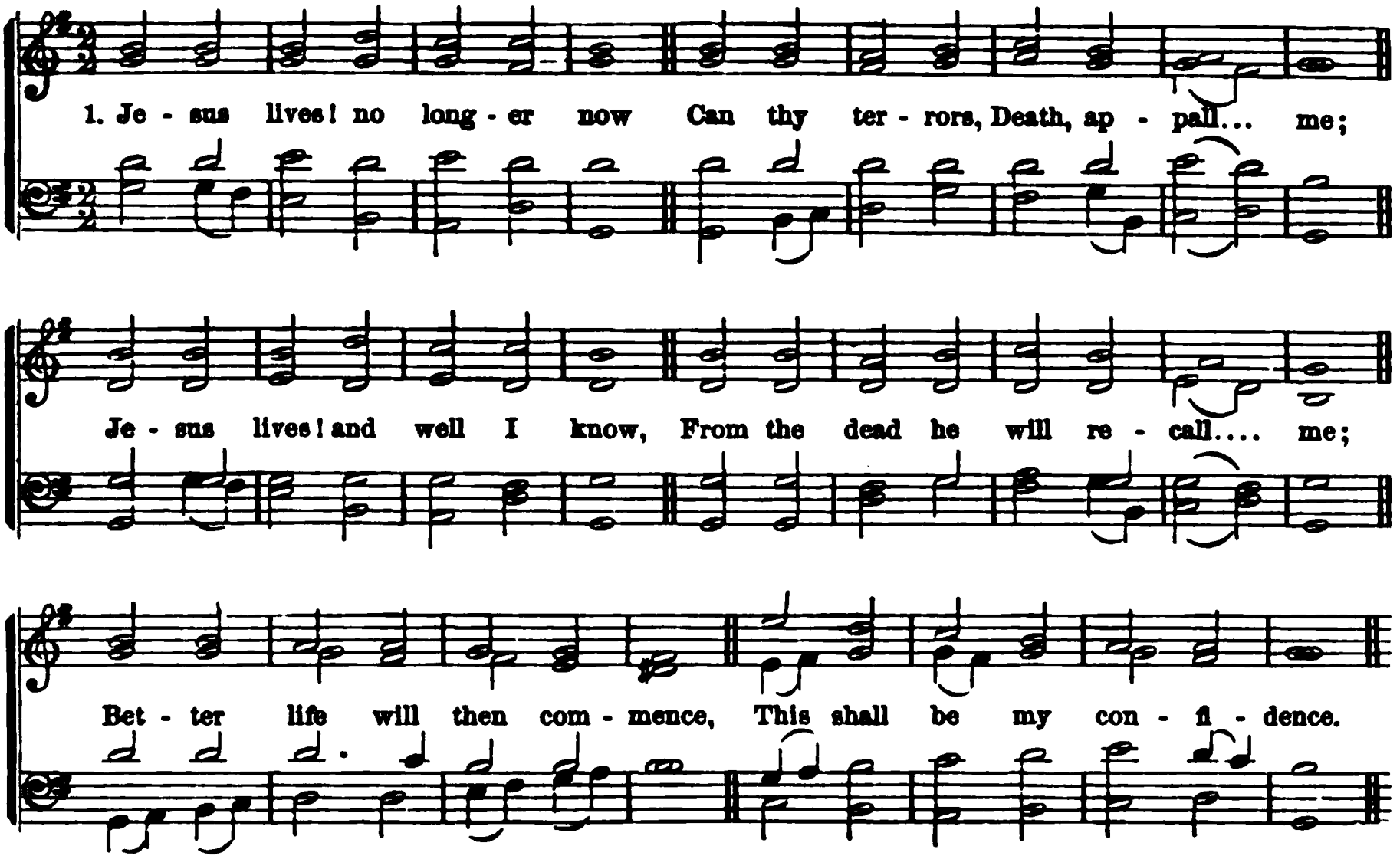
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

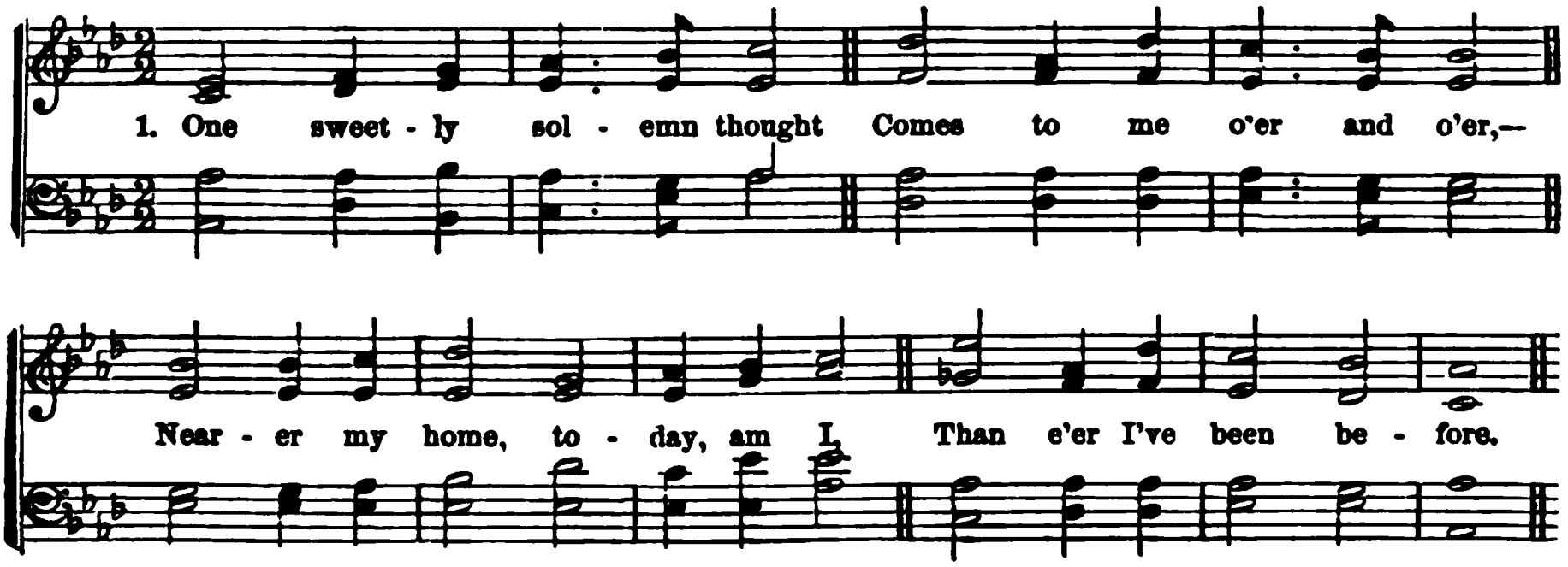
5 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death!

6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;—
For it may be, I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think!

BARNES. P. M.



DAWN. S. M.



1227* **Hy. (Metrical.)** CAREY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea.

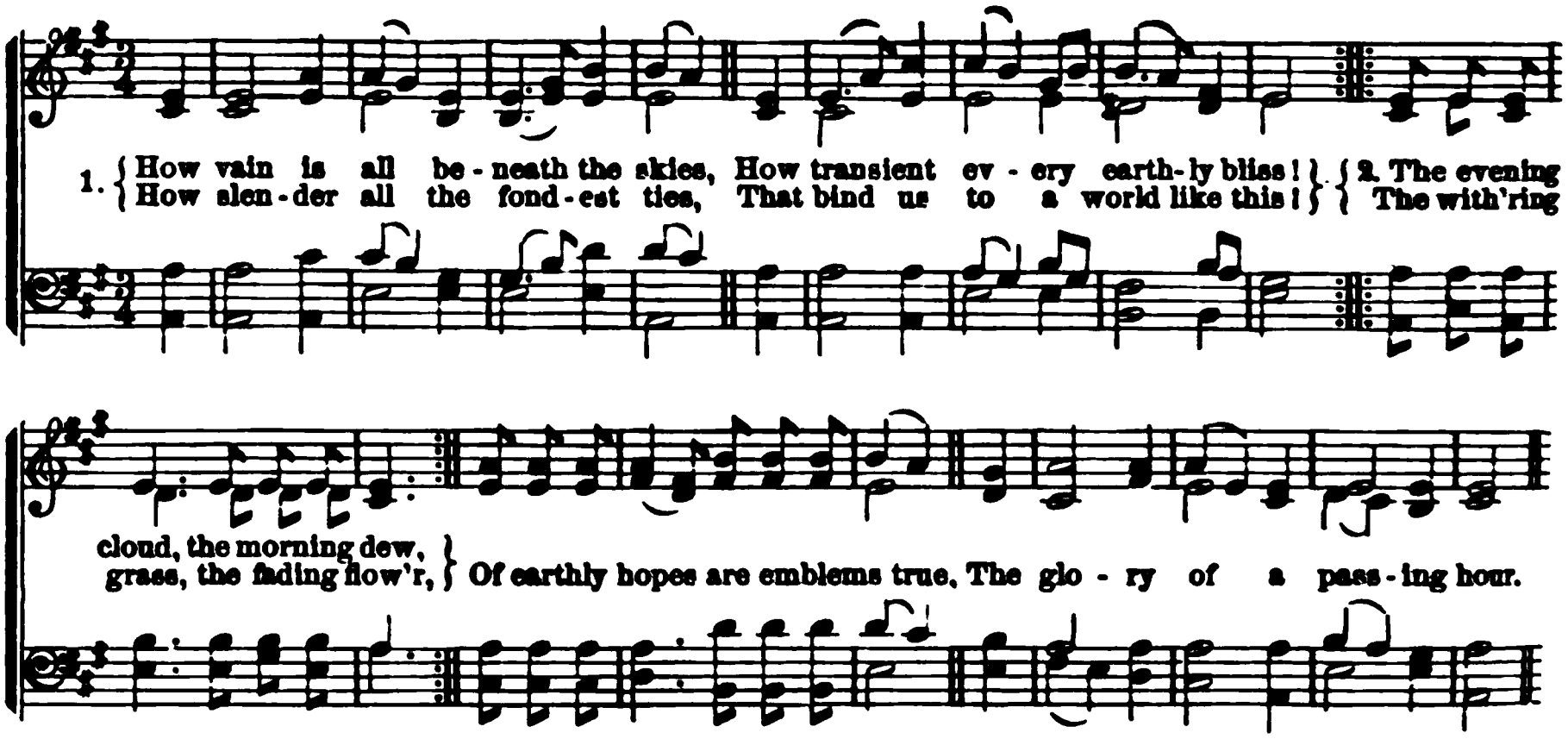
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

NUNDA. L. M. D.



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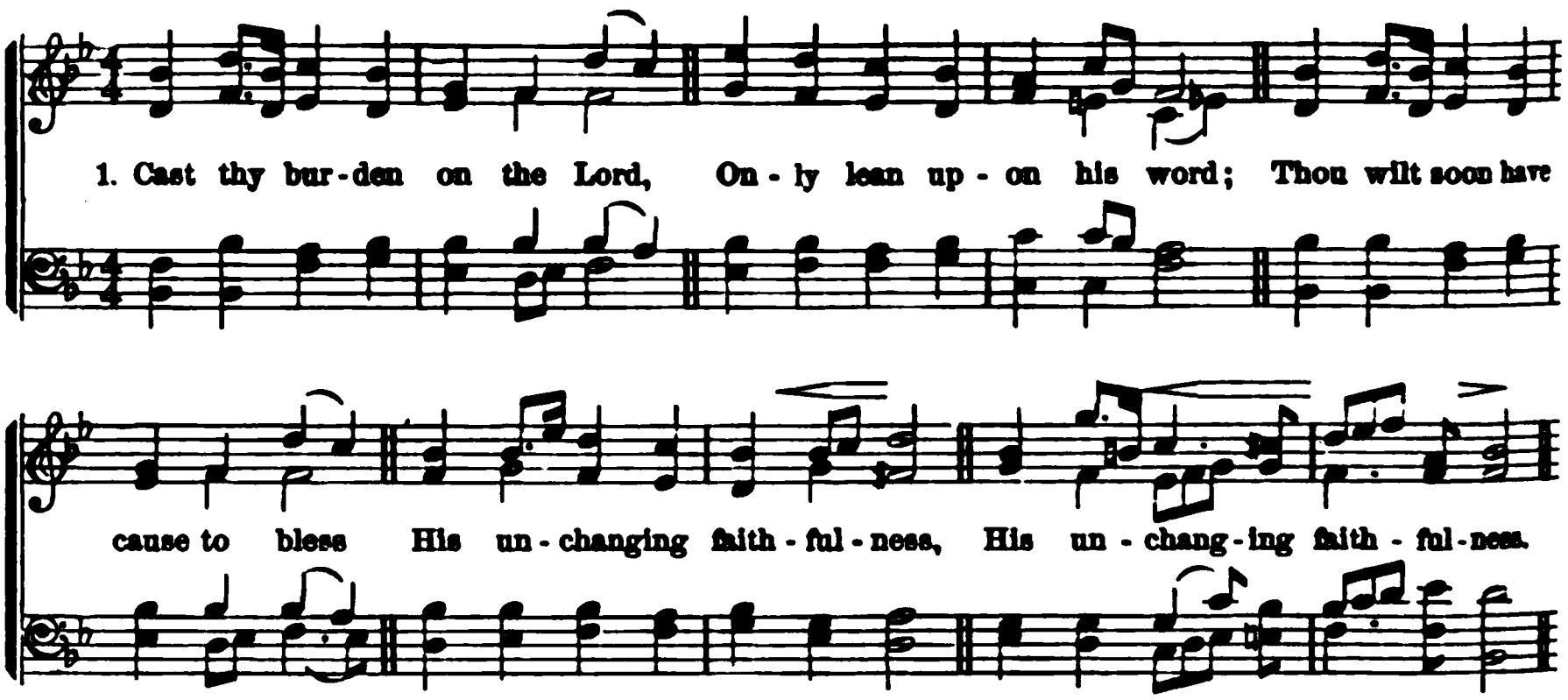
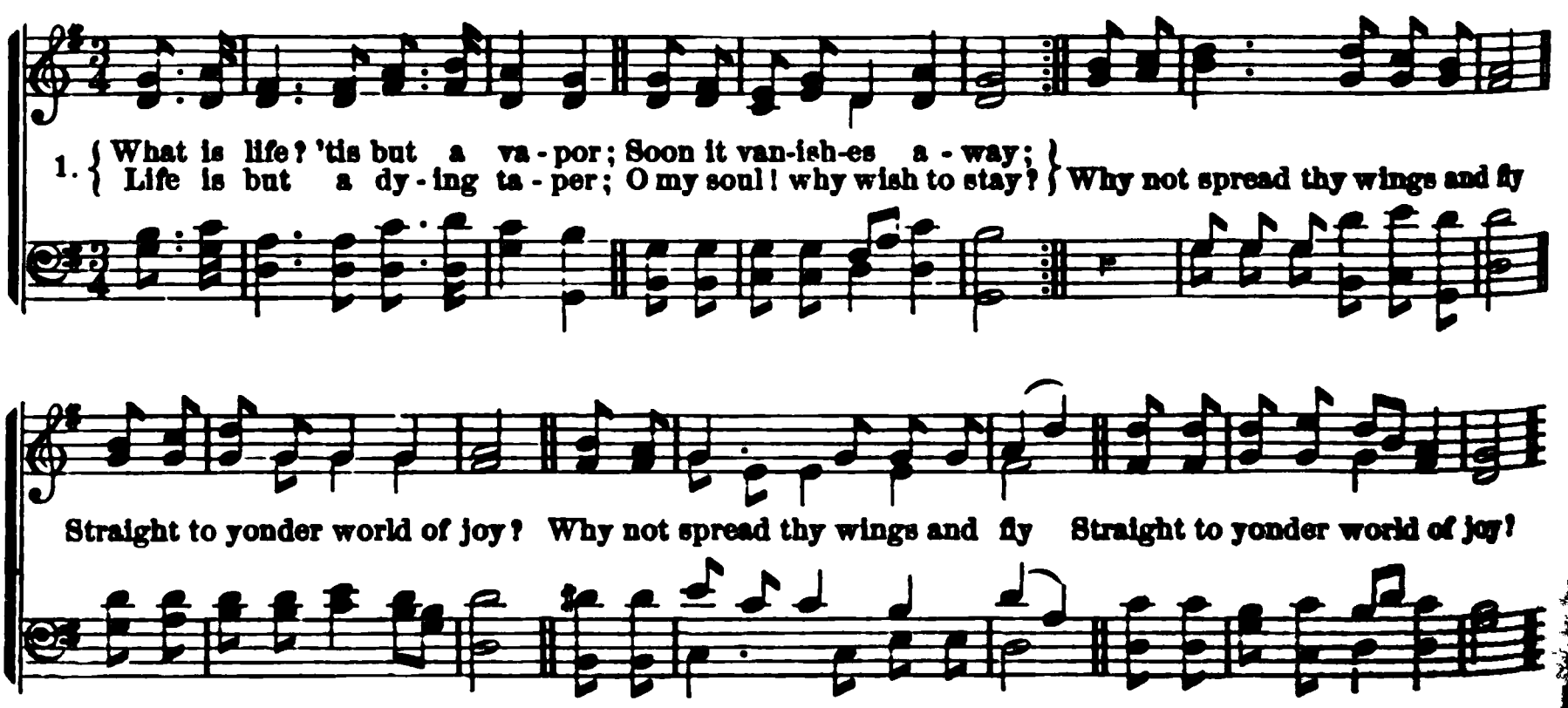


MILLINGTON. 8s, 7s & 7.



1228 L. M. *Ps. 103 : 15.* ANON.

How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we 're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

1229 7s. *Matt. 28 : 6.* COLLYER.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

1230 8s, 7s & 7s. *Jas. 4 : 14.* KELLY.

WHAT is life? 't is but a vapor,
Soon it vanishes away.
Life is but a dying taper—
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints.
Why not spread, etc.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Thro' the heavens his praise resounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Why not spread, etc.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Why not spread, etc.

1231 C. M. *Ps. 90 : 12.* ANON.

O THOU whose gently chastening hand
In mercy deals the blow!
Make but thy servant understand
Wherefore thou layest me low!

2 I ask thee not the rod to spare
While thus thy love I see;
But oh! let every suffering bear
Some message, Lord, from thee!

3 Oh! silence thou this murmuring will,
Nor bid thy rough wind stay,
Till with a furnace hotter still
My dross is purged away!

1232 C. M. *Ps. 116 : 15.* PEABODY.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

6 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

1233 C. M. *Ps. 90 : 12.* HEBER.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season hath its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

6 Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

1234 C. M. *Matt. 24 : 44.* REED.

THERE is an hour when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

2 There is an hour when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death;
And yield to him who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.

3 There is an hour when I must stand
Before the judgment-seat;
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.

4 There is an hour when I must look
On one eternity;
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.

5 O Saviour, then, in all my need
Be near, be near to me:
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,
Find life and heaven in thee.

1235 7s, 3 l. *Matt. 24 : 30.* ALFORD

DAY of anger! that dread day
Shall the sign in heaven display,
And the earth in ashes lay!

2 Oh, what trembling shall appear,
When his coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear!

3 When the trumpet shall command,
Through the tombs of every land,
All before the throne to stand!

4 What shall I before him say?
How shall I be safe that day—
When the righteous scarcely may!

5 King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,—
Fount of mercy! save thou me!

6 Leave me not, my Saviour! one,
For whose soul thy course was run!
Lest I be that day undone!

7 Though unworthy is my prayer,
Make my soul thy mercy's care,
And from death eternal spare!

8 When thy voice in wrath shall say,
Curséd one, depart away!
Call me with thy blest, I pray.

1236 7s. *Matt. 24 : 29.* HEBER.

IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunder rock the skies.

3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And amid the thunder-cloud
Wilt thou, Judge of man! appear.

4 But, though from thine awful face,
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly;
Fear not we, thy chosen race,
Our redemption draweth nigh.

1237 7s. *Isa. 24 : 6-8.* ALFORD.

EARTH is past away and gone,
All her glories, every one,
All her pomp is broken down;
God is reigning, God alone!

2 All her high ones lowly lie,
All her mirth hath passéd by,
All her merry-hearted sigh;
God is reigning, God on high!

3 No more sorrow, no more night;
Perfect joy and purest light!
With his spotless saints and bright,
God is reigning in the height!

4 Blessing, praise and glory bring,
Offer every holy thing;
Everlasting praises sing;
God is reigning, God our King!

1238 S. M. *Rev. 20 : 12.* BEDDOME.

BEHOLD, the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

3 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

1239 S. M. *1 Thess. 4 : 16.* DODDRIDGE.

AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonished shrink away!

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners! seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

1240 L. M. 7l. *Isa. 57 : 15.* GERMAN.

ETERNITY! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
And yet to thee time hastes away,
Like as the war-horse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ships to port, or shaft from bow;
Ponder, O man, eternity!

2 Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain;
Oh, lasting joy! oh, lasting pain!
Ponder, O man, eternity!

3 Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity!
O man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell
Upon the pains of sin and hell,
And on the glories of the pure,
That do beyond all time endure;
Ponder, O man, eternity!

1241 C. M. *Matt. 25 : 41.* WATTS.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour make haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

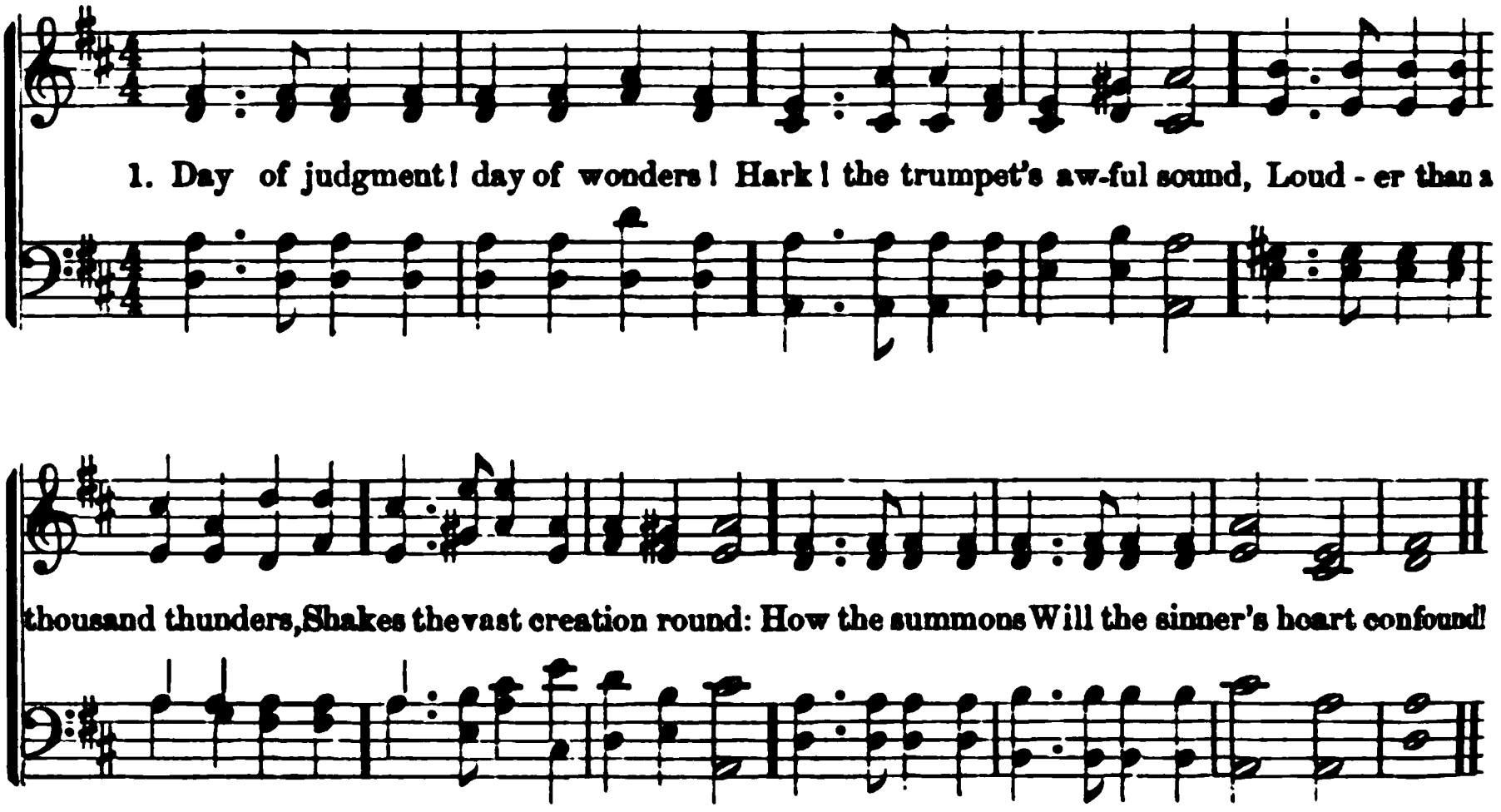
3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair!
To see my God remove,—
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast:
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

6 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s.



1242 *Matt. 25 : 34.* NEWTON.

DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say,—"Come near, ye blessèd!
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

1243 *Matt. 24 : 27.* GOODE.

Lo! the mighty God appearing—
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west his thunder breaks:
Earth beholds him:
Universal nature shakes.

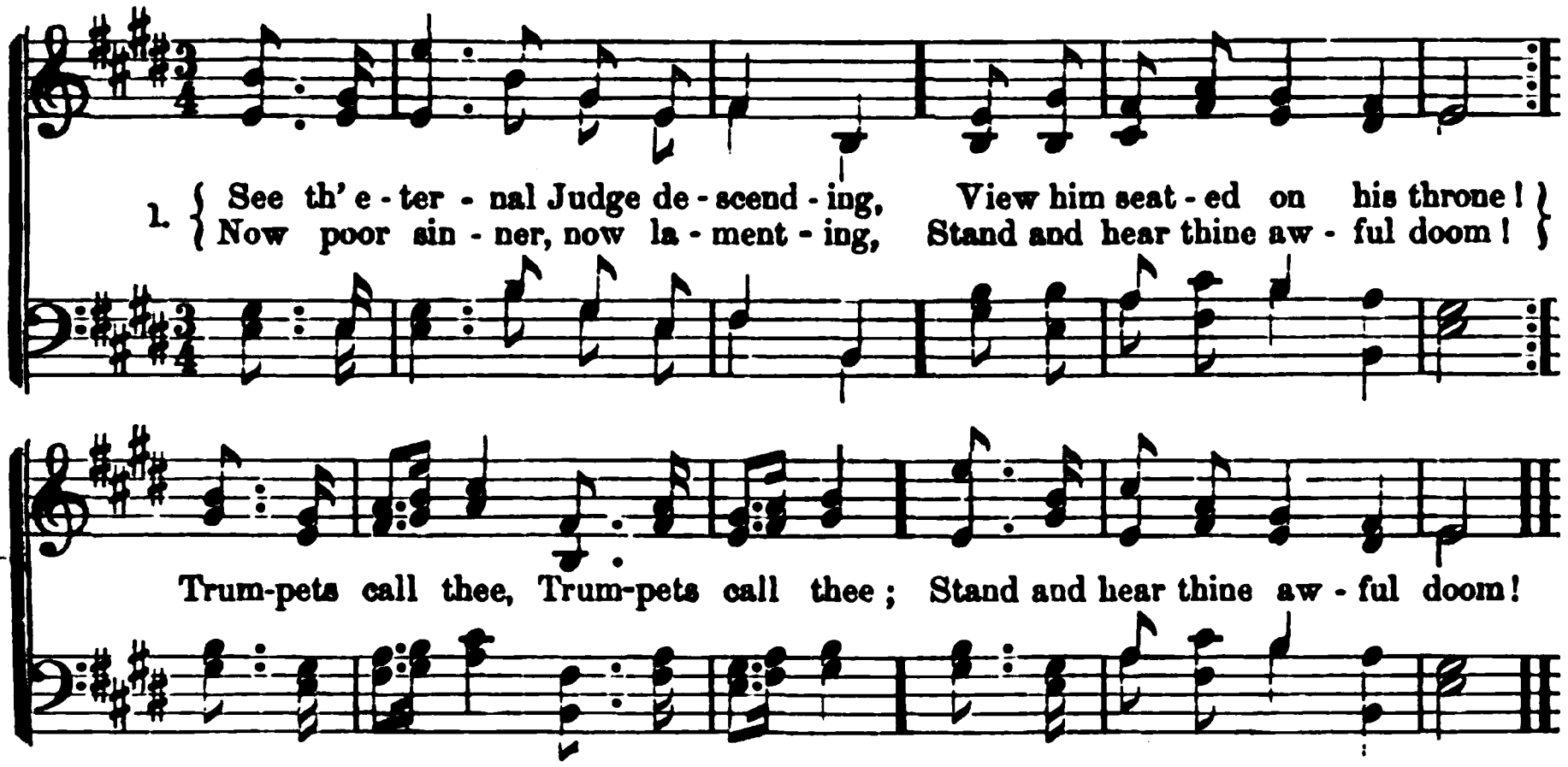
2 Zion all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display:
Lo! he comes,—nor silence holding,
Fire and clouds prepare his way:
Tempests round him
Hasten on the dreadful day.

3 To the heavens his voice ascending,
To the earth beneath he cries—
"Souls immortal now descending,
Let the sleeping dust arise!
Rise to judgment;
Let my throne adorn the skies.

4 "Gather first my saints around me,
Those who to my covenant stood;
Those who humbly sought and found me,
Through the dying Saviour's blood:
Blest Redeemer!
Choicest sacrifice to God!"

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,
And his righteousness declare:
Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercies share:
Just his judgment!
God, himself the Judge, is there.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.



I 244 *John 19 : 37.* ANON.

SEE the eternal Judge descending!
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thine awful doom;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thine awful doom!

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again—
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move!"

I 245 *Matt. 25 : 34.* CENNICK.

Lo! he cometh,—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted Head:
Hallelujah—
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear:
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear;
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

3 "Come, ye blesséd of my Father!
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ;
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome to the skies!"

I 246 *Zech. 12 : 10.* C. WESLEY.

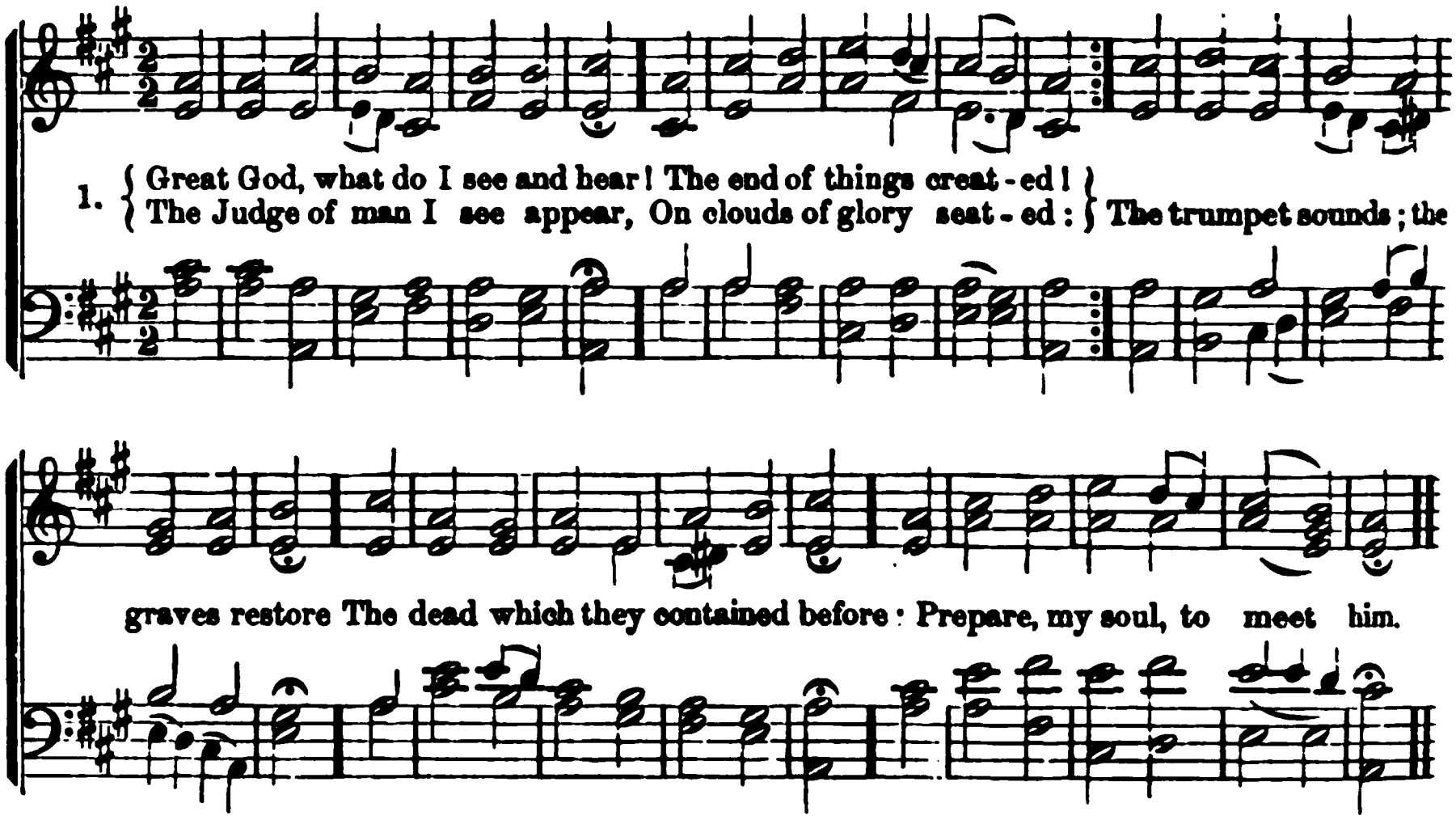
Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 Lo! the last long separation,
As the cleaving crowds divide,
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide?

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Men and angels
Kneel and bow to thee alone!

JUDGMENT HYMN. L. M. 7 lines.



1247 *Rev. 20 : 6.* COLLYER.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

1248 *Ps. 31 : 5.* GERMAN.

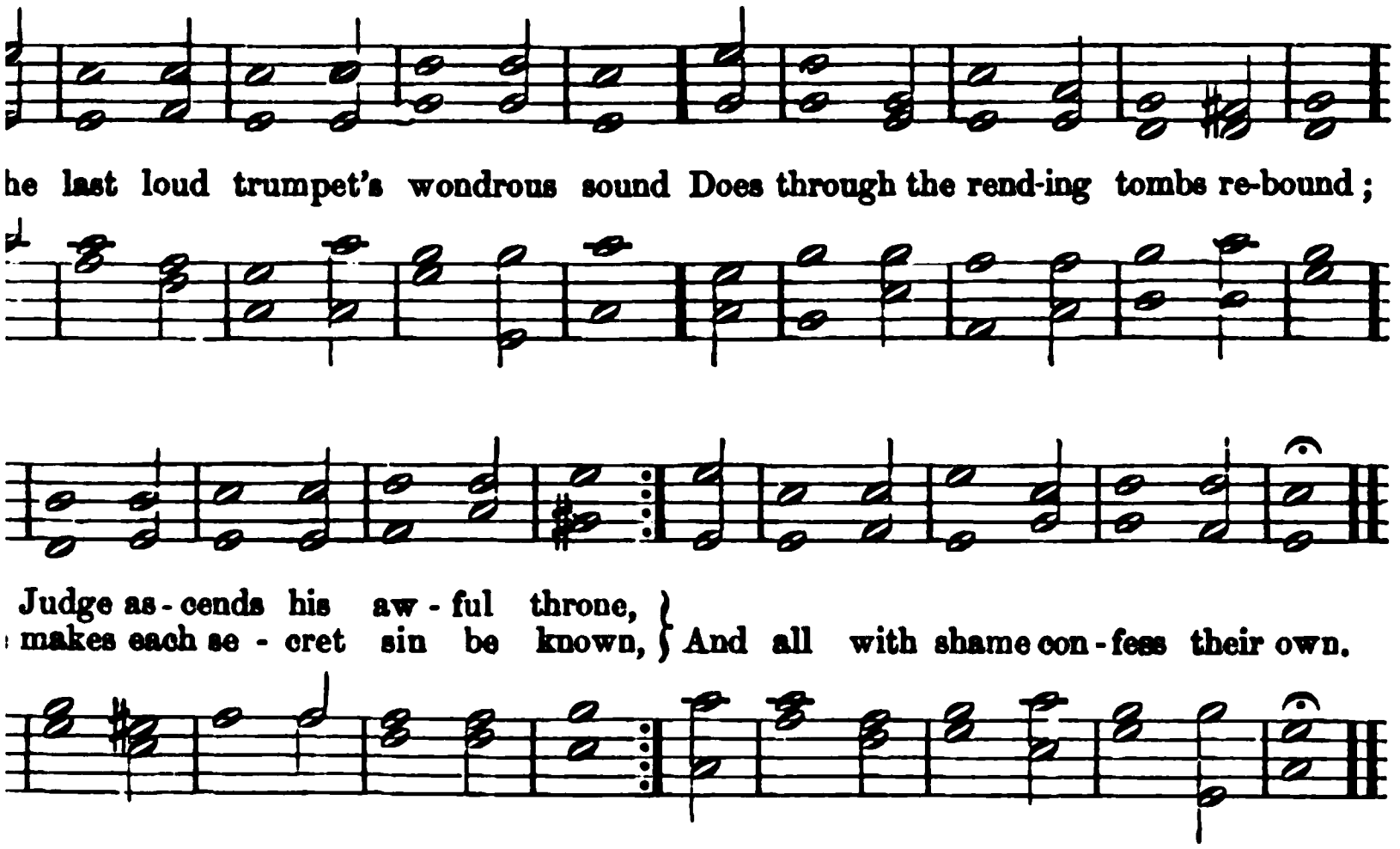
WHEN my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand;
Let me not be forsaken:
O Lord! my spirit I resign
Into thy loving hands divine;
'T is safe within thy keeping.

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins may then appall me;
Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
Despair shall not enthrall me;
For as I draw my latest breath,
I'll think, Lord Christ! upon thy death,
And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,
Since thou death's bonds hast severed:
By hope with thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered,
I'll come to thee, where'er thou art,
Live with thee, from thee never part;
Therefore I die in rapture.

4 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep, in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no waking,
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
To heaven, to life eternal.

UDGMENT. L. M.



2 Cor. 5 : 10. ROSCOMMON.

st loud trumpet's wondrous sound
rough the rending tombs rebound;
dge ascends his awful throne,
kes each secret sin be known,
l with shame confess their own.

reat Creator of mankind!
ıg fears o'erwhelm my mind;
s my heart with anguish rend;
d, my Saviour, and my Friend,
forsake me in the end.

who for me didst feel such pain,
precious blood the cross did stain,
those agonies be vain;
my debt, too great to pay,
the last accounting day.

hat insatiable abyss,
flames devour, where Satan is,
e and bring me to thy bliss!
my ransomed soul a place
thy chosen right-hand race.

2 Pet. 3 : 10. W. SCOTT.

y of wrath! that dreadful day,
ıeaven and earth shall pass away!
ıower shall be the sinner's stay?
ıall he meet that dreadful day?—

shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
ning heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

1251 *2 Thess. 1 : 7.* HEBER.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

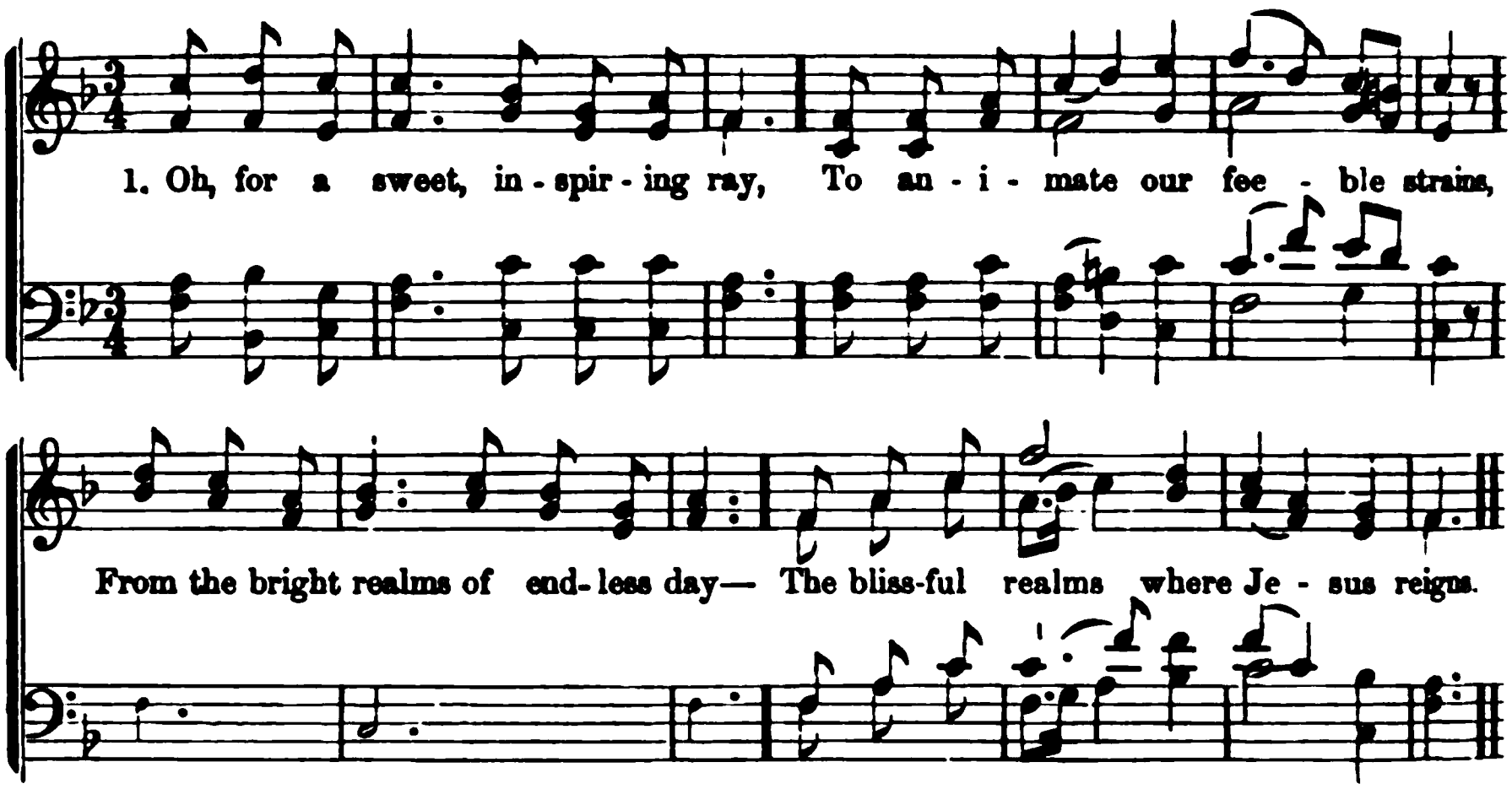
2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

4 Can this be he, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power opprest, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come!"

LOWRY. L. M.



1252 *Rev. 21 : 23.* STEELE.

Oh for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day—
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints aud angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles,—and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

1253 *1 Cor. 2 : 9.* GIBBONS.

Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God!
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge!
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God—to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

1254 *Rev. 22 : 4.* ANON.

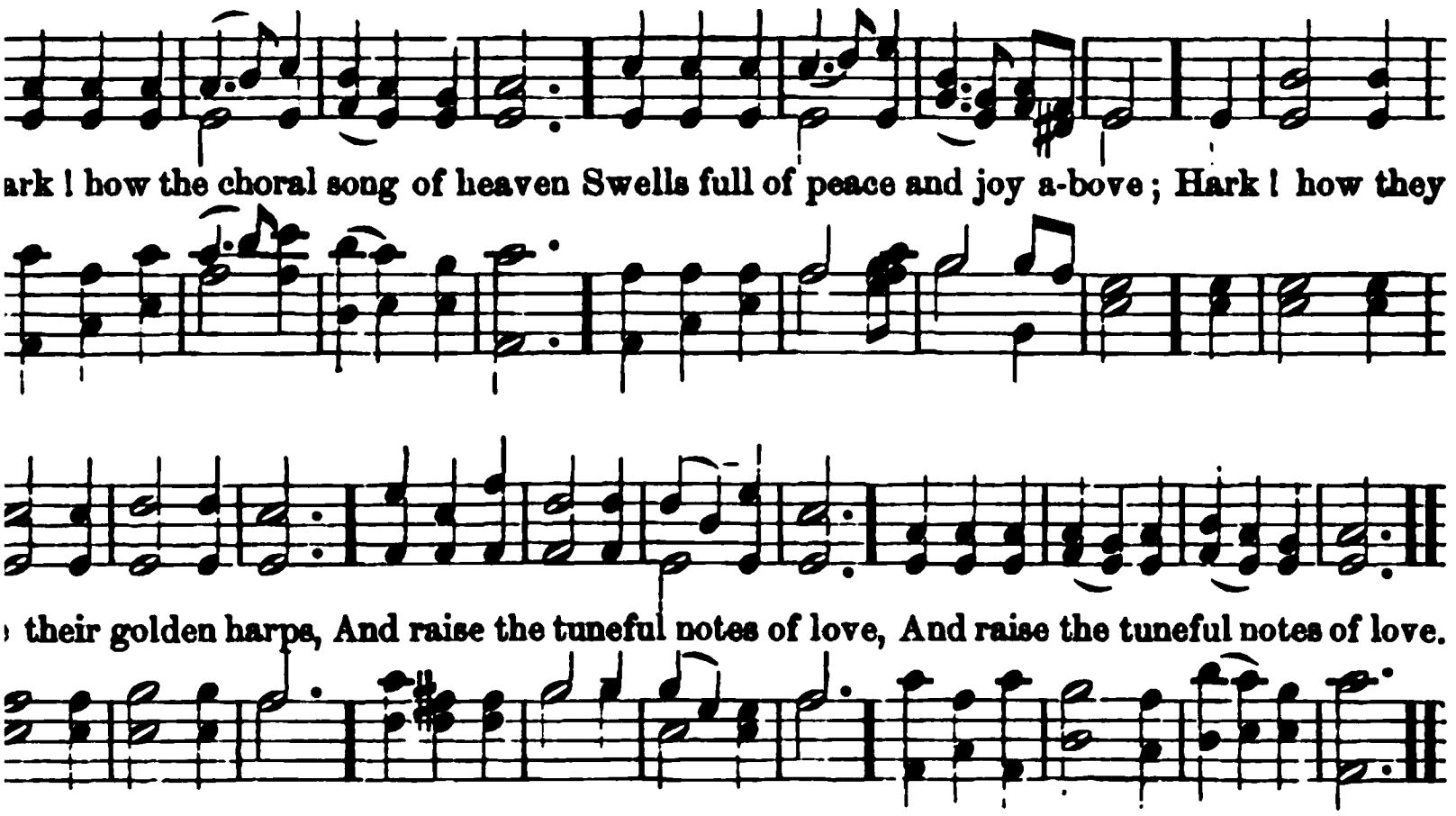
Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand:
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 Oh, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

ARK STREET. L. M.



Rev. 5 : 9. ANON.

how the choral song of heaven
ls full of peace and joy above ;
ıow they strike their golden harps,
raise the tuneful notes of love.

ious care nor thrilling grief,
leep despair, nor gloomy woe
eel, when high their lofty strains
)blest, sweetest concord flow.

shall we join the heavenly host,
sing Immanuel's praise on high,
ave behind our doubts and fears,
well the chorus of the sky ?

ıe, thou rapture-bringing morn !
usher in the joyful day ;
g to see thy rising sun
e all these clouds of grief away.

Heb. 4 : 9. RAY PALMER.

hou wilt bring the joyful day !
nd earth's weariness and pains,
ast a mansion far away,
re for thine own a rest remains.

there climbs the morning sky,
e never falls the shade of night,
d the Lamb, forever nigh,
all shed everlasting light.

w of mercy spans the throne,
lem of love and goodness there ;
ıotes to mortals all unknown,
on the calm celestial air.

4 Around that throne bright legions stand,
Redeemed by blood from sin and hell ;
And shining forms, an angel band,
The mighty chorus join to swell.

5 There, Lord, thy way-worn saints shall find
The bliss for which they longed before;
And holiest sympathies shall bind
Thine own to thee forevermore.

6 O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In thine eternal fullness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round !

1257 *Rev. 4 : 8.* WATTS.

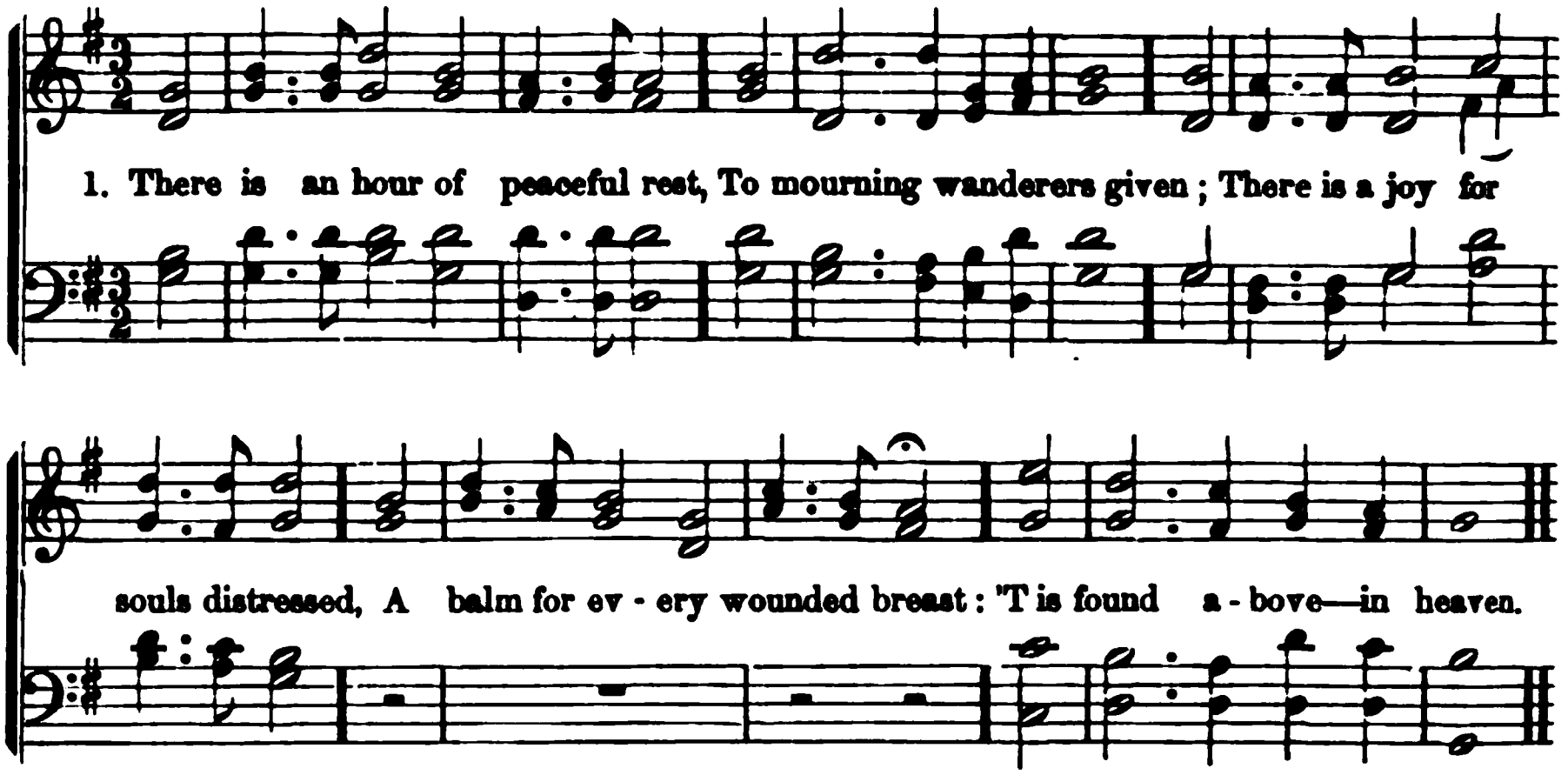
OH, for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall ;
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

3 Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !

4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear.
That I shall mount, to dwell above ;
And stand, and bow, and worship there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

WOODLAND. C. M.



1258 *Rev. 21 : 3, 4.* TAPPAN.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'T is found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

1259 *Rev. 7 : 9.* WATTS.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 I ask them—whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

3 They marked the footsteps he had trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,—
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

1260 *Phil. 1 : 23.* WATTS.

FATHER! I long, I faint, to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

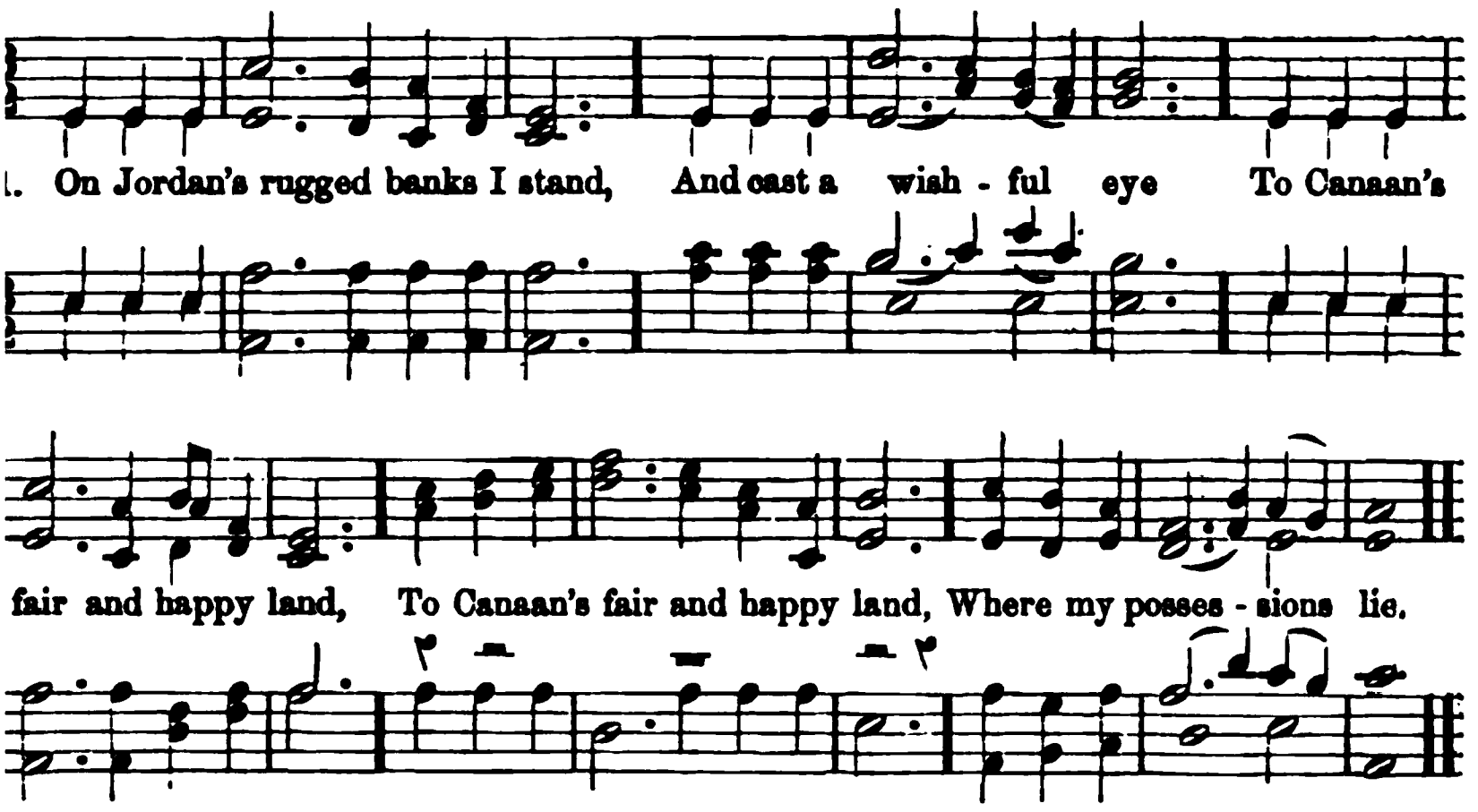
2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasing sight;
But, to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight!

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

5 Father! I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts to be
Forever with my God!

TAPPAN. C. M.



Deut. 3 : 25. STENNETT.

rdan's rugged banks I stand,
l cast a wishful eye
naan's fair and happy land,
ere my possessions lie.

ıe transporting, rapturous scene,
ıt rises to my sight!
fields arrayed in living green,
l rivers of delight!

ll those wide extended plains
nes one eternal day;
God, the sun, forever reigns,
l scatters night away.

illing winds, or poisonous breath,
reach that healthful shore;
ss and sorrow, pain and death,
felt and feared no more.

shall I reach that happy place,
l be forever blest?
shall I see my Father's face,
l in his bosom rest?

with delight, my raptured soul
here no longer stay;
h Jordan's waves around me roll,
less I'd launch away.

Deut. 34 : 1. WATTS.

is a land of pure delight,
ere saints immortal reign,
e day excludes the night,
l pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:—

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

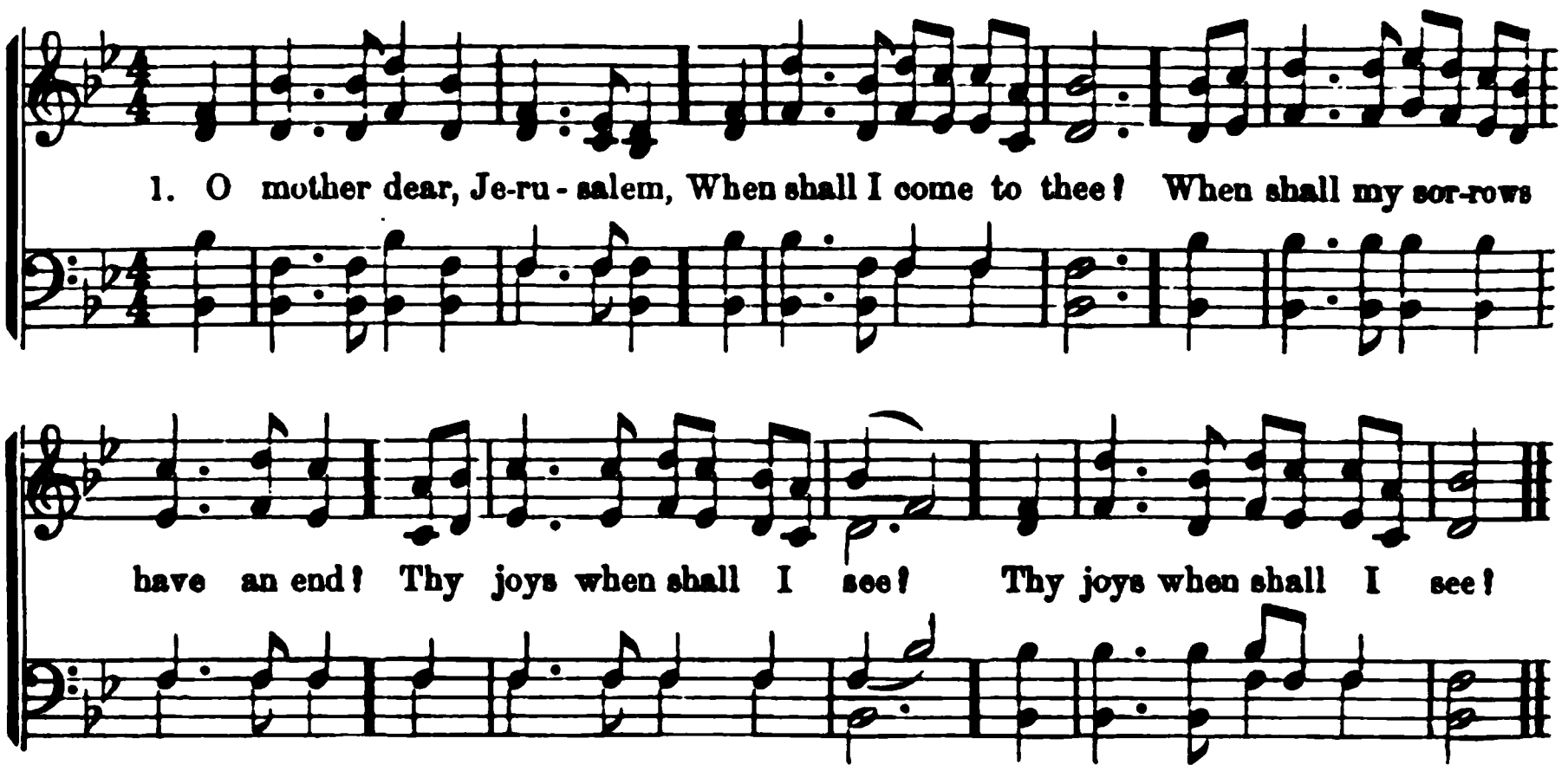
1263 *Rev. 21 : 23.* WATTS.

THERE, on a high, majestic throne,
The Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

2 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

3 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there?

RHINE. C. M.



1264 *Rev. 21 : 10.* DICKSON.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

1265 *Rev. 3 : 11.* ALEXANDER.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!

2 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

3 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

4 Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

5 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.

6 Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

1266 *Heb. 11 : 16.* ANON.

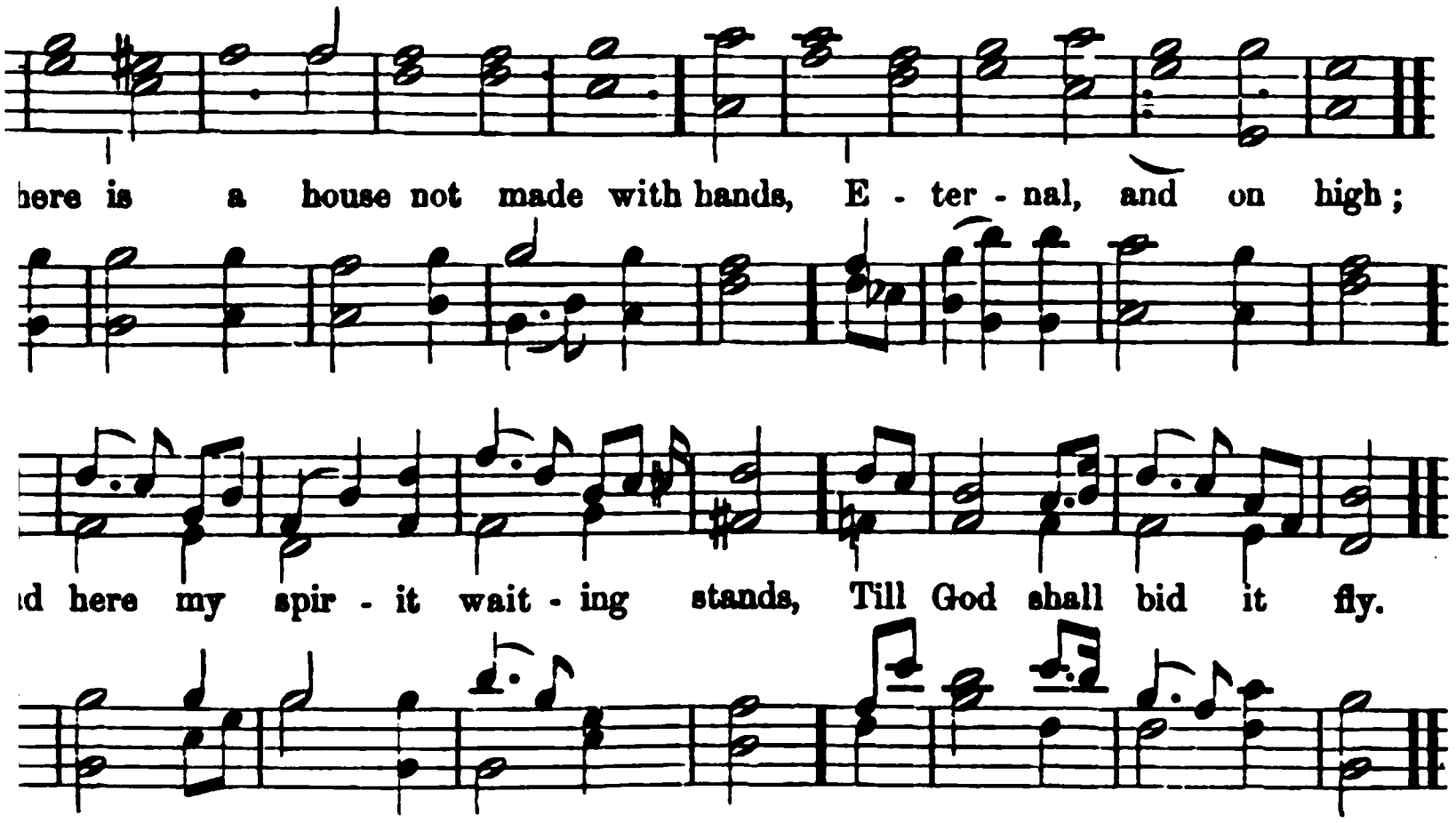
MY feet are weary with the march
Over the steep hill-side;
City of God! I fain would see
Thy peaceful waters glide!

2 My hands are weary, toiling on
For perishable meat;
City of God! I fain would reach
Thy glorious mercy-seat!

3 Patience, poor heart! His feet were worn,
His hands were weary too;
His garments stained, and travel-torn,
His head wet with the dew.

4 Love thou the path thy Saviour trod,
And patient wait thy rest;
His holy city thou shalt see,
Home of the loved and blest!

ANDALL. C. M.



2 Cor. 5 : 1. WATTS.

is a house not made with hands,
nal, and on high:
ere my spirit waiting stands,
God shall bid it fly.

this prison of my clay
be dissolved and fall;
O my soul, with joy obey
heavenly Father's call.

lk by faith of joys to come;
i lives upon his word;
ile the body is our home,
re absent from the Lord.

easant to believe thy grace,
we had rather see;
uld be absent from the flesh,
present, Lord, with thee.

Phil. 3 : 20. MONTGOMERY.

thro' this changing world we roam
i infancy to age,
is the Christian pilgrim's home,
rest at every stage.

, his raptured thought ascends,
ial joys to share;
his adoring spirit bends,
e here, he kneels in prayer.

arth his freed affections rise,
x on things above,
all his hope of glory lies,
re all is perfect love.

4 There, too, may we our treasure place —
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth, our conversation be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we, eye to eye, shall see,
And know as we are known.

1269 *Job 14 : 10.* NEWTON.

IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround a saint
When yielding up his breath.

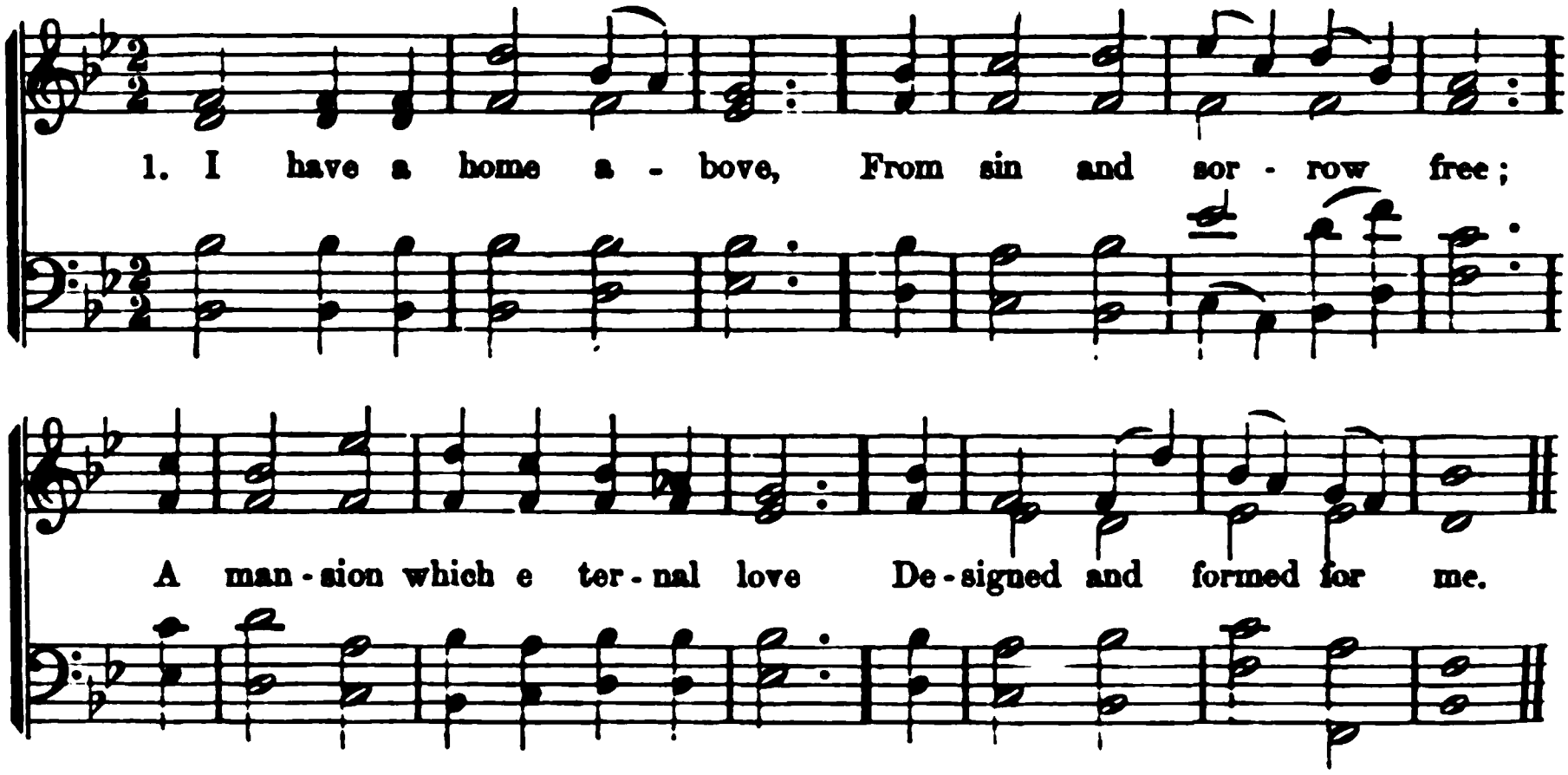
2 One gentle sigh the bondage breaks;
We scarce can say—he 's gone!
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace the spirit's flight;
No eye can pierce within the vail
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much, and 't is enough to know,
Saints are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
And see him face to face;
Oh, let us catch the heavenly flame,
And live in his embrace!

PALMER. S. M.



1270 *John 14 : 2.* BENNETT.

I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned—
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

5 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

1271 *Heb. 11 : 14.* KELLY.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste, with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

3 Our toils and conflicts cease,
On Canaan's happy shore!
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.

1272 *Ps. 137.* LYTE

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest!"

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue!

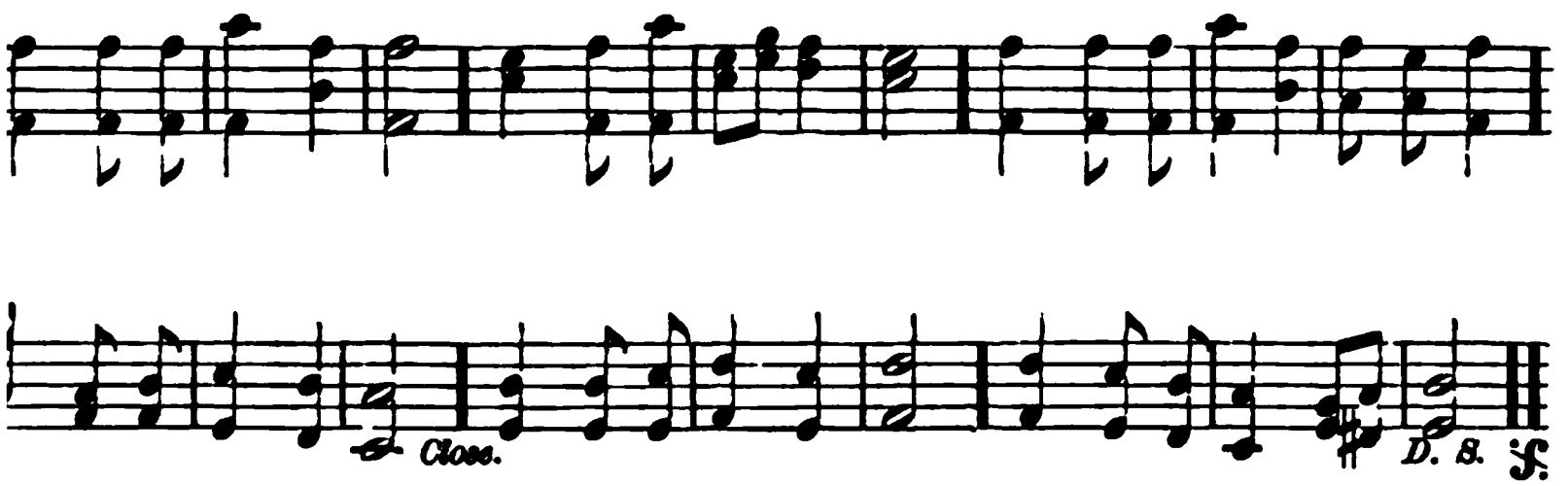
3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press—
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

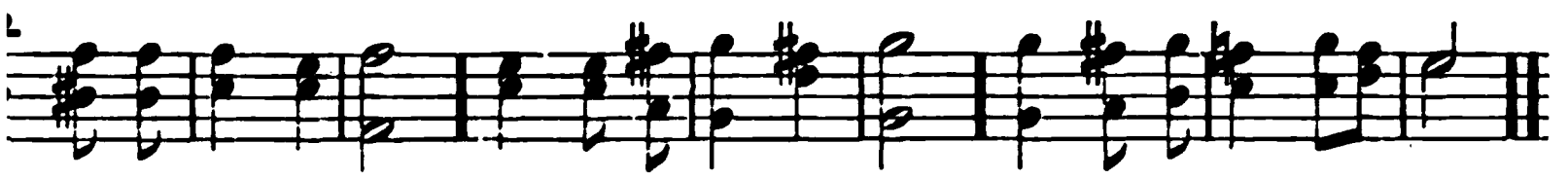
TRICKLAND. S. M. D.

here is no night in heaven; In that blest world above Work nev-er can bring weariness,

D. S. And tears are of those former things



or work it-self is love. There is no grief in heaven; For life is one glad day,
ich all have passed a-way.



Rev. 21 : 23-27. ANON.

is no night in heaven;
at blest world above
ever can bring weariness,
work itself is love.
s no grief in heaven;
ife is one glad day,
ars are of those former things
h all have passed away.

s no want in heaven;
Lamb of God supplies
ee of twelve-fold fruitage still,
spring which never dries.
s no sin in heaven;
ld that blesséd throng!
r is their spotless robe,
oly is their song.

s no death in heaven;
hey who gain that shore
on their immortality,
they can die no more.
s no death in heaven;
when the Christian dies,
els wait his parted soul,
waft it to the skies!

1274

Heb. 4 : 9. RAY PALMER.

AND is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

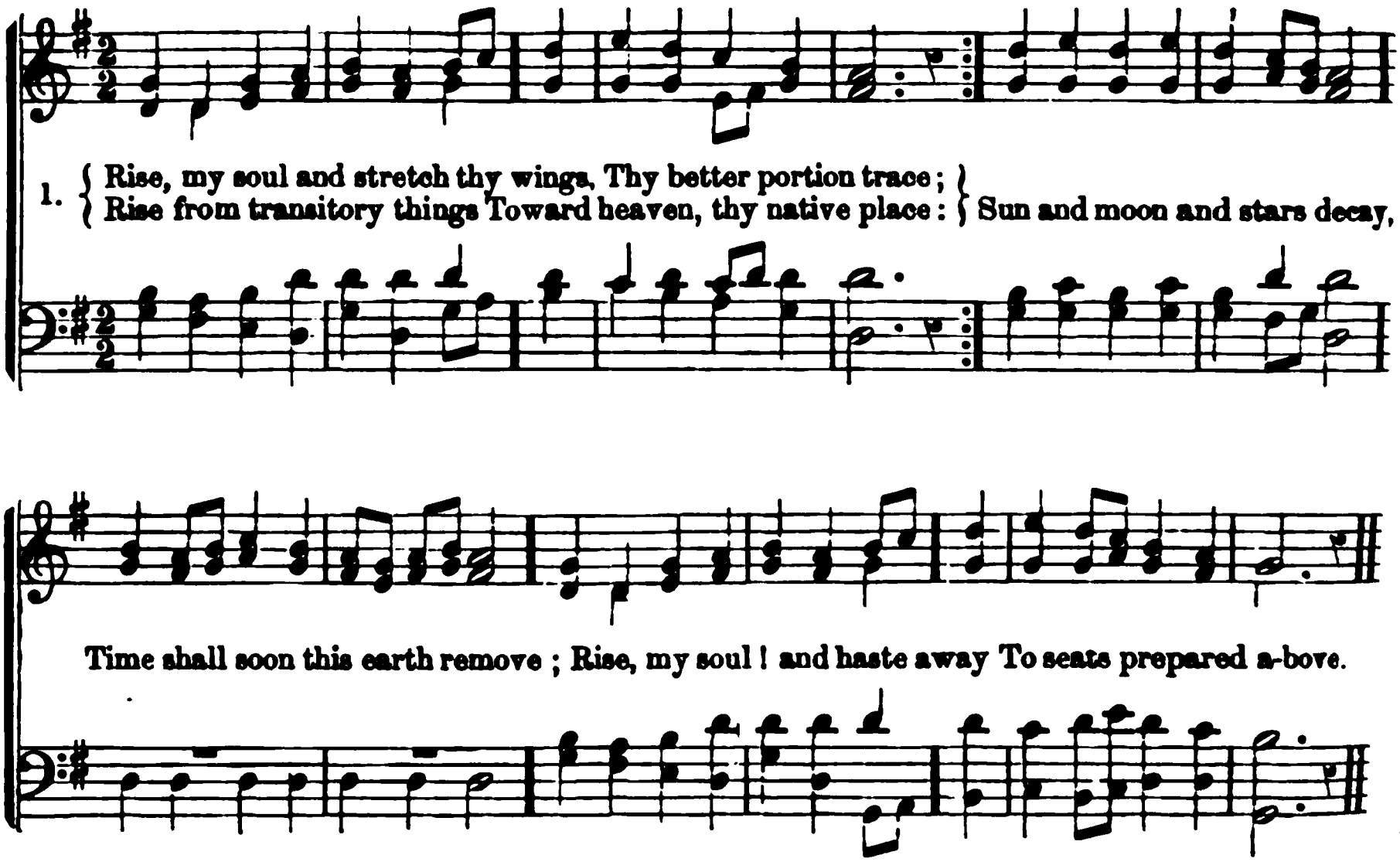
3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 Forever blesséd they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven!

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



1275 *1 John 3 : 2.* SEAGRAVE.

Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
  Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
  Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul! and haste away
  To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
  Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
  Both speed them to their source;
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
  To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly me, riches! fly me, cares!
  While I that coast explore;
Flattering world! with all thy snares,
  Solicit me no more:
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
  They'll rise to joyful light.

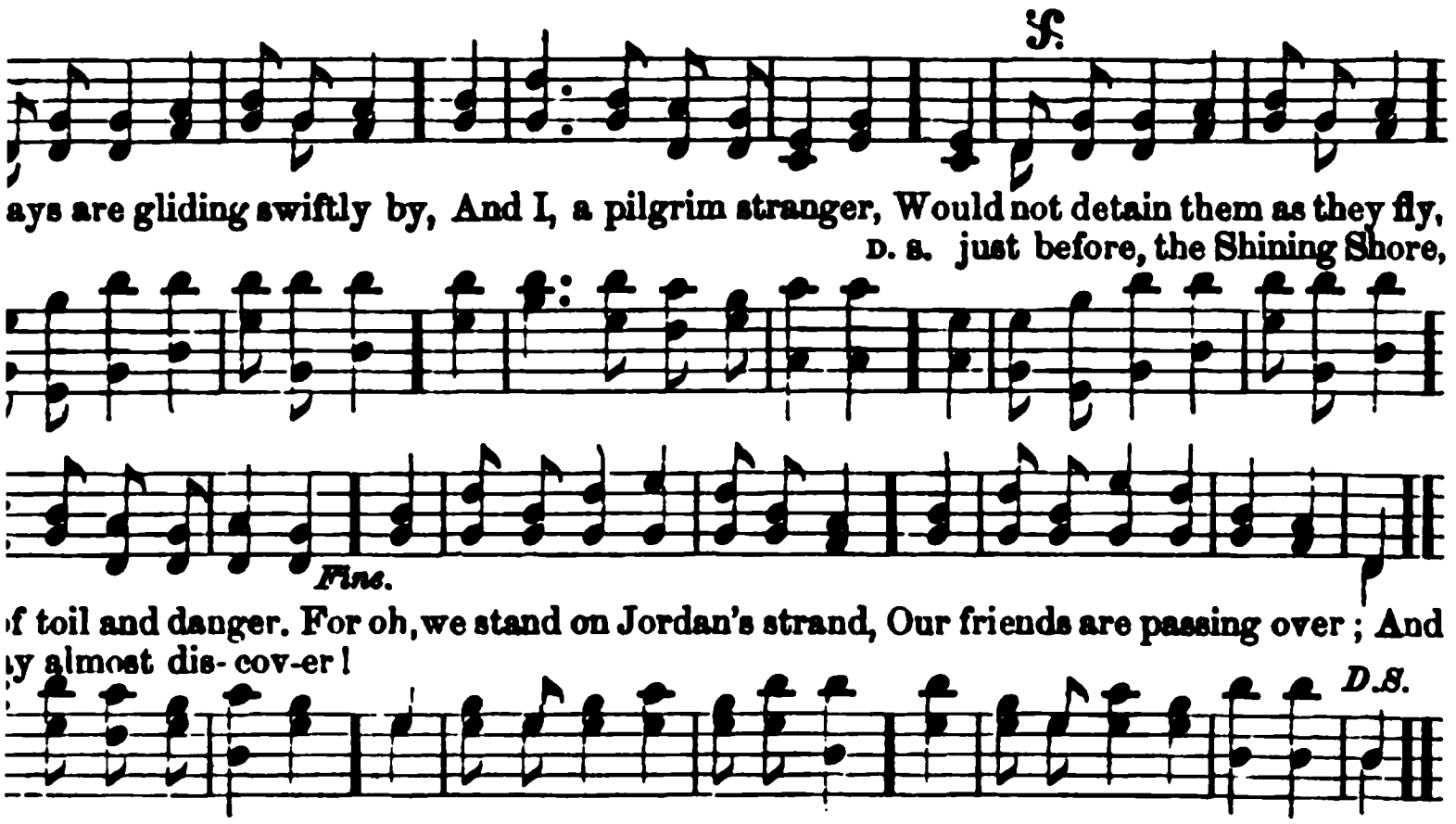
4 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
  Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
  Triumphant in the skies!
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
  And earth exchanged for heaven.

1276 *2 Cor. 5 : 1.* BURTON.

Time is winging us away
  To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
  A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
  Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
  Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
  To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
  A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
  Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
  Secure in Jesus' love.

INING SHORE. P. M.



Josh. 1 : 11. NELSON.

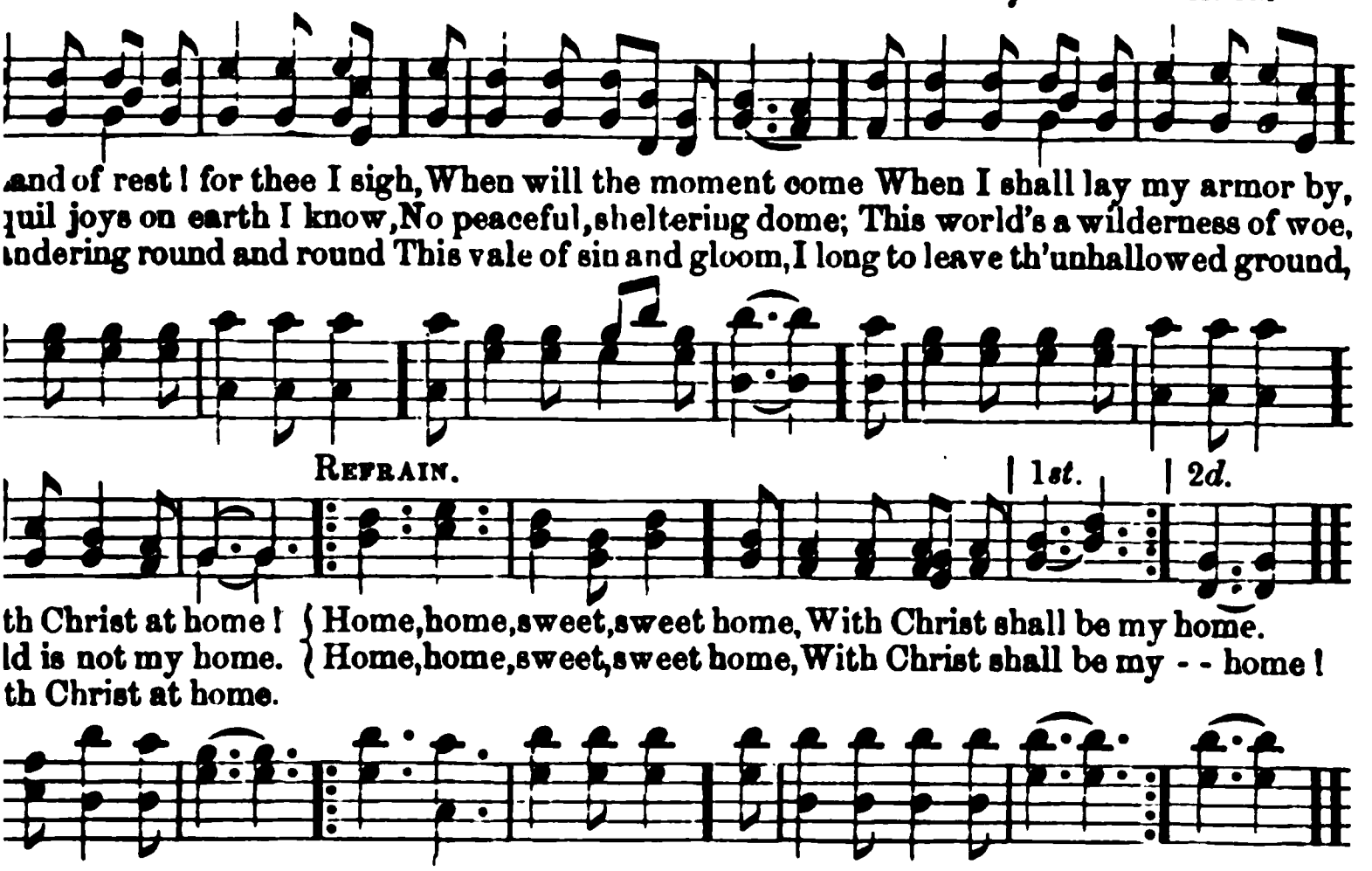
are gliding swiftly by,
a pilgrim stranger,
ot detain them as they fly,
nours of toil and danger.
h, we stand on Jordan's strand,
ir friends are passing over;
just before, the Shining Shore
e may almost discover!
d our loins, my brethren dear,
avenly home discerning;
it Lord has left us word,
ry lamp be burning.—*Ref.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—*Ref.*

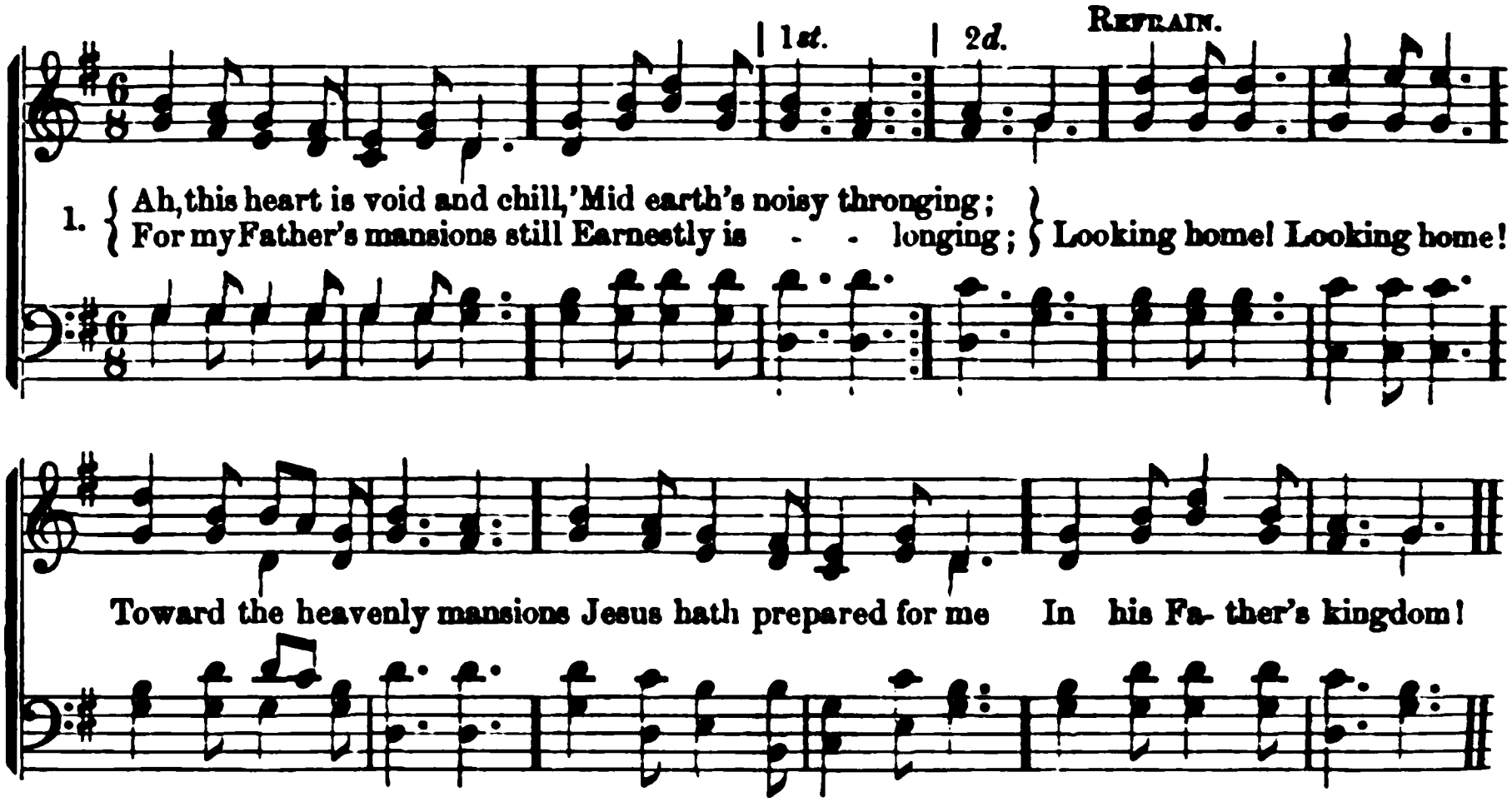
4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there 's our home,
Forever, oh, forever!
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

ND OF REST. C. M.

HYMN 1278 ANON.



LOOKING HOME. P. M.



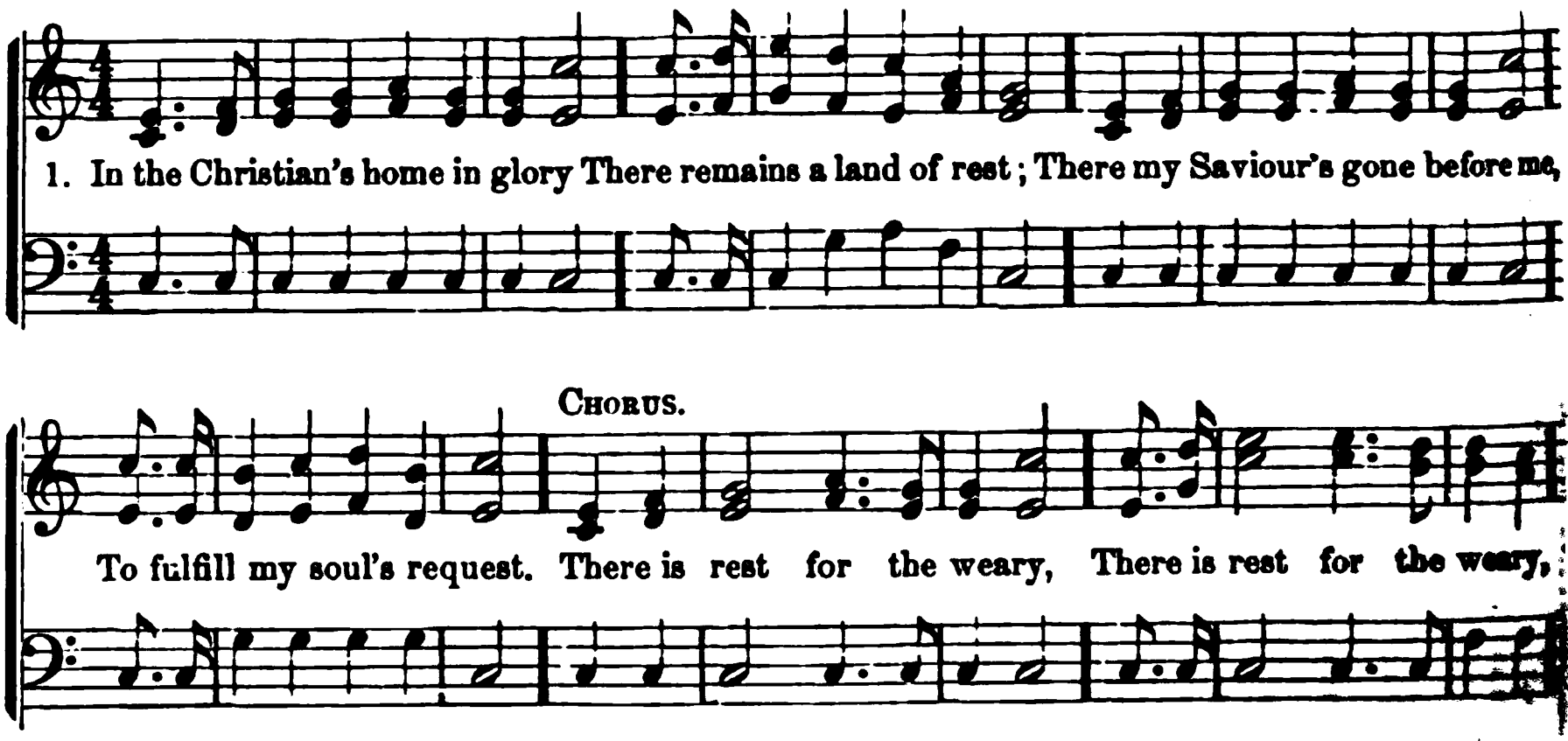
1279 *John 14 : 2.* GERMAN.

AH, this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansions still
Earnestly is longing;
Looking home! looking home!
Toward the heavenly mansions
Jesus hath prepared for me
In his Father's kingdom!

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.
Looking home! looking home!
Toward the heavenly mansions
Jesus hath prepared for me
In his Father's kingdom!

3 With this load of sin and care,
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there
On our soul attending:—
Blesséd home! blesséd home!
All for which we 're sighing;
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom!

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. D



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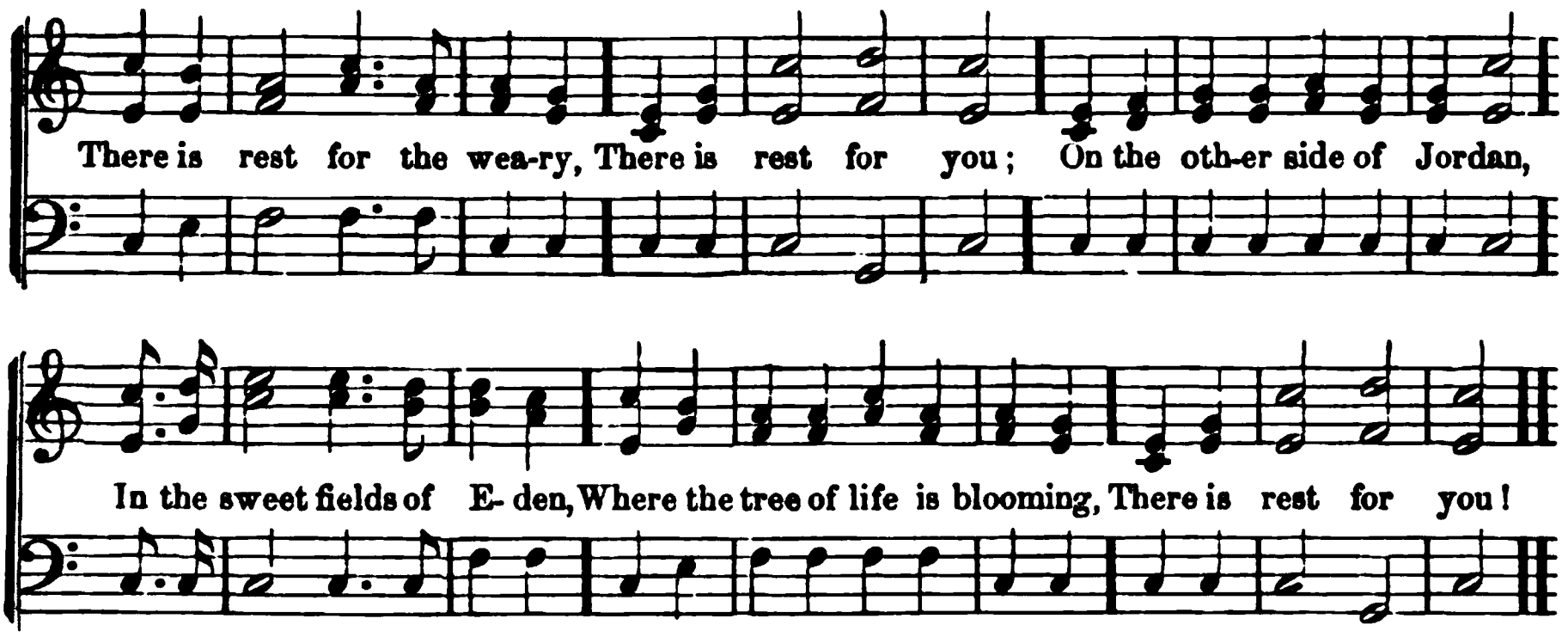


1280 *Heb. 4 : 9.* HUNTER.

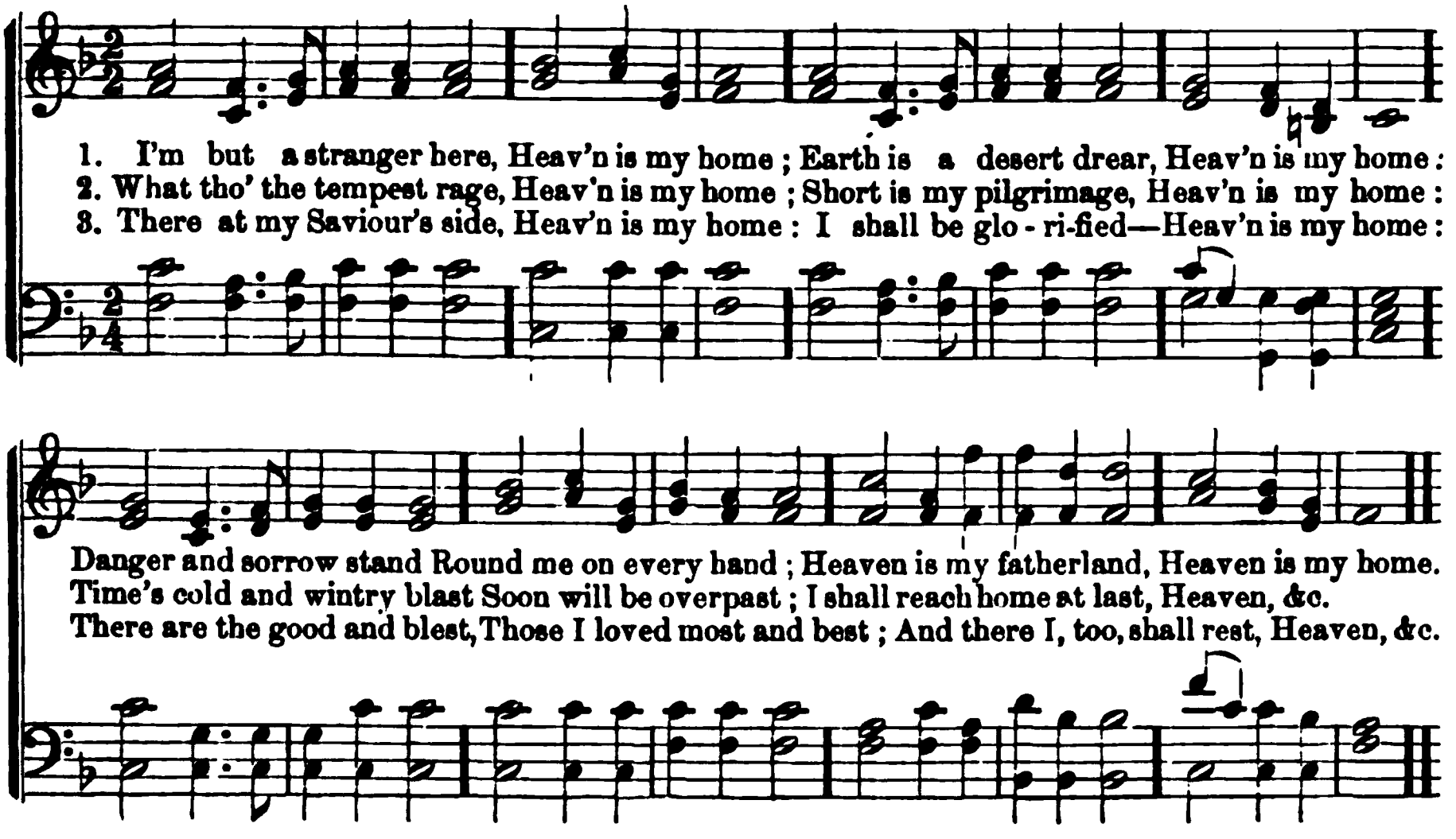
In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour 's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you!

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, etc.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

FATHERLAND. 6s & 4s. HYMN 1281 TAYLOR.



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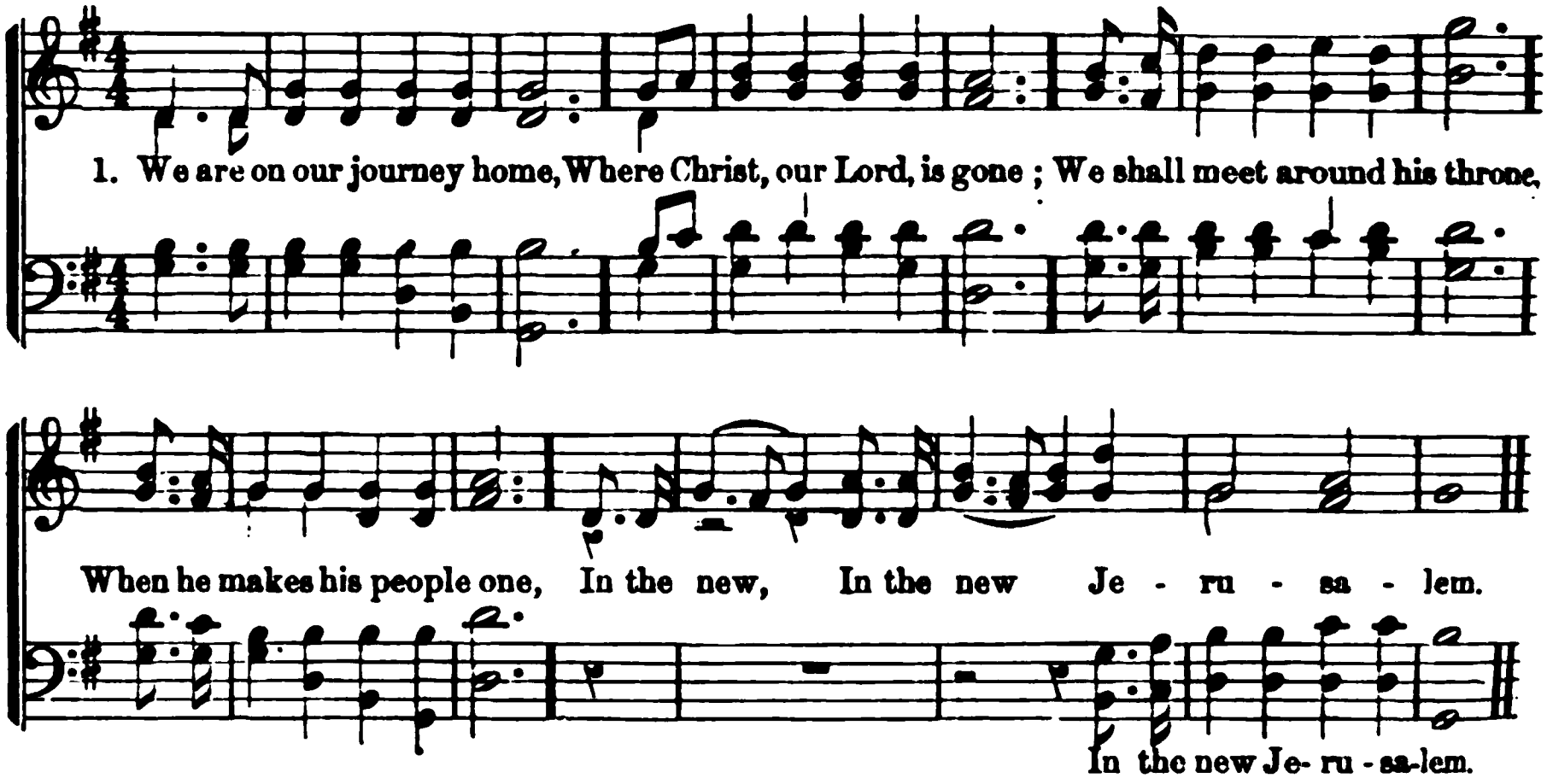


1282 *Rev. 21 : 2.* C. Brecher.

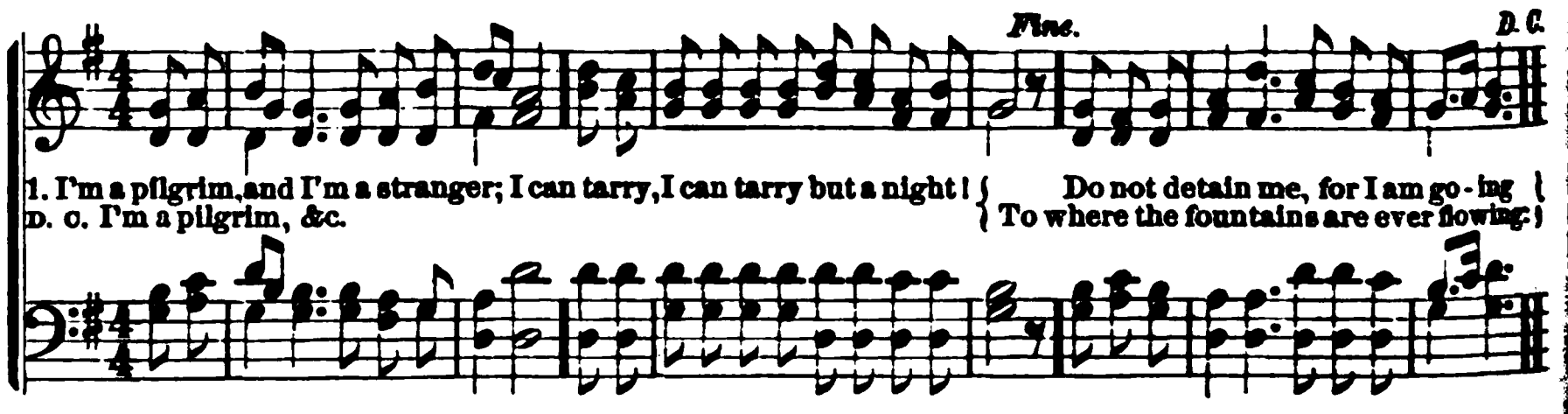
We are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone;
We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one,
In the new Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.

3 Oh, holy, heavenly home!
Oh, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem!

4 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord! thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee,
To the new Jerusalem.

I'M A PILGRIM.



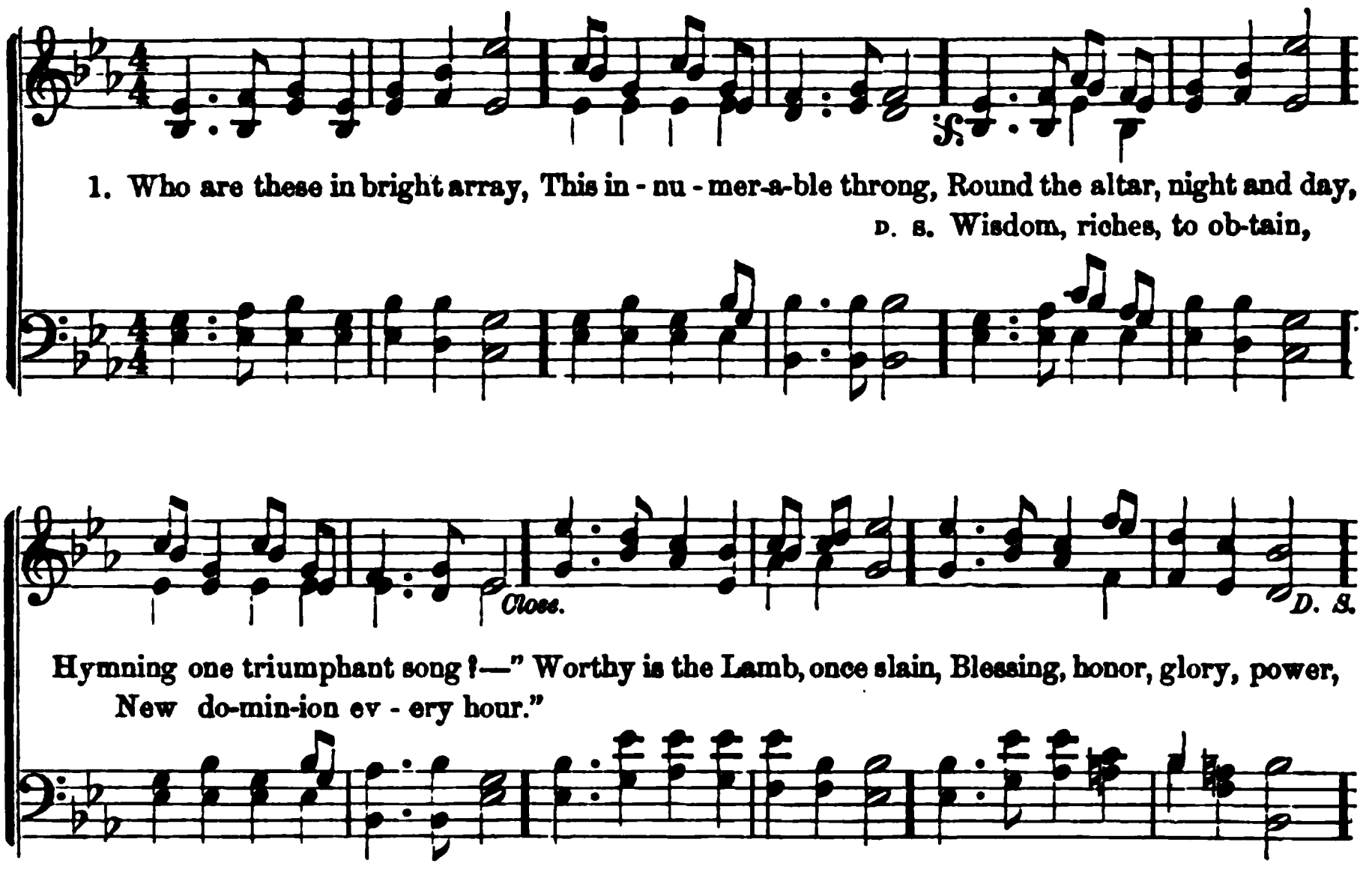
1283 *Heb. 11 : 13.* Anon.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

2 There the glory is ever shining!
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart
is there!
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

BEULAH. 7s. D.



1284 *Rev. 7 : 13.* MONTGOMERY.

WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came:
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispel all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

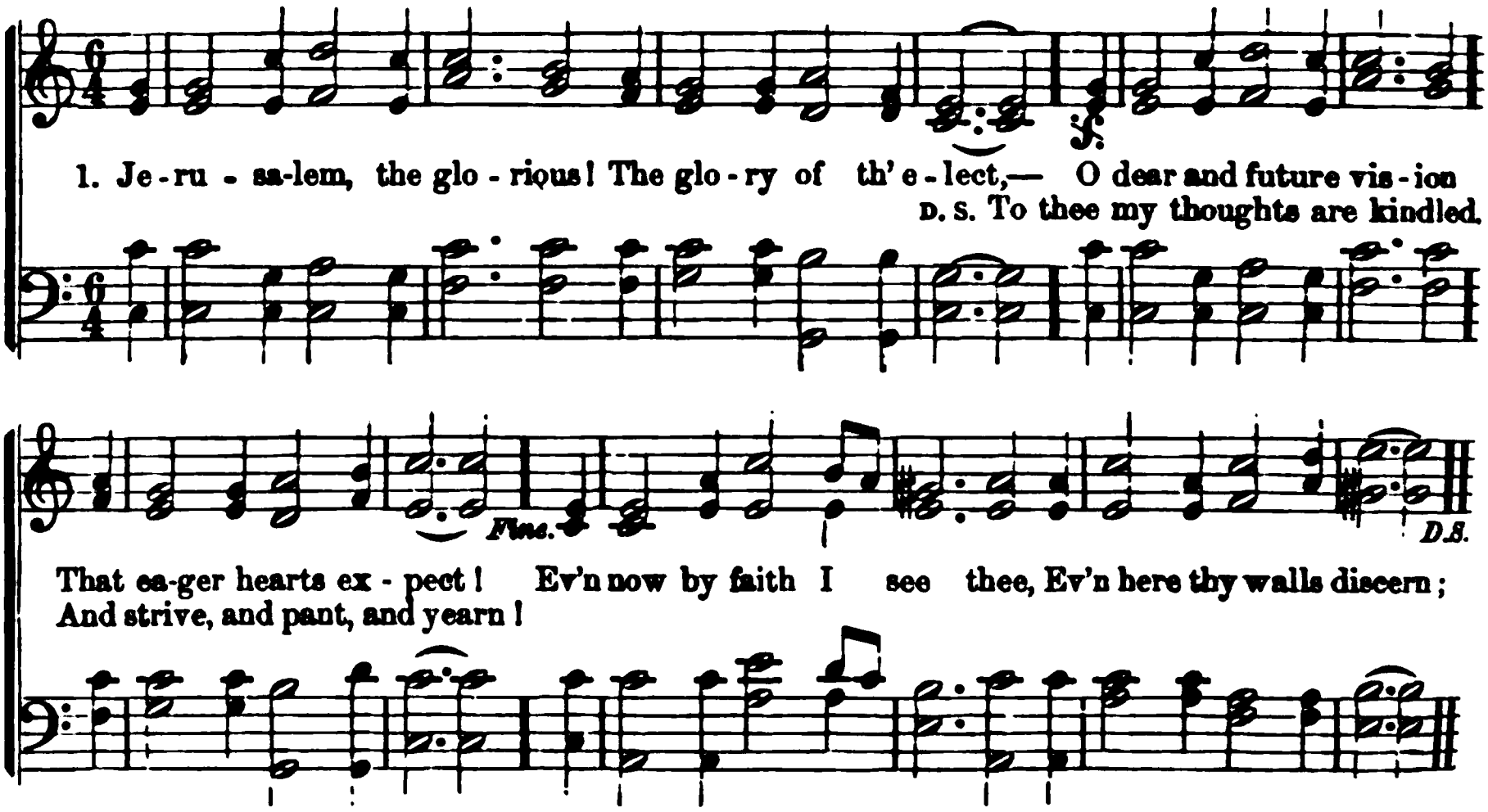
1285 *Isa. 60 : 20.* RAFFLES.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more—
Never, never weep again:
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose:
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.



1286 *Heb. 11 : 14.* BERNARD.

JERUSALEM, the glorious!
The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessèd Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?—
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

1287 *Matt. 25 : 6.* BORTHWICK.

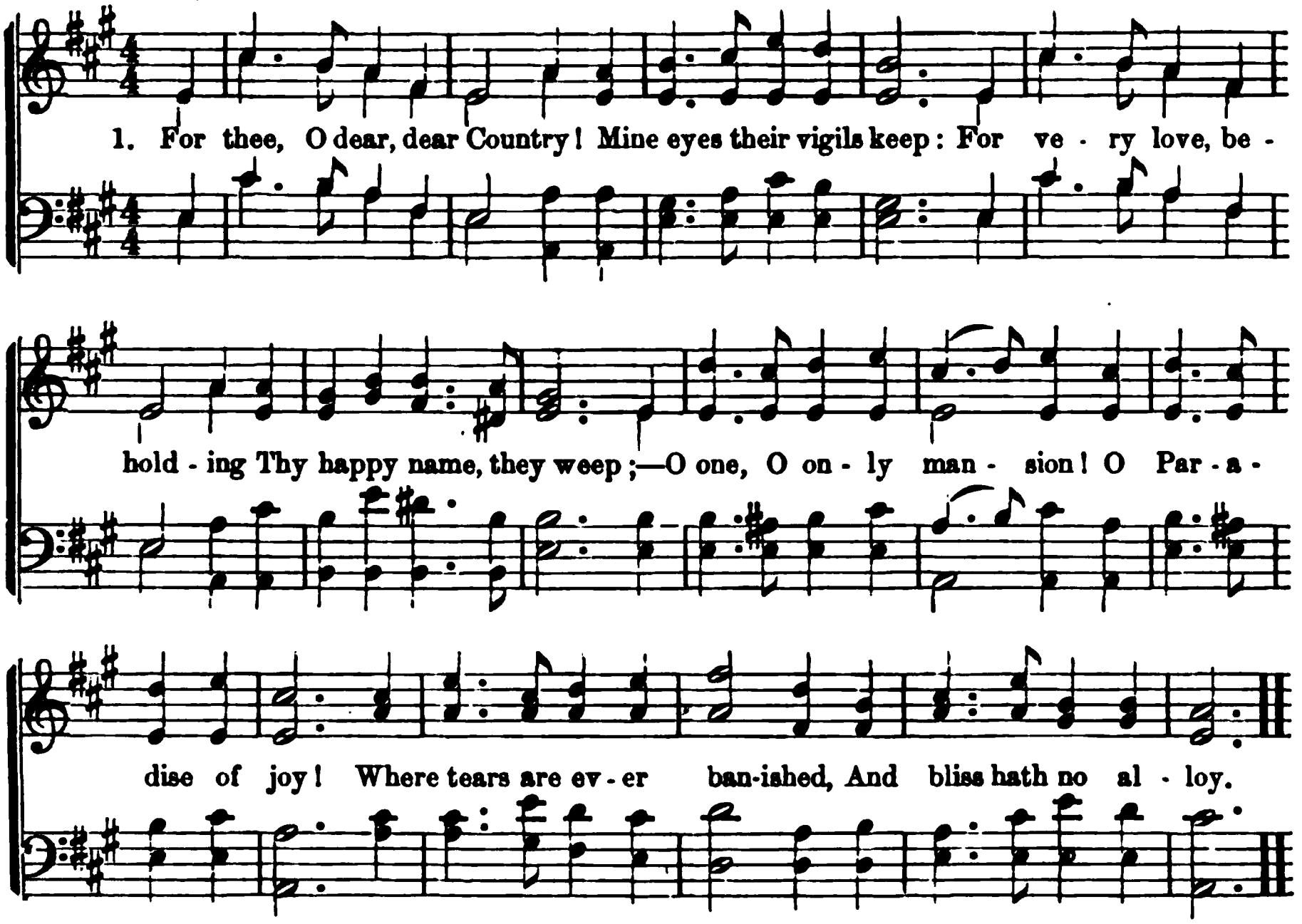
REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour he draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil.
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 The saints, who here in patience
Their cross and sufferings bore,
With him shall reign forever,
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb shall they behold,
Adoring cast before him
Their diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

BERNARD. 7s & 6s. D.



1288 *Rev. 21 : 10.* BERNARD.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep:
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;—
O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And bliss hath no alloy.

2 Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up the fabric,
The corner-stone is CHRIST!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

3 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song;
And bright with many an angel,
With many a martyr-throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene,
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

4 There is the throne of David;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!

1289 *John 17 : 24.* BONAR.

No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene;
No deep sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between:
Love and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

2 No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again:
No death our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King!

1290 P. M. *2 Cor. 5 : 1.* ANON.

Lo, the seal of death is breaking;
Those who slept its sleep are waking;
Heaven opes its portals fair!
Hark! the harps of God are ringing,
Hark! the seraph's hymn is flinging
Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery welleth;
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night and broke the morning
Over all the golden shore!

1291 C. M. *Rev. 21 : 2.* WATTS.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides—
That holy, happy place,—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King:—

4 "The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God:—

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die!"

6 How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

1292 C. M. *Rev. 7 : 15.* ANON.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee?

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

1293 7s. *Rev. 11 : 12.* NEVIN.

"COME up hither! come away;"
Thus the ransomed spirits sing;
Here is cloudless, endless day;
Here is everlasting spring.

2 Come up hither; come and dwell
With the living hosts above;
Come, and let your bosoms swell
With their burning songs of love.

3 Come up hither; come and share
In the sacred joys that rise,
Like an ocean, everywhere
Through the myriads of the skies.

4 Come up hither; come and shine
In the robes of spotless white;
Palms, and harps, and crowns are thine;
Hither, hither wing your flight.

5 Come up hither; hither speed;
Rest is found in heaven alone;
Here is all the wealth you need;
Come and make this wealth your o[wn]

1294 L.M. *Rev. 21 : 23.* MRS. HINSDALE.

A LIGHT streams downward from the sky,
An open door the radiance shows,
Through which the ransomed spirits fly,
To enter bliss no mortal knows.

2 Girded with gladness in that home,
No soul its sackcloth ever wears;
No sickness, griefs, or fears can come,
Nor burdened heart with heavy cares.

3 A tree of life, with pleasant shade,
Grows in that upper Paradise;
Renewed from Eden's early glade,
Its various fruit each want supplies.

4 There flowers of grace in beauty stand,
With fragrance of immortal bloom;
No blighting breath, nor icy hand,
Demands their sweetness for the tomb.

5 Sweet sinless home! my spirit longs
To mount the skies, and breathe thine air;
With grateful heart to join the songs,
Whose rolling tide flows ceaseless there!

1295 L. M. *John. 17 : 24.* C. ELLIOTT.

LET me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Thine unvailed glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be false to thee and cold.

3 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

1296 L. M. *Deut. 34 : 1.* NEWTON.

As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains,
He eyes his home though distant still:—

2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

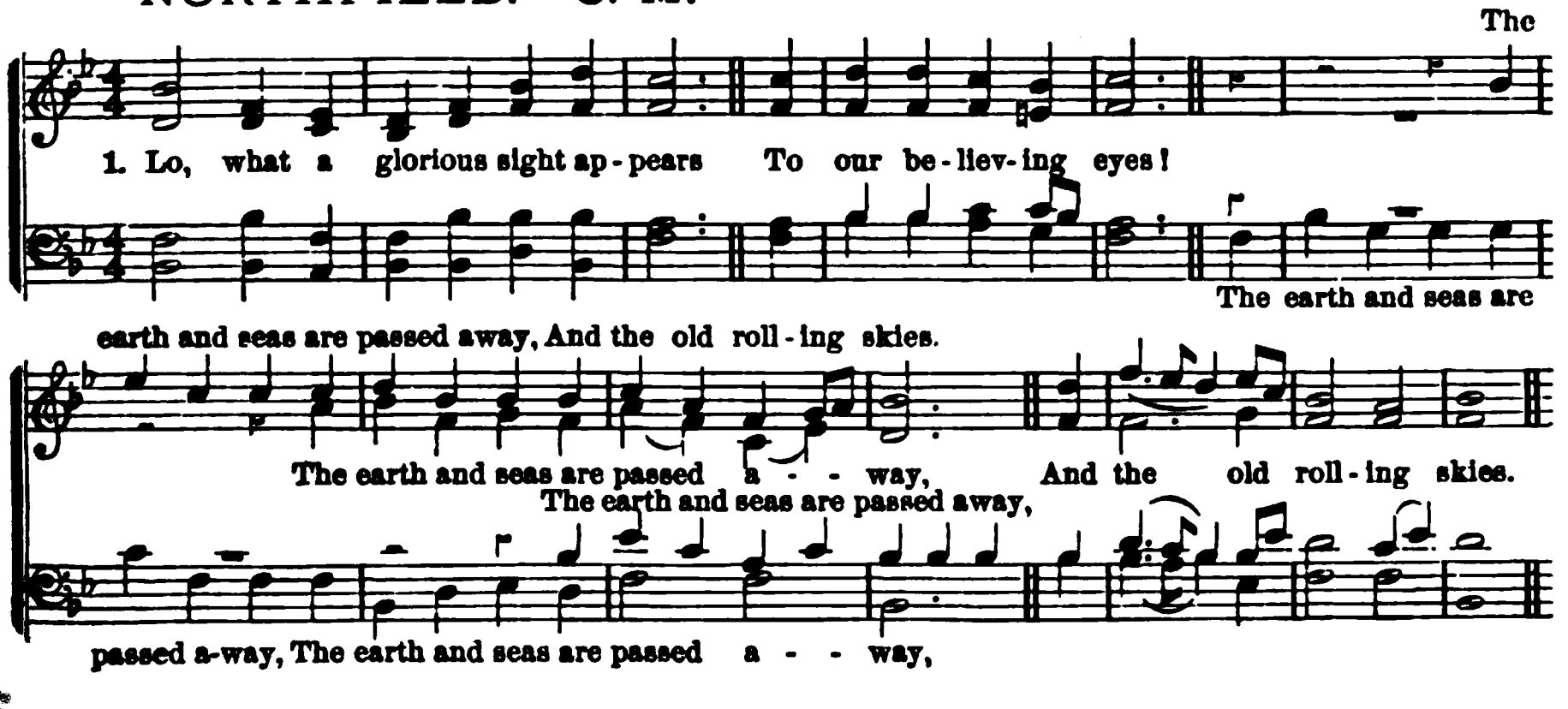
3 'T is there, he says, I am to dwell,
With Jesus in the realms of day!
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away!

1297 7s D. *Rev. 5 : 12.* CONDER.

SEE the ransomed millions stand,—
Palms of conquest in their hands!
This before the throne their strain,—
"Hell is vanquished—death is slain!—
Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right!
Thrones and powers before him fall,—
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

2 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power!
Still thy foes are unsubdued:
Nature sighs to be renewed:
Time has nearly reached its sum:
All things with the Bride, say, "Come!"
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come,—and reign forevermore!

NORTHFIELD. C. M.



1298 L. M. 6 l. *Ps. 50 : 2.* ANON.

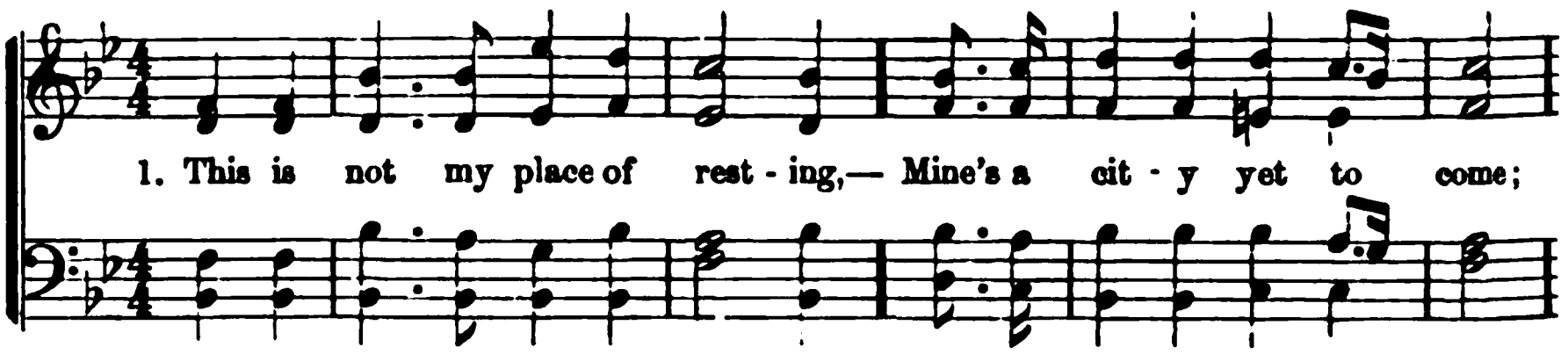
BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
Beautiful city, that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple,—God its light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

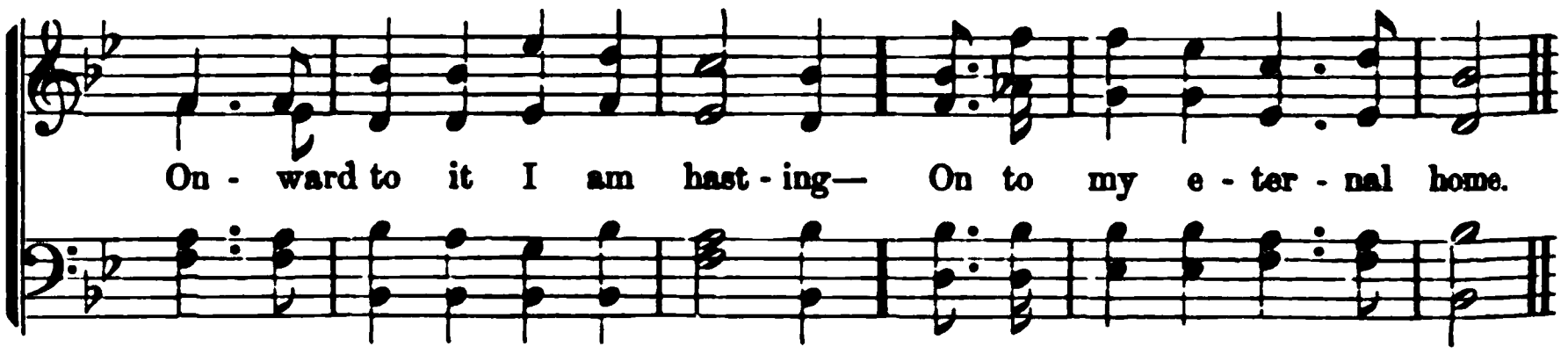
2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir!
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me!

VESPER. 8s & 7s.





1299 8s & 7s. *Deut. 12 : 9.* BONAR.

THIS is not my place of resting,—
Mine 's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

1300 8s & 7s. *Rev. 22 : 16.* ANON.

GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners!
Thou hast wondrous power to save;
Grant me grace, and still protect me,
Over life's tempestuous wave.

2 May my soul, with sacred transport,
View the dawn while yet afar;
And, until the sun arises,
Lead me by the Morning Star.

3 See the happy spirits, waiting
On the banks beyond the stream;
Sweet responses still repeating,—
Jesus, Jesus is their theme.

4 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours,
Seraphs, lend your glittering wings;
Love absorbs my ransomed powers,
Heavenly sounds around me ring!

1301 P. M. *Heb. 6 : 19.* BONAR.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon!
Love, rest, and home—
Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come!

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon!
Love, rest, and home—
Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come!

1302 7s & 6s. D. *Heb. 11 : 16.* ANON.

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple—
And saints arrayed in white,
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

2 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

3 The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way—
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

4 And what shall be my journey,
How long my stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

1303 S. M. *Acts 6 : 16.* ANON.

COME, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.
Cho.—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there!

2 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow,
Which on each feature plays.—*Cho.*

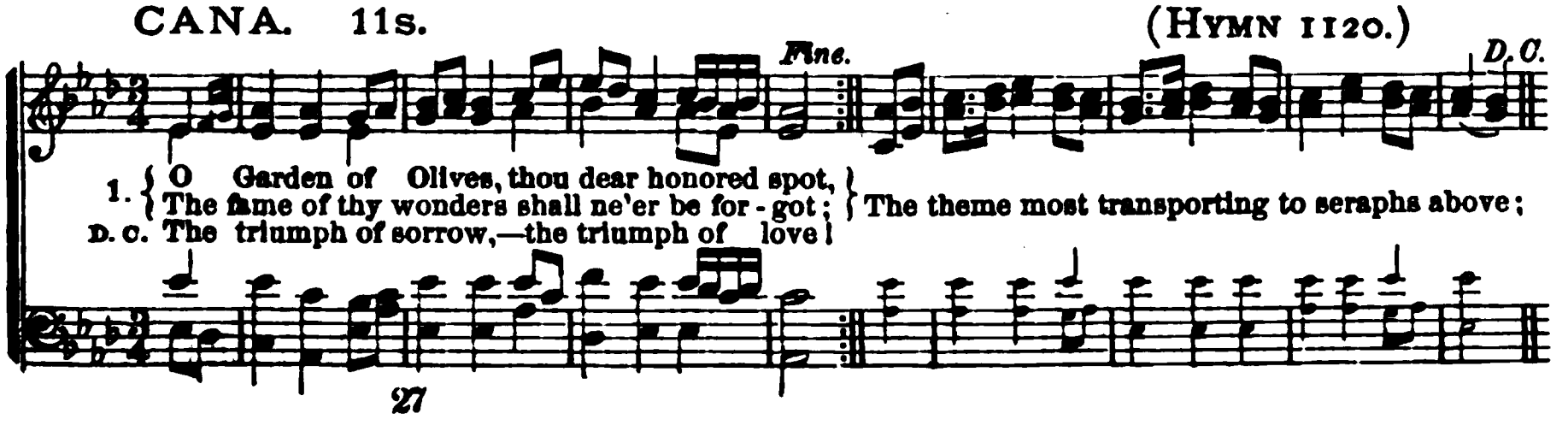
3 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music charm me last on earth.
And greet me first in heaven!—*Cho.*

1304 C. M. D. *Ps. 126 : 5.* TAPPAN.

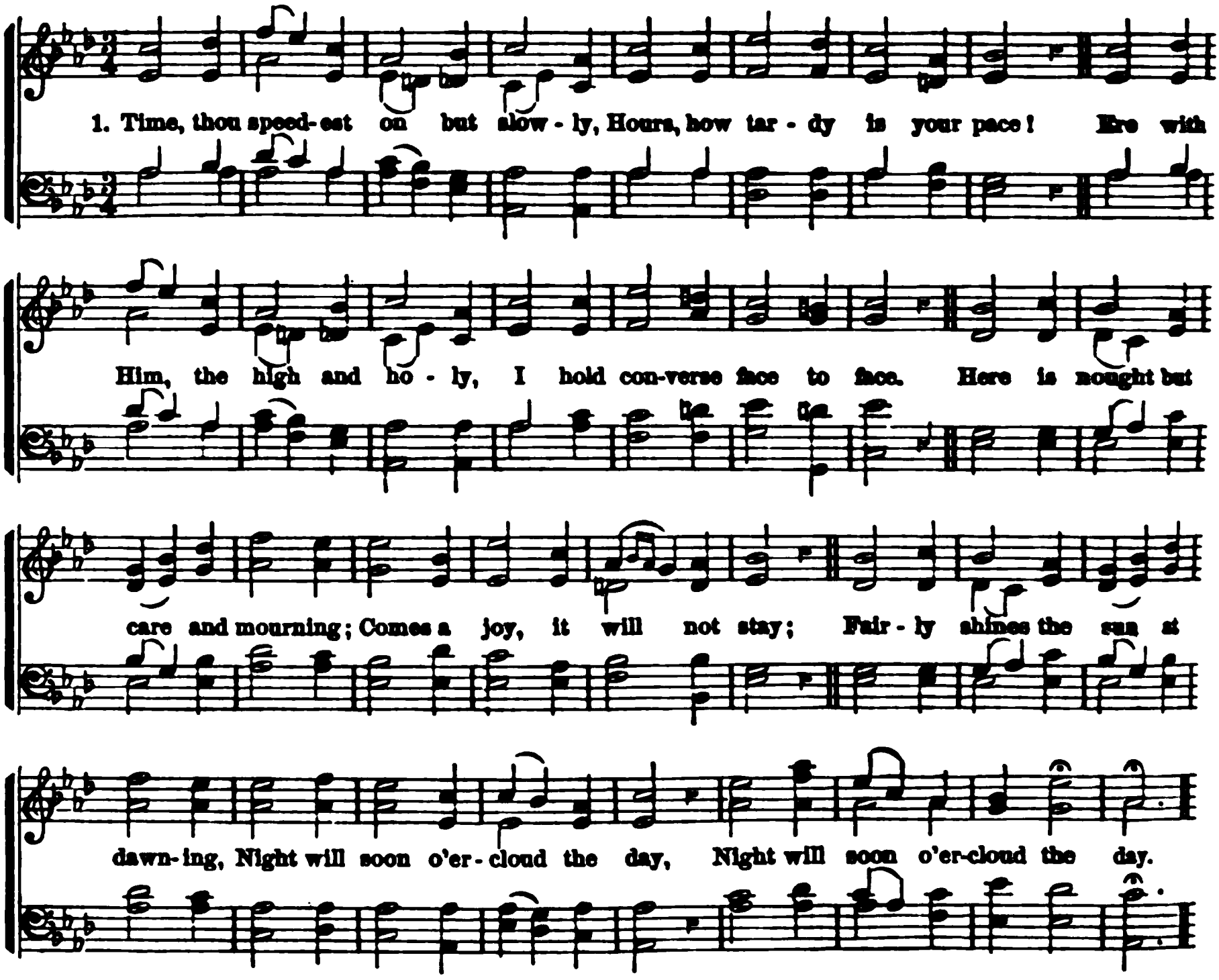
THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest:—
'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts, which here annoy;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

2 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore:
There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There, they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

CANA. 11s. (HYMN 1120.)



GUIDANCE. 8s & 7s. D.



1305 8s & 7s D. *Isa. 33 : 17.* GERMAN.

TIME, thou speedest on but slowly,
Hours, how tardy is your pace!
Ere with Him, the high and holy,
I hold converse face to face.
Here is nought but care and mourning;
Comes a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day.

2 Onward then! not long I wander
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with him abiding yonder,
All his glory I shall see.
Oh! the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh! the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!

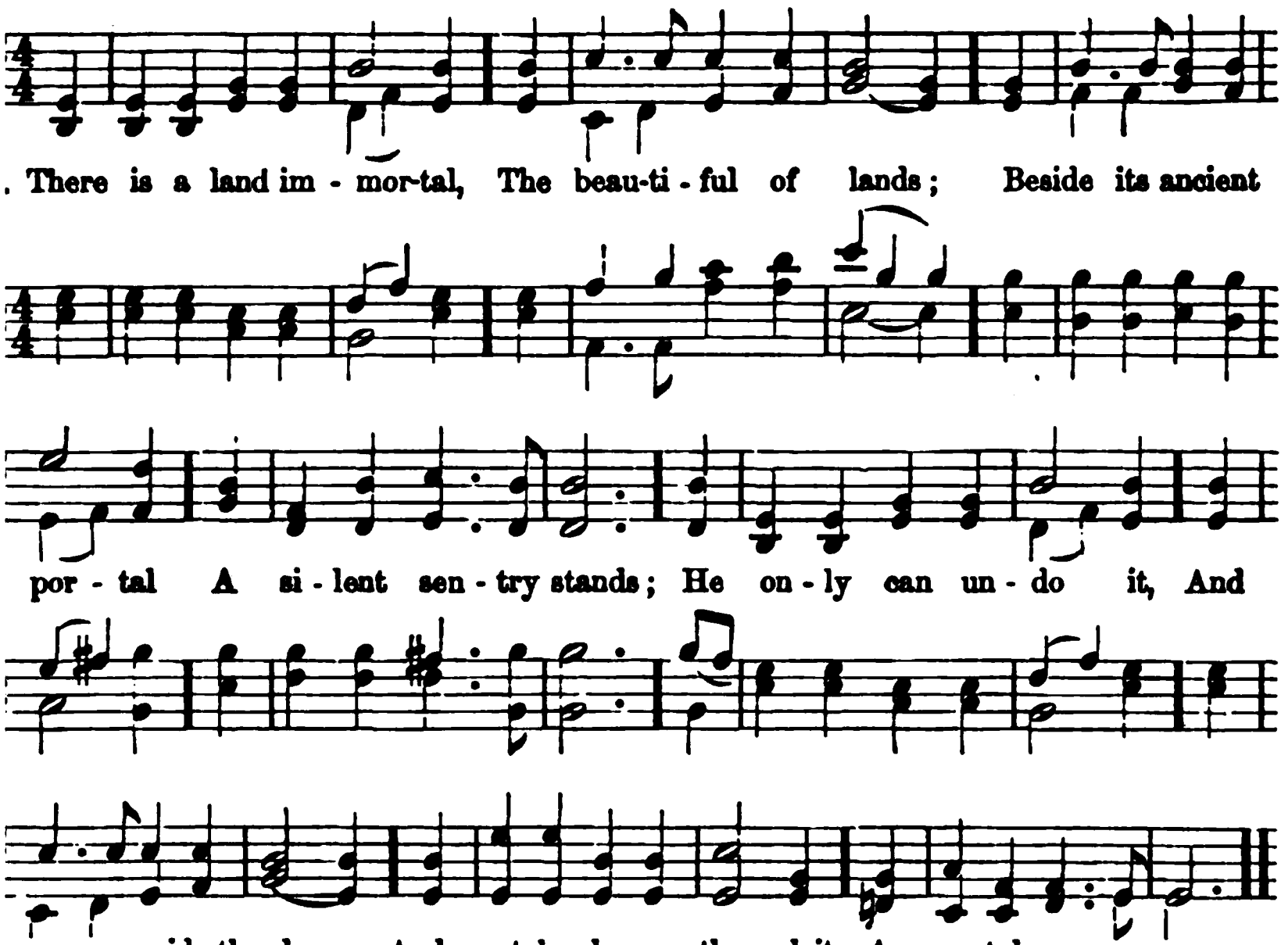
1306 8s & 7s D. *Rev. 7 : 17.* CONDER.

JESUS, blesséd Mediator!
Thou the airy path hast trod;
Thou the Judge, the Consummator!
Shepherd of the fold of God!
Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.

2 Blesséd fold! no foe can enter;
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield Omnipotence!
Blesséd, for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

3 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hades' gates are burst asunder;
See! the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought! repress thy weak endeavor;
Here must reason prostrate fall;
Oh, the ineffable Forever!
And the eternal All in All!

RUSSELL. 7s & 6s. D.



7s. D. *Rev. 7 : 13.* C. WESLEY.

are these arrayed in white,
ghter than the noon-day sun?
ıost of the sons of light,
ırest the eternal throne?
are they that bore the cross;
)ly for their Master stood;
ers in his righteous cause;
.owers of the dying God.

f great distress they came;
shed their robes, by faith below,
blood, O glorious Lamb!
od that washes white as snow;
fore are they next the throne;
ve their Maker day and night;
esides among his own,
l doth in his saints delight.

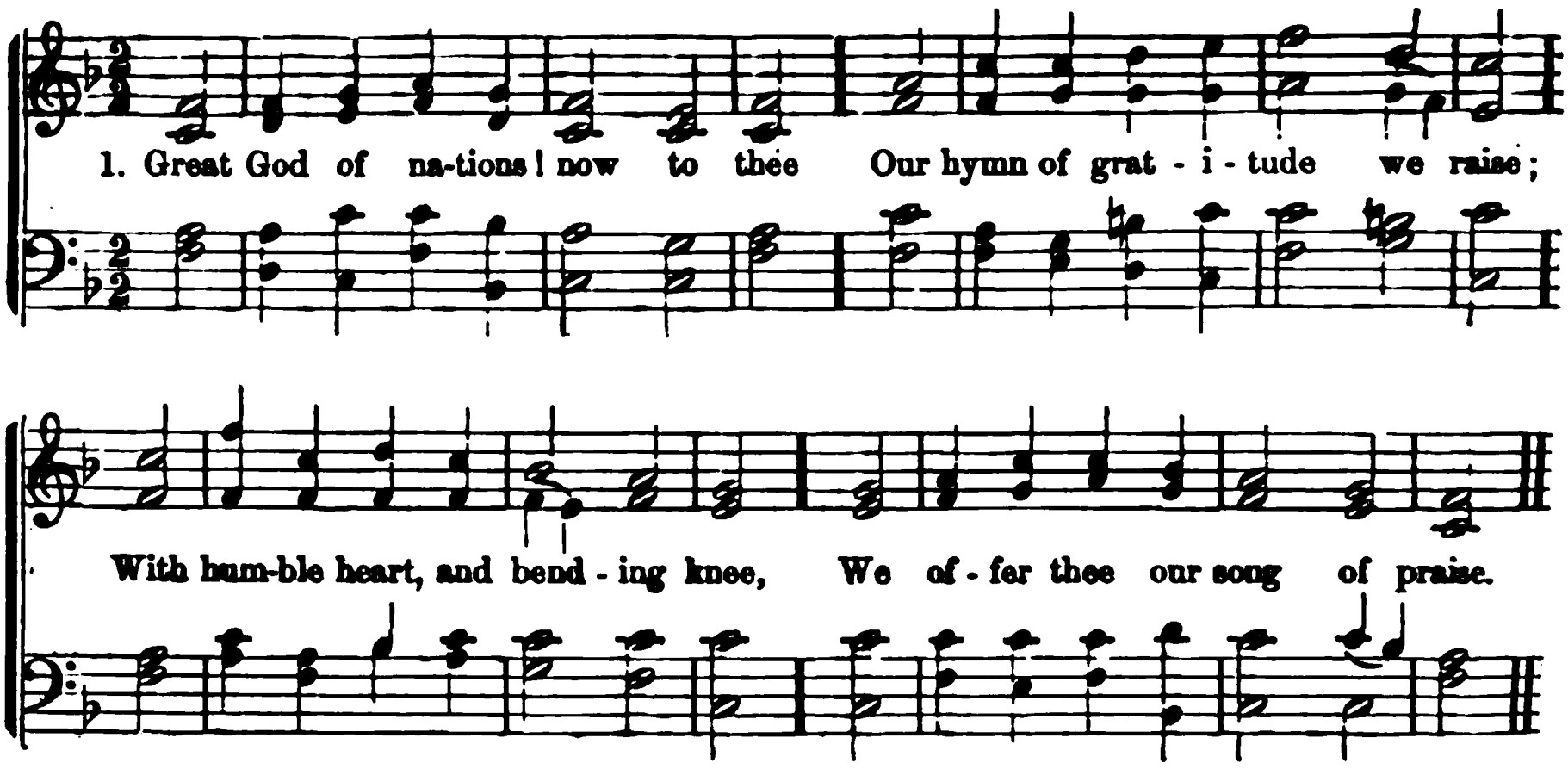
7s & 6s. D. *Heb. 2 : 14.* MCKELLAR.

is a land immortal,
beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They 're blesséd in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'T is life for them to die!

UXBRIDGE. L. M.



1309 National. ANON.

GREAT God of nations! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God!
For all the kindness thou hast shown,
To this fair land the Pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here, freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;—
Here, thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety, through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light,
Through all our land, its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

1310 Thanksgiving. DODDRIDGE.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year!

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores:
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

1311 New Year. DODDRIDGE.

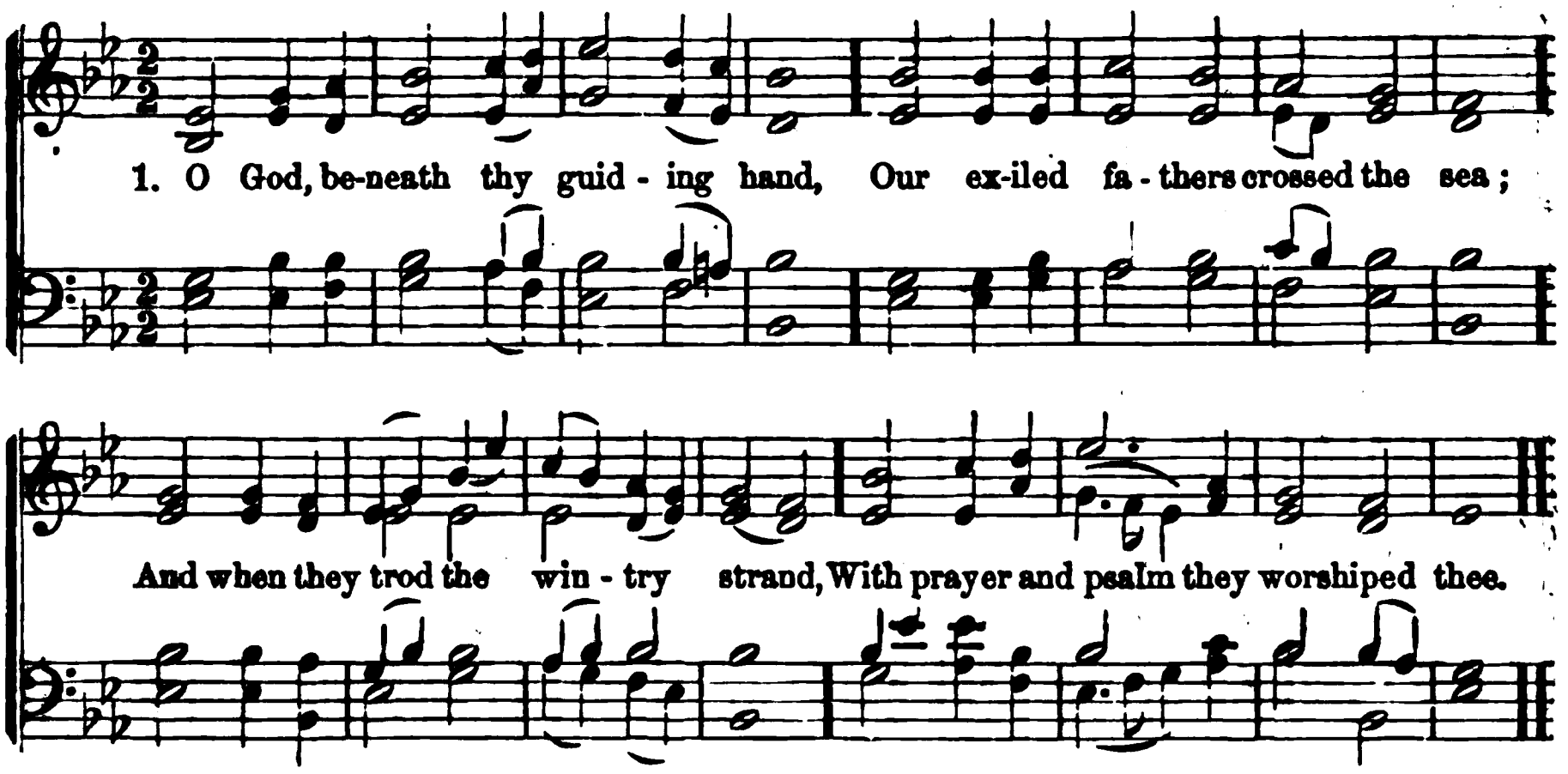
OUR Helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



1312 National. BACON.

O GOD, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

1313 New Year. DODDRIDGE.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

1314 Seamen. BURGESS.

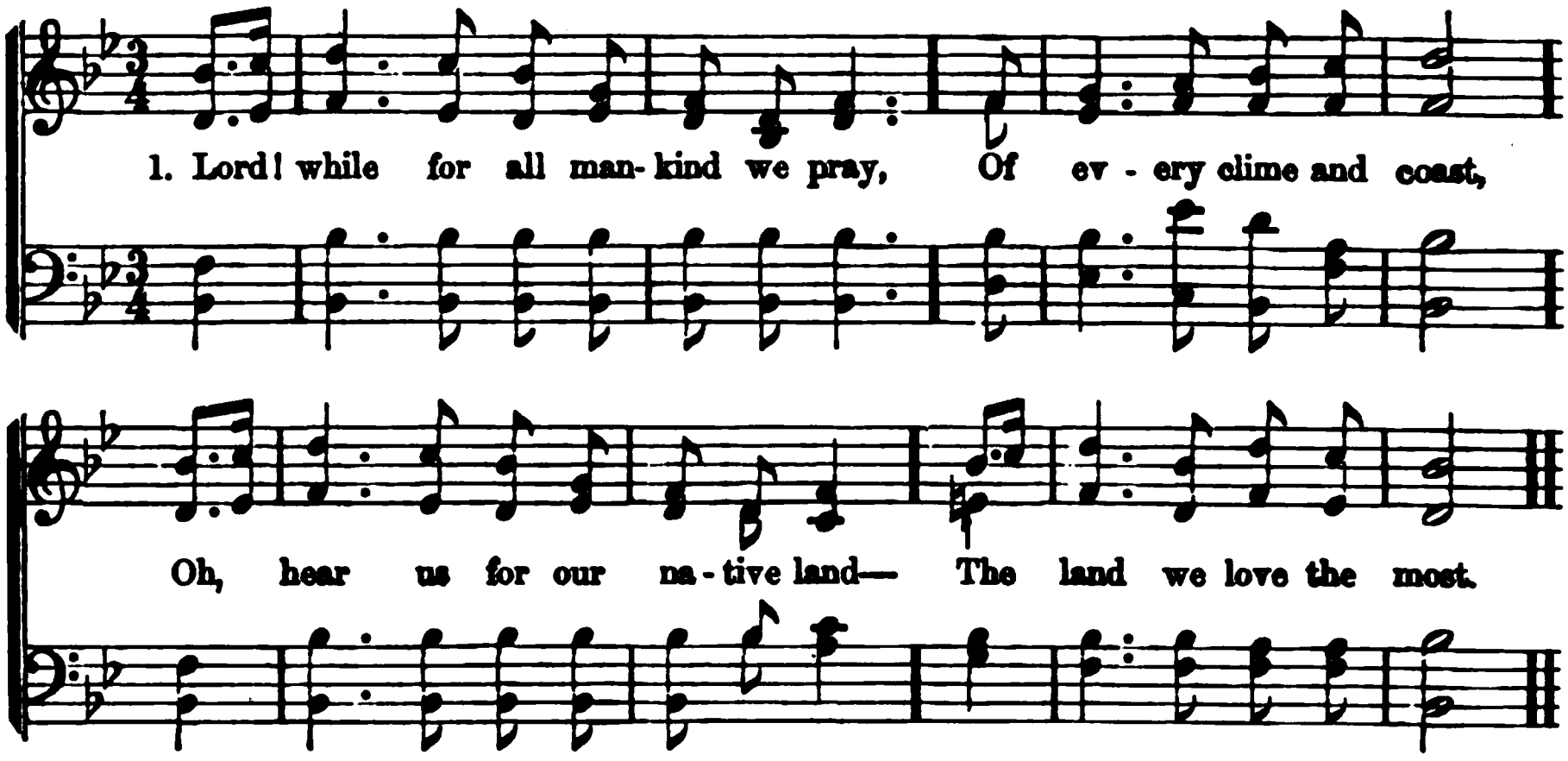
WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts where'er they go,
Oh, let thy heavenly breezes blow!

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye;
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark!
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side!

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

GLASGOW. C. M.



1315 National. WREFORD.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

1316 A Marriage Hymn. BERRIDGE.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 Oh, may each soul assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to thee!
Clad in thy robes, made white and fair,
To spend eternity!

1317 Fast. STEELE.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Alarming judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

3 Oh, bid us turn, Almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

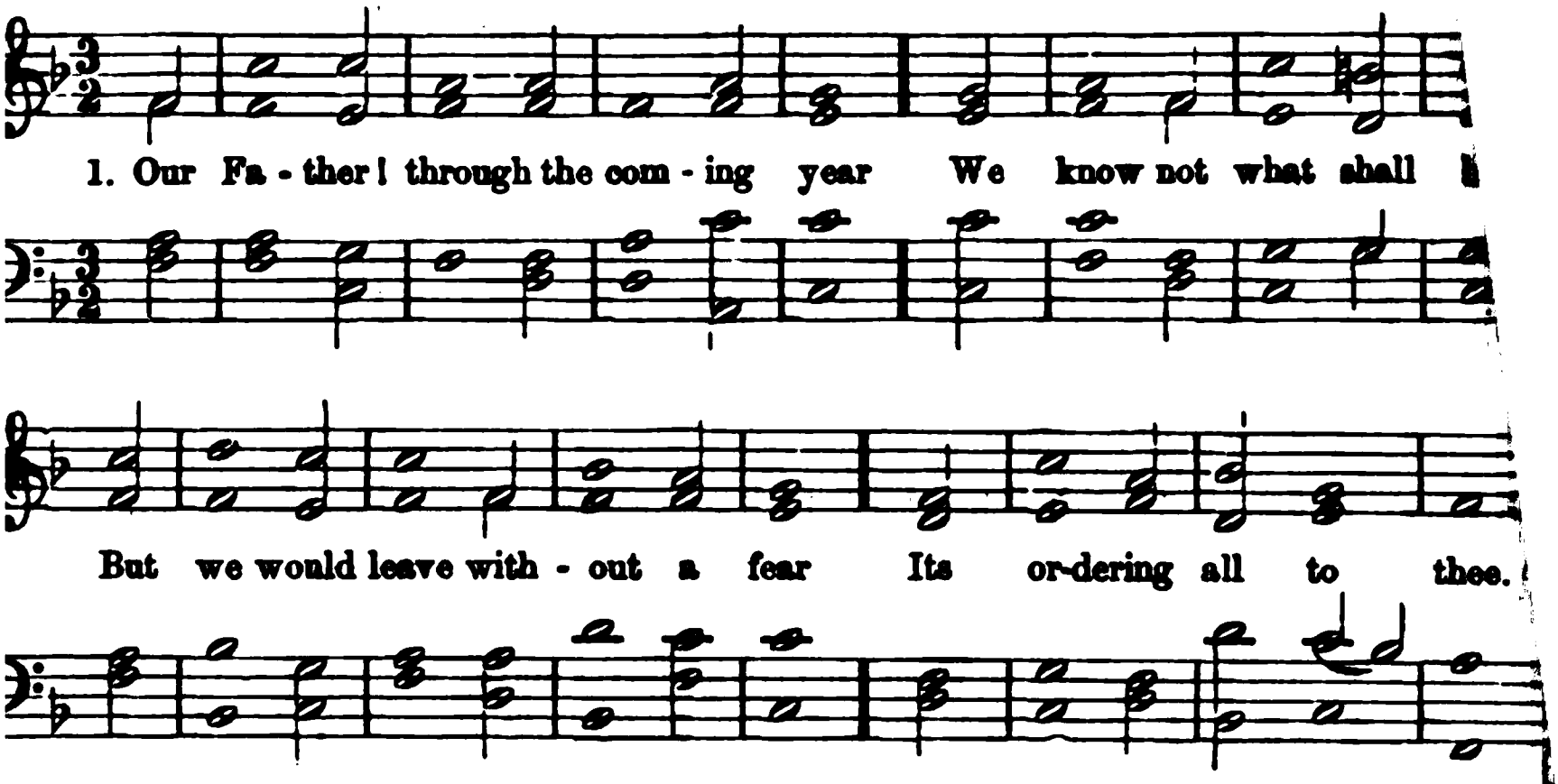
1318 Seamen. ANON.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea!

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

MEAR. C. M.



319 New Year. ANON.

OUR Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
bid us take a farewell gaze
f these loved haunts of men.

calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
o fears our trust shall move;
knowest what for each is best,
d thou art Perfect Love.

Close of the Year. WATTS.

we adore, eternal Name!
humbly own to thee
eeble is our mortal frame,
t dying worms are we!

r rolls round, and steals away
breath that first it gave;
r we do, whate'er we be,
traveling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

1321 Close of the Year. DODDRIDGE.

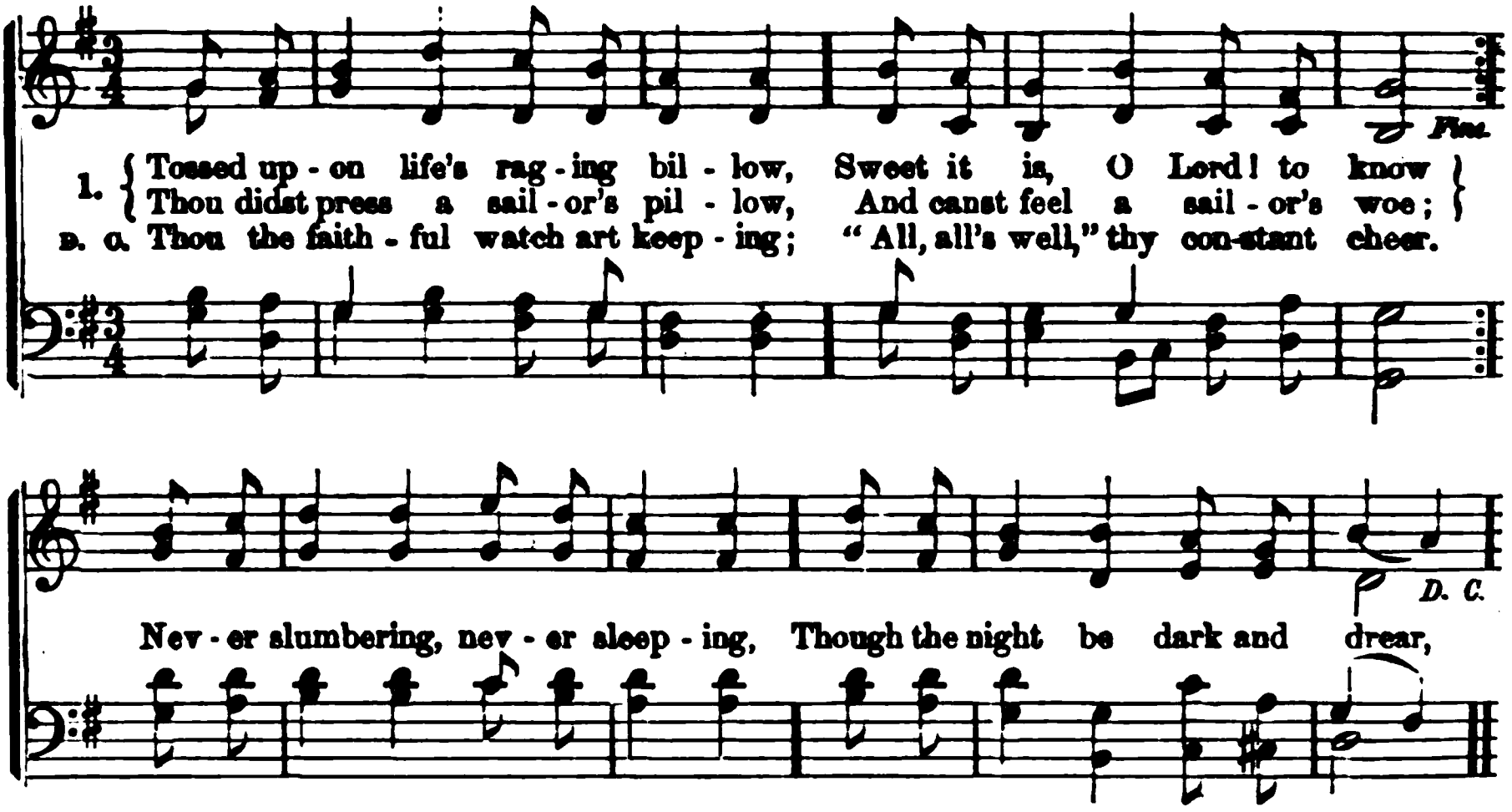
AWAKE, ye saints! and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature! speed your course;
Ye mortal powers! decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.



1322 Seamen.—*Mark 4 : 38.* ANON.

TOSSED upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord! to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe;
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping;
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;—
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry:
And though mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

1323 Fast. ANON.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise;—
Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

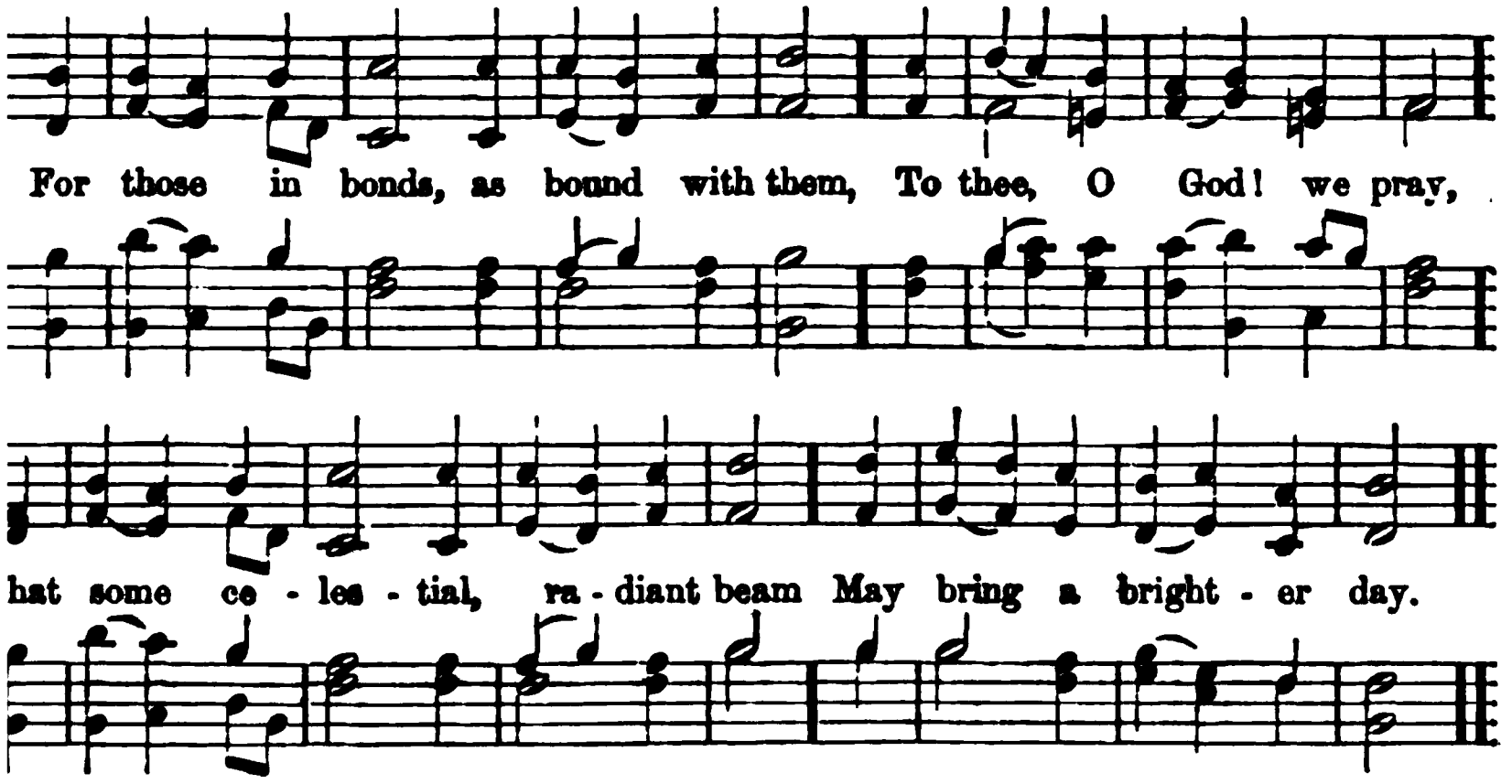
2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all;
Let that mercy vail transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

1324 Reform. COXE.

WE are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,—
To be living is sublime!
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray!
Hark! what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right!
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

ARMENIA. C. M.



Those in Bonds. HASTINGS.

hose in bonds as bound with them,
thee, O God! we pray,
some celestial, radiant beam
y bring a brighter day.

O Lord! that injured race,
d thy deliverance send;
them the treasures of thy grace,
d bid their bondage end.

sit in darkness, slow to learn
e blessings that they need;
an our anxious thought discern,
w best their cause to plead.

elpless, and without a plan,
e come before thy throne;
ut no confidence in man,
e trust in thee alone.

neans of rescue, and the hour,
r mercy will reveal:
is the wisdom, thine the power,
ch us to do thy will.

Winter. STEELE.

r winter throws his icy chains,
circling nature round;
bleak, how comfortless the plains,
late with verdure crowned!

un withdraws his vital beams,
d light and warmth depart;
drooping, lifeless nature seems
emblem of my heart,—

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold, inactive chains;
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 Oh, happy state, divine abode!
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

1327 Spring. STEELE.

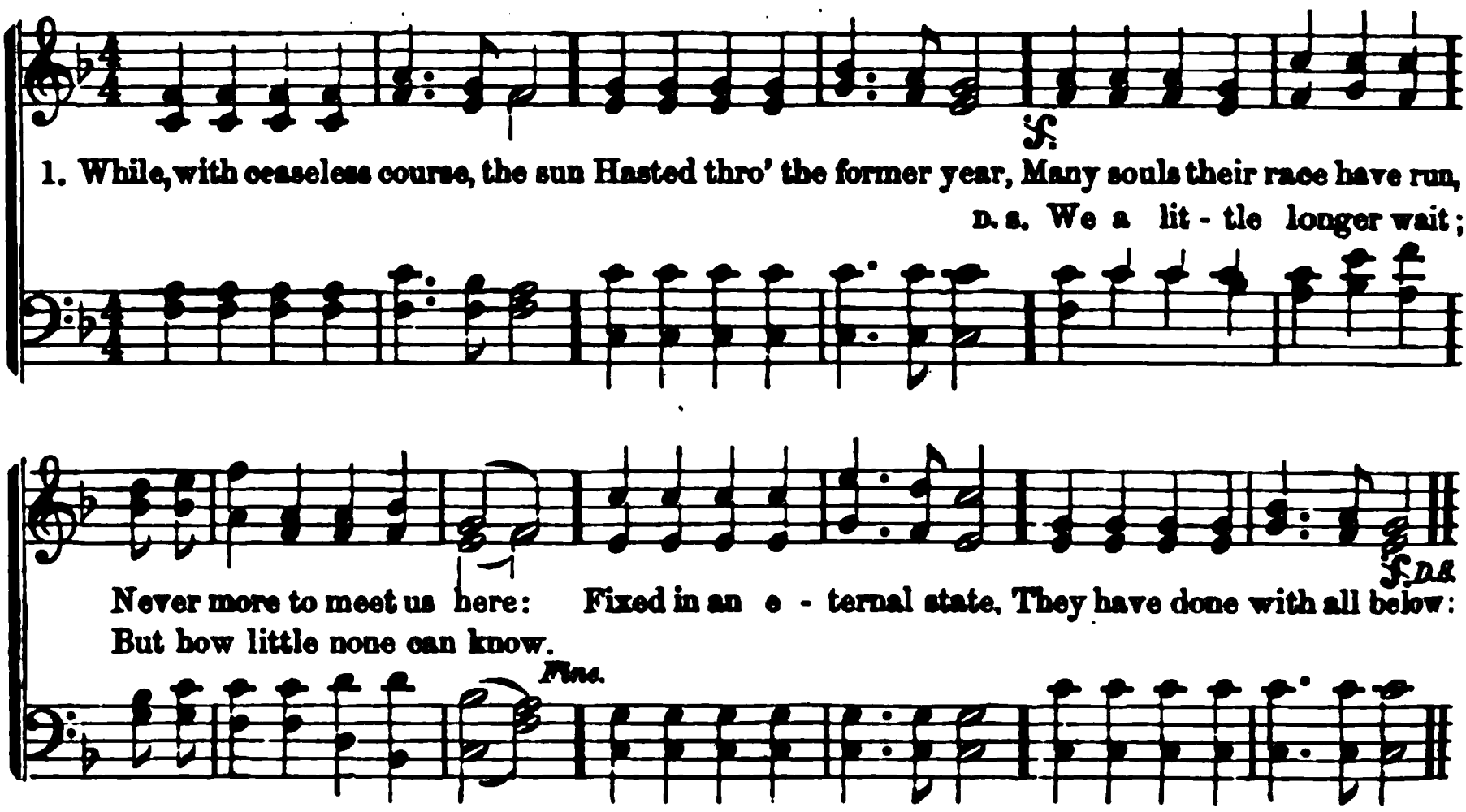
WHILE verdant hill and blooming vale
Put on their fresh array,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Oh, let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove!

3 The bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

4 That hand, in this hard heart of mine
Can make each virtue live;
And kindly showers of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.



1328 New Year. NEWTON.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

1329 Harvest. ALFORD.

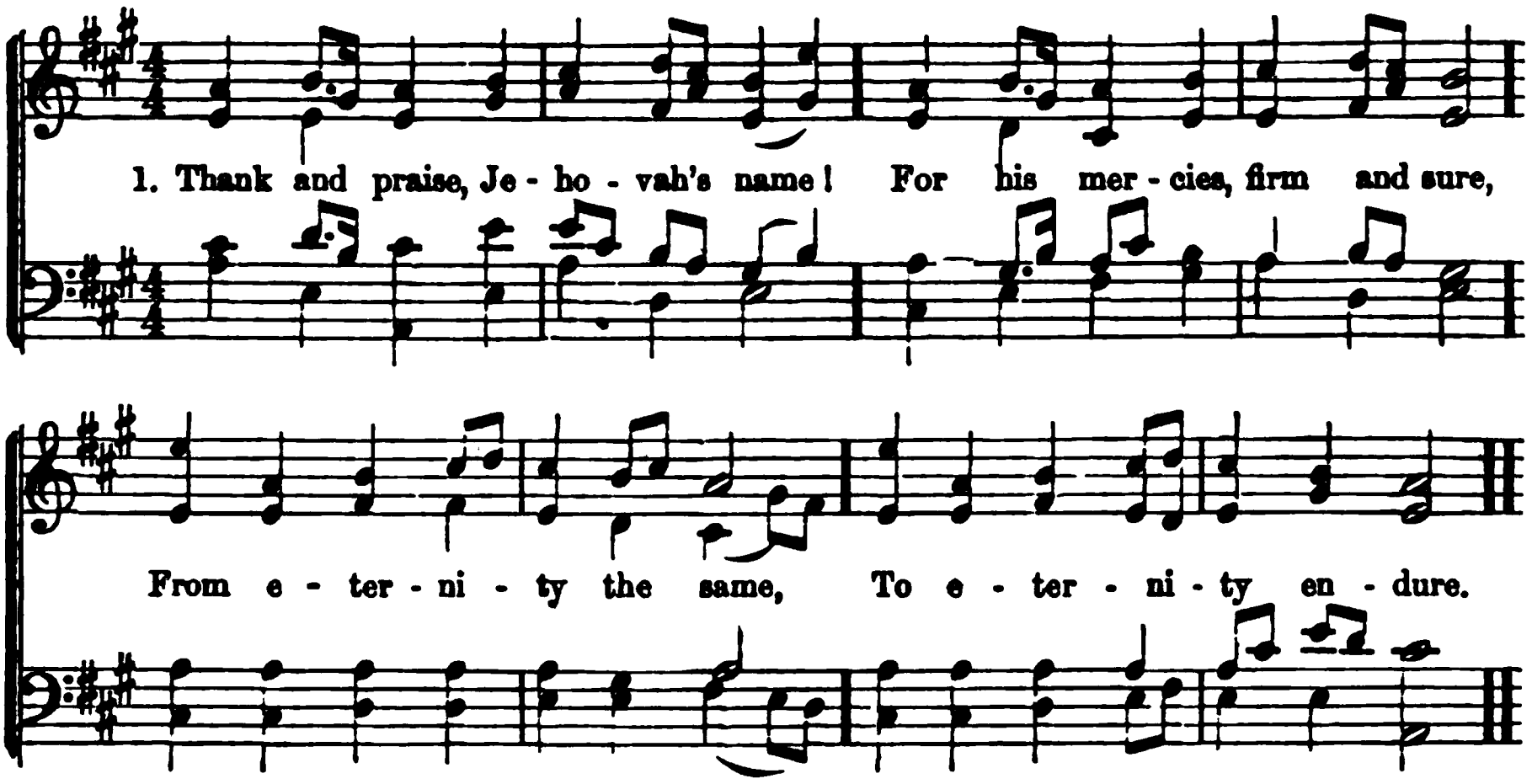
COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast:
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin:
There, forever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

HEROLD. 7s.



1330 Thanksgiving.—*Ps. 107.* MONTGOMERY.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name!
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where, from flowery hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

4 Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

1331 Close of the Year. RAY PALMER.

THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to thee.

2 Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year—farewell!

3 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.

4 Mingled with the eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

5 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.

6 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!

1332 Fast.—*Ps. 60.* HATFIELD.

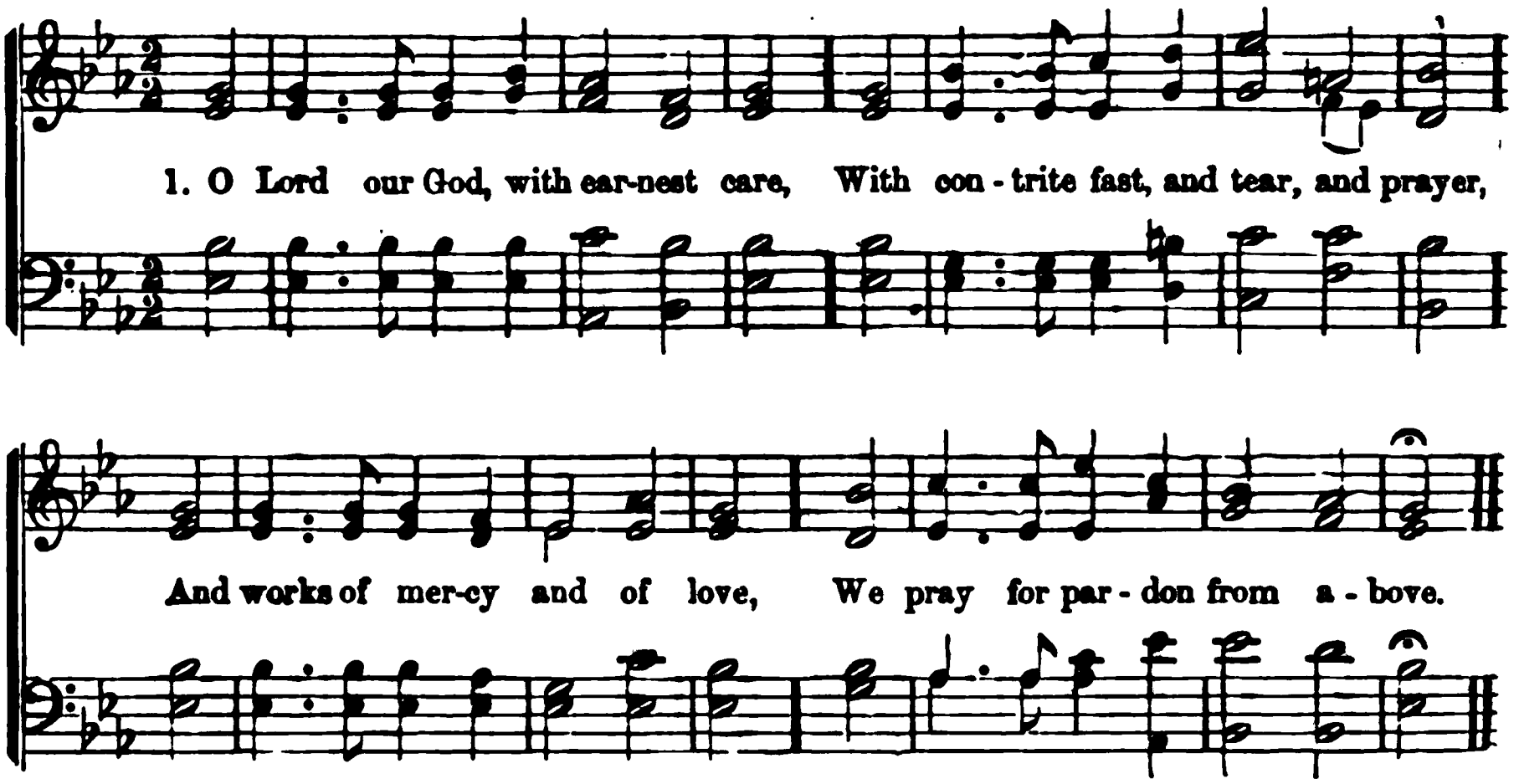
WHY, O God! thy people spurn?
Why permit thy wrath to burn?
God of mercy! turn once more,
All our broken hearts restore.

2 Thou hast made our land to quake,
Heal the sorrows thou dost make;
Bitter is the cup we drink,
Suffer not our souls to sink.

3 Be thy banner now unfurled,
Show thy truth to all the world;
Save us, Lord, we cry to thee,
Lift thine arm—thy chosen free.

4 Give us now relief from pain,—
Human aid is all in vain:
We, through God, shall yet prevail,
He will help, when foes assail.

DODGE. L. M.



I 333 Fast. ANON.

O LORD our God, with earnest care,
With contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
We pray for pardon from above.

2 Be present now, be present here,
And mark thy Church's falling tear;
And own the grief that fills her eyes,
In mourning her iniquities.

3 Oh, by thy grace be pardon won,
For sins that former years have done;
And let thy mercy guard us still,
From crimes that threaten future ill.

4 So mortify our every sense,
Through grace of outward abstinence,
That from each stain and spot of sin,
Our souls may keep their fast within.

5 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son:
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally!

I 334 Fast. DAVIES.

WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword,
Oh, whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 On thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there!
And must we perish in despair!

3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn;
Oh, spare our guilty country: spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

4 We plead thy grace, indulgent God:
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

5 These pleas presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

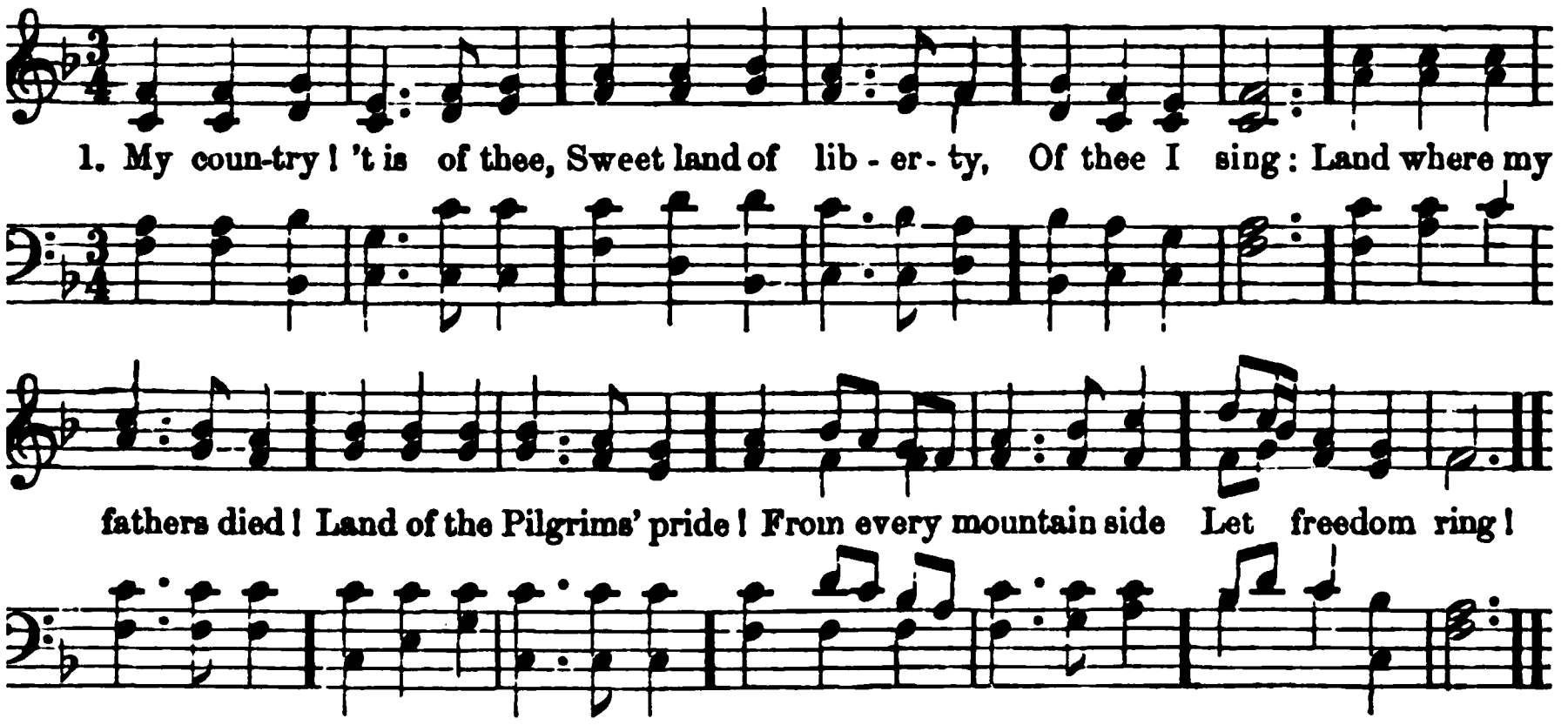
I 335 Prayer for Peace. ANON.

GREAT God, whom heaven, and earth, and sea,
With all their countless hosts obey,
Upheld by thee the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command.

2 Oh, show thyself the Prince of peace!
Command the din of war to cease;
With sacred love the world inspire,
And burn its chariots in the fire.

3 In sunder break each warlike spear,
Let all the Saviour's ensigns wear;
The universal Sabbath prove,
The perfect rest of Christian love.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



336 National. S. F. Smith.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

337 Harvest. Montgomery.

The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice!
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

2 The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord!

1338 The Poor. Nicoll.

Lord, from thy blesséd throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!

2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain—
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!

3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

1339 7s. Thanksgiving. STRONG.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

1340 P. M. Seamen. ANON.

STAR of peace! to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine! oh, safely guide him,—
Bring the wanderer home to thee!
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

1341 10s, 5s. New Year. C. WESLEY.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown: the moment is go
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternit
near.

3 Oh, that each, in the day of His comi
may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst g
me to do;"
Oh, that each from his Lord may rece
the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on
throne!"

1342 6s & 5s. Parting Hymn. AN

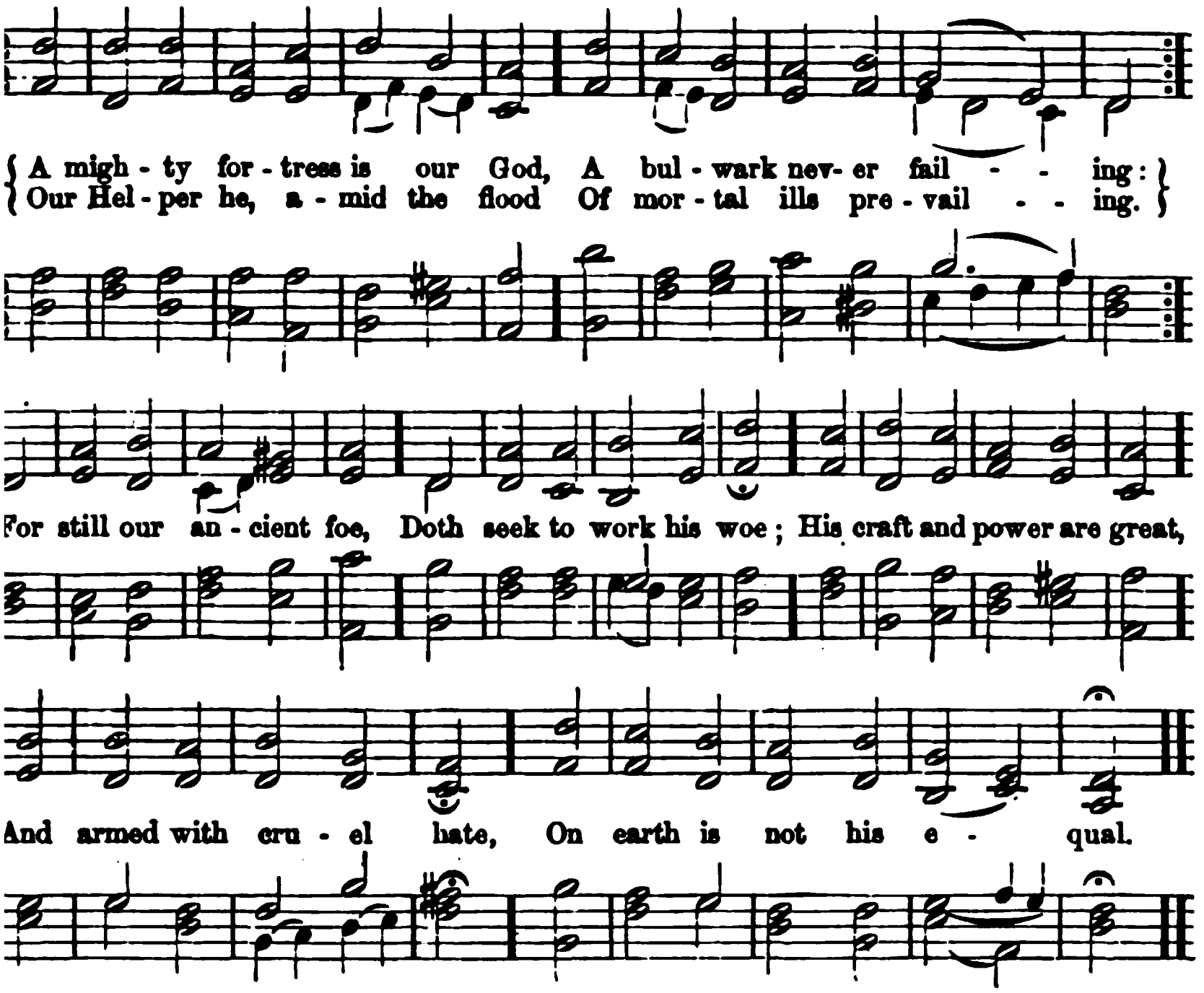
WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M.



Ps. 46 : 1. DR. HEDGE, *tr.*

we in our own strength confide,
ır striving would be losing;
: not the right man on our side,
ıe man of God's own choosing.
ask who that may be?
ıt Jesus, it is he;
Sabaoth is his name,
ı age to age the same,
ıd he must win the battle.

though this world, with devils filled,
ould threaten to undo us;
will not fear, for God hath willed
s truth to triumph through us.
Prince of darkness grim,—
:remble not for him;
'age we can endure,
o! his doom is sure,—
ıe little word shall fell him!

word above all earthly powers—
› thanks to them—abideth;
Spirit and the gifts are ours
ırough him who with us sideth.
;oods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

1344 L. P. M. *Ps. 146.* WATTS.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

STOWELL. L. M.

Solo.—Soprano.

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide.. of woes,

Chorus.

2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil.... of glad - ness on... our heads,

There is.... a calm, a sure.. re - treat; 'T is found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.

A place than all.... be - sides more sweet; It is.... the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.

SANCTUS.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - baoth! Heaven and earth are full, full of thy

glo - ry; Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glo - ry; Glo - ry be to ;

Glo - ry be to thee,

thee, Glo - ry be to thee, to thee, to thee, O Lord... most high,

Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be, &c.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

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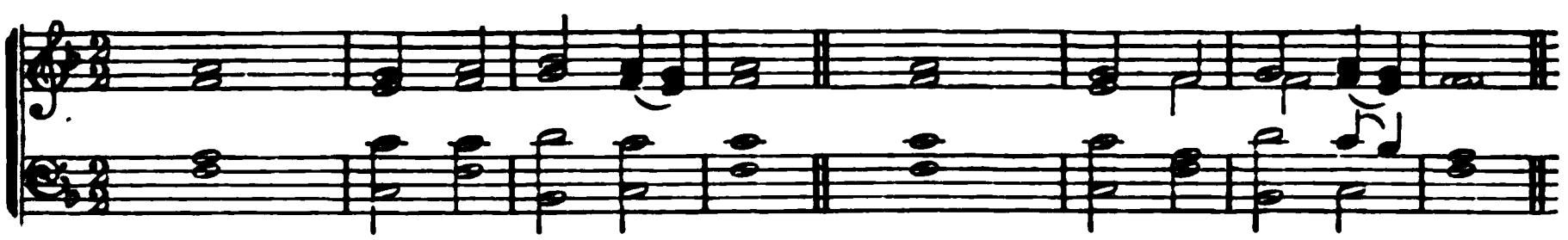
1 The Lord's Prayer.



1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, · · as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres- · pass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- — | men.

2 The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, | Maker of | heaven and | earth:

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, | born of the | Virgin Mary,

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was | crucified, | dead, and | buried;

He descended into hell; the third | day he | rose from the | dead;

He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the | right hand of | God the | Father Al- | mighty;

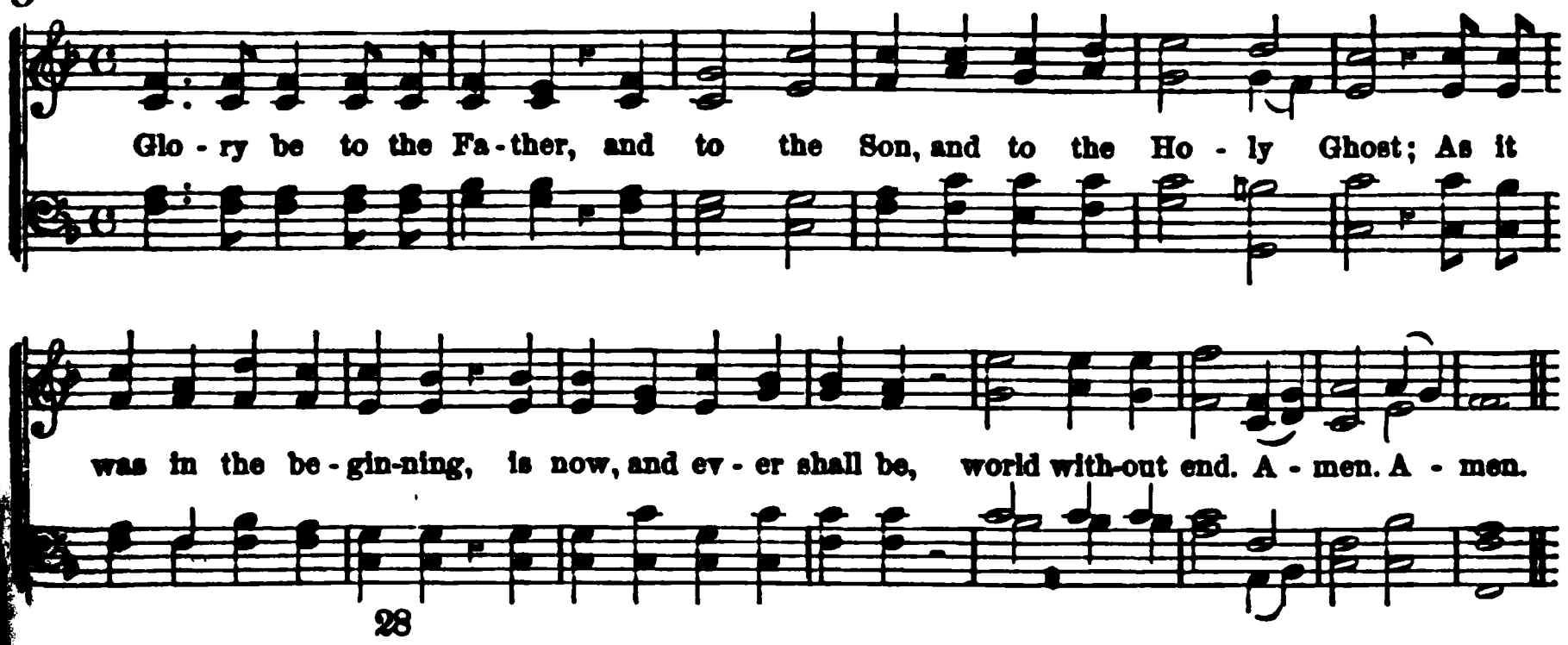
From thence he shall come to | judge the | quick and the | dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the | holy | catholic | Church,

The communion of saints; the for- | giveness of | sins;

The — | resur- | rection of the | body, and the life | ever- | lasting. A- | men.

3 Gloria Patri.



4 Psalm I.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in
the counsel | of the un- | godly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor
| sitteth in the | seat of the | scornful.
2 But his delight is in the law | of the |
Lord;
And in his law doth he | meditate | day
and | night.
3 And he shall be like a tree planted by
the | rivers of | water,
That bringeth | forth his | fruit in his |
season;
4 His leaf also | shall not | wither;
And whatsoever he | doeth | shall — |
prosper.
5 The ungodly | are not | so:
But are like the chaff which the |
wind — | driveth a- | way.
6 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand |
in the | judgment,
Nor sinners, in the congre- | gation | of
the | righteous:
7 For the Lord knoweth the way | of the |
righteous:
But the way of the un- | godly | shall
— | perish.

5 Psalm V.

1 Give ear to my | words, O | Lord;
Con — | sider my | medi- | tation.
2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my
King, | and my | God;
For unto | thee — | will I | pray.
3 My voice shalt thou hear in the | morn-
ing, O | Lord;
In the morning will I direct my prayer
unto | thee, and | will look | up.
4 For thou art not a God that hath | pleas-
ure in | wickedness,
Neither shall | evil —| dwell with | thee.
5 The foolish shall not stand | in thy |
sight;
Thou hatest all | workers | of in- | iquity.
6 Thou shalt destroy them that | speak —|
falsehood:
The Lord will abhor the bloody | and
de- | ceitful | man.
7 But as for me, I will come into thy house
in the multitude | of thy | mercy;
And in thy fear will I worship to- | ward
thy | holy | temple.
8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness,
because | of mine | enemies;
Make my way | straight be- | fore my |
face.
9 Let all those that put their trust in thee
rejoice: let them ever shout for joy,
be- | cause thou de- | fendest them.
Let them also that love thy name, be |
joyful | in — | thee.
10 For thou, Lord, wilt | bless the | right-
eous;
With favor wilt thou compass | him as |
with a | shield.

6 Psalm VIII.

1 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy
name in | all the | earth!
Who hast set thy | glory a- | bove the |
heavens.
2 Out of the mouth of babes and suck-
lings hast thou ordained strength be- |
cause of thine | enemies,
That thou mightest still the | enemy |
and the a- | venger.
3 When I consider thy heavens, the | work
of thy | fingers,
The moon and the stars | which thou |
hast or- | dained;
4 What is man, that thou art | mindful
of | him?
And the son of man | that thou | visit-
est | him?
5 For thou hast made him a little lower
| than the | angels,
And hast crowned | him with | glory
and | honor.
6 Thou madest him to have dominion
over the | works of thy | hands;
Thou hast put | all things | under his |
feet:
7 All — | sheep and | oxen,
Yea, and the | beasts — | of the | field;
8 The fowl of the air, and the | fish of
the | sea,
And whatsoever passeth | through the |
paths of the | seas.
9 O — | Lord our | Lord,
How excellent is thy | name in |
the | earth!

7 Psalm XIX.

1 The heavens declare the | glory of | God;
And the firmament | showeth his | handi-work.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night | showeth | knowledge.
There is no speech nor language, | where their | voice is not | heard.

3 Their line is gone out through | all the | earth,
And their words | to the | end of the | world.

4 In them hath he set a tabernacle | for the | sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong | man to | run a | race.

5 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the | ends of | it:
And there is nothing hid | from the | heat there- | of.

6 The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting the | soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure | making | wise the | simple.

7 The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing the | heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, en- | lightening | the — | eyes.

8 The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during for- | ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true, and | righteous | altogether.

9 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold:
Sweeter also than honey | and the | honey- | comb.

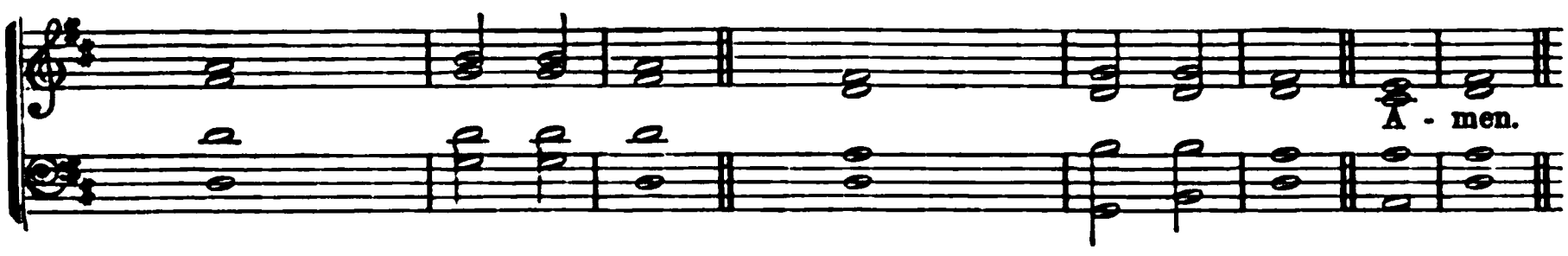
10 Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned:
And in keeping of them | there is | great re- | ward.

11 Who can understand | his | errors?
Cleanse thou | me from | secret | faults.

12 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion | over | me:
Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent | from the | great transgression.

13 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable | in thy | sight,
O Lord, my | Strength, and | my Redeemer!

8 Psalm XXIII.



1 The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want. ‖ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still — | waters. ‖

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake. ‖ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff | they — | comfort me. ‖

3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my head with oil: my | cup ·· runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord, for | ever. ‖ A- | men. ‖

9 Psalm XXIV.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the | full-
ness there- | of.
The world, and | they that | dwell
there- | in.
2 For he hath founded it up- | on the |
seas,
And established | it up- | on the | floods.
3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of the |
Lord?
Or who shall stand | in his | holy | place?
4 He that hath clean hands, and a | pure
— | heart:
Who hath not lifteth up his soul unto
vanity, nor | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.
5 He shall receive the blessing | from the |
Lord,
And righteousness from the | God of |
his sal- | vation.
6 This is the generation of | them that |
seek him,
That | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.
7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be
ye lift up, ye ever- | lasting | doors;
And the King of | glory | shall come |
in.
8 Who is this | King of | glory?
The Lord, strong and mighty, the |
Lord — | mighty in | battle.
9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even
lift them up, ye ever- | lasting | doors;
And the King of | glory | shall come |
in.
10 Who is this | King of | glory?
The Lord of hosts, he | is the | King
of | glory.

10 Psalm XXVII.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom | shall I | fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
of | whom shall | I be a- | fraid?
2 Though a host should encamp against
me, my heart | shall not | fear:
Though war should rise against me,
in | this will | I be | confident.
3 One thing have I desired of the Lord,
that will | I seek | after:
That I may dwell in the house of the
Lord | all the | days of my | life,
4 To behold the beauty | of the | Lord,
And to in- | quire in | his — | temple.
5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide
me in | his pa- | vilion:
In the secret of his tabernacle shall he
hide me: he shall set me | up, up- |
on a | rock.
6 And now shall mine head be lifted up
above mine enemies | round a- | bout
me:
Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle
sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will
sing | praises | unto the | Lord.
7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry | with my |
voice,
Have mercy also upon me, | and — |
answer | me.
8 When thou saidst, seek | ye my | face;
My heart said unto thee, Thy face, |
Lord, — | will I | seek.
9 Hide not thy face | far from | me;
Put not thy | servant a- | way in | anger.
10 Thou hast | been my | help;
Leave me not, neither forsake me, O |
God of | my sal- | vation.

11 Psalm XXIX.

1 Give unto the Lord, | O ye | mighty,
Give unto the | Lord — | glory and |
strength.
2 Give unto the Lord the glory due un- |
to his | name;
Worship the Lord | in the | beauty
of | holiness.
3 The voice of the Lord is up- | on the |
waters:
The God of | glory | thunder- | eth;
4 The voice of the Lord is | power- | ful;
The voice of the | Lord is | full of | ma-
jesty.
5 The voice of the Lord breaketh the ce-
dars; yea, the Lord breaketh the |
cedars of | Lebanon.
6 The voice of the Lord di- | videth the |
flames of | fire.
7 The voice of the Lord shaketh the wil-
derness; and maketh | bare the | for-
ests.
8 And in his temple doth every one |
speak of | his — | glory.

9 The Lord sitteth up- | on the | flood;
Yea, the Lord | sitteth | King for- | ever.
10 The Lord will give strength | unto his | people;
The Lord will | bless his | people with | peace.

12 Psalm XXXVI.

1 I HAVE seen the wicked | in great | power,
And spreading himself | like a | green — | bay-tree.
2 Yet he passed away, and lo, | he was | not;
Yea, I sought him, but | he could | not be | found.
3 Mark the perfect man, and be- | hold the | upright;
For the end of | that man | is — | peace.
4 But the transgressors shall be de- | stroyed to- | gether,
The end of the | wicked shall | be cut | off.
5 But the salvation of the righteous is | of the | Lord:
He is their | strength in | time of | trouble.
6 And the Lord will help them, and de- | liver | them;
He will deliver them from the wicked, and save them, be- | cause they | trust in | him.

13 Psalm XXXIX.

1 LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, | what it | is;
2 That I may know how | frail, how | frail I | am.
3 Behold, thou hast made my days | as an | handbreadth,
And mine age | is as | nothing be- | fore thee.
4 Verily every man at his | best es- | tate,
Is — | alto- | gether | vanity.
5 Surely every man walketh in a | vain — | show;
Surely they are dis- | quiet- | ed in | vain.
6 He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not | who shall | gather them.
7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? My | hope is | in — | thee.
8 Deliver me from | all my trans- | gressions;
Make me not the re- | proach — | of the | foolish.
9 I was dumb, I opened | not my | mouth;
Because | thou — | didst — | it.
10 Remove thy stroke a- | way from | me;
I am consumed by the | blow of | thine — | hand.
11 When thou with rebukes dost correct man for in- | iqui- | ty,
Thou makest his beauty to consume a- | way — | like a | moth.
12 Surely every | man is | vanity;
Every | man is | vani- | ty.
13 Hear my prayer, | O — | Lord,
And give | ear un- | to my | cry;
14 Hold | not thy | peace,
Hold not thy | peace — | at my | tears:
15 For I am a | stranger with | thee,
And a sojourner, as | all my | fathers | were.
16 Oh, spare me, that I may re- | cover | strength,
Before I go | hence, and | be no | more.

14 Psalm XLI.

1 BLESSED is he that con- | sidereth the | poor;
The Lord will deliver | him in | time of | trouble.
2 The Lord will preserve him and keep | him a- | live,
And he shall be | blessed up- | on the | earth.
3 The Lord will strengthen him upon the | bed of | languishing;
Thou wilt make all his | bed — | in his | sickness.
4 Blessed is he that con- | sidereth the poor;
The Lord will deliver | him in | time of | trouble.

15 Psalms XLII and XLIII.

1 As the hart panteth after the | water- | brooks,
So panteth my soul | after | thee, O | God.
2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the | living | God!
When shall I come and ap- | pear be- | fore — | God?
3 My tears have been my meat | day and | night,

While they continually say unto me,
Where | is thy | God?

4 When I re- | member these | things,
I pour | out my | soul in | me;

5 For I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the | house of | God,
With the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that | kept — | holy | day.

6 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul?
And why art thou dis- | quieted | in — | me.

7 Hope | thou in | God:
For I shall yet praise him for the | help of his | counte- | nance.

8 Oh, send out thy light and thy truth: | let them | lead me;
Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, | and to thy | taber- | nacles.

9 Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God, my ex- | ceeding | joy:
Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, | O — | God, my | God.

10 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul?
And why art thou dis- | quieted with- | in — | me:

11 Hope | thou in | God:
For I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my | countenance | and my | God.

16 Psalm XLVI.

1 God is our | refuge and | strength,
A very | present | help in | trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth | be re- | moved,
And though the mountains be carried into the | midst — | of the | sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar | and be | troubled,
Though the mountains | shake with the | swelling there- | of.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the | city of | God,
The holy place of the tabernacles | of the | Most — | High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved;
God shall help her, | and — | that right | early.

6 The heathen raged, the | kingdoms were | moved:
He uttered his | voice, the | earth — | melted.

7 The Lord of | hosts is | with us;
The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

8 Come, behold the works | of the | Lord,
What desolations he hath | made — | in the | earth;

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end | of the | earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the | chariot | in the | fire.

10 Be still, and know that | I am | God:
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be ex- | alted | in the | earth.

11 The Lord of | hosts is | with us;
The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

17 Psalm XLVIII.

1 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city | of our | God,
In the | mountain | of his | holiness.

2 Beautiful for | situ- | ation,
The joy of the whole | earth is | Mount — | Zion.

3 On the sides of the north, the city of the | great — | King,
God is known in her | palaces | for a | refuge.

4 We have thought of thy loving-kindness, | O — | God,
In the | midst — | of thy | temple.

5 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends | of the | earth;
Thy right hand is | full of | righteous- | ness.

6 Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of | Judah be | glad,
Because | of thy | judg- — | ments.

7 Walk about Zion, and go | round a- | bout her;
Tell the | towers | there- — | of.

8 Mark ye well her bulwarks, con- | sider her | palaces;
That ye may tell it to the | gener- | ation | following.

9 For this God is our God for- | ever and | ever:
He will be our guide | even | unto | death.

18 Psalm LI.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving- | kindness;
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies, | blot out | my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me | from my | sin,
For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my | sin is | ever be- | fore me.

3 Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight:
That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be | clear when | thou — | judgest.

4 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right | spirit with- | in me.
Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.

5 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with | thy free | Spirit;
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee.

19 Psalm LXVII.

1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us;
And cause his | face to | shine up- | on us.

2 That thy way may be | known upon | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people | praise thee, | O God;
Let all the | people | praise — | thee.

4 Oh, let the nations be glad, and | sing for | joy;
For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

5 Let the people | praise thee, | O God;
Let all the | people | praise — | thee.

6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase;
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.

7 God | shall — | bless us;
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear — | him.

20 Psalm LXXII.

1 He shall come down like rain upon the | mown — | grass;
As | showers that | water the | earth.

2 In his days shall the | righteous | flourish;
And abundance of peace as long | as the | moon en- | dureth.

3 He shall judge the people with | righteous- | ness,
And the | poor — | with — | judgment.

4 He shall have dominion also from | sea to | sea,
And from the river to the | ends — | of the | earth.

5 His name shall en- | dure for- | ever;
His name shall be continued as | long — | as the | sun.

6 And men shall be | blessed in | him:
All | nations shall | call him | blessed.

21 Psalm LXXXIV.

1 How amiable | are thy | tabernacles,
O | Lord — | of — | hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts | of the | Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may | lay her | young.
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my | King, — | and my | God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell | in thy | house;
They will be | still — | praising | thee.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength | is in | thee;
In whose heart | are the | ways of | them,

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca | make it a | well;
The rain | also | filleth the | pools.

7 They go from | strength to | strength,
Every one of them in Zion ap- | pear- eth be- | fore — | God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, | hear my | prayer:
Give ear, | O — | God of | Jacob.

9 Behold, O | God, our | shield,
And look upon the | face of | thine An- | ointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better | than a | thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the | tents of | wicked- | ness.

11 For the Lord God is a | sun and | shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from | them that | walk up- | rightly.

12 O | Lord of | hosts,
Blessed is the man that | trusteth | in — | thee.

22 Psalm LXXXV.

1 Lord, thou hast been favorable un- | to thy | land:
Thou hast brought back the cap- | tivi- | ty of | Jacob.

2 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity | of thy | people,
Thou hast | covered | all their | sin.

3 Thou hast taken away | all thy | wrath:
Thou hast turned thyself from the | fierceness | of thine | anger.

4 Turn us, O God of | our sal- | vation,
And cause thine | anger to- | ward us to | cease.

5 Wilt thou be angry with | us for- | ever?
Wilt thou draw out thine anger to | all — | gener- | ations?

6 Wilt thou not revive | us a- | gain:
That thy people | may re- | joice in | thee?

7 Show us thy | mercy, O | Lord,
And | grant us | thy sal- | vation.

8 I will hear what God the | Lord will | speak:
For he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints; but let them not | turn a- | gain to | folly.

9 Surely his salvation is nigh | them that | fear him:
That glory may | dwell — | in our | land.

10 Mercy and truth are | met to- | gether;
Righteousness and | peace have | kissed each | other.

11 Truth shall spring out | of the | earth.
And righteousness and truth | shall look | down from | heaven.

12 Yea, the Lord shall give that | which is | good;
And our | land shall | yield her | increase.

13 Righteousness shall | go be- | fore him;
And shall set us | in the | way of his | steps.

23 Psalm XC.

1 Lord, thou hast | been our | dwelling-place ‖ in | all — | gener- | ations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth | and the | world, ‖ even from everlasting to everlasting, | thou — | art — | God.

3 Thou turnest man | to de- | struction;
And sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when | it is | past,
And | as a | watch in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are | as a | sleep:
In the morning they are like | grass which | groweth | up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up;
In the evening it is cut down, *cut* | *down* and | wither- | eth.

7 For we are consumed | by thine | anger, ‖ and by thy | wrath — | are we | troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities be- | fore — | thee, ‖ our secret sins in the | light of | thy — | countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away | in thy | wrath;
We spend our years | as a | tale that is | told.

10 The days of our years are threescore | years and | ten;
And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow: for it is soon cut off, | and we | fly a- | way.

11 Who knoweth the power | of thine | anger? [thy | wrath
Even according to thy fear, | so — | is

12 So teach us to | number our | days,
That we may apply our | hearts — | unto | wisdom.

24 Psalm XCII.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord;
And to sing praises unto thy | name, O | Most — | Highest!

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in the | morning;
And of thy truth | in the | night — | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute;
Upon a loud instrument | and up- | on the | harp.

4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works;
And I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper- | ation | of thy | hands.

25 Psalm XCV.

1 Oh, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord,
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving,
And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great — | God;
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth;
And the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.

5 The sea is his, | and he | made it;
And his hands pre- | pared the | dry — | land.

6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down,
And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord our | God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his — | hand.

8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness;
Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth;
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

26 Psalm XCVI.

1 Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, | all the | earth.
Sing unto the Lord, bless his name: show forth his sal- | vation from | day to | day.

2 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders a- | mong all | people.
For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared a- | bove — | all — | gods.

3 For all the gods of the nation are idols; but the Lord | made the | heavens.
Honor and majesty are before him; strength and | beauty are | in his | sanctuary.

4 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord | glory and | strength:
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and | come in- | to his | courts.

5 Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, | all the | earth.
Say among the heathen, that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved; he shall | judge the | people | righteously.

6 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the | fullness there- | of.
Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord;

7 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the | people | with his | truth.

27 Psalm XCVIII.

1 Oh, sing unto the Lord a | new — | song;
For he hath | done — | marvelous | things.

2 With his own right hand and with his | holy | arm,
Hath he | gotten him- | self the | victory.

3 The Lord hath declared | his sal- | vation;
His righteousness hath he openly showed | in the | sight of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel;
And all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands;
Sing, re- | joice, and | give — | thanks.

6 Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp;
Sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks- — | giving.

7 With trumpets | also and | shawms;
Oh, show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is;
The round world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together, be- | fore the | Lord;
For he | cometh to | judge the | earth:

10 With righteousness shall he | judge the | world;
And the | people | with — | equity.

28 Psalm C.

1 Oh, be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands;
Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us and not | we our- | selves;
We are his people, | and the | sheep of his | pasture.

3 Oh, go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise;
Be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever- | lasting;
And his truth endureth from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation.

29 Psalm CIII.

1 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul:
And all that is within me | praise his | holy | name.

2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul;
And for- | get not | all his | benefits.

3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin;
And healeth | all — | thine in- | firmities.

4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction,
And crowneth thee with | mercy and | loving- | kindness.

5 Oh, praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength.
Ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken unto the | voice of | his — | word.

6 Oh, praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts;
Ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

7 Oh, speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion.
Praise thou the | Lord, — | O my | soul.

30 Psalm CIII.

1 The Lord is merciful | and — | gracious.
Slow to anger, | and a- | bundant in | mercy.

2 He will not | always | chide;
Neither will he | keep his | anger for- | ever.

3 He hath not dealt with us | after our | sins.
Nor rewarded us according to | our in- | iqui- | ties.

4 For as the heaven is high a- | bove the | earth,
So great is his mercy toward | them that | fear — | him.

5 As far as the east is | from the | west,
So far hath he removed our trans- | gressions | from — | us.

6 Like as a father pitieth | his — | children,
So the Lord pitieth | them that | fear — | him.

7 For he | knoweth our | frame;
He remembereth | that — | we are | dust.

8 He knoweth | our — | frame;
He remembereth that we, that | we — | are — | dust.

31 Psalm CIII.

1 As for man, his days | are as | grass;
As a flower of the field, | so he | flourish- | eth:

2 For the wind passeth over it, and | it is | gone;
And the place thereof shall | know it | no — | more.

3 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear him,
And his righteousness | unto | children's | children;

4 To such as | keep his | covenant,
And to those that remember | his com- | mandments to | do them.

32 Psalm CV.

1 Oh, give thanks un- | to the | Lord;
Call upon his name; make known his | deeds a- | mong the | people.

2 Sing unto him, sing psalms | unto | him:
Talk ye of | all his | wondrous | works.

3 Glory ye in his | holy | name;
Let the heart of them re- | joice, that | seek the | Lord.

4 Seek the Lord, | and his | strength;
Seek his | face — | ever- | more.

5 Remember his marvelous works that | he hath | done:
His wonders and | judgments | of his | mouth;

6 O ye seed of Abraham | his — | servant,
Ye children of | Jacob | his — | chosen.

7 Glory ye in his | holy | name;
Let the heart of them re- | joice, that | seek the | Lord.

8 Seek the Lord | and his | strength;
Seek his | face — | ever- | more.

33 Psalm CXVIII.

1 The Lord is my | strength and | song,
And is be- | come — | my sal- | vation.

2 The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles | of the | righteous:
The right hand of the Lord | doeth | valiant- | ly.

3 Open to me the gates of | righteous- | ness:
I will go into them, and | I will | praise the | Lord;

4 This gate | of the | Lord,
Into which the | righteous | shall — | enter.

5 I will praise thee; for | thou hast | heard me,
And art be- | come — | my sal- | vation.

6 Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for | he is | good;
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

34 Psalm CXXI.

1 I will lift up mine eyes un- | to the | hills,
From | whence — | cometh my | help.

2 My help cometh | from the | Lord,
Which | made — | heaven and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot | to be | moved:
He that | keepeth thee | will not | slumber.

4 Behold he that | keepeth | Israel,
Shall | not — | slumber nor | sleep.

5 The Lord | is thy | keeper;
The Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right — | hand.

6 The sun shall not | smite thee by | day
Nor the | moon — | by — | night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil;
He | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy | coming | in,
From this time forth, and | even for- | ever- | more.

35 Psalm CXXII.

1 I was glad when they said | unto | me,
Let us go into the | house — | of the | Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, | O Je- | rusalem,
Jerusalem is builded as a city that | is com- | pact to- | gether.

3 Whither the tribes go up; the tribes | of the | Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the | name — | of the | Lord.

4 For there are set | thrones of | judgment,
The thrones | of the | house of | David.

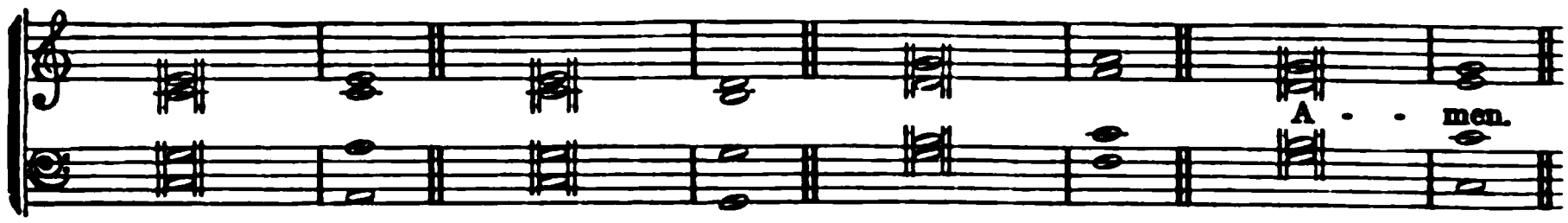
5 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem,
They shall | prosper | that love | thee.

6 Peace be with- | in thy | walls;
And prosperity with- | in thy | palaces.

7 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes,
I will now say, | Peace — | be within thee.

8 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God,
I will | seek, will | seek thy | good.

36 Psalm CXXX.



1 Out of the | depths ‖ Have I cried unto thee, O | Lord. ‖

2 Lord, hear my | voice: ‖ Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. ‖

3 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, ‖ O Lord, who shall | stand? ‖

4 But there is forgiveness with | thee, ‖ That thou mayst be | feared. ‖

5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait, ‖ And in his word do I | hope. ‖

6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning: ‖ I say, more than they that watch for the | morning. ‖

7 Let Israel hope in the | Lord: ‖ For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous re- | demption. ‖

8 And he shall redeem | Israel ‖ From all his in- | iquities. ‖

37 Psalm CXXXVI.

1 Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for | he is | good;
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

2 Oh, give thanks unto the | God of | gods:
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

3 Oh, give thanks unto the | Lord of | lords:
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

4 To him who alone | doeth great | wonders:
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

5 To him that by wisdom | made the | heavens:
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

6 To him that stretched out the earth a- | bove the | waters:
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

7 To him that | made great | lights;
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

8 The sun to rule by day: the moon and stars to | rule by | night:
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

9 To him that smote Egypt in | their first- | born:
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

10 And brought out Israel | from a- | mong them:
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

38 Psalm CXLV.

1 I WILL extol thee, my | God, O | King;
And I will bless thy | name for- | ever and | ever.

2 Every day | will I | bless thee,
And I will praise thy | name for- | ever and | ever.

3 Great is the Lord, and greatly | to be | praised;
And his | greatness | is un- | searchable.

4 One generation shall praise thy works | to an- | other,
And shall de- | clare thy | mighty | acts.

5 I will speak of the glorious honor | of thy | majesty,
And | of thy | wondrous | works.

6 And men shall speak of the might of thy | terrible | acts,
And I | will de- | clare thy | greatness.

7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of | thy great | goodness,
And shall sing | of thy | righteousness.

8 They shall abundantly utter the memory of | thy great | goodness,
And shall sing | of thy | righteousness.

39 Isaiah LII. 7-9.

1 How beautiful up- | on the | mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, | that — | publisheth | peace;

2 That bringeth good tidings of good, that publish- | eth sal- | vation;
That saith unto Zion, | thy — | God — | reigneth!

3 Thy watchman shall lift | up the | voice;
With the voice to- | gether | shall they | sing:

4 For they shall see | eye to | eye,
When the Lord shall | bring a- | gain — | Zion.

5 Break forth | into | joy,
Sing together, ye waste places | of Je- | rusa- | lem:

6 For the Lord hath comforted | his — | people,
He hath re- | deemed Je- | rusa- | lem.

7 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of | all the | nations:
And all the ends of the earth shall see the sal- | vation | of our | God.

40 Isaiah LIII.

1 HE is despised and re- | jected of | men;
A man of sorrows and ac- | quainted | with — | grief:

2 And we hid as it were our | faces | from him;
He was despised and | we es- | teemed him | not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and | carried our | sorrows:
Yet we did esteem him stricken, | smitten of | God, and af- | flicted.

4 But he was wounded for | our trans- | gressions,
He was bruised for | our in- | iqui- | ties;

5 The chastisement of our peace | was up- | on him,
And with his | stripes — | we are | healed.

6 All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray;
We have turned every | one to | his own | way;

7 And the Lord hath | laid on | him,
The in- | iquity | of us | all.

8 When thou shalt make his soul an | offering for | sin,
He shall see his seed, he | shall pro- | long his | days,

9 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper | in his | hand.
He shall see of the travail of his soul, and | shall be | satis- | fied.

41 Habakkuk III.

1 O LORD, I have heard thy speech, and | was a- | fraid:
2 O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in | wrath re- | member | mercy.

3 God came from Teman, and the Holy One | from mount | Paran.
4 His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was | full — | of his | praise.

5 And his brightness was | as the | light; ‖ he had horns coming out of his hand; and there was the | hiding | of his | power.

6 Before him went the | pesti- | lence, ‖ and burning coals went | forth — | at his | feet.

7 He stood and | measured the | earth: ‖ he beheld and drove asunder the nations; the everlasting mountains were scattered, the per- | petual | hills did | bow:

8 His ways are | ever- | lasting.

9 The mountains saw thee, and they trembled; the deep uttered his voice, and lifted | up his | hands on | high.

10 The sun and moon stood still in their | habi- | tation: ‖ at the light of thine arrows they went, and at the shining | of thy | glittering | spear.

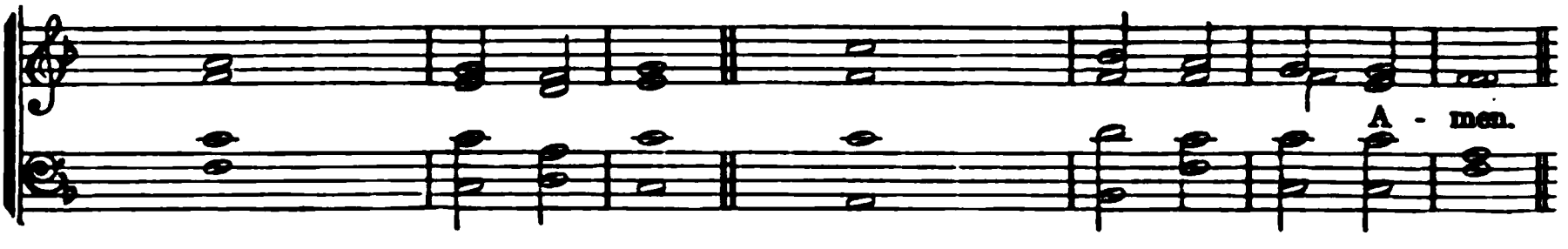
11 Although the fig-tree | shall not | blossom, ‖ neither shall | fruit be | in the | vines;

12 The labor of the | olive shall | fail, ‖ and the | fields shall | yield no | meat;

13 The flock shall be cut off | from the | fold, ‖ and there shall be no | herd — | in the | stalls:

14 Yet I will rejoice | in the | Lord, ‖ I will joy in the God of my salvation. Halle- | lujah! | A- | men.

42 Matt. XI.



1 Come unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden,
And | I will | give you | rest.

2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly ·· in | heart:
And ye shall find | rest ·· unto | your — | souls.

3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden ·· is | light,
For my yoke is easy, | and my | burden ·· is | light.

4 And the Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that | heareth ·· say, | come.
And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | water ·· of | life — | freely.

43 Luke I.

1 Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel;
For he hath | visited ·· and re- | deemed his | people;

2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation ·· for | us;
In the | house ·· of his | servant | David;

3 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | Prophets,
Which have | been ·· since the | world be- | gan;

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies,
And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.

44 Luke II.

1 There were shepherds abiding in the field,
Keeping watch over their | flock by | night.

2 And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them,
And the glory of the Lord shone round about them,
And | they were | sore a- | fraid.

3 And the angel said unto them, Fear not;
For behold, I bring you good tidings
Of great joy, which shall be to | all — | people.

4 For unto you is born this day, in the city of David,
A | Saviour ·· who is | Christ the | Lord.

5 And suddenly there was with the angel,
A multitude of the heavenly host, praising | God, and | saying:

6 Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth | peace, good | will to | men.

45 Isa. IX.—Luke II.

1 The people that walked in darkness,
Have | seen a ·· great | light;

2 They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death,
Upon | them ·· hath the | light — | shined.

3 For unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given;
And the government shall be up- | on his | shoulder;

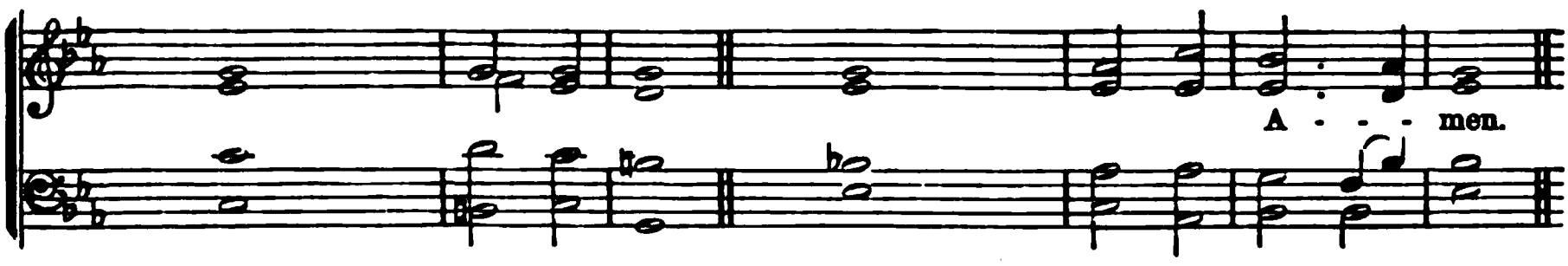
4 And his name shall be called Wonderful,
Counselor, The Mighty God,
The Everlasting | Father, ·· The | Prince of | Peace.

5 Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end,
Upon the throne of David, and up- | on his | kingdom,

6 To order it, and to establish it with judgment
And with justice, from | henceforth | even ·· for- | ever.

7 Glory be to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, good | will to | men.

46 Rev. IV.

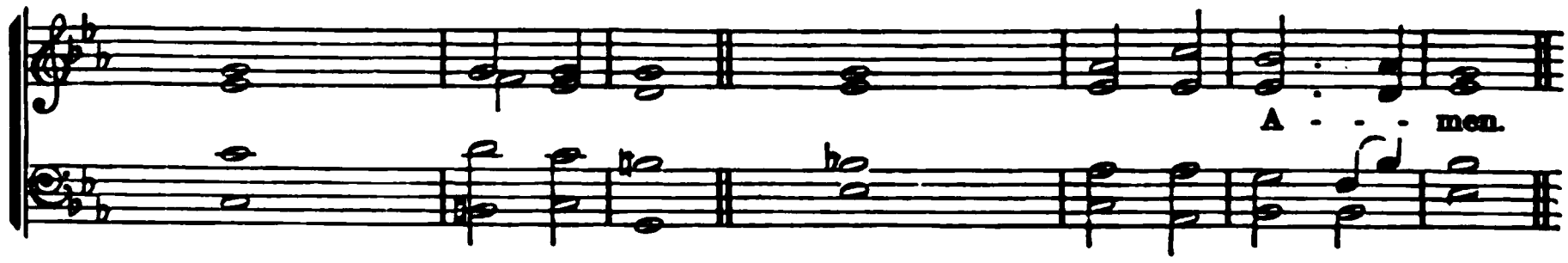


1 Holy, holy, holy, | Lord ·· God Al- | mighty!

2 Which was, and | is, and | is to | come.

3 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor ·· and | power;

4 For thou hast created all things,
And for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated.



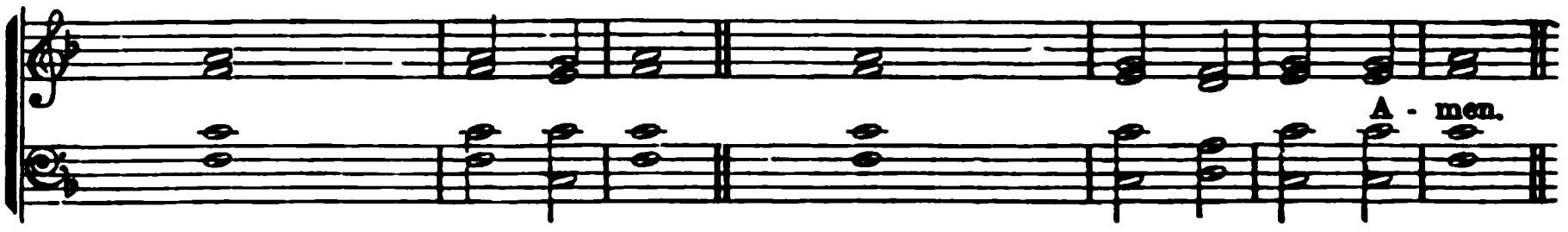
5 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain,

6 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom,
And strength, and | honor, ·· and | glory, ·· and | blessing.

7 Blessing, and honor, and | glory, ·· and | power,

8 Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the | Lamb for- | ever ·· and | ever.

47 Funereal.



1 Blessed are the dead,
Who die in the | Lord from | henceforth:

2 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors;
And their | works do | follow | them.

3 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection:
On such the second death | hath no | power;

4 But they shall be priests of God and of Christ,
And shall reign with | him a | thousand | years.

5 Unto him that loved us,
And washed us from our sins in | his own | blood,

6 And hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father;
To him be glory and do- | minion ·· for- | ever and | ever.

48 Funereal.

1 Blessed are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

2 Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | biding;
We are but of yesterday; there is but a | step ·· between | us and | death;

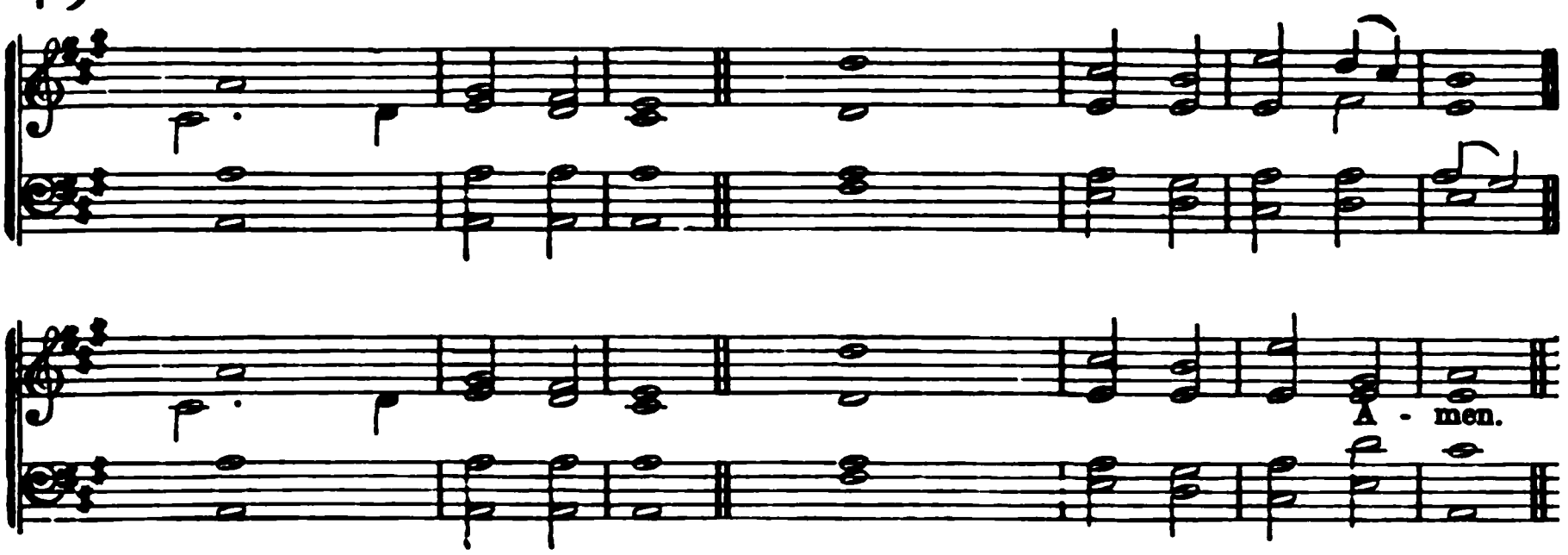
3 Man's days are as grass: as a flower of the field | so he | flourisheth;
He appeareth for a little time, then | vanish-eth | a- — | way.

4 Watch! for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come;
Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man — | cometh.

5 It is the Lord; let him do what | seemeth ·· him | good;
The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the | name — | of the | Lord.

6 Blessed are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth ;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

49 Te Deum Laudamus.



1 We praise thee, | O — | God ; ‖ we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord. ‖
All the earth doth | worship | thee, ‖ the Father | ever- | last- — | ing. ‖

2 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, ‖ the heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.
To thee cherubim and seraphim, con- | tinually ·· do | cry, ‖ Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God of | Saba- | oth ; ‖

3 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of thy | glory. ‖ The glorious company of the apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise — | thee. ‖
The noble army of martyrs | praise — | thee. ‖ The holy church throughout all the | world ·· doth ac- | knowledge | thee, ‖

4 The Father. of an | infi ·· nite | majesty ; ‖ thine adorable, | true and | only | Son ; ‖
Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter. ‖ Thou art the King of glory, O Christ, thou art the everlasting | Son ·· of the | Fa- — | ther. ‖

5 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, ‖ thou didst humble thyself to be | born — | of a | virgin. ‖
When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness ·· of | death, ‖ thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven ·· to | all be- | lievers. ‖

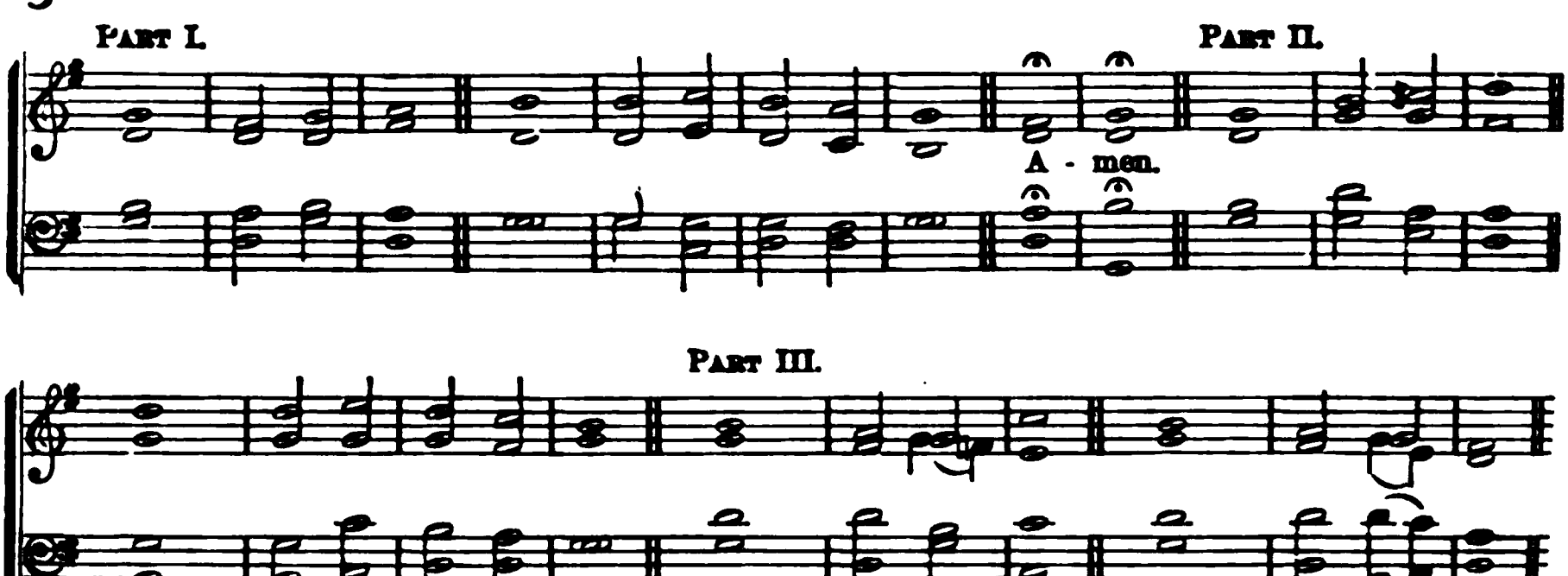
6 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the | glory ·· of the | Father. ‖ We believe that thou shalt | come to | be our | judge.
We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, ‖ whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood. ‖

7 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, ‖ in | glory | ever- | lasting. ‖
O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage ; ‖ govern them and | lift them | up for- | ever. ‖

8 Day by day we | magni ·· fy | thee ; ‖ and we worship thy name ever, | world with- | out — | end. ‖
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with - out | sin ; ‖ O Lord, have mercy upon us, have | mer - cy up- | on — | us. ‖

9 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, ‖ as our | trust — | is in | thee. ‖
O Lord, in | thee ·· have I | trusted ; ‖ let me | never | be con- | founded. ‖ A- | men. ‖

50 Gloria in Excelsis.



Part I.

Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good- | will ·· towards | men. ‖
We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee | for thy | great — | glory. ‖

Part II.

O Lord God, | heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- — | mighty! ‖
O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ, ‖
O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son ·· of the | Fa- — | ther, ‖

Part III.

That takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us. ‖
Thou that takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us. ‖
Thou that takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, ‖ receive | our — | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us. ‖

Part I.

For thou only | art — | holy, ‖ thou | only | art the | Lord. ‖
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory ·· of | God the | Father. | A- | men. ‖

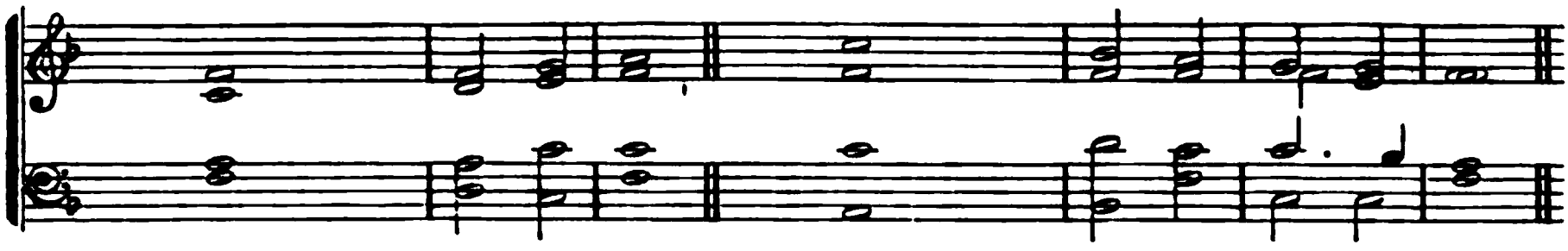
51

Thou Maker of my vital frame,
Unvail thy face, pro- | nounce thy | name;
Shine to my sight, and let the ear
Which thou hast | formed, thy | lan- guage | hear;
Divide, ye clouds, and let me see
The Power that | gives me | leave to | be.

2 Where is thy residence? oh! why
Dost thou avoid my | searching | eye!
Mysterious Being! Great Unknown,
Say, do the | clouds con- | ceal thy | throne?
Or art thou all diffused abroad,
Thro' boundless | space, a | present | God!

3 Is there not some delightful art
To feel thy | presence ·· at my | heart!
To hear thy whispers, soft and kind,
In | holy | silence ·· of the | mind!—
Then rest, my thoughts; no longer roam
In quest of | joy—for | heaven's at | home!

52 **Baptismal.**



1 THUS saith the Lord that made thee, and formed thee, | who will | help thee,
Fear not, O Jacob my servant, and | Israel · · whom | I have | chosen.

2 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear him.
And his righteousness | unto | children's | children,

3 To such as | keep his | covenant:
And to those that remember his com- | mand- · · ments to | do — | them.

4 One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the | name of | Jacob;
And another shall subscribe with his hand to the Lord, and surname himself | by the | name of | Israel.

5 Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel ac- | knowledge · · us | not.
Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; from ever- | lasting | is thy | name.

53 **Baptismal.**

Before the Administration.

1 AND Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not to | come · · unto | me;
For of | such · · is the | kingdom · · of | heaven.

2 He shall feed his | flock · · like a | shepherd:
He shall gather the lambs with his arm and | carry · · them | in his | bosom.

3 I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing up- | on thine | offspring;
And they shall spring up as among the grass, as | willows · · by the | water — | courses.

After the Administration.

1 THEN will I sprinkle clean | water · · up- | on you,
And | ye shall | be — | clean:

2 A new heart also | will I | give you,
And a new spirit | will I | put with- | in you,

3 And I will take away the stony heart | out of · · your | flesh,
And I will | give · · you a | heart of | flesh.

[GLORIA PATRI.]

DOXOLOGIES.

No. 1. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low,—

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a-
Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove,

bove, Praise him a-bove, ye heavenly host;
Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove,

Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly
Praise him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host; Praise Fa - - ther, Son, and Ho - - ly

Ghost,—Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,—Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Chorus.—ad lib.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men,— Hal - le - lu -

Duet. *Tutti.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le-

lu - jah, Hal- le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal- le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal- le - lu - jah, A - men.

No. 2. BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

1. To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, And God the Spir - it, Three in One, Be

honor, praise, and glo-ry given, Be honor, praise, and glory given, By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Be honor, praise, and

glo-ry given, Be honor, praise, and glo- ry given, By all on earth, and all in heaven

No. 3. CONCORD. S. M.

Wor-

1. Ye an - gels round the throne, And saints that dwell be - low, Wor - ship the Fa - ther,

ship the Fa-ther, praise the Son,

praise the Son,..... Wor-ship the Father, praise the Son, And bless the Spir-it, too.

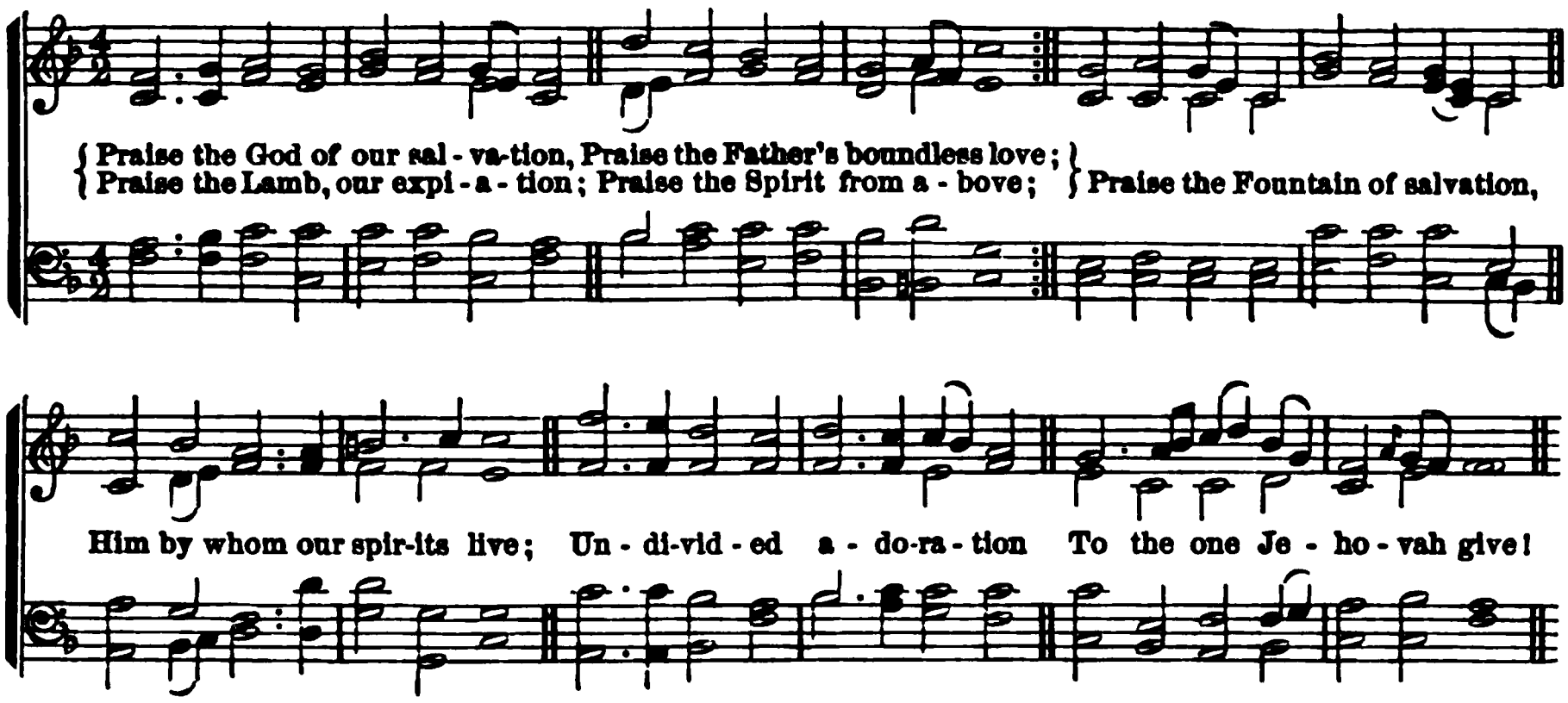
No. 4. EXHORTATION. C. M.

1. Let God.... the Fa - ther, and.... the Son, And Spir - - it, be..... a-
dored, Where there are works to make him known, Or saints to love the
Where there are works to make him known, Or
Where there are works to make him known, Or saints to love the Lord.....
Lord; Where there are works to make him known, Or saints to love the Lord.
saints to love the Lord,.....
..... Where there are works to make him known,

No. 5. TURNER. C. M.

1. To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One God, whom we a - dore, Be
Be glo - ry as it
glo - ry as it was, is now, Be glo - ry as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er-
Be glo - ry as it was, is now, and shall be ev - - - er-
was,..... is now, And shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - er-
more; Be glo - ry as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er -

No. 6. AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. D.



7 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

8 L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

9 L. M. Double.

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! who left thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;
Eternal Spirit, who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live:
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to thee!

10 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

11 C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

12 C. M. Double.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-divine,—
The one in three, and three in one—
Let saints and angels join.

13 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

14 S. M.

THE Father and the Son
And Spirit we adore;
We praise, we bless, we worship thee,
Both now and evermore!

15 H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores

16 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

17 7s. 6 lines.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

18 C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

19 8s & 7s.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

20 8s & 7s. Double.

Praise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love:
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

21 8s, 7s & 4s.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
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On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

22 10s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no more.

23 7s & 6s. Iambic.

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
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We'll celebrate thy glory
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And shout the joyful story
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24 7s & 6s. Trochaic.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
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Join we with the heavenly host
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Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

25 8s & 6s.

By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
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One God ever blest:
As hath been, and now is,
And always shall be.

26 11s.

O Father Almighty, to thee be addressed
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
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heaven,
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27 6s & 4s.

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I have a home above	1270
I heard the voice of Jesus say	922
I know that my Redeemer lives	348
I lay my sins on Jesus	767
I left the God of truth and light	573
I lift my soul to God	588
I'll praise my Maker with my breath	1344
I love the sacred Book of God	200
I love the volume of thy word	191
I love thy kingdom, Lord	885
I love to steal awhile away	865
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger	1283
I'm but a stranger here	1281
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	647
In all my vast concerns with thee	245
In every trying hour	917
Infinite Love! what precious stores	470
In heavenly love abiding	675
Inquire, ye pilgrims, for the way	467
Inspirer and hearer of prayer	748
In the Christian's home in glory	1280
In the cross of Christ I glory	366
In the dark and cloudy day	1002
In the sun and moon and stars	1236
In this calm impressive hour	64
In thy name, O Lord, assembling	76
In time of fear, when trouble's near	651
In time of tribulation	683
In true and patient hope	817
In vain our fancy strives to paint	1269
In vain we seek for peace with God	435
I once was a stranger to grace	924
I saw One hanging on a tree	316
I send the joys of earth away	526
I sing the almighty power of God	240
Isles of the south! your redemption is	1154
I stand on Zion's mount	659
Is there ambition in my heart?	807
Is this the kind return?	443
It came upon the midnight clear	1177
It is not death to die	1203
It is the Lord, enthroned in light	969
It is thy hand, my God	982
I want a heart to pray	636
I was a wandering sheep	735
I would be thine; oh! take my heart	585
I would love thee, God and Father	368
I would not live alway: I ask	1206
Jehovah God! thy gracious power	246
Jehovah reigns; his throne is high	95
Jerusalem! my happy home	1292
Jerusalem, the glorious	1286
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb!	886
Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky	459
Jesus! and shall it ever be	697
Jesus, at whose supreme command	1070
Jesus, blesséd Mediator	1306
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	1091
Jesus comes, his conflict over	363
Jesus demands this heart of mine	622
Jesus, engrave it on my heart	427
Jesus, full of all compassion	613
Jesus! I come to thee	536
Jesus, I love thee! thou dost know	753
Jesus! I love thy charming name	708
Jesus, I my cross have taken	762
Jesus, in sickness and in pain	979
Jesus invites his saints	1109
Jesus, Lamb of God, for me	550
Jesus, let thy pitying eye	618
Jesus lives! no longer now	1224
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee	825
Jesus! lover of my soul	605
Jesus, Master! hear me now	1082
Jesus, merciful and mild	607
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone	784
Jesus, my happy heart	996
Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep	977
Jesus, my strength, my hope	819
Jesus only, when the morning	764
Jesus! our best beloved Friend	935
Jesus, our Lord, how rich thy grace	941
Jesus, save my dying soul	561
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	1141
Jesus spreads his banner o'er us	1093
Jesus, the Christ of God	738
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee	527
Jesus, the very thought of thee	709
Jesus! thou art the sinner's friend	721
Jesus, thou source of calm repose	739
Jesus! thy love shall we forget	296
Jesus, thy name I love	769
Jesus! thy robe of righteousness	927
Jesus, we look to thee	848
Jesus, we thus obey	1108
Jesus, where'er thy people meet	874
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding	1215
Jesus, who knows full well	883
Jesus, whom angel hosts adore	811
Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain	1092
Jesus, who on his glorious throne	722
Joyful be the hours to-day	59
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	274
Just as I am, without one plea	516
Keep silence, all created things!	232
Keep us, Lord, oh, ever keep us	178
Kindred in Christ! for his dear sake	844
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong	218
Laborers of Christ, arise	949
Laboring and heavy-laden	551
Laden with guilt, and full of fears	193
Lamb of God! whose bleeding	1116
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	177
Let all on earth their voices raise	144
Let every mortal ear attend	460

	HYMN
Let glory be to God on high	145
Let me be with thee where thou art	1295
Let me but hear my Saviour say	694
Let party names no more	849
Let saints below in concert sing	852
Let the world their virtue boast	621
Let us awake our joys	369
Let us with a joyful mind	115
Let worldly minds the world pursue	727
Let Zion and her sons rejoice	1175
Let Zion's watchmen all awake	1022
Lift up to God the voice of praise	110
Light of life, seraphic fire	68
Light of the soul! O Saviour blest	703
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	1161
Like morning, when her early breeze	428
Like sheep we went astray	446
Like the eagle, upward, onward	955
Lo, God is here!—let us adore	92
Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets	1245
Lo! he comes with clouds descending	1246
Lone, amidst the dead and dying	614
Long as the darkening cloud abode	687
Long have I sat beneath the sound	628
Look from thy sphere of endless day	1183
Look to Jesus! till reviving	510
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	859
Lo! on a narrow neck of land	548
Lo! round the throne a glorious band	1254
Lo! the day of rest declineth	183
Lo! the mighty God appearing	1243
Lo, the seal of death is breaking	1290
Lo! what a glorious sight appears	1291
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee	297
Lord, at this closing hour	160
Lord! at thy feet we sinners lie	530
Lord! at thy table I behold	1115
Lord, before thy throne we bend	602
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid	180
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill	172
Lord, from thy blesséd throne	1338
Lord God of Hosts, by all adored!	104
Lord God, the Holy Ghost!	400
Lord, how mysterious are thy ways	221
Lord, how secure and blest are they	896
Lord, how secure my conscience was	436
Lord, I address thy heavenly throne	910
Lord, I am come! thy promise is my	567
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine	1058
Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin	425
Lord, I believe; thy power I own	805
Lord, I cannot let thee go	888
Lord, if at thy command	951
Lord, if thou thy grace impart	824
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	615
Lord! I look for all to thee	601
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear	22
Lord, in this sacred hour	41
Lord, it belongs not to my care	714
Lord Jesus, are we one with thee	711
Lord, may the spirit of this feast	1113
Lord, now we part in thy blest name	150
Lord of all being; throned afar	223
Lord of all worlds! incline thy bounteous	69
Lord of earth! thy forming hand	117
Lord of heaven, and earth, and ocean	364
Lord of hosts! to thee we raise	1026
Lord of mercy, just and kind	634
Lord of the harvest! hear	1024
Lord of the worlds above	51
Lord, thou art my rock of strength	606
Lord, thou hast searched and seen	212
Lord, thou hast won—at length I yield	545
Lord, thou on earth didst love thine	855
Lord, thou wilt bring the joyful day	1256
Lord, thy glory fills the heaven	265
Lord, we adore thy boundless grace	466
Lord, we come before thee now	54
Lord, when my raptured thought	269
Lord! when we bend before thy throne	31
Lord! where shall guilty souls retire	267
Lord, while for all mankind we pray	1315
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee	266
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord	98
Love divine, all love excelling	760
Love me, O Lord, forgivingly	668
Lowly and solemn be	1007
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned	345
Make haste, O man, to live	948
Make us, by thy transforming grace	300
Man's wisdom is to seek	815
Marked as the purpose of the skies	1137
Mark the soft falling snow	192
Many centuries have fled	1088
May not the sovereign Lord on high	215
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour	182
Messiah! at thy glad approach	280
Mighty God! while angels bless thee	360
Millions within thy courts	156
Mine eyes and my desire	591
Morning breaks upon the tomb	1229
Mortals, awake, with angels join	453
Mourn for the thousands slain	952
Much in sorrow, oft in woe	664
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	978
My country! 'tis of thee	1336
My days are gliding swiftly by	1277
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord	299
My faith looks up to thee	771
My Father, God! how sweet the sound	918
My feet are weary with the march	1206
My former hopes are fled	427
My God, accept my heart this day	523
My God, and is thy table spread	1066
My God, how endless is thy love	726
My God, is any hour so sweet	873
My God, my Father, blissful name!	915
My God, my Father, while I stray	961
My God, my King, thy various praise	13
My God, my Life, my Love	788
My God, permit me not to be	681
My God, permit my tongue	37
My God, the covenant of thy love	905
My God! the spring of all my joys	100
My God, thy boundless love I praise	98
My gracious Lord, I own thy right	1
My gracious Redeemer I love	1

	HYMN
My heart lies dead; and no increase....	637
My Jesus, as thou wilt.....	992
My opening eyes with rapture see.....	4
My Saviour, thou thy love to me.....	744
My Saviour, whom absent I love.....	746
My Shepherd will supply my need.....	928
My soul, be on thy guard.....	946
My soul complete in Jesus stands.....	702
My soul, how lovely is the place.....	19
My spirit longs for thee.....	994
My spirit on thy care.....	729
My sufferings all to thee are known.....	520
My times are in thy hand.....	985
My times of sorrow and of joy.....	967
Nearer, my God, to thee.....	775
No more, my God! I boast no more.....	1065
No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast..	899
None loves me, Saviour, with thy love..	743
No, no, it is not dying.....	1223
No room for mirth or trifling here.....	547
No seas again shall sever.....	1289
Not all the blood of beasts.....	1107
Not all the nobles of the earth.....	894
Not all the outward forms on earth.....	430
Not to condemn the sons of men	301
No track is on the sunny sky	413
Not to the terrors of the Lord.....	1021
Not with our mortal eyes.....	731
Now at the Lamb's great paschal feast..	1064
Now begin the heavenly theme.....	58
Now be my heart inspired to sing.....	303
Now be the gospel banner.....	1170
Now, from labor and from care.....	60
Now I have found a Friend.....	770
Now is the accepted time.....	491
Now let my soul, eternal King.....	201
Now let our cheerful eyes.....	901
Now let our mournful songs record.....	326
Now let our souls, on wings sublime....	1253
Now let our voices join.....	38
Now may he, who from the dead.....	170
Now, O God, thine own I am!	832
Now to the Lord a noble song	102
Now to the Lord, who makes us know..	336
Now to the power of God supreme.....	449
O, bless the Lord, my soul! His grace...	261
O, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all.....	835
O, bow thine ear, Eternal One.....	1016
O, cease, my wandering soul.....	538
O, come, loud anthems let us sing.....	14
O! could I find from day to day.....	582
O, could I speak the matchless worth...	750
O! could our thoughts and wishes fly...	641
O day of rest and gladness...	72
O, deem not they are blest alone.....	964
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.....	1168
O eyes that are weary, and hearts that..	680
O! for a closer walk with God	579
O, for a glance of heavenly day.....	522
O, for a heart to praise my God.....	558
O, for an overcoming faith.....	1197
O, for a shout of joy.....	252
O! for a shout of sacred joy.....	344
O, for a sight, a pleasing sight.....	1257
O, for a sweet inspiring ray.....	1252
O, for a strong and lasting faith.....	211
O! for a thousand tongues to sing.....	347
O! for that tenderness of heart.....	576
O, for the death of those.....	1201
O, for the happy hour.....	1143
Often at evening comes a glowing.....	1209
O Garden of Olives, thou dear honored..	1120
O, gift of gifts! O, grace of faith!.....	799
O God, beneath thy guiding hand.....	1312
O God, by whom the seed is given.....	187
O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	1046
O God of mercy! hear my call.....	534
O God of sovereign grace.....	1147
O God! our God! thou shinest here....	1173
O God, our help in ages past.....	248
O God, the light of all that live.....	188
O God, thou art my God alone..	571
O God! we praise thee, and confess.....	234
O, happy day that fixed my choice.....	1063
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter.....	398
O holy, holy, holy Lord!.....	214
O holy Lord, our God.....	1029
O holy Saviour! Friend unseen.....	787
O, how divine, how sweet the joy.....	457
O, how I love thy holy law.....	207
O! if my soul were formed for woe.....	315
O, it is joy for those to meet.....	850
O Jesus, bruised and wounded more.....	1055
O, join ye the anthems of triumph	135
O Lamb of God! still keep me.....	1097
O! let me, gracious Lord! extend.....	1193
O, let your mingling voices rise.	754
O Lord, another day is flown.....	864
O Lord! encouraged by thy grace.....	1034
O Lord, how full of sweet content.....	797
O Lord, how infinite thy love!.....	455
O Lord! I would delight in thee.....	713
O Lord! my best desires fulfill.....	834
O Lord our God! arise.....	1146
O Lord our God, with earnest care.....	1333
O Lord, our heavenly King.....	253
O Lord, thy pitying eye.....	1014
O Lord, thy work revive.....	1142
O Love Divine! that stooped to share...	693
O mother dear, Jerusalem.....	1264
Once I thought my mountain strong....	600
Once more, before we part.....	161
Once more, my soul, the rising day.....	25
One cup of healing oil and wine	936
One prayer I have—all prayers in one...	976
One sole baptismal sign.....	840
One sweetly solemn thought.....	1227
One there is, above all others.....	763
On Jordan's rugged banks I stand.....	1261
O, not my own these verdant hills	699
On the mountain's top appearing.....	1166
On thy church, O Power divine.....	63
Onward, Christian, though the region...	671
Oppress with noonday's scorching.....	1071
O, praise our God to-day.....	950
O, praise ye the Lord! prepare your....	119

	HYMN
O, render thanks to God above	15
O sacred Head, now wounded	1096
O Saviour of a world undone	552
O Saviour, lend a listening ear	718
O Saviour, who didst come	734
O, see how Jesus trusts himself	720
O sinner, bring not tears alone	480
O, speak that gracious word again	712
O Spirit of the living God	1126
O, still in accents sweet and strong	939
O suffering Friend of human-kind	308
O Sun of righteousness, arise	1140
O, sweetly breathe the lyres above	692
O, tell me, thou Life and Delight of my	759
O, that I could forever dwell	690
O, that I could forever sit	751
O, that I could repent	535
O! that I knew the secret place	580
O! that my load of sin were gone	525
O! the sweet wonders of that cross	1057
O! this soul, how dark and blind	610
O thou above all praise	39
O thou, from whom all goodness flows	553
O thou God who hearest prayer	603
O thou Sun of glorious splendor	365
O thou that hearest prayer!	416
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry	623
O thou to whom in ancient time	147
O thou, to whose all-searching sight	569
O thou who driest the mourner's tear	975
O thou who hast died to redeem us	1103
O thou who hear'st the prayer of faith	543
O thou whom we adore	1145
O thou whose gently chastening hand	1231
O thou whose mercy guides my way	970
O thou, whose own vast temple stands	1017
O thou, whose tender mercy hears	531
O, throw away thy rod	586
O, turn, great Ruler of the skies	633
O, turn ye, O, turn ye, for why	502
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	833
Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer	1048
Our children thou dost claim	1043
Our Father, through the coming year	1319
Our God is love, and all his saints	940
Our heavenly Father calls	881
Our heavenly Father, hear	163
Our Helper, God, we bless thy name	1311
Our Lord is risen from the dead	333
Our souls, by love together knit	857
Out of the depths of woe	587
O, what, if we are Christ's	732
O, what stupendous mercy shines	937
O, where are kings and empires now	1019
O! where is now that glowing love	570
O, where shall rest be found	489
O, worship the King all-glorious above	120
O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave	679
Palms of glory, raiment bright	1213
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed	1102
Peace, peace, I leave with you	926
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive	987
People of the living God	1078
Perfect in love! Lord, can it be	565
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin	493
Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow	956
Planted in Christ, the living vine	858
Pleasant are thy courts above	67
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	447
Pour out thy Spirit from on high	1013
Praise the Lord—his power confess	129
Praise the Lord, who reigns above	132
Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him	125
Praise to God, immortal praise	118
Praise to thee, thou great Creator	133
Praise ye Jehovah's name	124
Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir	113
Praise ye the Lord—let praise employ	105
Prayer is the breath of God in man	861
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	859
Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross	1073
Prince of Peace, control my will	595
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet	528
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	830
Raise your triumphant songs	354
Ready now to spread my pinions	1219
Rejoice in God alway	814
Rejoice, rejoice, believers	1287
Rejoice! the Lord is King	332
Remember thy Creator now	1037
Repent! the voice celestial cries	463
Rest for the toiling hand	1205
Return, my roving heart, return	624
Return, O wanderer, now return	482
Return, O wanderer, to thy home	481
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	371
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	1275
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path	650
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	1083
Roll on, thou mighty ocean	1027
Safely through another week	1
Salvation! oh, the joyful sound	458
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	179
Saviour, hear us, through thy merit	765
Saviour, I follow on	773
Saviour, I look to thee	772
Saviour, I thy word believe	418
Saviour, King, in hallowed union	1049
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	[illegible]
Saviour of all, what hast thou done	[illegible]
Saviour of our ruined race	[illegible]
Saviour, source of every blessing	[illegible]
Saviour! teach me, day by day	[illegible]
Saviour! thy gentle voice	[illegible]
Saviour, visit thy plantation	[illegible]
Saviour, when in dust to thee	[illegible]
Saviour, when night involves the skies	[illegible]
Saviour! who thy flock art feeding	[illegible]
Saw ye not the cloud arise	[illegible]
Say, sinner! hath a voice within	[illegible]
Scorn not the slightest word or deed	[illegible]
Searcher of hearts! from mine erase	[illegible]
See a poor sinner, dearest Lord	[illegible]
See, from Zion's sacred mountain	[illegible]

	HYMN
See, gracious God, before thy throne....	1317
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.....	1052
See the eternal Judge descending.....	1244
See the leaves around us falling.....	1218
See the ransomed millions stand.....	1297
See, what a living stone.....	134
Self-love no grace in sorrow sees.....	1008
Send kindly light amid the encircling...	999
Shall man, O God of life and light.....	1188
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood....	424
Shall we go on to sin.....	540
Shepherd, with thy tenderest love.....	786
Show pity, Lord: O Lord, forgive.....	523
Since Jesus freely did appear.....	1316
Since Jesus is my friend.....	728
Since o'er thy footstool here below.....	262
Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord.....	652
Sing, sing his lofty praise.....	373
Sing to the Lord our Might.....	93
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands.....	275
Sing we the song of those who stand....	112
Sinner, come, 'mid thy gloom.....	508
Sinner! rouse thee from thy sleep.....	494
Sinners, turn, why will ye die?.....	492
Sinners, will you scorn the message.....	514
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.....	1220
So fades the lovely blooming flower.....	1190
Soft and holy is the place.....	891
Softly fades the twilight ray.....	168
Softly now the light of day.....	164
So let our lips and lives express.....	794
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	684
Sometimes a light surprises.....	674
Songs anew of honor framing.....	1164
Songs of praise the angels sang.....	138
Son of God! to thee I cry.....	1086
Sons of men, behold from far.....	1157
Soon may the last glad song arise.....	1136
Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom.....	726
Sound, sound the truth abroad.....	370
Sovereign of worlds! display thy power.	1135
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all.....	559
Sovereign Ruler of the skies.....	630
Sow in the morn thy seed.....	947
Speak gently—it is better far	801
Speak to me, Lord! thyself reveal.....	705
Spirit Divine! attend our prayer.....	394
Spirit of peace, celestial Dove.....	423
Spirit of power and might, behold.....	1178
Spirit of truth! on this thy day.....	32
Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears..	642
Stand up!—stand up for Jesus.....	676
Star of peace! to wanderers weary.....	1340
Stay, thou insulted Spirit! stay.....	390
Stealing from the world away.....	893
Stern winter throws his icy chains.....	1326
Strait is the way, the door is strait.....	431
Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear.....	691
Sure the blest Comforter is nigh.....	389
Sweeter sound than music knows.....	781
Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve.....	5
Sweet is the work, my God, my King...	6
Sweet is the work, O Lord.....	45
Sweet Land of rest! for thee I sigh.....	1278
Sweet peace of conscience! heavenly....	898
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing....	1090
Sweet the time, exceeding sweet.....	84
Sweet was the time when first I felt....	574
Swell the anthem, raise the song.....	1339
Take me, O my Father, take me.....	617
Take my heart, O Father! take it.....	1089
Tarry with me, O my Saviour.....	1216
Thank and praise Jehovah's name.....	1330
That awful day will surely come.....	1241
The bird let loose in eastern skies.....	90
The Comforter has come.....	403
The day of wrath! that dreadful day....	1250
The day, O Lord, is spent.....	159
Thee we adore, eternal Name.....	1320
The festal morn, my God, is come.....	89
The God of harvest praise.....	1337
The golden gates are lifted up.....	384
The harvest dawn is near.....	660
The head that once was crowned with..	343
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord....	197
The King of saints, how fair his face....	379
The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound	1249
The Lord descended from above.....	260
The Lord, how fearful is his name.....	231
The Lord! how wondrous are his ways.	222
The Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven..	140
The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice....	107
The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me	758
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want.....	682
"The Lord is risen indeed!".....	351
The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal....	139
The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne...	143
The Lord Jehovah reigns, Let all.....	148
The Lord my pasture shall prepare.....	81
The Lord my Shepherd is.....	737
The Lord of glory is my light.....	109
The Lord, our God, is full of might.....	230
The Lord our God is Lord of all.....	238
The Lord shall come! the earth shall...	1251
The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want..	111
The Lord will happiness divine.....	583
The mind was formed to mount sublime	544
The morning kindles all the sky.....	377
The morning light is breaking.....	1171
The peace which God alone reveals.....	155
The people of the Lord.....	661
The perfect world, by Adam trod.....	1011
The promise of my Father's love.....	1049
The promises I sing.....	268
The roseate hues of early dawn.....	1265
The Saviour bids thee watch and pray..	860
The Saviour calls! let every ear.....	465
The Saviour kindly calls.....	1042
The Saviour! oh, what endless charms..	346
The spacious firmament on high.....	264
The Spirit breathes upon the word.....	208
The Spirit in our hearts.....	488
The Spirit, like a peaceful dove.....	845
The starry firmament on high.....	199
The sun himself shall fade.....	657
The swift declining day.....	157
The voice of free grace cries, Escape....	1231

HYMN
The wise men to thy cradle-throne..... 290
There is a book that all may read..... 263
There is a blesséd home..... 998
There is a calm for those who weep..... 1225
There is a fountain filled with blood.... 453
There is a God!—all nature speaks..... 259
There is a holy city..... 1302
There is a house not made with hands.. 1267
There is a land immortal..... 1308
There is a land of pure delight..... 1262
There is a line by us unseen..... 479
There is an eye that never sleeps..... 866
There is an hour of hallowed peace..... 1304
There is an hour of peaceful rest..... 1258
There is an hour when I must part..... 1234
There is a safe and secret place..... 908
There is no night in heaven..... 1273
There, on a high majestic throne..... 1263
They are slaves who will not choose.... 663
They who seek the throne of grace..... 890
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.. 2
Thine forever! God of love..... 1081
Thine holy day's returning..... 73
Think gently of the erring one..... 811
This child we dedicate to thee..... 1032
This is not my place of resting..... 1299
This is the day the Lord hath made..... 16
This place is holy ground 1210
Thou art gone to the grave! but we will 1222
Thou art gone up on high..... 352
Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord..... 790
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Madan, Rev. Martin (d. 1790). Hys. 58, 122.
Maitland, Fanny F. (1837). Hy. 665.
Malan, Rev. Cæsar, D.D. Hy. 1223.
Mant, Bishop Richard (d. 1848). Hys. 125, 265, 1036.
March, ——. Hy. 146.
Mason, Rev. John (d. 1694). Hy. 396.
Mason, William (1811). Hy. 70.
Maude, Mrs. Mary F. (1848). Hy. 1081.
McCheyne, Rev. Robert M. (d. 1843). Hys. 838, 994.
McKellar, George (1860). Hy. 1308.
Medley, Rev. Samuel (d. 1799). Hys. 427, 452, 572, 750, 756.
Merrick, Rev. James (1769). Hys. 55, 80, 633, 841, 1193.
Millard, Rev. James E. (1848). Hy. 130.
Miller, Rev. Henry (1800). Hy. 857.
Milton, John (d. 1764). Hy. 115.
Mitchell, Rev. William (1831). Hy. 296.
Montgomery, James (d. 1854). Hys. 39, 56, 66, 79, 88, 112, 116, 137, 138, 141, 156, 163, 171, 227, 258, 261, 305, 319, 337, 400, 489, 509, 571, 573, 587, 598, 599, 673, 677, 682, 683, 689, 822, 856, 859, 872, 935, 947, 971, 976, 1010, 1013, 1026, 1061, 1069, 1076, 1078, 1126, 1131, 1149, 1172, 1178, 1180, 1200, 1208, 1210, 1211, 1213, 1295, 1308, 1364, 1390, 1397.
Moore, Rev. Henry (d. 1802). Hy. 257.
Moore, Thomas (d. 1852). Hys. 82, 90, 498, 505, 975.
Morris, George P. (1858). Hy. 578.
Moultrie, ——. Hy. 814.
Muhlenburg, Rev. William A., D.D. (1826). Hys. 262, 538, 1041, 1206.

Nason, Rev. Elias (1857). Hy. 764.
Neale, Rev. John M. (1866). Hys. 159, 1286, 1288 *tr.*
Needham, Rev. John (1768). Hys. 108, 239, 457, 650.
Nelson, Rev. David, M.D. (d. 1844). Hy. 1277.
Nevin, Rev. Edwin H. (b. 1814). Hys. 766, 831, 1298.
Newman, Rev. John H., D.D. (1833). Hy. 999.
Newton, Rev. John (d. 1807). Hys. 1, 86, 155, 165, 170, 182, 316, 349, 529, 545, 574, 597, 600, 608, 648, 707, 712, 722, 727, 741, 747, 763, 781, 830, 844, 870, 882, 883, 887, 888, 988, 1159, 1160, 1242, 1269, 1296, 1328.
Nicoll, ——. Hy. 1338.
Noel, Rev. Gerard T. (d. 1851). Hys. 968, 1075, 1137.

Ockum, Rev. Samson (d. 1792). Hy. 546.
Onderdonk, Bishop Henry U. (d. 1858). Hys. 126, 488, 1042.
Osler, Edward, M.D. (d. 1863). Hy. 127.

Palmer, Rev. Ray, D.D. (b. 1808). Hys. 73, 550, 554, 617, 692, 696, 717, 771, 855, 871, 898, 1104, 1129, 1153, 1156, 1199, 1256, 1274, 1381.
Park, Rev. Roswell, D.D. (b. 1807). Hy. 1093.
Patrick, Bishop (1700). Hy. 234.
Peabody, Rev. William B. O., D.D. (d. 1847). Hy. 1281.
Perronett, Rev. Edward (d. 1792). Hy. 339.
Pierpont, Rev. John (1857). Hy. 75.
Pope, Alexander (d. 1744). Hy. 1226.

Raffles, Rev. Thomas, D.D. (d. 1863). Hys. 32, 559, 564, 790, 1285.
Rankin, Rev. J. E., D.D. (1855). Hy. 551.
Reed, Rev. Andrew, D.D. (d. 1862). Hys. 291, 304, 433, 451, 513, 690, 1234.
Rippon, Rev. John, D.D. (d. 1836). Hys. 391, 937.
Robbins, Rev. Chandler, D.D. (1864). Hy. 183.
Robinson, Rev. Chas. S., D.D. (1862). Hys. 772, 1182.
Robinson, Rev. Robert (d. 1790). Hys. 360, 367, 668, 1100.
Roscoe, Rev. J. Hys. 754, 966.
Roscommon, ——. Hy. 1249.
Ryland, Rev. John, D.D. (d. 1825). Hys. 699, 712.

Sandys, George (d. 1643). Hy. 142.
Scheffler, Johann, M.D. (d. 1677). Hy. 759.
Schmolke, Rev. Benjamin (d. 1737). Hy. 998.
Scott, Elizabeth (1764). Hy. 213.
Scott, J. Hy. 798.
Scott, Rev. Thomas (d. 1776). Hys. 497, 998.
Scott, Sir Walter (d. 1832). Hy. 1209.

Seagrave, Rev. Robert (b. 1693). Hy. 1275.
Sears, Rev. Edmund H. (b. 1810). Hys. 278, 1177.
Shirley, Rev. Walter (d. 1786). Hys. 172, 334, 987, 1090.
Shrubsole, Rev. William, (d. 1797). Hy. 99.
Sigourney, Mrs. Lydia H. (d. 1865). Hys. 401, 820, 949, 989, 1113.
Smith, Mrs. Caroline S. (1850). Hy. 1216. *alt.*
Smith, J. E. Hy. 823.
Smith, Rev. Samuel F., D.D. (b. 1808). Hys. 168, 699,
Smyth, Edward (1774). Hy. 180. [858, 1171, 1220, 1336.
Spitta, Rev. Carl J. P., D.D. (d. 1859). Hy. 761.
Steele, Anne (d. 1778). Hys. 27, 28, 78, 105, 204, 206, 221, 259, 269, 281, 300, 346, 389, 434, 459, 465, 466, 474, 531, 544, 562, 568, 577, 581, 622, 640, 641, 698, 704, 710, 730, 806, 867, 878, 897, 915, 1004, 1012, 1020, 1034, 1066, 1190, 1252, 1317, 1326, 1327.
Stennett, Rev. Joseph, D.D. (d. 1713). Hy. 528.
Stennett, Rev. Samuel, D.D. (d. 1795). Hys. 8, 48, 309, 328, 345, 444, 575, 875, 894, 1115, 1261.
Sterling, Rev. J. (1850). Hy. 219.
Sternhold, Thomas, (d. 1549). Hy. 260.
Stocker, John, (1776). Hy. 406.
Stowell, Rev. Hugh (d. 1865). Hy. 868.
Strong, Rev. Nathan, D.D. (d. 1816). Hy. 1339.
Swain, Rev. Joseph (d. 1796). Hys. 53, 511, 659, 853.

Tappan, Rev. William B. (d. 1849). Hys. 306, 1258, 1304.
Tate, Nahum (d. 1715). Hys. 14, 15, 119, 279, 395, 1121.
Taylor, Miss Emily (1864). Hy. 85.
Taylor, Jane (d. 1823). Hy. 596.
Taylor, Rev. Thomas R. (d. 1835). Hy. 1281.
Thomson, ——. Hy. 246.
Toke, Mrs. Emma (1852). Hy. 852.
Toplady, Rev. Augustus M. (d. 1778). Hys. 132, 409, 418, 419, 496, 543, 655, 748, 930, 981, 1083.
Turner, Rev. Daniel (d. 1798). Hys. 355, 613.

Very, Jones. Hy. 627.
Voke, Mrs. (1806). Hys. 1025, 1125.

Wardlaw, Rev. Ralph, D.D. (d. 1853). Hys. 110, 821, 1146.
Ware, Henry (1843). Hy. 147.
Waring, Anna Letitia (1850). Hy. 675.
Waterbury, Rev. J. B., D.D. (1862). Hy. 470.
Watts, Rev. Isaac, D.D. (d. 1748). Hys. 3, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 16. 17, 18, 19, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29, 33, 35, 36, 37, 42, 43, 46, 47, 51, 52, 94, 95, 96, 98, 100, 101, 102, 103, 106, 109, 113, 134, 136, 139, 143, 144, 148, 149, 158, 190, 191, 193, 195, 197, 198, 205, 207, 211, 212, 215, 218, 222, 231, 232, 233, 235, 236, 240, 243, 244, 245, 248, 249, 253, 254, 255, 267, 271, 273, 274, 275, 283, 299, 301, 303, 307, 312, 313, 315, 318, 326, 327, 329, 335, 336, 338, 340, 341, 342, 344, 354, 356, 379, 381, 385, 393, 424, 425, 426, 430, 431, 432, 433, 435, 436, 438, 440, 443, 445, 446, 447, 449, 454, 458, 460, 475, 523, 524, 526, 534, 540, 580, 584, 588, 591, 623, 628, 629, 631, 632, 642, 643, 646, 647, 649, 694, 695, 706, 723, 731, 733, 737, 791, 793, 794, 795, 807, 810, 813, 835, 842, 845, 895, 896, 904, 910, 912, 914, 918, 923, 928, 930, 983, 1021, 1023, 1028, 1049, 1053, 1054, 1056, 1057, 1065, 1072, 1107, 1109, 1122, 1124, 1128, 1141, 1175, 1184, 1185, 1187, 1191, 1194, 1197, 1241, 1257, 1259, 1260, 1262, 1263, 1267, 1291, 1320, 1344.
Wesley, Rev. Charles (d. 1788). Hys. 24, 57, 62, 68, 121, 292, 330, 332, 333, 347, 348, 380, 390, 420, 476, 485, 490, 492, 520, 521, 525, 527, 535, 537, 539, 547, 548, 556, 558, 560, 569, 576, 592, 593, 605, 616, 618, 619, 620, 621, 626, 636, 684, 705, 739, 744, 751, 760, 817, 819, 824. 825, 828, 836, 848, 851, 852, 854, 909, 916, 927, 929, 951, 1024, 1070, 1108, 1111, 1116, 1145, 1157, 1158, 1161, 1163, 1214, 1246, 1307, 1341.
Wesley, Rev. John (d. 1791). Hy. 92.
Wesley, Rev. Samuel, (d. 1730). Hy. 314.
White, Henry Kirke (d. 1806). Hys. 230, 238, 287, 664, 864, 1198.
Whittier, John G. (1850). Hy. 1005.
Wilberforce, ——. Hy. 740.
Williams, Helen Maria (d. 1827). Hy. 224
Williams, Rev. William (d. 1791) Hys. 176, 1168.
Willis, Nathaniel P. (d. 1867). Hy. 1011.
Withington, Rev. Leonard, D.D. (1857). Hy. 552.
Woodman, Miss (1857). Hy. 932.
Wordsworth, Bishop Christopher (b. 1807). Hy. 72.
Wrangham, William (1829). Hys. 11, 129.
Wreford, Rev. John R., D.D. (1837). Hys. 805, 1315.

Xavier, Francis (d. 1552). Hy. 317.

Young, ——. Hy. 252.

APPENDIX.

HURSLEY. L. M. (See Hy. 691.)

Arr. W. H. Monk.

1. Sun of my soul! thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near:

Last verse.

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes. *A-men.*

DORMAN. 7s. (See Hy. 415.)

R. P. Parker.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it! gen - tly come, Raise us from our fall - en state;

Fix thy ev - er - last - ing home In the hearts thou didst cre - ate.

WILSON. 8s & 7s. (See Hy. 270.)

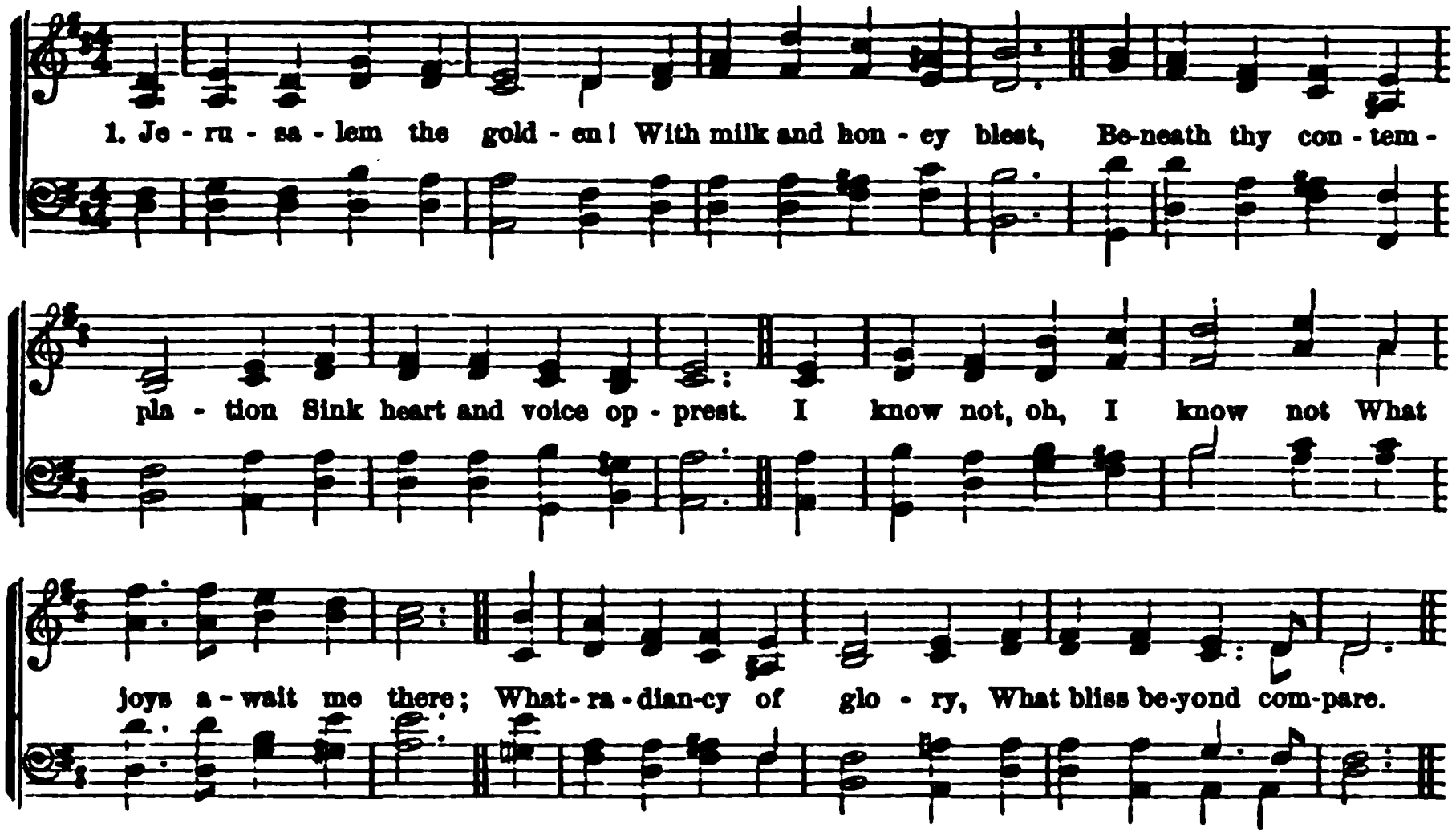
Mendelssohn.

1. God is love; his mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss he wakes and woe he light-ens; God is wis - dom, God.... is love.

GOLDEN. 7s & 6s. D.

A. Ewing.

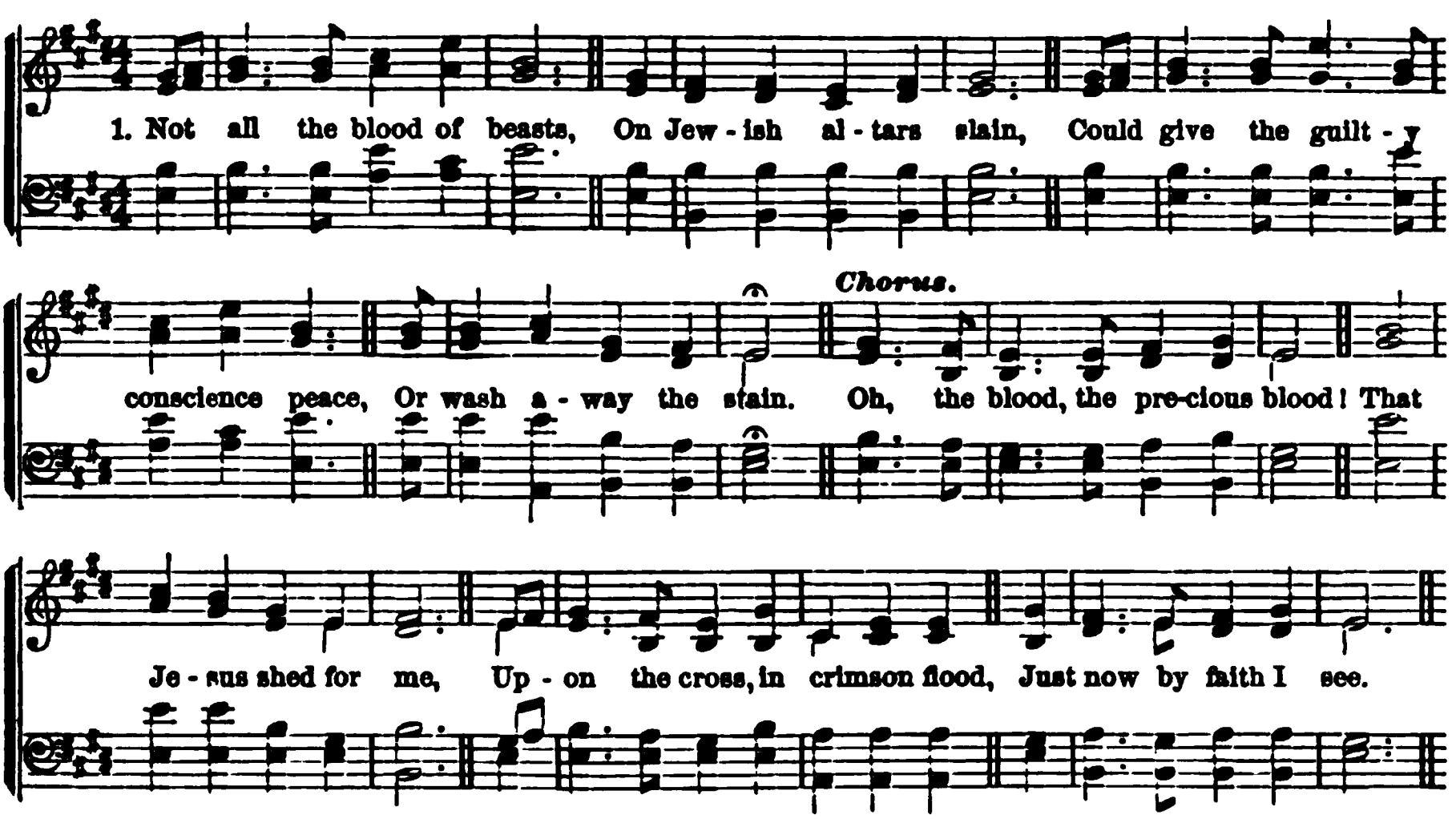


2 O sweet and blesséd Country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blesséd Country,
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us,
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

PRECIOUS BLOOD. S. M.

J. H. Stockton.



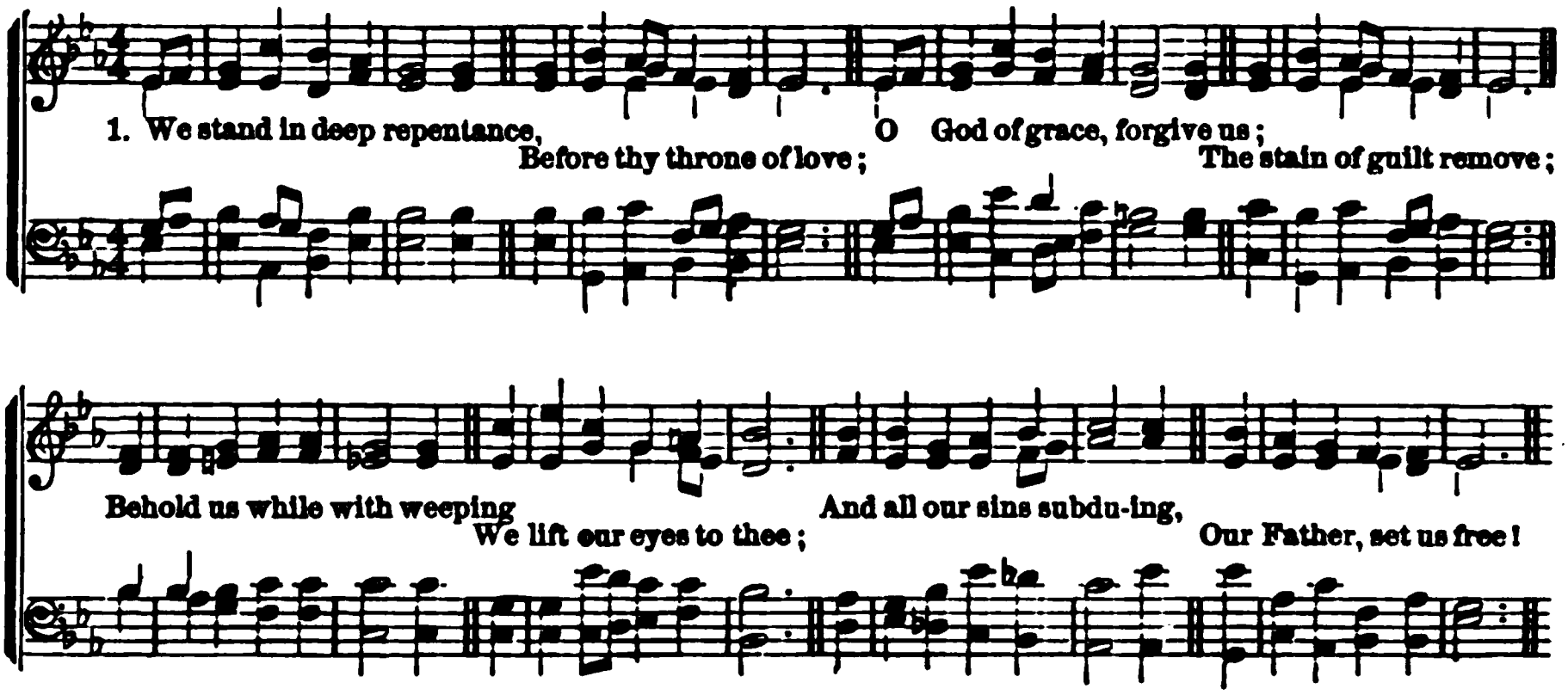
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.—*Cho.*

3 My faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.—*Cho.*

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.—*Cho.*

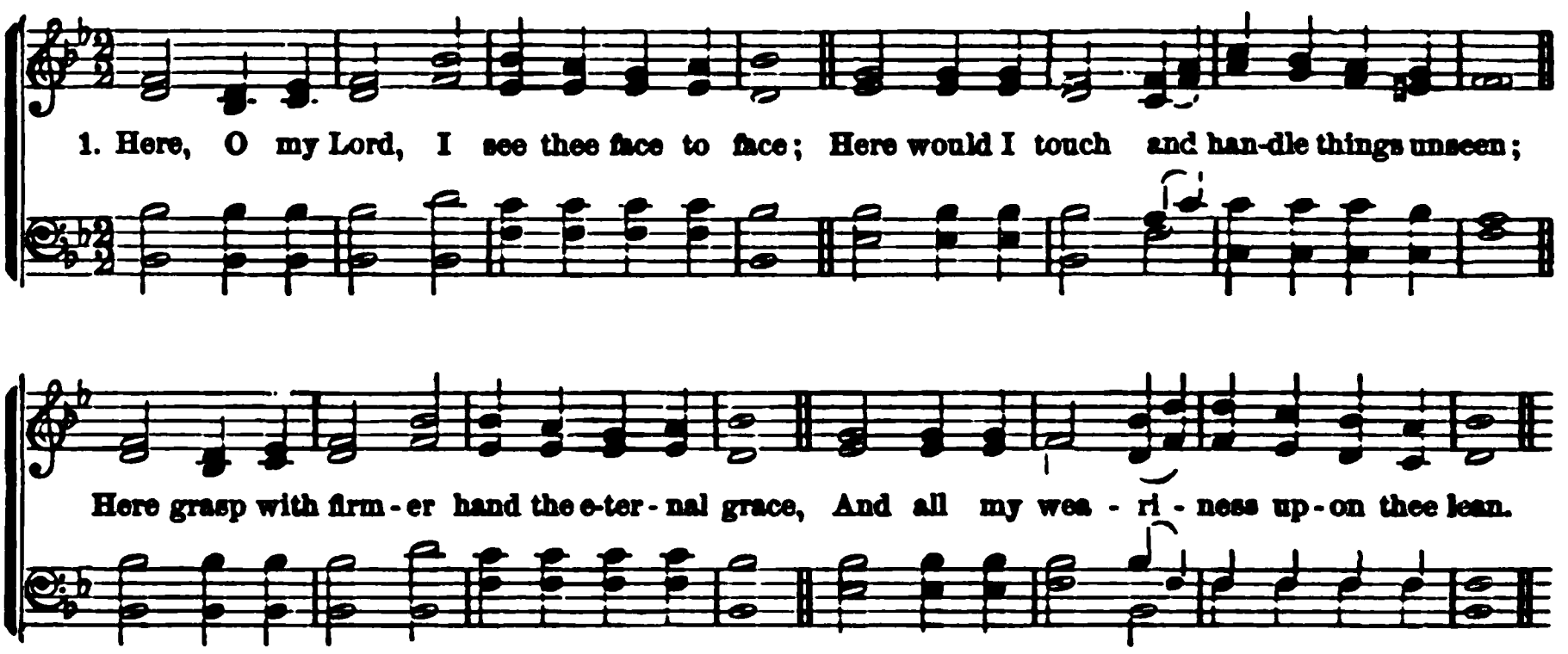
MUNICH. 7s & 6s. (See Hy. 554.)

Oratorio of "Elijah."



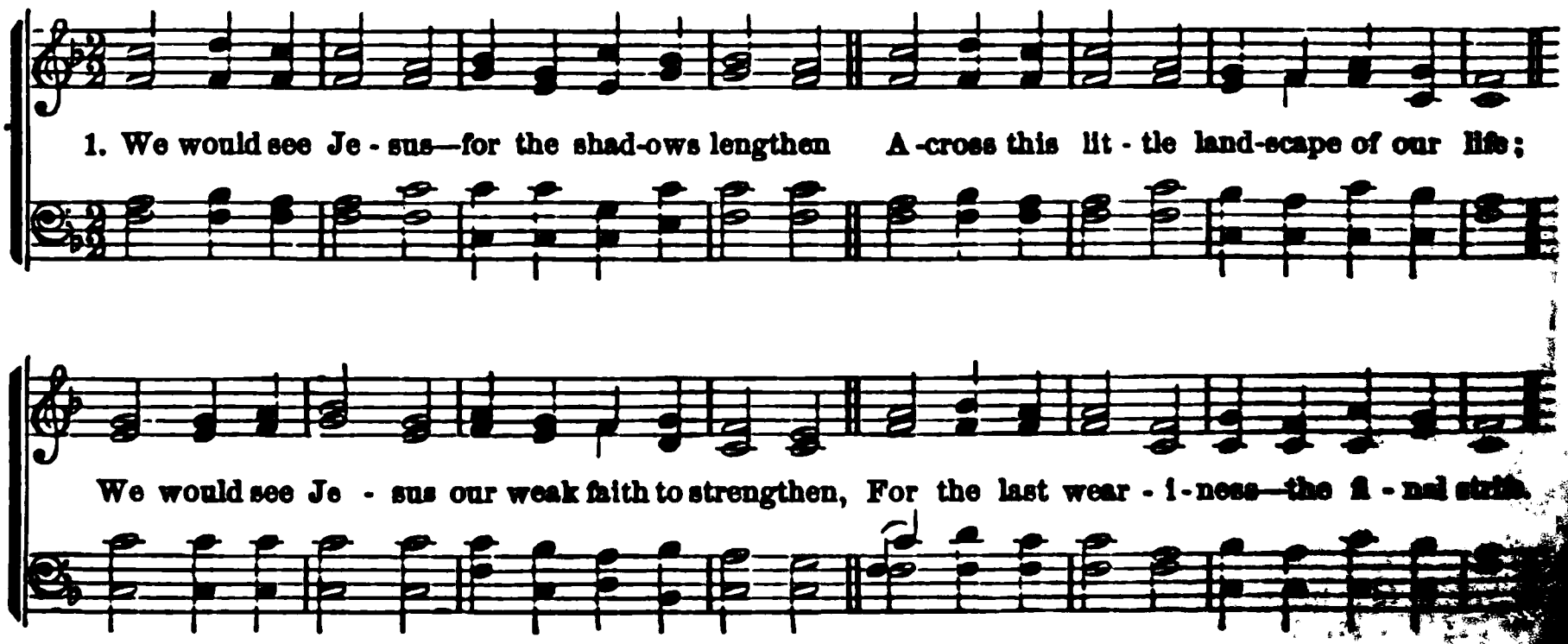
ERNAN. 10s. (See Hy. 1117.)

DR. MASON.



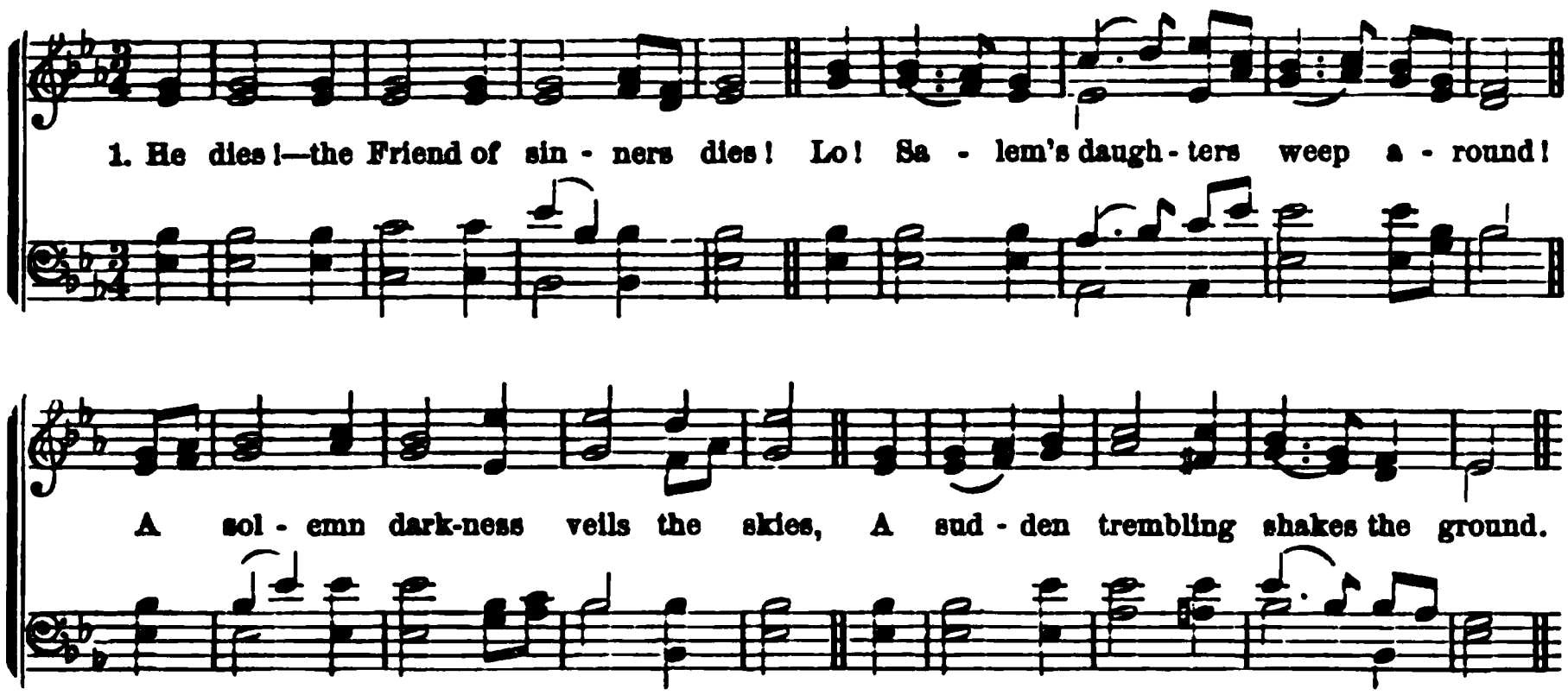
COMFORT. 11s & 10s. (See Hy. 789.)

R. P. PARKER.



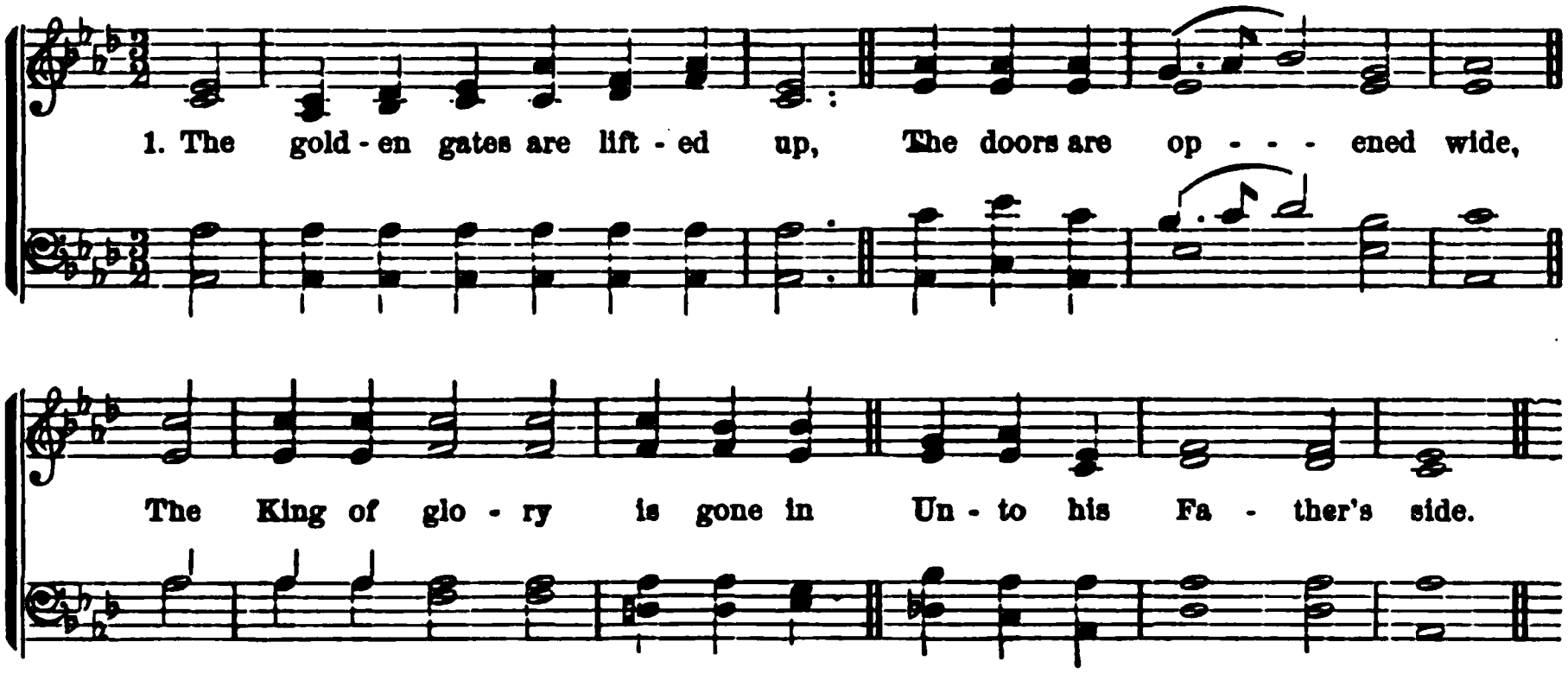
MARY. L. M. (See Hy. 327.)

Arr. E. P. PARKER.



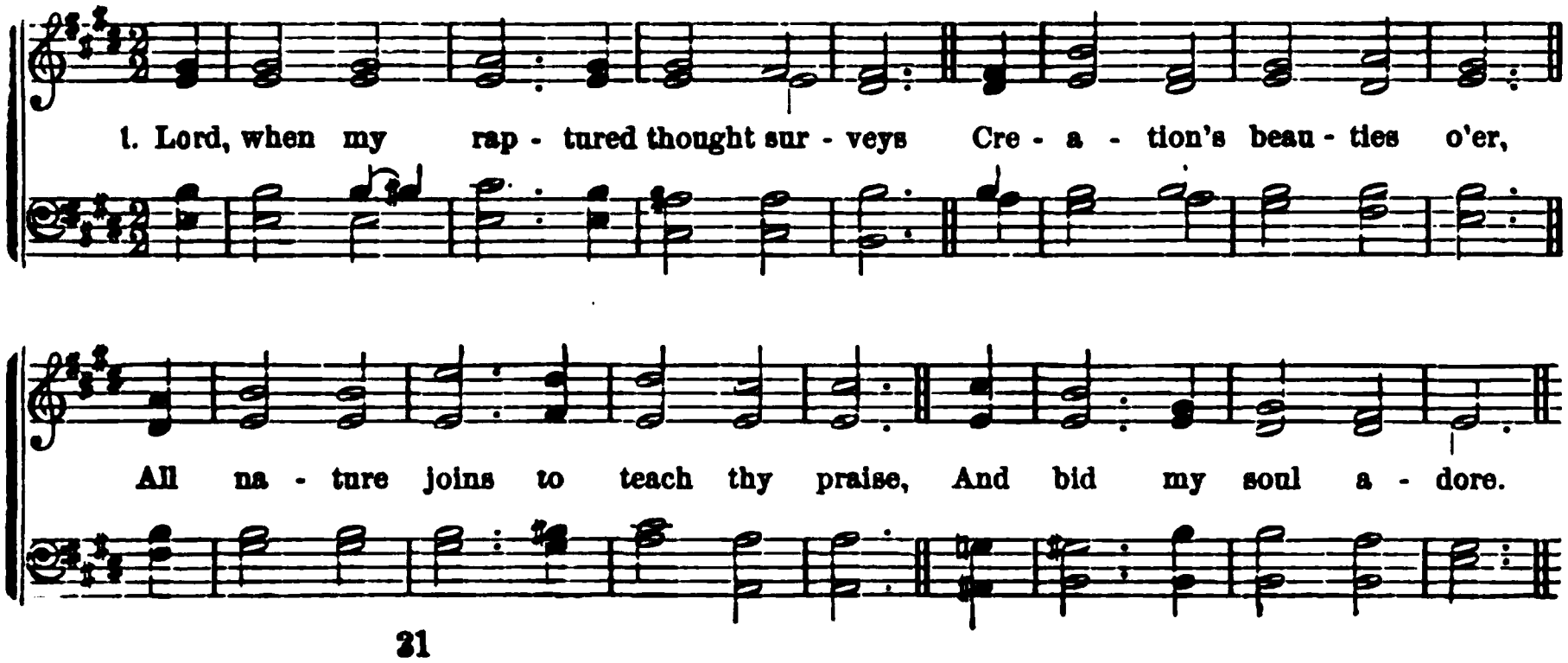
HERMON. C. M. (See Hy. 384.)

DR. MASON.

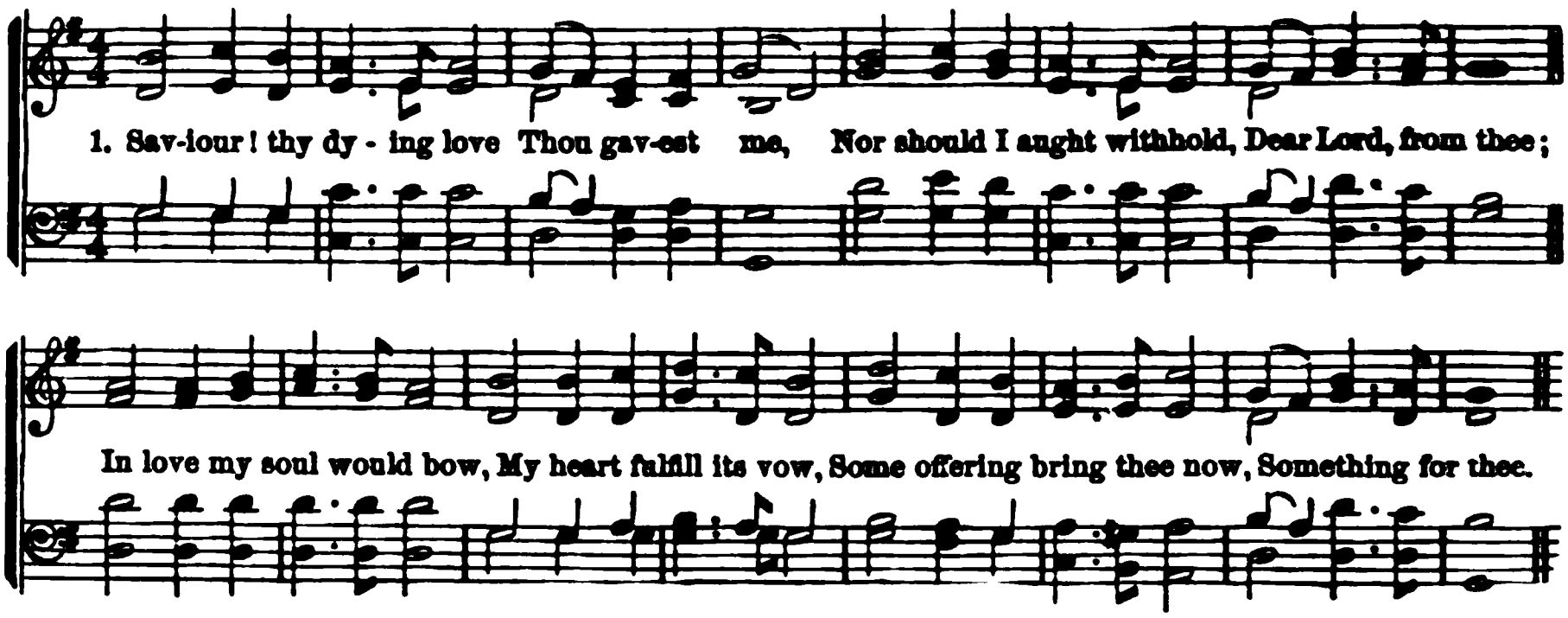


INVITATION. C. M. (See Hy. 269.)

Arr. from WALLACE.



SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s & 4s.



Acts. 9 : 6. S. D. PHELPS.

SAVIOUR! thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

1 Pet. 1 : 8. HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fullness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restore,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

John 21 : 17. MRS. PRENTISS

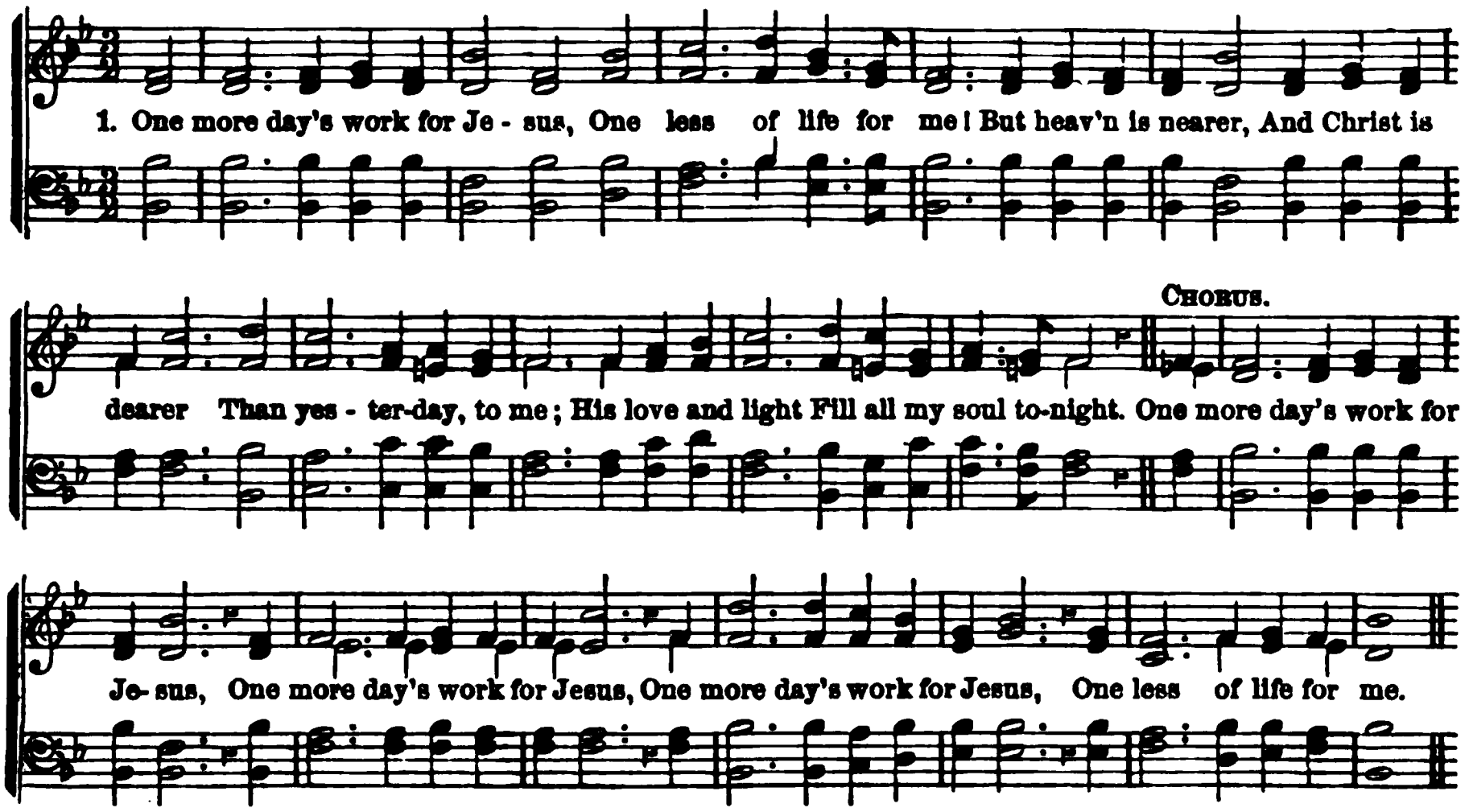
MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

ONE MORE DAY. P. M.



Rom. 13 : 11. ANON.

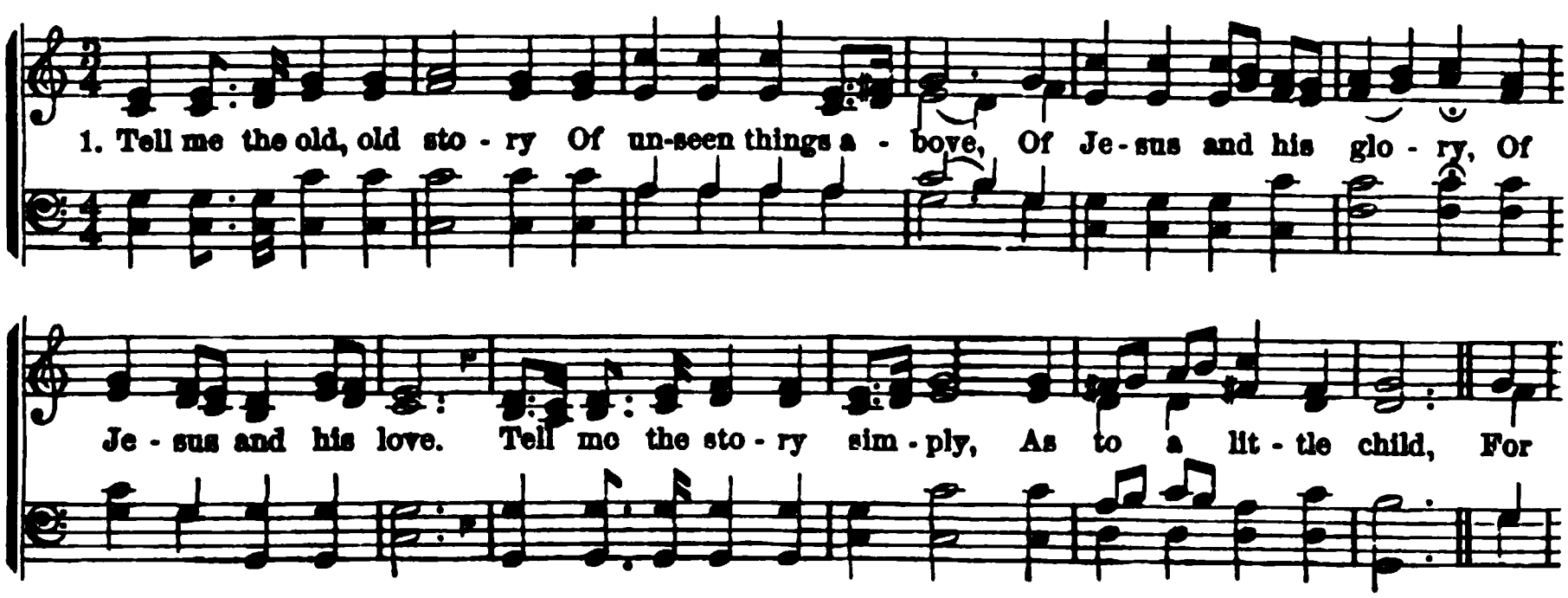
ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.—*Cho.*

2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!—*Cho.*

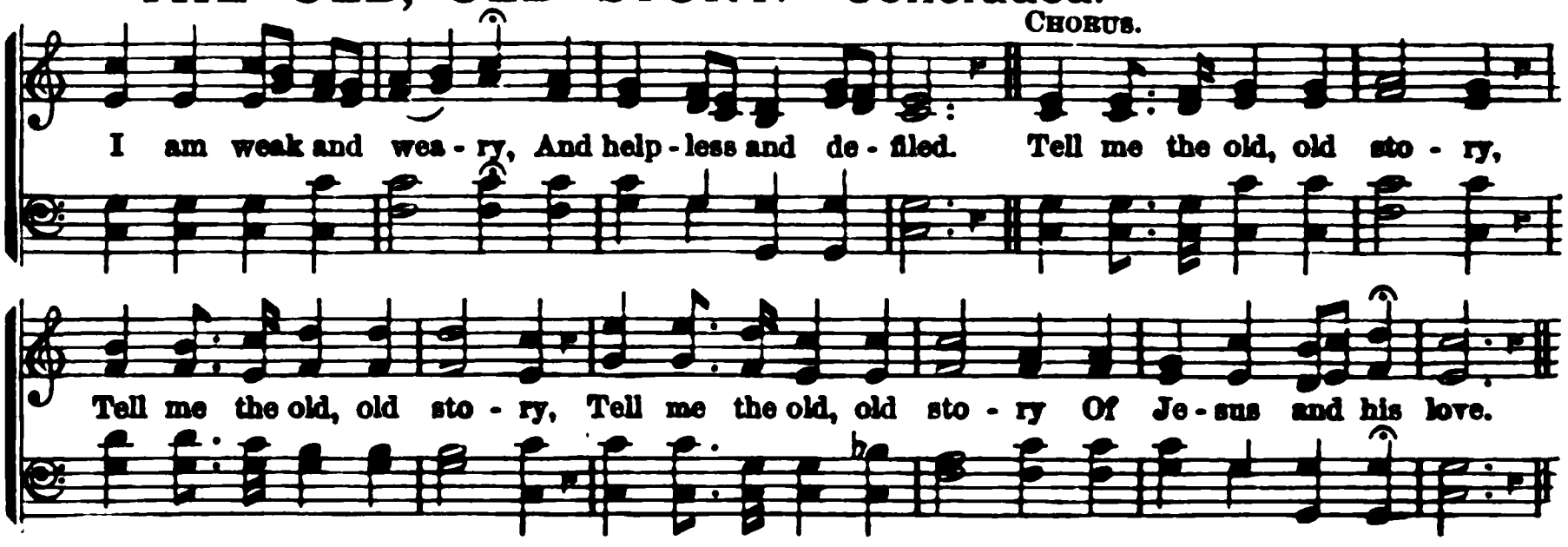
3 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, blesséd work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!—*Cho.*

THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7s & 6s. D.



THE OLD, OLD STORY. Concluded.



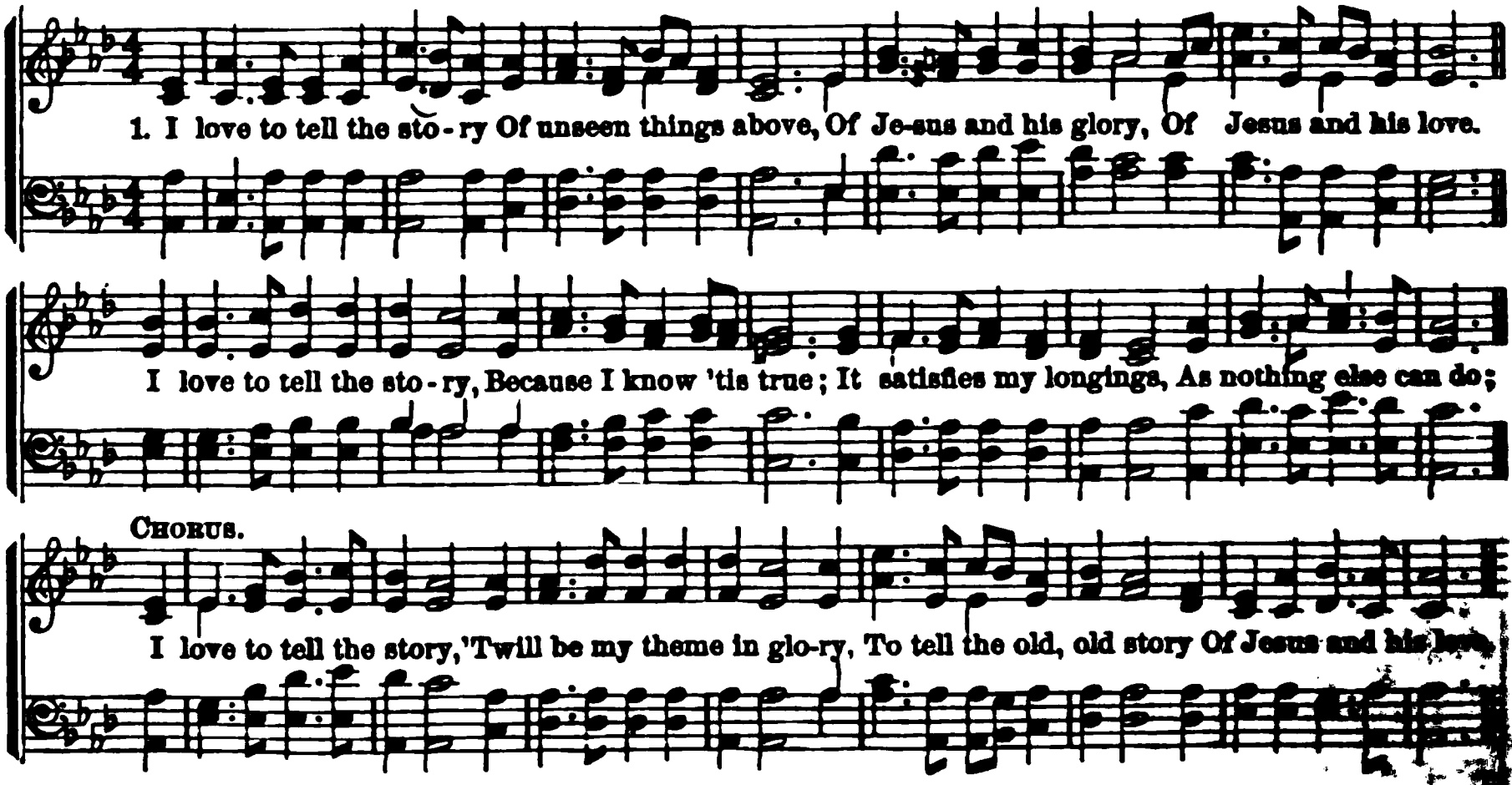
John 3 : 16. ANON.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.—*Cho.*

2 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—*Cho.*

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—*Cho.*

TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. D.

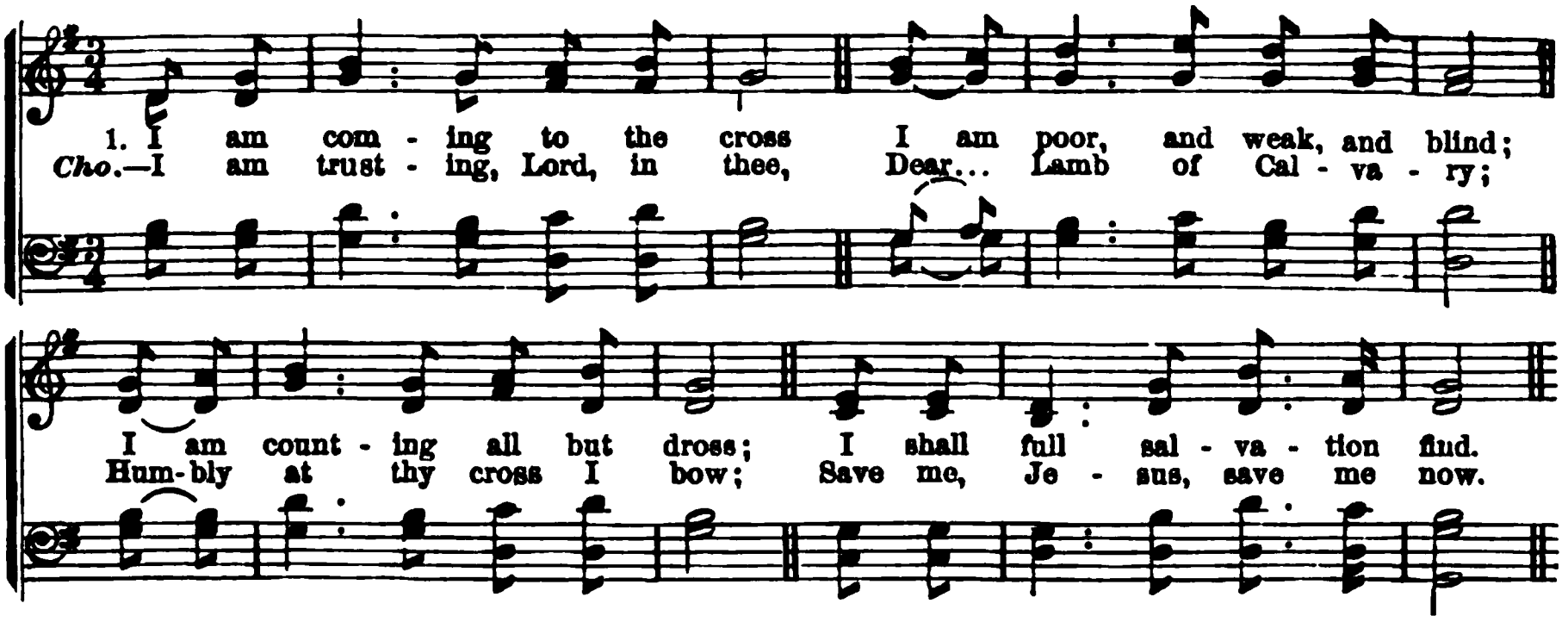


1 Tim. 1 : 15. ANON.

2 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*

3 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New
'Twill be the Old, Old
That I have loved

TRUSTING. 7s.



1 John 1 : 7. McDONALD.

I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.—*Cho.*

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—*Cho.*

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine forevermore.—*Cho.*

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*

John 21 : 16. NEWTON.

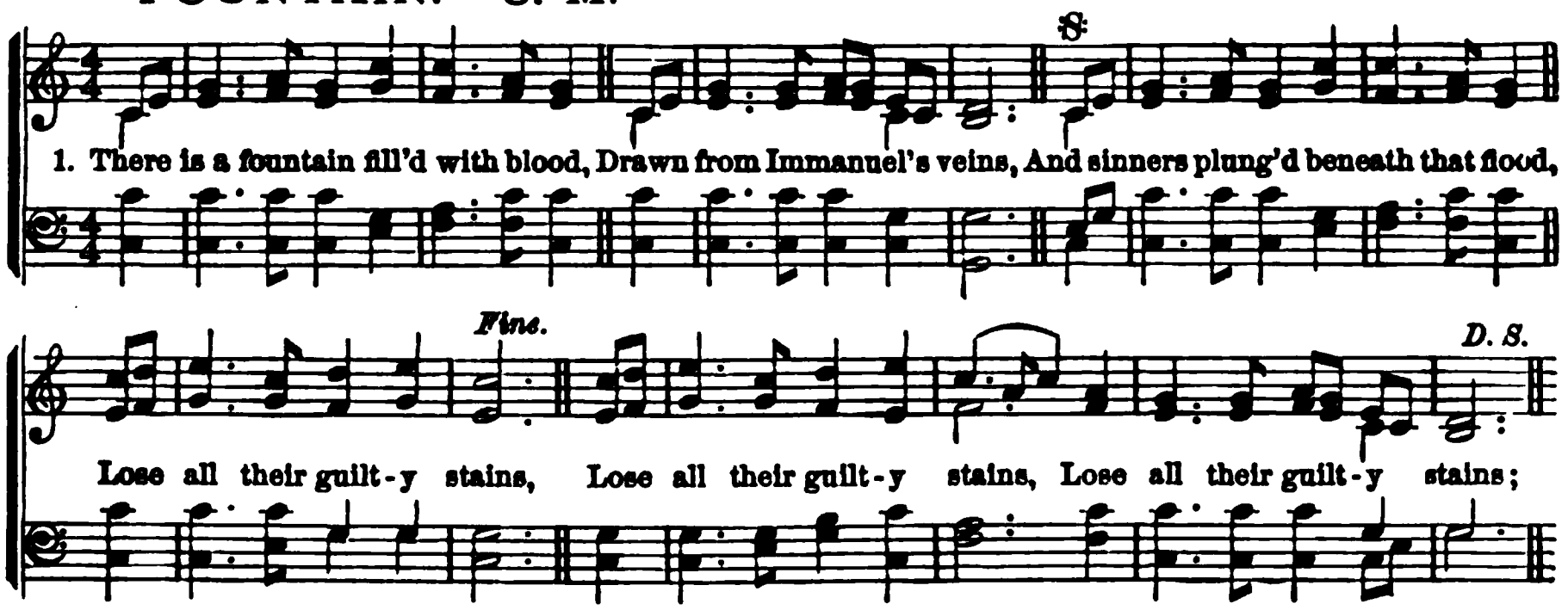
'T is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

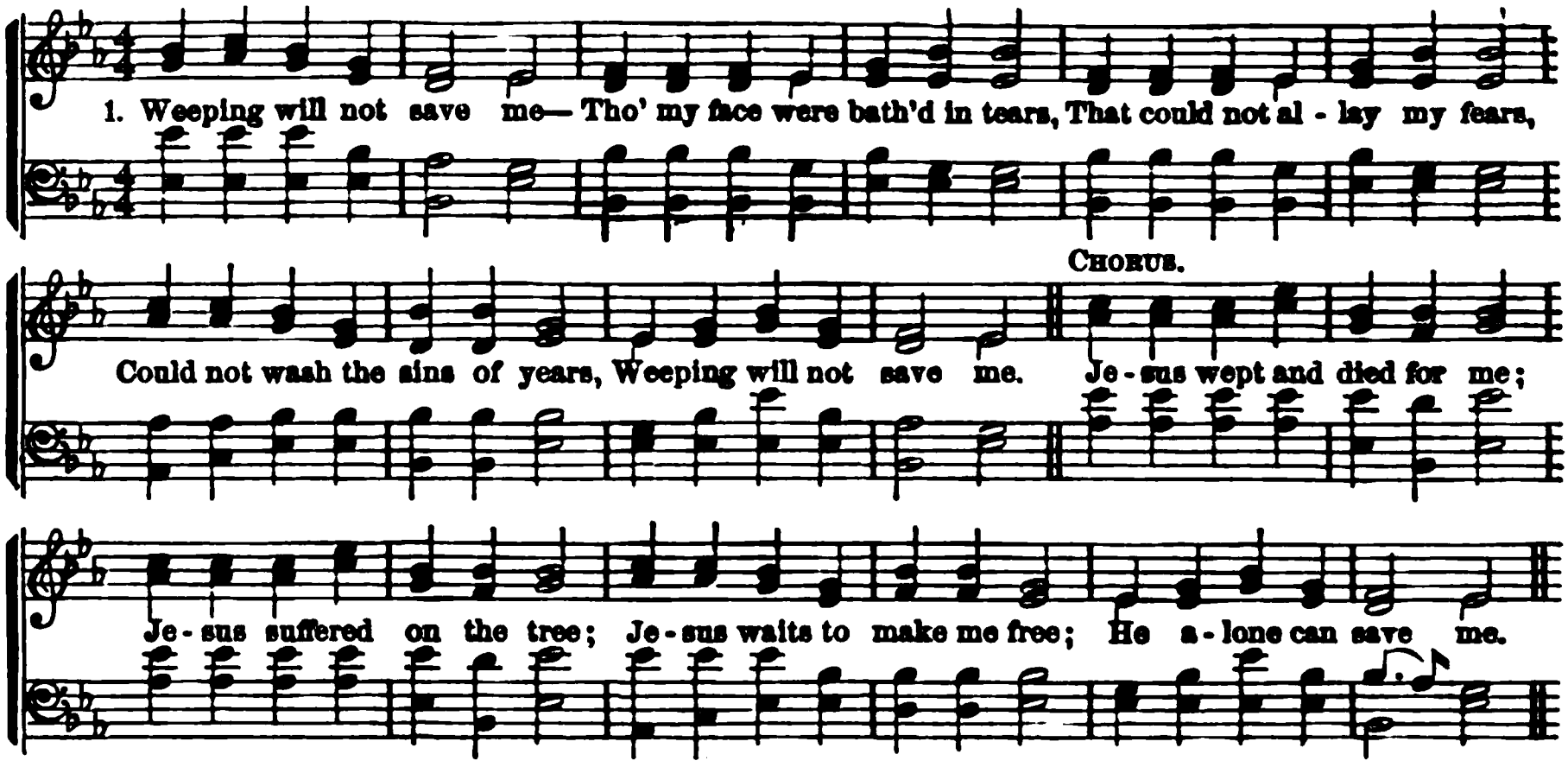


Zech. 13 : 1. COWPER.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

NONE BUT JESUS. P. M.



Acts 4 : 12. LOWRY.

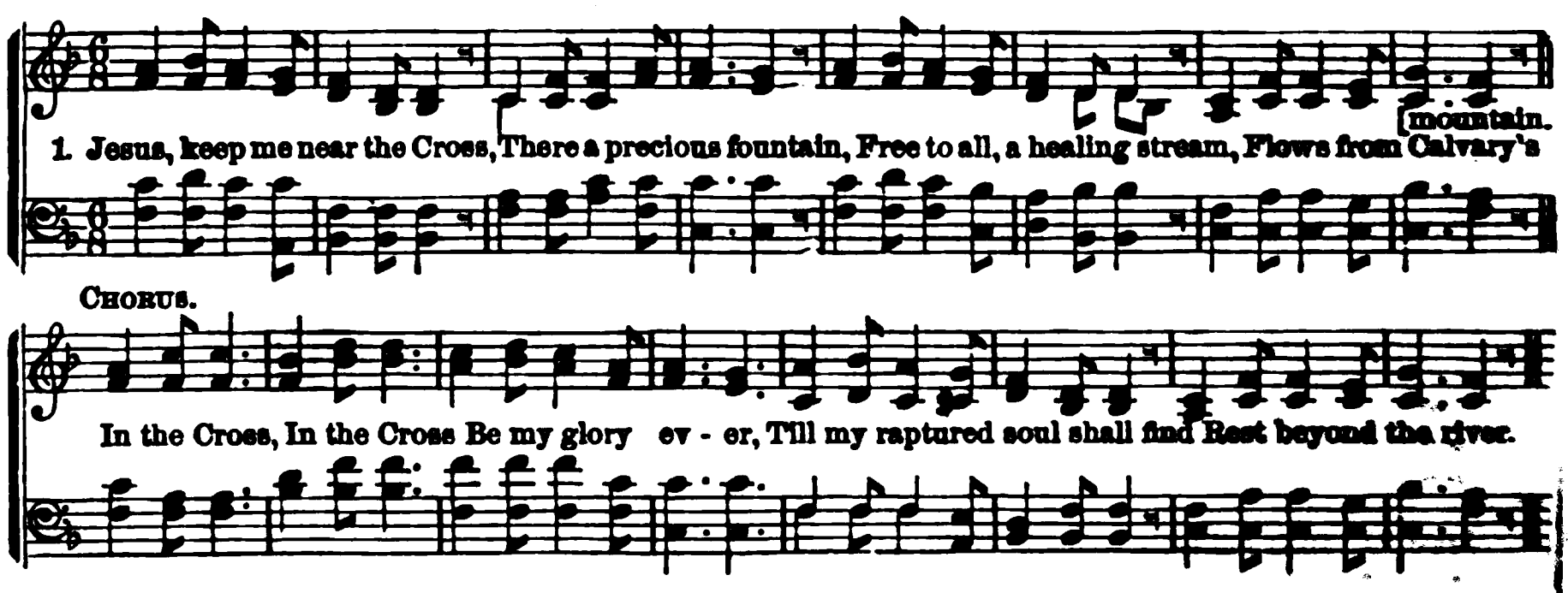
WEEPING will not save me—
Though my face were bathed in tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years,
Weeping will not save me.—*Cho.*

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Honest thought and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew,
Working will not save me.—*Cho.*

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.—*Cho.*

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son;
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.—*Cho.*

NEAR THE CROSS. 7s & 6s.



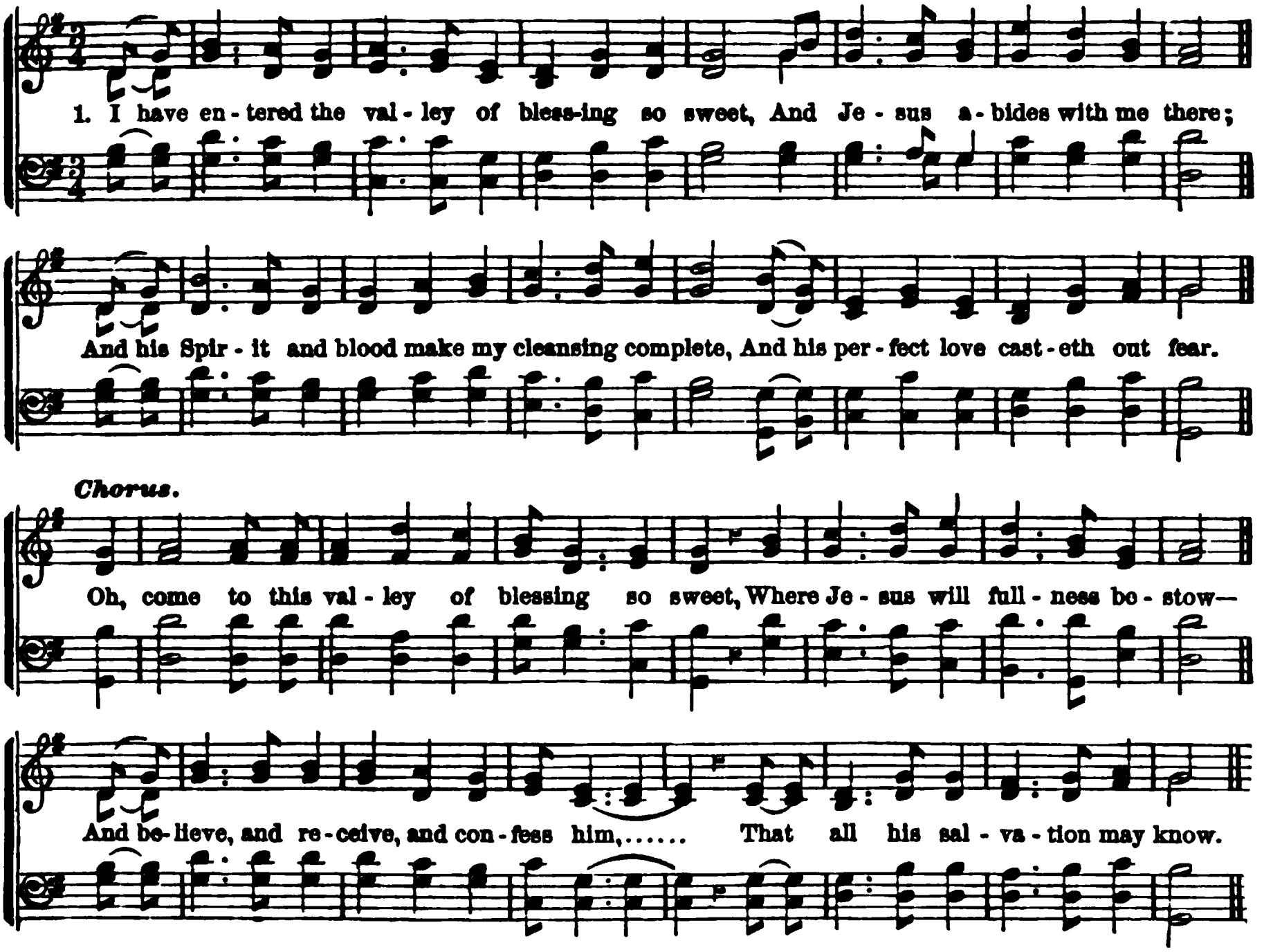
John 19 : 25. CROSBY.

JESUS, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.—*Cho.*

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.—*Cho.*

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

VALLEY OF BLESSING. P. M.



Ezek. 34 : 26. MRS. WITTEMEYER.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart. *Cho.*

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal. *Cho.*

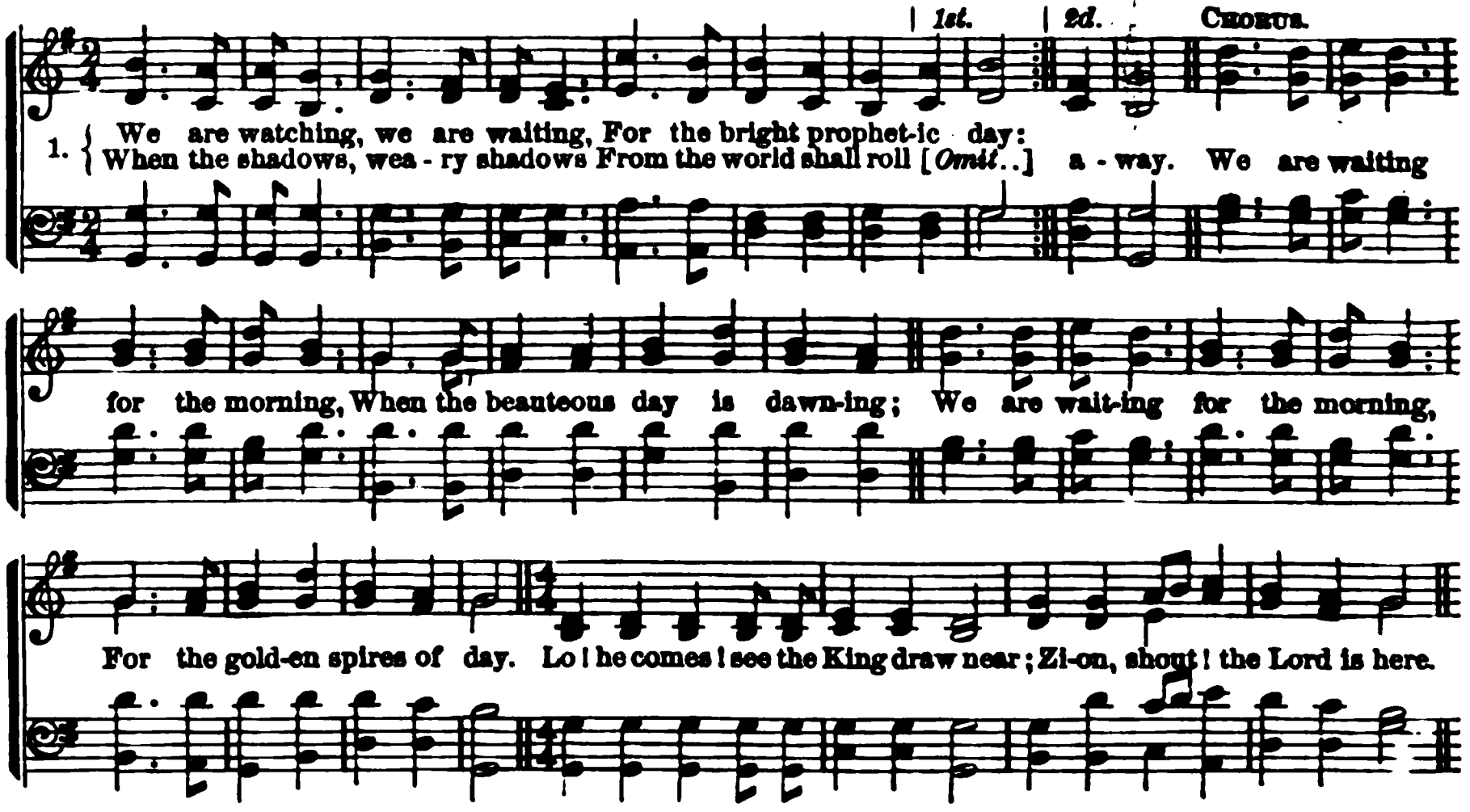
4 There 's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."—*Cho.*

Cant. 1 : 7 8. ANON.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!
Where dost thou, at noon-tide, resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

2 Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

BEAUTEOUS DAY. 8s & 7s. D



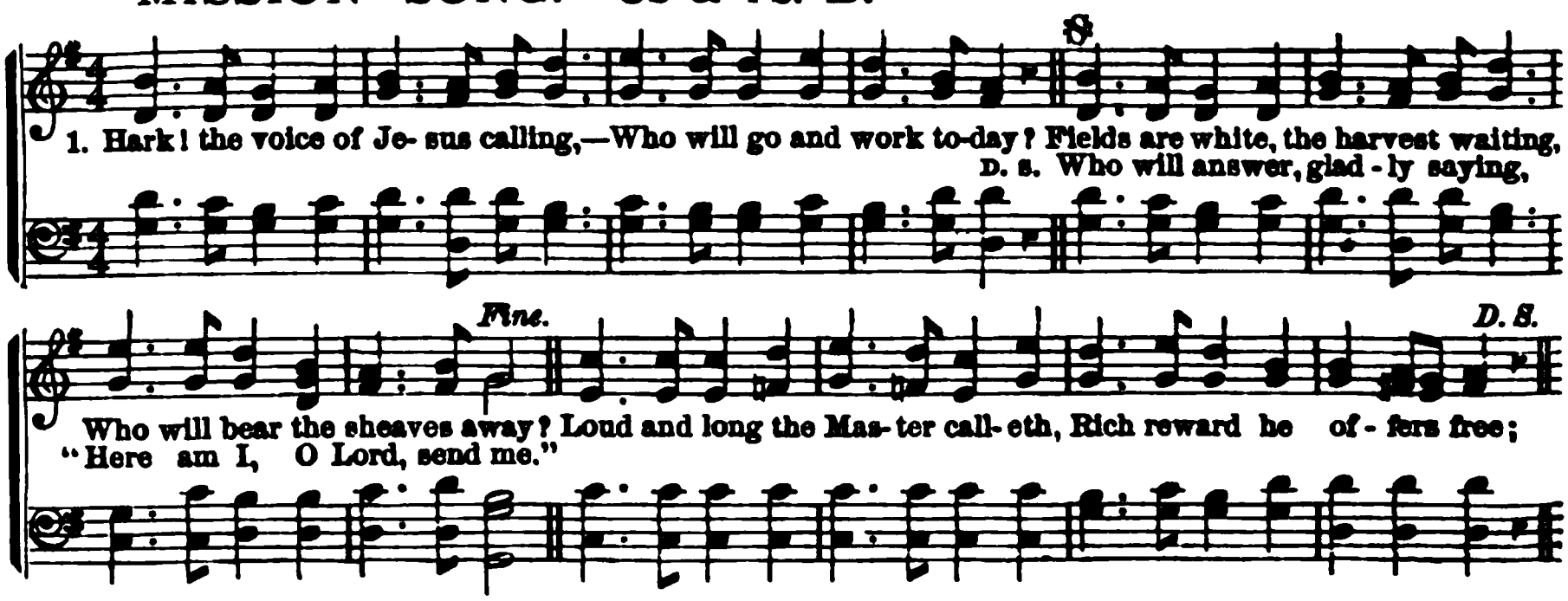
Luke 12 : 37. ANON.

WE are watching, we are waiting,
For the bright prophetic day:
When the shadows, weary shadows,
From the world shall roll away.—*Cho.*

2 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the star that brings the day:
When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away.—*Cho.*

3 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day:
For the Chiefest of ten-thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.—*Cho*

MISSION SONG. 8s & 7s. D.



Matt. 9 : 37. DR. MARCH.

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling.—
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

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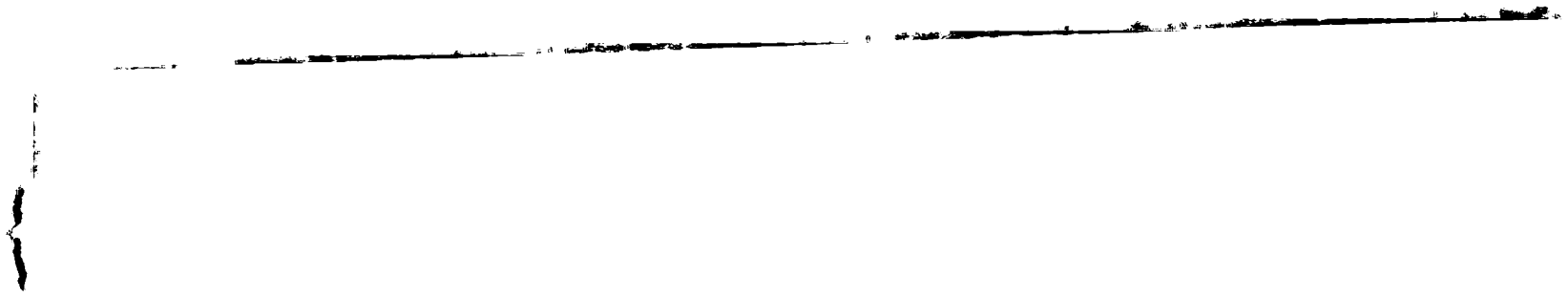

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